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Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the "LITERATURE" PORTRAIT next week will be M. PIERRE LOTI.

* * * *

The book trade in South Africa seems to have fluctuated with the fortunes of the war. Literature was for a long time at a discount, and trade with the Transvaal and Orange River Colony is only just beginning to wake up again. But since the critical days of the campaign, fiction, we are told, has been in great demand—we suggest no ulterior meaning in this announcement. The lighter the literature, apparently, the better the Army likes it. One bookseller, who declares that his trade with South Africa has more than doubled since the war began, added that he had a standing order from one officer to send out twelve fresh novels to him every week. Perhaps the officer in question has taken Mr. Marston's recent suggestion to heart, and is sewing the books up into bullet-proof uniforms for his men.

warm an affection. "I want you"—he writes from in March, 1853—"I want you sadly to go about with thing would be just doubly as interesting." An years later he writes from Berlin, "I get your lon night. I am glad you will now write from Cobham, get your letters in the morning; they do me good fo day."

* * *

Last Saturday one of the oldest organs of the Fr the *Moniteur Universel*, appeared for the last ti lived 112 years. The *Moniteur* was the official jo French Revolution. It continued its governmenta the Directory, under the Consulate, under the Empir Restoration, and even down to the third Republ became an Opposition organ. It was always wel Napoleon, it is said, was for a time a contributor to It has counted on its staff some of the greatest name from Champollion and Gautier and Sainte-Beuve t Ed. About, and even Murger. Since 1868, when *Officiel* was founded, the *Moniteur* has steadily see diminish, although during the Franco-German war i a moment to recover its youth. The last well-kno contribute to its columns was M. Valfrey (Whi appearance will hardly be noticed. It has been f one of the most reactionary journals in Paris, but of polemic were not scurrilous enough to attrac attention.

* * *

One volume, such as that just published by is enough for Calverley. The four volumes of over-weighted him, and, though we turn regretful slim green booklets which we have cherished for so we want nothing better than this new collection wit Sendall's Life and Appreciation. Calverley died ea to be included in the "Dictionary of National where Mr. Leslie Stephen aptly sums up his sati "refined common sense." He is the first of more polished even than Conington, a review of wh by Calverley himself is in this volume—and of par both of these arts you must be impregnated with th course; but, above all, you must not be an imitato must show your own power. As Sir Walter S "'Lovers, and a Reflection,' inimitable and unu sense though it be, is an extremely powerful piece Calverley's doctrine was that in translation you s

With Calverley's career, his boyish daring, his frank, simple nature, his keen wit, and his undergraduate escapades most people are familiar. Sir Walter Sendall recalls many stories of college days. Calverley's wit certainly gained at Balliol by having Dr. Jenkyns to sharpen itself on. The Master himself shares the humour of the "Collections" story, when he asked Calverley, "And with what feelings, Mr. Blayds, ought we to regard the decalogue?" Calverley hardly knew what the decalogue meant, but he "had a due sense of the importance of the occasion and of the question," and replied, "Master, with feelings of devotion mingled with awe!" "Quite right, young man, a very proper answer," exclaimed the Master. One more taste we may give from the time when Blayds had become Calverley and the Oxford undergraduate a Cambridge Don:—

NOTES TAKEN AT COLLEGE MEETINGS.

At Meeting, February 28th, 11½—2.

Remarked by the Master.—That no people give you so much trouble, if you try to extract money from them, as solicitors.

By the Jun. Dons.—Except, perhaps, parsons.

By the Senior Dons.—The latter possibly because they have not got the money.

By Mr. A.—That a ton weight is a great deal of books.

By Mr. B.—That it is just one o'clock.

By Mr. C.—That that is likely, and that in an hour it will be just two.

* * * *

There is in sober minds so general and so reasonable a distrust of the utility of the "congresses" and "conferences" that Mr. John Murray's favourable verdict on the International Publishers' Congress is of importance. "There have been, and possibly still are," he writes to the *Publishers' Circular*, "some of our countrymen who regard such congresses as nothing more than elaborate 'beanfeasts,' but to those who have followed and examined them closely, it is evident that this view is a mistaken one. With each successive meeting there has been displayed a closer and more serious attention to business, and a growing desire to learn the methods of other countries with a view to concerted action when circumstances are opportune. It is to be one of the duties of the Permanent Bureau to regulate and control the subjects for discussion, so as to eliminate what is redundant, useless, or undesirable, and so we may hope that the next congress, which by the kind invitation of the Italian publishers is to meet at Milan in 1901, may fully maintain the advance in practical results."

* * * *

The *Idler* has a notable article in "Walks and Talks with Tolstoy" by Andrew D. White, United States Ambassador to Germany. On the subject of literary property, it seems, there is a striking divergence of views between the Count and the Countess:—

He told me that in his view he had no right to receive money for the permission to print a book. To this I naturally answered that by carrying out this doctrine he simply presented large sums of money to publishers, and that, in my opinion, he would do a much better thing by taking the full value of his copyrights and bestowing the proceeds upon the peasantry starving about him. To this he answered that it was a question of duty. To this I agreed, but remarked that our disagreement was as to what his duty in the matter really was. It was a pleasure to learn from another source that the

Emerson, Hawthorne, and Whittier; but he
read at random, not knowing at all some of
He spoke with admiration of Theodore Pa
He also revered and admired the characte
William Lloyd Garrison. He had read Longf
but was evidently uncertain regarding Lowell
apparently with some other author. Of conte
he knew some of Howell's novels, and liked th
"Literature in the United States at presen
the lowest trough of the sea between high wav

* * *

Mr. White is by no means a Tolstoyite, n
have argued most of the articles of th
cessd. He had the courage to say right
spectacle of Count Tolstoy virtually posing
being while his fellow-Russians came
whining to him was not at all edifying." To wh
Count "listened very civilly." His general pic

A man of genius denouncing all science
what he calls faith; urging a return to a state o
simply Rousseau modified by misreadings of the
repudiating marriage, though himself most hap
the father of sixteen children; holding that Esc
and Shakespeare were not great in literature,
obscure writer a literary idol; holding that
and Raphael were not great in sculpture n
insisting on the eminence of sundry unknown
painted brutally; holding that Beethoven, Han
Haydn, were not great in music, but that son
former outside any healthful musical evolution
music of the future; declaring Napoleon to hav
but presenting Kutusoff as a military ideal; lo
that organized knowledge which has done more
bring us out of mediæval cruelty into a be
extolling a "faith" which has always been th
pretext for bloodshed and oppression.

The article is packed with good things, and is t
Tolstoy article that has been published for a lon

* * *

Count Tolstoy, by-the-by, has also been cri
authors in *Die Gesellschaft*. He regards Wilhe
the greatest novelist, probably because he fin
peasant life. He thinks little of Hauptmann,
"Weavers" to be a noteworthy performance, be
an important social question, and praises the au
mitting any sort of love-story to interfere
"Hannele" he finds sentimental, and everythin
mann of little artistic merit. Sudermann, e
novels, is considered by Tolstoy to be a cultu
minded artist.

* * *

The last instalment of "The Oxford Eng
gives Mr. J. G. Holyoake (in the *Daily N*
1878) as the first authority for the use of the
now accepted sense. As a correspondent (M
pointed out in our columns on May 25, it
George Trevelyan who launched the word on it
be seen by a perusal of his speech at Selkirk
Times of January 12, 1878.

* * *

"Claudius Clear," in his account in the
the late Mr. R. A. Neil, of Pembroke College, C

dared to identify it. Nor did any one, we think, venture to put his finger on the point where Wilkie Collins ended and Besant began in the story which Sir Walter finished for his dead friend. Yet when it is a question of authenticity in ancient poems or pictures the critics seem to have no doubts. They are prepared by infallible instinct to distinguish to a line or a figure the true Homer or Giorgione, or the first and the second Isaiah. They will even show by coloured printing the diverse dates and composite authorship of the books of Scripture. Neil was much impressed, we are told, by his mistakes, and drew just this moral. He was a great admirer of Robertson Smith, yet began to feel some wholesome scepticism about the results of the "higher criticism," and to reflect on the chequered history of Homeric criticism.

* * * *

AFTER LABOUR.

He sits beside his cottage door,
His dull eyes fixed upon the grass—
An ancient man to whom no more
The days speak as they pass.

Yet sweet to him this rest must be
Who saw, with all its sense revealed,
The grand, deliberate pageantry
Of woodland, hedge, and field.

Nor missed the truth involved in fall
From stricken blooms, of seed that waits,
Shut fast in seeming death, the call
Of Spring without the gates.

Thus to his simple mind was plain
That knowledge not denied to us,
But borne by vernal winds in vain
To ears incredulous—

But stay; he, too, was blind, alas!
Nor ever in his soul was born
That sense of far-off things which pass
And leave the world forlorn.

The lonely dawns, the woodlands dim,
The leaves that, whispering, come and go,
The birds, the hurrying brooks to him
Told nought that thou wouldst know.

For as the fields he ploughed and sowed
In season due, a figure gaunt
Beside him down the furrow strode
Holding the whip of want.

While, starving through the years, his soul,
Stirred by some ancient sense of sin
To restless musings of the goal
That life must lose or win,

Grew fiercely in conviction set
That, his short-comings plainly seen,
The Judge of all would not forget
How hard his lot had been.

W. G. HOLE.

Mr. Frederic Harrison will lecture on July 13 (3.30) at the British Museum on King Alfred the Great.

The members of the New Vagabond Club g
mentary luncheon to Madame Sarah Bernhardt
Cecil last Tuesday. The chair was taken by
Hope.

Several literary men, including Mr. George M
Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, in letts
the Humanitarian League, have expressed the h
abolition of the Royal Buckhounds may be followed
couragement of other forms of "savage sport."

The Brontë Society at its last meeting accepte
Mr. George Dyson to pay for the compilation
dictionary.

To-night (Friday) Mme. Adey Brunel will giv
the Steinway-hall on Browning and Rossetti.

The death is announced, at the early age of 40,
Warne, who had been London editor of the York
Post for a number of years.

A stage version of "Lorna Doone," by M
Dowling, has been produced at the Grand Opera-ho

Mr. J. M. Barrie will pay a short visit to the
in the autumn.

M. Edouard Foa, the well-known explorer and
last Saturday at Villiers-sur-Mer from the after-effe
fever contracted in Africa.

Mr. Dan Godfrey, Junior, the conductor of t
Band, Bournemouth, has obtained a verdict of
against Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher, and
Bedford, the author, of a novel called "The Har
the ground that one of the characters in the bo
readily identified as the plaintiff, and that some p
were calculated to injure his professional reputatio

A tablet to the memory of the late Sir Ar
(presented by Mr. H. Lewis Doulton) will, on July
by Dr. Cummings, Professor Prout, and Dr. Vince
of the members of the Incorporated Society of M
the birthplace of the composer in Lambeth.

Professor Haeckel, the German evolutionist,
London in the late autumn. He has engaged to del
of lectures on fossil forms, and during his stay in t
he will be the guest of his old friend, Professor Ray

M. Yves Guyot, at the banquet given in hi
Edinburgh the other day, paid a high tribute to Sir
and the influence he had on French writers, such
briand, Augustin Thierry, Richelieu, Victor
Alexandre Dumas. Moreover, M. Guyot said, whil
had been his imitators, none of them had bee
Through Scott literature had been made pictu
history was made to live.

The Foreign Actor on the English Stage

Never surely was the foreigner more *en évidence* than just now. It is natural, considering the e restricted range of the dram playwrights of different coun have been even greater borrow

have assumed a cosmopolitan aspect of late which must be almost, if not quite, without precedent. Besides the German company which has recently left the comedy, the Japanese company now performing at the Criterion, Madame Réjane at the Coronet Theatre, and Monsieur Coquelin and Madame Sarah Bernhardt at Her Majesty's, we have still to mention the music-halls—Liane de Pougy at the Palace, La Belle Tortajada's little drama in Spanish in three scenes at the Alhambra, and Mlle. Yvette Guilbert's recent appearances at the Empire. The English dramatic world has certainly become more liberal-minded. Forty years ago, as Mr. Clement Scott reminds us, there was a good deal of narrow-minded opposition to foreign actors. But the foreign artists to whom we now open our stage-doors so freely differ vastly in their aims and influence. We doubt if the music-hall artists from abroad do much to lighten the tedium of our up-to-date music-hall programmes. It is, however, as easy to be a philistine in our music-halls as in our art galleries. Regular *habitués* learn to appreciate all kinds of subtleties which only contribute to the boredom of the novice. It mattered little to them if they could not understand Mlle. Yvette Guilbert. There was the mysterious interest which could only belong to a pair of long black gloves. The cult of a "walk," in which Mlle. de Pougy is said to excel, is another subtlety. To be able to walk is, of course, essential to an actor. But this acquisition used to be rather a "stepping-stone to higher things," and not the whole point of a performance, as in these days of the American walk, the Parisian walk, and finally the "Cake" walk. The influence of foreign actors on the theatre proper is of much greater interest. It is not in the nature of the average Englishman to act well. The moment he begins to make believe one of two things almost inevitably happens. He either remains himself, and is consequently the same in whatever part he may take up, or else he is too obvious a posseur. Nothing, therefore, can be better for the English actor than contact with his foreign *confrères*, and especially with the French, who have at no time any difficulty in acting—on the stage or off. And it can hardly be doubted that the English stage has lately become much more natural and life-like. The rise of certain plays based more or less upon the models of Scandinavian and German drama have undoubt done much to bring about this change; but not more than the frequent visits of such exponents of the "natural" method as Madame Réjane. Meanwhile there is also the large debt which the English student of French literature owes to Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt. *Cyrano de Bergerac* was a literary revelation—a revival of French romantic drama imbued with new life—and it was Monsieur Coquelin who introduced us to Monsieur Rostand. To appreciate Racine at his best we must see Sarah Bernhardt as Phèdre. Only Monsieur Coquelin can make us laugh as a Frenchman laughs at *Tartuffe*. But there is a hard nut to be cracked before the English spectator can derive all the pleasure there is to be gleaned from these opportunities—viz., the French language. Only the other day Madame Réjane remarked that an English audience does not applaud much, but it analyses and compares. Is this lack of applause at a French performance really to be accounted for in this charitable fashion? Is it not just possible that now and again some of us miss the point of a French dialogue? Once a smattering of conversational French has been acquired, one may even become a sufficient scholar to enjoy oneself thoroughly at a French theatre. But, like all things, it requires practice, and

Literature Portraits.—

MR. THOMAS HARD

Several years before "Tess of the D'U heard of, a well-known literary critic ran next after George Meredith among contemp *longo sed proximus intervallo*. Since then the has undoubtedly narrowed. Mr. Hardy's f slowly, but it has grown solidly; it is builder has never been, and I think never can be (in spi really popular novelist, and he does not pro He is not, like Mr. Kipling, for all readers; hi of that attaching quality which won for St personal affection from thousands of men and w looked on his face; he is, for a man of so much destitute of a following. But as he looms to the sinister and very much alone, he is one of th figures in our modern world of letters.

Like Burns he springs direct from the soil. the image of the genial Ayrshire farmer, singing ale-house, the soul of his company, is to emphas unlikeness rather than his likeness. I see him ing silent and aloof, listening with retenti possibly, narrating with stony detachment a s and tragical fates. Mr. Hardy is as indissoln the cast of his genius with a limited region of e any author since the beginning of authorship; Wessex soil, the sights and sounds and smell and of the cider country are fixed in all thei work; the people of whom he writes are not so Saxon, that is, quintessentially English. And contradiction, the authors with whom Mr. Har a natural affinity are not Englishmen but resembles Mérimée by the dryness of his art, M choice of subjects and his attitude towards them

Let us trace in a few words his rather uneven in 1840, Mr. Hardy was apprenticed to an eccles at the age of sixteen and gave his life till about to a pursuit which has deeply coloured all his "Desperate Remedies" to "Jude the Obscure. these stories (in which, as it will be remember characters are architects practising the miscell of stewards, land surveyors, and the like, famili in country towns) appeared in 1871, signed on It was followed in the next year by "Under Tree," and at this date Mr. Hardy definiti architecture (in which he had distinguished him be a prize-winner at a Royal Society's competi "A Pair of Blue Eyes" found its way into a se "Far from the Madding Crowd" ran throug then, appearing as a book, gained something of t it merited. It was the first of his books to yellow-backed form, then the hall-mark of pop popularity caused a reissue of the two preceding following thirteen years, seven novels in all wer of them appearing in good magazines; while full accorded to their author's genius, beginning his work in the *New Quarterly* as early as 1879. The

confession to Tess on the night of their wedding, and then waited for hers with a smile. She noticed it.

> "Perhaps, although you smile, it is as serious as yours or more so."
>
> "It can hardly be more serious, dearest."
>
> "It cannot—oh no, it cannot"—She jumped up joyfully at the hope. "No, it cannot be more serious, certainly," she cried, "because 'tis just the same!"

There you had not merely a dramatic situation, but the statement of a view, which Mr. Hardy endorsed. It seemed to the natural unsophisticated intelligence of Tess that her loss of virginity out of wedlock was a thing to be regretted, a thing to be forgiven—just as was the same event in Angel Clare's history. And if you were to ask Mr. Hardy for the cause of the crime which led Tess through a tragic idyll to the scaffold, he would be bound, I think, to say that it lay in the marriage law, by which a woman was constrained to accept a possible position of repugnant bodily servitude.

> O wearisome condition of humanity
> Born under one law, to another bound!

Fulke Greville's lines might be the inscription on the successor to "Tess." Mr. Hardy had gained his hearing. If that book was not condemned, but rather read with avidity, he evidently had a free hand, and in "Jude the Obscure" he used it. "Jude" seems to me by far the most complete expression of this gloomy and powerful mind. The book is the history of a tragic marriage and its consequences; but Mr. Hardy does not in reality arraign the marriage law, which is only a part of humanity's wearisome condition.

> Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
> Created sick, commanded to be sound.

The perpetual centre of his contemplation is the tragically ironic contrast between human life as it looks to the individual and human life as it looks to the race. We are put here to obey certain instincts, laws within us, which tend to the perpetuation of the species in a state of healthy animalism; yet so constituted are we, that we must of necessity form to ourselves ideal ends for our existence, and even wrap ourselves round in restraints, laws without us, to check the free play of nature. And in the everlasting conflict nature is indomitable, sometimes defeated, oftener victorious, sometimes reducing both forces to a kind of mutual paralysis, so that the animal, though restrained, yet mars the triumph of the man; but always infinite in her resources, like the bank at a gaming table; indifferent to everything so long as on the average she can maintain her own purpose. "The scorn of nature for man's finer emotions and her lack of interest in his aspirations" is a phrase that expresses the refrain of Mr. Hardy's thoughts. Nature is not touched by the boy Jude's thirst for learning, his ideal passion for the intellectual life. All she cares is to see him well provided with an instinct which will respond to the grossest appeal, yet which the higher things in his temperament, contributing to the deceit, will refine and glorify with dreams. Some have blamed the audacious piece of symbolism with which Mr. Hardy opens this chapter in Jude's experience; to me it seems not merely justifiable, but triumphantly right. The irruption of "that missile" ("the characteristic part of a barrow pig") upon the scholar's reverie, summoning Jude for the first time to a practical recognition of woman's existence, is an Aristophanic incident—indecent if you will, but it puts the essence of the facts as we

point of view of the race, he simply fulfils his func begets, and dies.

Mr. Hardy does not preach. Only, as a occupied with the individual, not with society, nor wi it is merely the peculiarity of his attitude towards he continually sees the lesser destiny in conf greater ones, and always tends to paint as in "J tragedy of unfulfilled aims." It is curious to not novel "Desperate Remedies" (an immature work, influenced in its structure and aims by Wilkie Colli notions already cropping up.

> There is in us an unquenchable expectation gloomiest time persists in inferring that because selves there must be a special future in st though our nature and antecedents to the remote have been common to thousands. Thus to Cythe Graye the question how their lives would en deepest of possible enigmas. To others who position equally well with themselves the que easiest that could be asked—"Like those of similarly circumstanced." (p. 11.)

Applying that to the fates of Jude and the two whom his life was entangled, it is clear that all thr lectually ambitious pauper, the handsome trollop, a strung keen-witted pupil teacher, reached such a c respective careers as might naturally have been pre question of how they felt in working out their pa evident end is only of personal interest; it does no society or to nature. But the personal interest is keen—and Cytherea Graye said so, in a fine passage w quote, because the same thing is said more shortly in a

> She was not an existence, an experience, structure of sensations, to anybody but herself. T kind besides, Tess was only a passing thought. Ev she was no more than a frequently passing tho made herself miserable the livelong night and day this much to them—"Ah, she makes herself unha tried to be cheerful, to dismiss all care, to take the daylight, the flowers, the baby, she could idea to them—"Ah, she bears it very well."

The "Art of Thomas Hardy" (to borrow the book to which I am indebted for a bibliograp especially in his power to show us this "structo tions" on its way through life; or, in his own wor shape and coherence to a series of seemings, or pers sions." And the philosophy of Thomas Hardy ap that in the long struggle the lower continually triu higher; that man, by the laws which he makes to strongest of human passions, only heaps new diffic way of the highest human love; and, worst of all, t and ambitions diffuse themselves wider, and as men less easily content themselves with a life along the resistance, so the tragic conflict becomes more freq wearisome condition of humanity more wearisome.

The strongest of human passions is Mr. Har theme, but he has little to say in its glorificat recurring accident, a deflection of the compass, whi and women aside from their true objects, and makes work in natures that do not go out to seek it Everdene, the charming heroine—who wins our

second-best. Grace in "The Woodlanders" returns shamefacedly to her husband, not from any sense of duty; the one faithful to the ideal love of the dead Giles is Marty South—quam nemo reprehendit. And the couples who are by nature fittest to enjoy a felicity that is not in the way of common nature find all the chances of the world against them. Some convention, reasonable or unreasonable, makes a barrier, and at the most they snatch a brief joy.

And yet I think Mr. Hardy is not altogether pessimist. Again I quote Fulke Greville.

> Yet when each of us in his own heart looks
> He finds the God there far unlike his books.

It is men and women rather than nature, he seems to say, who make the unhappiness; and the human heart, if it will rely on itself, holds truth and mercy sufficient to solve most problems. Angel Clare makes himself the mouthpiece of a convention, when Tess confesses her error, and by so doing he ruins his life and hers. Jude and Sue do what they can to secure happiness and repair their errors of judgment, but society intervenes and condemns not them only, but Sue's husband Phillotson, who had acquiesced in his wife's departure. Phillotson realizes what society will not realize, and perhaps cannot afford to, that life offers to a woman (as Cytherea Graye puts it) "a single opportunity of existence as well as of doing her duty." And so he follows the instinct of his own nature in letting her follow hers. But the force of society, the weight of all the dead who rule us, is tremendous, and the final tragedy comes when Sue, in the wreck of her intelligence, accepts the convention bodily, and goes back to force herself into a physical degradation, leaving Jude, one may say literally, to find his way to Hell. The same social obstacle to happiness, the opinion of others claiming to regulate a life which can only be clear to its possessor, is indicated in one of "Life's Little Ironies" when the promoted housemaid, widow of a parson, is debarred by her son from the gentle felicity of remarriage with a constant greengrocer.

Thus, taking the facts all round, Mr. Hardy sees happiness as something very difficult to compass, and the supreme joy which arises from the mating of two beings specially endowed to complete one another as almost a miracle. And he writes by preference about those who desire the miracle. His last book, "The Well-Beloved," relates with a queer irony the pursuit of one ideal by one man through three generations from mother to daughter and from daughter to granddaughter. People who want miracles cannot expect to be happy; and yet the world as Mr. Hardy sees it is full of the material for happiness. The face and the breath of earth are dear and familiar to him; he follows with joy the ways and works of nature in which man co-operates. Perhaps this is nowhere else so plain as in "The Woodlanders," expressed by the feeling slowly asserting itself in the timber-merchant's schoolbred daughter for all the life which Winterborne sums up and incarnates. I cannot resist quoting a description of the man which is worthy to stand beside Keats' "Ode to Autumn":—

> 'He looked and smelt like Autumn's very brother, his face being sunburnt to wheat-colour, his eyes blue as cornflowers, his sleeves and leggings dyed with fruit stains, his hands clammy with the sweet juice of apples, his hat sprinkled with pips, and everywhere about him that atmosphere of cider which at its first return each season has such an indescribable fascination for those who have been born and bred among the orchards.

No one also has [illegible]

compendium of English genius that we find in Sh
rustics talk like Shakespeare's, for the excell
speech in country places alters far more sl
dress or morals. Mr. Hardy deals in no phone
never embarrasses the eye; but it gives the form
peculiar speech. If he was famous for nothin
be famous for such passages of humour as the
from the Madding Crowd," where Joseph Poorg
of half a dozen fully individualized and delightfu
part is somewhat like that of the chorus in a Gr
comment on rather than take part in the main a
Hardy is more than a humorist. He is a born
moving, perhaps, and weighty, but never cu
master of the short story. I have said nothing
volumes of tales (which figure with the rest in
admirable collected edition of "The Wessex N
there is not adequate space here. But it
least observant as remarkable that a mind so
and amplification should also have the art to
and condense as the short tale demands. It is
little is told, yet how much' suggested, for ex
Fiddler of the Reels."

In these short stories, however, one does no
my mind most characteristic of Thomas Hardy
narrator, and the humorist, employing exclus
faculty; and employing it in his later work wit
into a clumsy circumlocution which in places disfig
the story of Bathsheba and her lover. But the po
and distorted idealist, is not visible. Mr. H
lished a volume of poems, and he has written s
verse marked with the virile originality which is
ever he touches. Yet the poetry of his nature fine
ance in prose. It is a poet who renders to us the a
Vale of Blackmoor, reeking with blue mists; a p
to us Tess's thoughts about the stars; a po
Jude's half mystical idealization of the Unive
no place for such as him; a poet who throughou
and makes us feel the filaments that draw natu
quivering joy of the earth under the rain, o
mounting of the sap, of bodies that meet and min
that at last surrender to each other. By a po
whose work is informed by the larger imagina
a man, whether for his comfort or discomfort,
undoubtedly Mr. Thomas Hardy.

STEPH

It is just thirty years since Mr. Hard
"Desperate Remedies," was brought out in t
the Tinsley Brothers. It was published anon
"Random Recollections of an Old Publisher
Tinsley says that he accepted "Desperate Rem
that, in spite of the introduction of what
"almost ultra-sensational matter," there was
bright side of human nature in the book to sell
edition. "However, there was not; but for a
adds Mr. Tinsley, "I do not think Mr. Hardy l
plain about." The same publisher bought the
Hardy's second novel, "Under the Greenw
published it in the following year (1872) convi
got hold of the best little prose idyll that he had

> I almost raved about the book [he wr
> it away wholesale to Pressmen and any one l
> in good fiction. But, strange to say, it would
> ing it hung on hand in the original two-volume

sion as an architect. But literature had been steadily asserting her claims upon Mr. Hardy, even while he practised Gothic architecture under Sir A. W. Blomfield in the early sixties, when he won the prize and medal of the Institute of British Architects for an essay on "Coloured Bricks and Terra Cotta Architecture" (1863) and received Sir W. Tite's prize for architectural design in the same year. Two years later he wrote an anonymous contribution to *Chambers' Journal* entitled "How I Built Myself a House"—a humorous sketch of the experiences of an unsophisticated young couple in house-building. Much of Mr. Hardy's earliest work was in verse, but of this work—according to Mr. John Lane, in his preface to the exhaustive bibliography which he has appended to Mr. Lionel Johnson's book on "The Art of Thomas Hardy"—everything, with the exception of one poem, was destroyed. The one piece of salvage is the Wessex ballad, "The Fiddler of the Tranter Swetley's," which appeared, bowdlerized, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in November, 1875. The ballad was first reproduced in its original form at the end of Mr. Lane's bibliography, together with the novelist's biographical note on his friend and neighbour, the Rev. William Barnes, the Dorset poet, contributed to the *Athenæum* in October, 1886. Of Mr. Hardy's remaining contributions to periodical literature in other directions than fiction, we need, perhaps, only mention his paper on "The Dorset Labourer," published in *Longman's* in July, 1893.

"Far From the Madding Crowd" ran serially through the *Cornhill* unsigned, and when Messrs. Smith, Elder brought it out in three volumes in the same year (1874) its success was unqualified. Messrs. Smith, Elder saw it through four editions before parting with it in 1882 to Messrs. Sampson Low, who, in their turn, had reprinted it at least half-a-dozen times when Messrs. Osgood, M'Ilvaine took it over for their complete uniform edition of Mr. Hardy's works. It still has—with "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which runs it very close in the matter of popularity—a far wider circulation than Mr. Hardy's other books, though all have a remarkably steady sale, and two, "The Woodlanders" and "A Group of Noble Dames," are at the present moment being reprinted. "Tess" was the first of the series to appeal to the sixpenny public—rapidly running through an immense edition—and "Far From the Madding Crowd" is now following its example. It was in "Far from the Madding Crowd" that the novelist first adopted the word "Wessex":—

> The series of novels I projected being mainly of the kind called local [he explains in his new preface to the book in the uniform edition], they seemed to require a territorial definition of some sort to lend unity to their scene. Finding that the area of a single county did not afford a canvas large enough for this purpose, and that there were objections to an invented name, I disinterred the old one. The Press and the public were kind enough to welcome the fanciful plan and willingly joined me in the anachronism of imagining a Wessex population living under Queen Victoria.

Mr. Hardy contributed to the article on "Why I Don't Write Plays" which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in August, 1892, although he wrote the dramatic version of "Far From the Madding Crowd" in collaboration with Mr. Comyns Carr and had it produced in Liverpool and at the Globe Theatre, London, earlier in the same year; and in the following year he dramatized "The Three Strangers"—one of the "Wessex Tales"—the play being produced at Terry's Theatre under the title of *The Three Wayfarers*, with three other one-act pieces.

After "Far From the Madding Crowd"—to return to the novels—came "The Hand of Ethelberta: a Comedy in Chapters," which followed the course of its predecessor through the pages of the *Cornhill*, and was subsequently published by Messrs. Smith, Elder in two volumes. Its author has since described the book as "a somewhat frivolous narrative, produced as an interlude between stories of a more sober design," and, though it did not meet with the striking success of "Far From the Madding Crowd," it was twice reprinted by the original publishers before Messrs. Sampson Low took it over in 1882—to part with it later, though only after four or five fresh editions had been planted out by Messrs. Osgood, M'Ilvaine—

Low), while in 1878 Messrs. Chatto succeeded the
the publishers of "Under the Greenwood Tree" and
out in two new editions. "Under the Greenwood
still published by Messrs. Chatto (in three distinct
is now, we believe, the only book by Mr. Hardy w
from any house but that of Harper and Brother
M'Ilvaine's successors), in whose complete edit
novelist's works it also appears. "Desperate Rem
anonymous novel, did not make its reappearance
author's name until 1889, when Ward and Downey bro
in its first one-volume form. Three years later Mr.
reprinted it in a popular edition, and in 1895, wh
M'Ilvaine included it in their uniform edition, the We
and other places mentioned were, in several of the st
for the first time by the names under which they
where—"for the satisfaction," writes the author
reader who may care for consistency in such matt
Hardy's seventh book was "The Trumpet-Major," p
three volumes by Smith, Elder in 1880 after runni
through *Good Words*. A new and cheaper edition in
was brought out in the following year by Messrs. Sa
who reprinted it several times before it passed i
M'Ilvaine's complete edition in 1895. It was again r
1897. The eighth novel was "A Laodicean," whic
originally in *Harper's Magazine*, Messrs. Sampson Lo
it out subsequently in three volumes (1881). It has
reprinted at least eight times:—

> The writing of this tale [says Mr. Hardy in t
> face to the book] was rendered memorable, to two
> least, by a tedious illness of five months that laid
> author soon after the story was begun in a well-k
> zine, during which period the narrative had to be
> continued by dictation to a predeterminist cheer
> As some of these novels of Wessex life address
> more especially to readers into whose souls th
> entered, and whose years have less pleasure in the
> heretofore, so "A Laodicean" may perhaps be
> away an idle afternoon of the comfortable ones
> have fallen to them in pleasant places; above all, o
> and happy section of the reading public which h
> reached ripeness of years; those to whom mar
> pilgrim's Eternal City, and not a milestone on the

Mr. Hardy's next novel, "Two on a Tower," wa
in three volumes in 1882 by Messrs. Sampson Low, a
duction in serial form in the *Boston Monthly*. It has
through about the same number of editions as its
predecessor, although the book met with a storm of
first appearance. "That, however," said Mr. Hardy,
face to the book in the uniform edition," was thirteen
and I venture to think that those who care to read th
will be quite astonished at the scrupulous proprie
therein on the relations of the sexes; for, though th
frivolous and even grotesque touches on occasion
hardly a single caress in the book outside legal ma
what was intended to be." Four years elapsed
Hardy's tenth novel, "The Mayor of Casterbridge,
appearance, though his story of "The Romantic Ad
a Milkmaid," which came out in the *Graphic* Summer
1883, was reprinted in book form in America in 18
Mayor of Casterbridge" was another *Graphic* stor
Smith, Elder afterwards bringing it out in two volu
was in 1886; in the following year Messrs. Sampso
the book over, and, after several reprints, it found it
the rest of the Hardy novels, to Osgood, M'Ilvain
"The Woodlanders" came next, this time throug
Macmillan, who published it in 1887 in three volu
seeing it through their magazine, and brought it
volume form in the same year. Messrs. Macmillan w
original publishers of "Wessex Tales" in two volu
though the stories had been making their appearanc
periodicals since 1879. With "Tess" and his next
of tales, "A Group of Noble Dames"—both issue
Messrs. Osgood, M'Ilvaine became Mr. Hardy's publi

numerous editions as an ordinary volume, and is now out of print in that form; and it has been reprinted several times since its inclusion in the uniform edition in 1895. "The Well-Beloved" started as a serial in the *Illustrated London News* in 1892, but did not appear in independent form until 1897, when it was included in the uniform edition with a few chapters rewritten. "Life's Little Ironies" came in 1894 and ran through several editions in the same year, joining the uniform series in 1896. "Jude the Obscure" (1895) was produced serially in *Harper's*, but, as in the case of "Tess," the magazine version was, for various reasons, abridged and modified in some degree, and it was not until it reached the book that the tale appeared as originally written. "For a novel addressed by a man to men and women," wrote Mr. Hardy in his preface, "which attempts to deal unaffectedly with the fret and fever, derision and disaster, that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, and to point, without a mincing of words, the tragedy of unfulfilled aims, I am not aware that there is anything in the handling of the book to which exception can be taken." That, so far, is the last long novel published by Mr. Hardy, and it seems probable that his next volume will be another collection of short stories. His last volume, it will be remembered, was his collection of "Wessex Poems" (1898), only four out of which had appeared before, one of the four being "The Fire at Tranter Sweetley's," already referred to. Three tales, which we believe have not been republished independently—in this country at all events—should be mentioned before closing our bibliography—"The Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress," which appeared in Chatto and Windus' *New Quarterly Magazine* in 1878; "The Waiting Supper," published in *Murray's Magazine* ten years later, and reprinted in America; and "A Changed Man," which appeared in two numbers of the *Sphere* last year.

THE HISTORICAL VALUE OF WILLS.

A "Personal View."

By the Rev. J. CHARLES COX.

Notwithstanding all that has been done to illustrate history in its general as well as in its social and economic aspects by the study of wills, the amount that has been accomplished, after either a fitful or systematic fashion, is a mere nothing compared with what remains to be done.

Those two great printing societies—Surtees and Camden—are in this matter naturally well to the front. The second volume issued by the Surtees Society (1835), edited by Canon Raine, was "Wills and Inventories illustrative of the History, Manners, Language, Statistics, &c., of the Northern Counties of England." These were taken from the registry at Durham. After a lapse of just a quarter of a century Canon Greenwell edited a second volume. The society also produced five excellent volumes, between 1836 and 1881, termed "Testamenta Eboracensia" from the York registry, illustrative of the Province of York from 1300 downwards, under the editorship of Canon Raine. The same industrious scholar, for the same society, likewise produced a volume, in 1853, on the early wills of the Archdeaconry of Richmond. The Camden Society produced, in 1850, a volume on the wills and inventories from the registry of the commissary of Bury St. Edmunds and the Archdeaconry of Sudbury, and also, in 1863, gave "a selection of wills of eminent persons," between the years 1495 and 1695, from the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. These volumes are more than sufficient

Record Society of his founding. It includes i
wills of Northampton and Rutland, from 1510 t
the Consistory Court of the Bishop of Lichfi
and certain peculiars of the diocese, from 1510
of the Archdeaconry of Berkshire, from 1508 t
the Consistory Court of the Bishop of Glou
to 1650; and above all those of the Prer
Canterbury (in three volumes), from 1383 to 1
interest attached to the systematic study of wi
over a given district, particularly to the stude
eve of the Reformation period, has of late be
two very different parts of England—the points
well as resemblance being equally noteworthy.
Weaver brought out, in 1890, under the title o
a most interesting account of some 600 Somerse
years 1528-1536, arranged under their parishes
tions of the St. Paul's Ecclesiological Soci
valuable and exhaustive analysis of the wills o
Rochester, from 1400 to the accession of Elizab
Northamptonshire are now undergoing a like s

The Pre-Reformation wills give us a ru
of the church where the testator desired
and are therefore the authoritative source
The name of the saint connected with an old
has not infrequently a peculiar value; the de
of the introduction of Christianity through a
and Augustinian sources, or remind us of the
or monastic saints of Anglo-Saxon days, are
generally supposed. Certain dioceses have had
examined by competent scholars and are mos
others are still in a hopeless modern muddle.
be named where the blunders in the offic
present year of grace exceed forty.

The exact date of structural alterations
the fabric of the church can often be found
source, as well as the details of the supply an
of church furniture and ornaments. The unsu
of much excellent "Perpendicular" work is th
as well as the lavish attention to roodlofts, a
lights down to the very moment when the fir
waves of the reformation swept into our church

It is pleasant to note how the clergy—the
of the day—were not content merely to
parishioners to leave a trifle for forgotten tit
altar, to the reparation of the bells, or to th
specific lights, or even to the poor of the distr
exhorted them to attend to the good of the
practical religious duty. For instance, The
Paulerspury, in 1532, left "one-half of my goo
in warkes of mercye as in mendyng of the
bequests to the repair of bridges and roads we

The books named in wills afford a fund
bibliographer and general student of literature

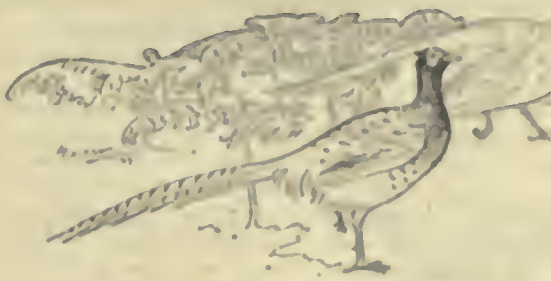
The record of the later mediæval wills establish the curious fact that, though the attempt to have Henry VI. canonized failed, there was many a church of his kingdom that not only possessed an image of the pious Monarch, but kept a light burning before it. Mr. Duncan found that this King had an image at the church of Lewisham, and a Towcester will, *temp.* Henry VIII., proves that there was a joint light in that Northamptonshire church to St. Roche and King Henry.

The cruel wrong done to education in the time of Edward VI. through the wholesale suppression of chantries becomes more and more established from the study of wills. Not a few chantries, whose connexion with parochial education is ignored by the chantry "certificates," can be proved to have done much in that direction. The chantry priest, instead of being the lazy mere masspriest as commonly asserted, turns out to have been frequently the village schoolmaster. The will of the Spratton chantry priest, of 1520, leaves "to every scolar of my paryshe that can syng iiijd., and that cannot ijd., and to every scolar that I have els jd., and that have ben my scolars beyng at my buryal a peny, and as moche at the moneth day to every scolar of myne that are present, and to each as have ben my scolars beyng then yn holy orders present at my buryall xijd." Another Northamptonshire example of somewhat the same character is to be found in the will of John Bloxam (1518), priest of the chantry of Our Lady, Great Addington. One clause runs as follows:—"I will that any priest who has been my scholar in time past to have that he may pray for me £10, or their value in books."

The funeral feasts were occasionally prodigious affairs. Edward Martin, parson of Old, a parish of slender population and small extent, appended with his own hand, in 1514, a noteworthy codicil to his will. Therein he provides that there were to be brewed against his burial four quarters of malt; and three bullocks, six sheep, three calves, and six pigs, and "hens and capons as nede shalbe" were to be prepared for the same, together with three quarters of "bred corne," that all comers might be rejoiced!

A most practical step towards developing research into wills would be the preparing a bibliography on what has already been published or printed. If some one of sufficient leisure and experience would prepare such a work, there is probably sufficient wholesome interest in the subject to secure a decent subscription list. Such a book would not only include an account of what is contained in such an admirable volume as the "Testamenta Karleolensia," by the late lamented Chancellor Ferguson, issued by the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian Society, but also the smaller and more isolated efforts of other provincial societies. Other indexes, too, besides those already mentioned, would be there chronicled, such as the good work in that direction done by the Yorkshire Record Society.

Wills, too, are frequently to be found scattered about in the earlier episcopal registers, and among the muniments of our



BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS.*

Natural Science, now that it has so large a place tion, inevitably tends to be a matter of summari of tabulated lists, of books and instruments. No o an examination in ornithology before him would necessary to prepare for it by getting up at three and summer morning in the woods. Another thing whic discourage first-hand observation is the countless volumes written on bird life. The scientific student may be content to know a natural fact by being taug true field naturalist will not admit it until he has seen surprising as it may seem, there is still something t about birds. Gilbert White—the Bacon of Ornithol ago when mediæval legends about plants and animals were still accepted, showed the proper way to study namely, by patient and accurate observation. I observers have followed in his steps. With the na Warde Fowler, Mr. Cornish, Mr. W. H. Hudson, and bird lovers are familiar. It is always refreshing to m book which shows what can still be done by those wh true gifts of sight and hearing and the patience t Such a book, for instance, to our thinking, was Mr. "Evolution of Bird Song"; and such a book is M Selous' BIRD WATCHING (Dent, 7s. 6d.), a volume of th Hall Library."

The title is, perhaps, a little misleading. Bird an art, the rules of which must be learnt. One rule any sudden movement, however slight—the raising glasses to the eye, for instance, is often quite enoug the bird you wish to focus. In the open field you c sportsmen know, get near birds by appearing oblivio presence, and avoiding all appearance of walking Of these and the like maxims Mr. Selous tells us not not the art but its results with which he is concerned book is a storehouse of patient and exhaustive o Bird watching, like everything else which is wo involves trouble and some discomfort. You must long before the kitchen fire is lit; you must not mi rain; and when you insert yourself into a hole made stack with only your eyes visible, you must endure to say nothing of the amazed curiosity of the pas But, as our author says, let a man "lay down the gu up the glasses for a week, a day, even for an hour, if and he will never wish to change back again."

Birds—the thought impresses itself upon us reading this book—form the most wonderful and most class of animal life. They do so many inexplicable the case of most animals hunger, sexual passion, and t

an inner and secret life of which glimpses only are revealed to us. Strange and beautiful is the play of the stone-curlews at nightfall; and the description of it shows Mr. Selous at his best:—

> During the day, as I have said, these birds are idle and lethargic—sitting about, dozing often, or sleeping—but as the air cools and the shadows fall they rouse into a glad activity, and coming down and spreading themselves over the wide space of the warrens, they begin to run excitedly about, raising and waving their wings, leaping into the air, and often making little flights, or rather flittings, over the ground as a part of the disport. As a part of it I say advisedly, for they do not stop and then fly, and on alighting recommence, but the flight arises out of the wild waving and running, and this is resumed, without a pause, as the bird again touches the ground. All about now over the warrens their plaintive, wailing notes are heard, notes that seem a part of the deepening gloom and sad sky; for nature's own sadness seems to speak in the voice of these birds. They swell and subside and swell again as they are caught up and repeated in different places from one bird to another, and often swell into a full chorus of several together. Deeper now fall the shadows, "light thickens," till one catches, at last, only "dreary gleams about the moorland," as now here, now there, the wings are flung up—showing the lighter-coloured inner surface—till gradually, first one and then another, or by twos or threes or fours, the birds fly off into the night, wailing as they go. But this note on the wing is not the same as that uttered whilst running over the ground. The ground-note is much more drawn out, and a sort of long, wailing twitter—called the "clamour"—often precedes and leads up to the final wail. In the air it comes just as a wail without this preliminary. But it must not be supposed that all the birds perform these antics simultaneously. If they did the effect would be more striking, but it is generally only a few at a time over a wide space, or, at most, some two or three together—as by sympathy—that act so. The eye does not catch more than a few gleams—some three or four or five—of the flung-up wings at one time over the whole space. It is a gleam here and a gleam there in the deepening gloom.

Virgil thought that the rooks,

> Nescio qua præter solitum dulcedine lætí

rejoiced in sympathy with the atmosphere; but this seems inadequate to describe the bizarre antics and curious "personal incidents" which Mr. Selous goes on to describe in great detail. Mr. Hudson and other writers told us much of the courting of birds and its attendant ceremonies; but there is a great deal of new and interesting matter in "Bird Watching." The wooing of the great plover is an intricate performance, and we have only space to give one phase of it:—

quickly to the calling one, who also ad
They approach each other, and standing s
perhaps, a foot between them, but looking d
in the direction in which it has been advanc
assume, at the same time, a particular
posture, worth waiting days to see. First
selves tall-ly up on their long, yellow, s
curving the neck with a slow and formal
the head downwards—yet still holding it
stop thus, set and rigid, the beak point
Having stood like this for some seconds
normal attitude. This wonderful pose, c
in a vein of stiff formality, but to which
yellow eye gives a look of wildness, almost
it, both during its development and when i
reached, something quite *per se*, and in vain

In all the important relations of life the
observed by the larger birds. Most of us
bowings of the courting pigeon. But the fl
is the slave of ceremony. Here is another pic

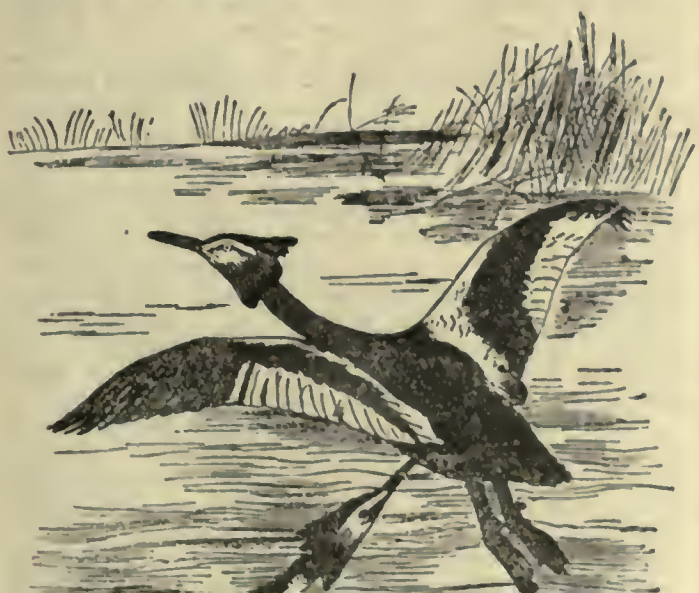
> Two stock-doves fighting.—This is very
> peculiar. They fight with continual blows

STOCK DOVES: A DUEL WITH CERE

being used both as sword—or, rather, part
The peculiarity, however, is this, that over
there is a pause in the combat, when both b
bow, with tail raised in air, as in courting
will bow together, and, as it would see
facing towards each other, at any rate—
they will both stand in a line, and bow, so t
to the tail of the other, who bows to the
two will bow at different times, each seemin
in making his bow than in the direction or
is like a little interlude, and when it is ov
advance, again, against each other, till
to front, and quite close. Both, then
jump, and battle vigorously with their w
parrying. One now makes a higher spring, t
to jump on to his opponent's back, and
upon him. This is all plain, honest fighti
constant tendency—constantly carried out
get into line, and fight in a sort of follow-
whilst making these low bows at interva
encumbered with forms, with a heavy, punc
reminding one of those ornate sweeps an

Mr. Selous' close observations lead him to shake the basis of many an old belief. Thus he disputes altogether the theory that the nightingale is a melancholy bird of sober and dull colouring, a defect atoned for by its unquestioned superiority in song. Every natural history repeats the story of the lapwing tempting the intruder from her nest by feigning to be hurt (though we fancy it is not mentioned in the "Natural History of Selborne"). Mr. Selous has seen skuas, snipe, wild duck, and nightjars do this, but never peewits, and keepers confirm his experience. It is a curious phenomenon, and Mr. Selous explains it thus. During the incubatory period the bird is easily upset, and a sudden surprise may throw it into a kind of hysteria in its attempt to escape. This is found to be useful by drawing away the intruder in pursuit, and by the action of natural selection the bird acquires a new instinctive habit of fluttering helplessly away from its nest. So far so good, but our author is, here as elsewhere, not quite so lucid in his theories as in his facts. This ruse of the parent bird is (as far as we can understand him) of much less service when there are eggs in the nest than when there are young birds who can utilize a little delay by concealing themselves. And he suggests that natural selection would confine the adoption of this ruse to a period after the eggs have been hatched. This is an ingenious theory, but we much doubt whether observed facts will support it.

Mr. Selous has some very curious facts and speculations about the simultaneous movements of flocks of birds. The fact of such movements must, we think, be admitted, but we cannot think Mr. Selous has sufficiently weighed all his evidence, particularly in the case of the little birds who fed on the heap of refuse straw and wild plants against the stack in which he hid. The sudden flight of a number of them at the same moment might be accounted for in a number of ways, which oddly enough he does not suggest. Any almost imperceptible subsidence of the herbage would cause it. So would any slight movement, say of a weasel, or even a mouse, underneath where the birds were feeding. This only illustrates the excessive care required in theorizing on this matter. On the whole, Mr. Selous' evidence, as to pigeons, rooks—to rooks he devotes two most interesting and delightful chapters—and other birds does seem



common mind. It is not explained by the hypothesis ship. Mr. Selous' close study of rooks leads him to " 'the many wintered crow that leads the clang home' is—a lovely line," and nothing more. Th animals are liable to be stirred by a sudden panic is common knowledge. But in the case of birds, at a by no means always a case of alarm. Mr. Selous has

a theory of his own. He is reminded of the Gre wind or current of thought which, as the dem emotional Athenians believed, swept through an a caused it to think and act as one man. For h transference was the earliest means of communic gregarious animals. As they rose in the scale speech was developed, the old power was of cours Thought transference in man, in fact, if it exists, reversion to a more primitive type of intercommuni original, at any rate. The thought reader and the c if we accept Mr. Selous' doctrine, so far from bei are reverting to the savage and animal life of t forest. It is a large speculation on which we cannot We can only agree that Mr. Selous has certainly adde of observation on this obscure matter one of the which baffle us in the mystery of bird life. We have more than indicate the nature of this book, which is for the sincerity and originality of its treatmen subject and for the many curious questions raised will interest the field ornithologist.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SALE-R

That a picture by John Hoppner should realize higher sum than has yet been recorded—again in th of course—for a work by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, to say nothing of artists belonging to oth British school, gives colour to the favourite general the unexpected always happens. Hoppner's portra Lady Manners, afterwards Countess of Dysart, wh by Messrs. Robinson and Fisher on Thursday of las been the subject of much conjecture among connoisse little time. It was one of five pictures belong

of pleasure but the quality of pleasure derivable from this or that picture into £ s. d.—then, surely, this canvas by Hoppner does not occupy a foremost place. On the other hand, it is in superb condition, as fresh as when it was painted, and more mellow. The opening bid in a crowded sale-room was one of 5,000 guineas—perhaps twice as much as the picture would have realized a decade ago.

More rapidly than it takes to tell came offers which advanced the price by leaps of 500 or 1,000 guineas to 12,000 guineas. Messrs. Tooth bid an additional 100 guineas, and by small stages 13,000 guineas was reached. At this point the well-known dealer Mr. Charles Wertheimer—younger brother of the father of the two ladies so daringly depleted by Mr. Sargent in the present Academy—and Mr. Duveen entered into contest. Mr. Wertheimer, seldom outstripped, refused to pay more than 14,000 guineas, and Mr. Duveen was declared the buyer at 14,050 guineas, or £14,752 10s. As we have hinted, this is far and away the highest sum yet paid at auction in this country for a picture. The following table is of interest in this connexion :—

HIGHEST SUMS PAID AT AUCTION FOR PICTURES BY THIRTEEN ARTISTS.

Artist.	Work.	Sale.	Date.	Price. Gns.
Hoppner ..	Louisa Lady Manners ..	Bruce	1901 ..	14,050
Van Dyck ..	Port. of Genoese Senator }	Peel	1900 ..	£24,250
" " ..	Port. of Lady .. }			
Reynolds ..	Lady Betty Delmé and Children	Delmé	1894 ..	Gns. 11,000
Raphael ..	Crucifixion	Dudley	1892 ..	10,600
Romney ..	Viscountess Clifden and Lady Spencer	Clifden	1896 ..	10,500
Gainsborough	"The Stolen Duchess" ..	Wynne Ellis ..	1876 ..	10,100
Boucher .	Madame de Pompadour..	Lonsdale	1887 ..	9,900
Hobbema ..	Landscape with figures	Hope Edwardes	1901 ..	9,460
Constable ..	Stratford Mill	Huth	1895 ..	8,500
Turner ..	Dogana and Santa Maria Salute	Fowler	1899 ..	8,200
Troyon ..	Dairy Farm	Miéville	1899 ..	6,400
Burne-Jones	Love and the Pilgrim ..	Burne-Jones ..	1898 ..	5,500
Millais ..	The Boyhood of Raleigh	Reiss	1900 ..	5,200

As to Hoppner, his "record" has been quintupled. In 1895, when Lord Bridport's collection came up for sale, a full-length portrait by Hoppner of the seller's ancestor, Lord Nelson, 91in. by 58in., made 2,350 guineas ; and in 1889 a presentment of Mary Gwyn, at the Gwyn sale, brought 2,250 guineas.

The price paid for the Louisa, Lady Manners—to be accounted for in part, no doubt, by the presence in this country of several wealthy Americans—had its correspondence on Saturday afternoon at Messrs. Sotheby's. The portrait was rendered in mezzotint by Charles Turner, associated with his great namesake by reason of his several engravings in the "Liber Studiorum." The Turner plate for Louisa, Lady Manners, is very scarce. By one of those coincidences which give savour to life, a brilliant proof before all letters occurred for sale on Saturday, as part of the property of Miss Raeburn, grand-daughter of the great Scottish artist. A fortnight ago £100 would almost certainly have secured it, whereas, the original picture having two days before fetched so much, the mezzotint, albeit neither accounted very beautiful nor very faithful as an interpretation, made £200. As five minutes before a good, but slightly stained impression of Rembrandt's lovely etching, "The Three Trees," was sold for £198, we here have in a nutshell one of the main factors in the philosophy of the sale-room : rarity, with a dash of the sensational.

Twenty-four hours after the contest in Willis' Rooms between Mr. [illegible] passed into the possession of Mr. Charles [illegible] successful opponent of the previous afternoon [illegible] bidder.

Sentiment undeniably operated to a very la[illegible] sale of the Royal sherries. Not loyal subjects [illegible] entertainers across the Atlantic desired to hav[illegible] wine from the cellars of Buckingham Palace, W[illegible] Sandringham. The first lot made £7 10s. a [illegible] without the Royal label it might have been bo[illegible] that sum ; and for the final five dozen of g[illegible] Sandringham no less than £28 10s. a dozen was [illegible] dozen disposed of realized £18,457 17s., or [illegible] about £3 14s. a dozen. Who shall say that mone[illegible] within five days such sums are paid for pictur[illegible] out-of-fashion wine !

THE DRAMA.

"LA COURSE DU FLAMBEA[illegible]

Last week I ventured the opinion that, [illegible] analysis, the pleasure derived from Mme. Réj[illegible] to be found in her temperament, her essentia[illegible] power of interpretation, of imitating someth[illegible] considerable as that power undoubtedly was. [illegible] actress has been good enough to confirm my jud[illegible] ing as the heroine of *La Course du Flambeau*. [illegible] has given a marvellously clever imitation o[illegible] unlike herself ; her miming faculty has counte[illegible] her temperament for nothing ; the result has [illegible] the admiration excited by all feats of skill, but [illegible] Mme. Réjane is alone capable of giving us becau[illegible] Réjane, not the Réjane "thrill." The pla[illegible] Hervieu, novelist and dramatist, a serious, int[illegible] say bookish writer, who, getting an idea into hi[illegible] to write a novel or a play "round" it, instea[illegible] novel or a play as a frank imitation of life and l[illegible] for themselves. It is this method of setting [illegible] results in thesis-plays, and it is because the [illegible] result of this method that they are all radically [illegible] objection to them is the simple but fatal objec[illegible] is not fact. For instance, from your knowledge [illegible] affairs of some families in your square or in the [illegible] form the opinion that it is a hardship for a man [illegible] to marry his deceased wife's sister. The validi[illegible] clusion is tested by the facts to which you [illegible] suppose, on the other hand, that you take [illegible] marriage with a deceased wife's sister as the [illegible] Then you proceed to arrange your characte[illegible] accordingly. But your thesis has no validity. [illegible] stance to which you point in support of it [illegible] invented for its support. You are arguing i[illegible] thesis may or may not be true, but it is certain [illegible] the one piece of evidence which is absolutely in[illegible]

It may or may not be true, as M. Hervieu [illegible] *Course du Flambeau* (title taken from the Lucre[illegible] who "vitae lampada tradunt"), that the te[illegible] generation of a family is to sacrifice itself, a[illegible] generation, for the next. It is true of some fam[illegible] viduals, not of others. In short, it all depends,

dence does not arrange things in this symmetrical fashion, and we turn away from the conclusion of M. Hervieu's play, dead grandmother and all, as a childish invention. It is vitiated by the same symmetry all through. Over against each successive sacrifice of the mother you have a piece of unconscious cruelty on the part of the child. In Act I. the mother refuses to marry the man she loves because her daughter is yet unmarried, and the next moment the daughter announces to her mother that she has arranged a marriage for herself. In Act II. the daughter, to save her husband from bankruptcy, forces her mother to the humiliation of begging alms from the man she has rejected. In Act III. the mother forges the grandmother's name in order to rob the old lady of money which the daughter wants for her husband. In Act IV., when the mother has slain the grandmother in order to save her daughter's life, the girl calmly leaves her because her husband has secured an appointment elsewhere. All this seems absurd to an English audience. Even in France, where the family bond is still something of a fetish, it must seem a bit "steep." It is not made more plausible by learned references to the Lampadephoria, to "mes très anciens amis Platon et le bon poète Lucrèce," to Æneas and Anchises, to the Atrides, to Mlle. de Sombreuil, and to the customs of the North American Indians. M. Hervieu seems to have thought that a play about the "torch of life" might reasonably smell of the lamp.

Apart from the demerits of the play we do not like to see Mme. Réjane crying her eyes out, in dowdy garments, and a wig streaked with grey. We admit the pathos of her acting when she describes her agonies as a detected forger, but would rather she left that sort of pathos to somebody else. She should stick to comedy, the ironic, acidulated, occasionally grim comedy of such pieces as *La Parisienne* and *Ma Cousine* and *La Douloureuse*. There she is inimitable, incomparable, irresistible. Some of her admirers may also put in a word for her coarser repertory, the hysteric passion and Billingsgate of *Sapho* and *Zaza*, and I can understand that taste, though I do not share it. But I cannot believe that any one wants to see her wholly wasted, a clever actress acting what any other merely clever actress could act, as in this dull, preposterous thesis-play of M. Hervieu's.

A. B. WALKLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE CASE AGAINST THE BOERS.

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF THE TRANSVAAL WAR. By EDWARD T. COOK. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. n.).

We praised Mr. Methuen, the other day, for the deadly moderation of his level-headed statement of the case against the Milner-Chamberlain policy. Mr. Cook writes on the other side and proves himself a still more effective advocate. He is a careful, cold-blooded writer, with a passion for accuracy and the verified reference. He has the knack of being continuously readable without ever letting himself go; and his manner reminds us of the great barrister who ridiculed eloquence, declaring that "the verdict is the thing." His opponents will probably say, indeed we fancy they have already said, that the controversies which the writer stirs are stale, and that the actual topics of the moment are the policy of farm-burning and the management of refuge [illegible]

make his book something very like the final [illegible] subject.

Mr. Cook is no blind partisan of either Mr. [illegible] or Mr. Rhodes. He entirely disapproves of th[illegible] he admits that the Colonial Secretary was p[illegible] buffed by Lord Rosmead for proposing to press [illegible] immediately after the Raid, and was very much [illegible] publishing the "How is Mrs. Kruger?" despatc[illegible] Kruger had received it, for insisting on the word "[illegible] in a manner calculated to give needless prove[illegible] calling Mr. Kruger a sponge. But he makes it cle[illegible] mistakes only amounted to "contributory negligen[illegible] they are not the cause—or even the occasion—of th[illegible] war was the inevitable result of the clash of tw[illegible] policies, founded on racial distinctions, deliberately [illegible] consistently pursued. The only condition on wh[illegible] have been avoided was that one of the two polic[illegible] reversed. Consequently the rights and wrongs [illegible] depend upon the answers to be given to two questio[illegible] policy of Mr. Kruger such that Mr. Chamberlain o[illegible] given way to it? Did Mr. Kruger's so-called conces[illegible] to a substantial modification of that policy? Mr. C[illegible] both these questions in the negative; and he [illegible] answers with quotations not only from Blue-books, [illegible] public utterances of his opponents. Sir Henry de [illegible] John Morley, Mr. W. T. Stead, and others are wit[illegible] force cited and compelled to give evidence again[illegible] which they now support.

It would be a hopeless task to summarize the [illegible] the space at our disposal. It follows Mr. Kruger's [illegible] from the Convention of Pretoria onwards in order [illegible] Mr. Kruger has consistently evaded the obligations [illegible] vention, and of the subsequent Convention of L[illegible] extending frontiers which the convention had de[illegible] entering into direct relations with foreign Powers, ([illegible] fering with the commercial rights which the convent[illegible] for British subjects, (4) by commandeering British s[illegible] (5) by refusing British subjects the full rights of [illegible] It adduces evidence to show that the agitation for [illegible] from being a "capitalist's job," was in full swing [illegible] capitalists would have anything to do with it [illegible] Kruger's armaments, some time before the Raid, wer[illegible] extensive as to be only explicable if they were int[illegible] used against the paramount Power; and that, thoug[illegible] have been nothing that could be technically term[illegible] spiracy" to substitute the United States of Sout[illegible] the British dominion, yet it was the avowed policy [illegible] vanced members of the Bond to accomplish this result. [illegible] he gathers together various utterances of the anti-I[illegible] both in England and in South Africa, to show that th[illegible] Mr. Kruger, not to do justice to the strangers withi[illegible] but to fool the British Government with sham [illegible] "Gain as much time as you can," was the advice of M[illegible] White. "Give Master Joe another fall," was the [illegible] Mr. Labouchere. "Some colourable measure of re[illegible] recommended by Mr. Merriman, who expressly expla[illegible] was not in the interest of the Uitlanders that he urg[illegible] is honestly now the time," wrote Mr. Te Water, [illegible] little, however one may later again tighten the rope.

But all this is only preliminary. We come to the [illegible] the Bloemfontein Conference. Here Mr. Cook's argum[illegible]

All the evidence is given for Sir Henry de Villiers' verdict that "throughout the negotiations they (the Transvaal Government) have always been wriggling to prevent a clear and precise decision." The conclusion drawn is that "Mr. Kruger never had any honest intention of meeting the Uitlander case at all."

We must congratulate Mr. Cook most warmly on his achievement. Whatever else may be read about the diplomacy that precedes the war, his book must certainly be read. It will immensely increase a reputation that already stood very high. No recent book on any political question has been so good, and we are inclined to think that it marks out Mr. Cook as the ablest political journalist of the day. It seems like an anti-climax to add that it is admirably indexed; but, even at the risk of anti-climax that act of justice must be done.

THE CHINESE CRISIS.

Wen Ching is the pseudonym of a Chinese gentleman who contributed some articles on the Boxer business and the Reform movement to the *Singapore Free Press*. Rearranged and issued as a book, THE CHINESE CRISIS FROM WITHIN (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), they form a contribution to the literature of the subject not less striking than the contributions of Sir Robert Hart himself. In the one case as in the other the knowledge is obviously profound, though the style is occasionally cryptic. What is made quite clear, however, is Wen Ching's unfavourable opinion of Manchus in general and of certain Manchus in particular. It appears that the Manchus sent emissaries to Singapore to murder him; and one can understand that any scheme of murder which did not provide for the assassination of Wen Ching would seem incomplete in Manchu eyes. For he not only denounces those of them who are obviously wicked, but "gives away" certain others who are credited with the virtues of reformers. Even the great Chang Chi Tung, whose appeal to his countrymen a missionary lately translated, is shown up as a treacherous rascal. During the reform fever he was an eager reformer; but he changed his tone when the Empress-Dowager accomplished her *coup d'État*. Then

> His first act was a most contemptible betrayal of his friends in the reform ranks. Yung-I, Tan Tze T'ung, and others were, not long before, intimate pupils or subordinates of his. In fact, he had instigated them by his example, by his donations, and by his public sympathy. Yet the first thing he did was to telegraph to Pekin that these men should be beheaded. They were killed accordingly, without trial.

Wen Ching also warns us against Li Hung Chang. He is undoubtedly "the only sensible man left"; but

> He is a very dangerous man. He is now in the north. Do we know what he will do? Well, Li Hung Chang just wishes to wipe out the stain which has attached to his name in consequence of the loss of Formosa. He is known by the Chinese to be willing to die in harness or in battle to show his loyalty to the Dowager-Empress. Put Li Hung Chang in power in Chih-li, give him troops, and he will not refuse to obey Tzu Hsi's edict calling upon him to fight the "barbarians." Be it known that Li Hung Chang, like all the old viceroys, dislikes the foreigner from the bottom of his

the doings of Marguerite de Valois in the
immortalized in Heine's poem :—

> The idle and curious, finding nothing mo
> do, counted the number of young persons
> palace, became Court attendants, and th
> Whore had they gone? Perhaps in the Forb
> exist subterranean passages, and perhaps'
> still in the palace of China. However, g
> wildfire that young servitors of the Court suff
> deaths within the walls of the Imperial ci
> reveals no secrets!

Dissolute living, however, did not distract
politics. In order to check the Emperor's pro
reform, she slapped his face with her fan, and lo
"a Palace of Circe wherein, by temptations
men should make brutes of themselves." Wen
"affirm that poor Kuang Hsu came out of the o
though he "only joined in the gambling partie
requested by the Empress-Dowager, who frequ
palace to see that the amusements were b
carried out." Yet Wen Ching thinks it not im
terrible old woman might be moved to "make
avowal of her sins," to "resign her regency,"
transfer the authority to Kuang Hsu." It is
of that optimism which besets all writers
question—from Sir Robert Hart, who thinks th
if we abolish extra-territoriality, to Mr. Archi
thinks that all will go well if we open up the
—and which seems so inconsistent and incomp
cold-blooded critic who has all the proposals o
in front of him at once.

AN AUSTRALIAN WRIT

The work of Mr. Henry Lawson has alrea
appeal to Australian readers; his vivid an
and his yarns of life in the back blocks have
"of the Bush, bushy," and are looked for a
parts of the Commonwealth. Over here he is p
by his volume "While the Billy Boils," bu
brother in Australian letters, Marcus Cla
very few Australian writers whom Englis
name—he is also a poet. Messrs. Blackwood
THE COUNTRY I COME FROM (6s.), which contain
"While the Billy Boils" and from "On the Tr
the Slipralls." The two latter we have late
prised in one volume, from Messrs. Angus a
Sydney; while side by side with it we have
from Australia, of Mr. Lawson's poems.

In the inevitable absence of the traditio
older country, Australian literature is ma
by verse, fiction, and journalism, and the outco
moment is to be found in writers like Mr. La
plenty of "go," but they strike a rather dif
Marcus Clarke and Kendall, whose verses o
"weird melancholy" which the former fou
The new poet writes more in the spirit of
advice :—"My brothers, let us breakfast in S
Australia, and dine in France till our lives e
smack a little of the luncheon party with recit

He warns us, however, to be careful how we criticize him :

> Must I turn aside from my destined way
> For a task your Joss would find me ?
> I come with strength of the living day,
> And with half the world behind me ;
> I leave you alone in your cultured halls
> To drivel and croak and cavil ;
> Till your voice goes further than college walls,
> Keep out of the tracks we travel !

Thus cautioned we hesitate to complain because Mr. Lawson rhymes "timber" with "remember," and "brought" with "Court," and "enjoyed" with "guyed" ; and, indeed, there is a sterling worth in his poems, or at all events in some of them, which excuses, if it does not justify, these eccentricities. The poet who is continually pouring out poetry for the newspapers, as Mr. Lawson does for the *Sydney Bulletin*, is inevitably unequal. Mr. Lawson, it seems to us, is at his worst when he jokes, and at his best in such serious poems as "How the Land was Won." That he is quite uninfluenced by Mr. Kipling one hesitates to say ; but his local colour is his own, and his inspiration is genuine. For instance :—

> No armchair rest for the old folk then—
> But, ruined by blight and drought,
> They blazed the tracks to the camps again
> In the big scrubs further out.
> The worn haft, wet with a father's sweat,
> Gripped hard by the eldest son,
> The boy's back formed to the hump of toil—
> And that's how the land was won !
>
> And beyond Up Country, beyond Out Back,
> And the rainless belt, they ride,
> The currency lad and the ne'er-do-weel
> And the black sheep, side by side ;
> In wheeling horizons of endless haze
> That disk through the Great North-west,
> They ride for ever by twos and by threes—
> And that's how they win the rest.

The man who writes like that is a poet, though some of his verse may be a good deal less than poetry.

The newspaper in Australia is the chief patron of literature, and Mr. Lawson's fiction, which has many of the qualities of his poetry, comes also from the Press. The book we have referred to, ON THE TRACK AND OVER THE SLIPRAILS (Angus and Robertson, Sydney, 3s. 6d.), contains some thirty-six stories of Australasian life, telling with great vivacity of the spirit of places at once little known to the English reader, and yet of vital interest to him. In no carping spirit, but rather in one of congratulation, we recognize Mr. Henry Lawson as the heritor of Mr. Bret Harte's manner and the pupil of Mr. Kipling. We are often reminded of the quick pathos and sympathy of the author of "Snowbound at Eagle's" or of the vigour and dash, the insight and courage of the writer of "Kim." Such stories as "No Place for a Woman," "A Daughter of Maoriland," "The Shanty-Keeper's Wife," will do more to make Englishmen understand their brothers beneath the southern cross than reams of political tirade. Such a paper, for example, as "The Songs They Used to Sing" brings us to the heart of that kind of man who began life twenty years ago among the mines on Lambing Flat, the Pipe Clays, Gulgong, Home Rule, or any other of the [illegible]

And he hadn't any "ideers"—at least he said so him matter of fact the picture Mr. Lawson draws of A Lizzie is very amusing, and gives a true picture of " wide dominions." One's general impression of the in this volume is that they are taken directly from the author does not exercise a wise literary eclecti are graphic, vigorous, occasionally heart stirring, bu lacking in art, *sans suite*, and incomplete. But thes sketches show, as did "While the Billy Boils," that Lawson has it in him to give us an even more valuab Australian life, practical, idiomatic, truthful, ye sympathetic.

KING JAMES I. AS A POET.

A sumptuous and beautiful book is Lusus Re Poems and Other Pieces by King James ye First Robert S. Rait (Constable, 42s. n.). The title-page i duction, with necessary alterations, of the design ap King James I. for the edition of his works printed in rare book. The frontispiece is from a portrait of belonging to Sir Robert Gresley, and of considerabl It was evidently taken when the King was still you face is much thinner and more refined than the later The cover of the book is a light grey paper stained—with the King's arms in the centre and thi corners. The title "Lusus Regius" Mr. Rait has take Latin translation of the folio edition of the "Counte Tobacco." Within the book are five reproductio King's writing, showing how painful a poet he was. we are bound to say, bear out the indications of the h They are little more than the school exercises of a among Humanists and struggled for by Puritans. M whom we owe their publication from a long-neglecte MS. in the King's own hand unearthed by Mr Madan, has done his best for them by a pleasant i and the necessary notes ; but they do not advance Ki claim to be a poet. The "Fragment of a Masque" they begin is a rather clumsy exercise. Its lo divinities may come. Mr. Rait unkindly suggests, fr Grammar, or, more probably, from the "De Civitate characterization is of the most elementary sort ; and altogether after six pages without any conclusion. when the Royal artist came to see what Ben Jonson of such a subject in such a style he wisely aban attempt to excel in that line. Next comes "an ad Alexander Montgomerie ("belovit Sandirs") on fulness and its results. There is nothing wo th qu but the lines to Bacchus which follow are perhaps wo as a specimen of what James could make of a subject way congenial to him.

> O michtie sunne of Semele the faire,
> Bacchus to me be loue the god of micht,
> O tuis bonie boy, quho euer dou and daire
> Subdue all mortall with thy liquore nicht,
> Quho with thy power blindethes the sicht
> to sum, to atheris thou the eirs has deafed,
> fra sum thou takis the taist, sum smelling
> dois taike, sum tuiching, sum all fine berea
> are of. The greit Alexander craued

interesting is a later autobiographical fragment "on his own destiny," and there are characteristic turns in the version of Psalm ci., written, by the way, on the back of the Ode to Bacchus. Two prose fragments conclude the volume, a letter to du Bartas, to whom the King was so overwhelmingly complimentary, and an addition, in one immense and ponderous sentence, to the preface to his "Basilikon Doron," in which he clearly adheres to the *cujus regio ejus religio* maxim. Mr. Rait thinks that almost all the pieces which he has collected, and now printed for the first time from the King's own MSS., were written between 1580 and 1592, a troubled time in which James may well have needed such diversion. The volume is an interesting one, and our best thanks are due to the editor. Perhaps the last instance of her late Majesty's sentiment towards the Stewarts was her consent to accept the dedication of this book, which is now inscribed to her memory.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Religious Retrospects.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who is the author of Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Progress (Unwin, 21s.), has written a very large number of books, and one can perhaps hardly expect much depth of thought or precision of style at the hands of one who serves the compositor so easily. Very genially and very chattily he describes the heroes of the Roman Catholic Church in England; sometimes he writes inaccurately (as when he attributes a picture by Calderon to Sir E. Poynter), but always honestly. Everybody in his Church, small and great, who has done anything, has his meed of praise; but for the great ones, and especially for Manning (who is his special hero), Mr. Fitzgerald has whole chapters of admiration. If all those who have a personal interest in the book will spend a guinea on it, there should be a good sale; and those Roman Catholics who are averse to steady reading will find it a convenient way of reading the history of their own times. Its value to others will lie in the picture it gives, half unconsciously, of Roman Catholic life from the inside; the picture, indeed, is a pleasant one, and Mr. Fitzgerald is optimistic. The book is bright in a red cover adorned with four Cardinal's hats, to represent the four rulers, from Wiseman to Vaughan, who cover the period described. There are portraits inside of the owners of the hats, that of Manning being particularly fine. Mr. Fitzgerald deserves a concluding word of praise for his charitable treatment of Anglicans.

A Century's Progress in Religious Life and Thought, by W. F. Adeney (J. Clarke, 3s. 6d.), has considerable interest. It is a competent summary of the great religious changes that took place in the nineteenth century. Every one knows what these changes were; philosophy has become more spiritual; science has changed the old conceptions of creation; criticism has destroyed what now seems to us the old superstition about the Bible, and at the same time has made the Bible a living book and has restored more primitive and reasonable views of revelation; Calvinism, the doctrine of endless punishment, and certain doctrines about the Atonement have lost much ground; preaching has become less rhetorical and more reasonable; social questions have taken their place in the realm of good works; literature and art—well, that subject is a large one, and Mr. Adeney has not much to say about it; lastly, the Oxford Movement has transformed the Church of England. On this last subject Mr. on Social Questions, but Bishop Westcott Social Union are not mentioned. Thus the shows the narrowness which is the result of ou it also shows that in nine cases out of ten fundamentals of theology—these divisions have and arbitrary. Nearly every chapter of Mr. common ground for all educated Christians.

Old Booksellers.

Those who welcome books about books sh about booksellers, as the printers and publish teenth and eighteenth centuries were in differe the writer of such a book is at once so experie and so pleasant a writer as Mr. E. Marston th be an agreeable volume. In Sketches of Book Days (Sampson Low, 5s. n.) Mr. Marston do give us the history of all the famous seventeen century booksellers, but he selects from amon of note (he heads another sketch with the n but does not tell us much of her intimate hi their stories with much anecdote and informati welds his knowledge into clear and often ente of such men as Jacob Tonson (1656-1736), T 1724), John Dunton (1659-1733), Samuel Richa Thomas Gent (1691-1778), William Hutton James Lackington (1746-1815). Of these men, remarkable was Thomas Guy, by reason of his and his extraordinary good luck. After makin was a considerable fortune by the sober sale o himself the holder of a large quantity of South S increase of capital was sanctioned and the enorm began. At this time Guy was seventy-six years period of life, and as the prices went up, up, u holding at very large profits. Thus at the e immense fortune came to him, and it was almost the benefit of humanity. He had always bee St. Thomas' Hospital was improved by him, private persons were helped from time to time. was, of course, the hospital which bears his na saw roofed in before he died in 1724. Mr. M anecdotes of him culled from books that are not in general reading. Here is one with an excell one who possesses a guinea and notices a publ on the Thames:—

> One day as Guy was leaning over one of t ing very despondent and melancholy, a bysta was bent on suicide, implored him not to com Then quickly placing a guinea in his hand drew. Guy followed the stranger, assured mistaken, and begged his address. Some Guy, seeing the name of his friend in the hastened to his house, reminded him of t bridge, arranged with his creditors, and, final him in his business, which prospered in his h his children's children for many years in London.

Some of the men Mr. Marston deals with altruistic as Guy, but their characters are so w they become equally interesting. One would s the remarkable adventures of these men, t romances then than now, but perhaps that cretion of present day publishers.

is almost inclined to be carried away by the vivisection controversy, and to forget, as Mr. Davidson himself appears to forget, that the appeal of poetry is not at all to the scientific enthusiast, nor very much to the analyst of the subconscious, but entirely to the student and critic of poetry and poetic expression. We say this with some emphasis, because Mr. Davidson seems to us to be in great danger of bartering his rights as a poet for a mess of rhetoric. His recent work has been marked, as indeed all his work is, by power and a downright sincerity which command esteem; but both in his latest drama *Self's the Man* and in his present poetical brochure there is a plentiful amount of vigorous phrase-making which is entirely wanting both in form and in charm, and which really bears no relation to true poetry at all. "The Vivisector" is a monologue, somewhat in the Browningesque manner, containing the *apologia* of a materialist for the practice of vivisection, on the ground that all matter is in pain, and that the very giving of pain is part of the fulfilment of the law of matter itself.

> To the Materialist there is no Unknown;
> All, all is Matter. Pain? I am one ache—
> But never when I work: there Matter wins!
> And I believe that they who delve the soil,
> Who reap the grain, who dig and smelt the ore,
> The girl who plucks the rose, the sweetest voice
> That thrills the air with sound, give Matter pain:
> Think you the sun is happy in his flames,
> Or that the cooling earth no anguish feels,
> Nor quails from her contraction? Rather say,
> The systems, constellations, galaxies
> That strew the ethereal waste are whirling there
> In agony unutterable.

The idea is not, of course, a new one; it is as familiar to modern philosophy as it was to Heraclitus, or to St. Paul, who in the Epistle to the Romans puts the whole theory in a sentence when he says "We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." But the point is not that the thesis is not new, but that, treated as Mr. Davidson treats it, in metallic, argumentative phrases, it is not a fruitful topic for poetry; and Mr. Davidson has written so much in verse that both charms and impresses that we regret to see him wasting his talent on material that is not only outside his range, but practically beyond the limits of poetic treatment altogether. Remembering Lucretius, among others, no one would pretend that philosophic, or even scientific, argument is irreconcilable with the highest form of poetry; but this sort of debating-society rhetoric is another thing altogether. It leads its writer, by the very force of its argumentativeness, into radically unpoetic channels, and leaves him in a tangle of verbiage, ending in lines such as

> The stolid beat
> Of Matter, the infinite vanity
> Of the Universe, being evermore
> Self-Knowledge;

with which the poem concludes. We liked Mr. Davidson better when he was piping eclogues in Fleet-street—thinking a little less deeply, perhaps, but singing to a better tune.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII. (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.) is an enlarged edition of her well-known life of the Prince of Wales. It includes an account of the King's accession and has some new illustrations. The book holds the field [illegible]

Norse, and the ballads and poems of the old Norse [illegible] cleverly reproduce the true ballad spirit and music, [illegible] should be welcome to all students of Norse literature.

A valuable publication is SMITH'S INDEX TO THE ARTICLES OF "THE TIMES" (King, 2s. 6d. n.). The period by it is 1895-1900, and each quinquennium is to [illegible] parts, indexing respectively proper names (places [illegible] places (geographically arranged), sources, and subjects [illegible] classified).

BYRNE'S GUIDE TO COMPANY FORMATION (Byrne [illegible]) practical handbook containing a summary of the Comp[illegible] and the Act of 1900, with explanatory notes.

BEAUTY ADORNED (Unwin, 1s.) tells girls how [illegible] hair, how to attend to their complexion, how to [illegible] figures symmetrical, and informs them on other [illegible] interest and importance to them. A good little book [illegible]

IMMORAL LEGISLATION (Glaisher, 6s. n.) is a [illegible] tirades on Irish Land Acts written in the interest [illegible] lords, partly in prose and partly in verse. Neither [illegible] nor the prose easily permits itself to be read.

ST. DAVID'S (1s. 6d. n.) is added to Messrs. Bell's [illegible] cathedral series. The writer is Mr. Philip [illegible] A.R.I.B.A.; and the illustrations include architect[illegible] ings as well as photographs.

FICTION.

Mr. Neil Munro.

DOOM CASTLE (Blackwood, 6s.) was dealt with in [illegible] on June 8 by Dr. William Wallace, who spoke of it [illegible] cally in his article on "Scottish Fiction." He has alrea[illegible] out many of its good qualities. For our part we [illegible] hesitate a dislike to Mr. Munro's manner of telling [illegible] His method makes a plain tale take an unconscionable [illegible] telling. It occupies one chapter to inform us that Mont[illegible] dull a hero with a "romantic" name as ever came fr[illegible] to Scotland to carry out a rather foolish task—has had [illegible] shot under him by certain "broken men." But lest [illegible] lose the full flavour of so essential a point the chara[illegible] oblige by telling this incident, or another, over and o[illegible] Mr. Munro's pen appears to have the leisure of the Mi[illegible] his style was much admired by the schoolboys of a f[illegible] We rather doubt if those who are at the present mome[illegible] *pupillari* would greatly appreciate "Doom Castle," [illegible] it is undoubtedly very proper reading for persons with [illegible] experience of life. With the exception of such charac[illegible] Argylls and the not altogether convincing Sim MacT[illegible] main personages of the story do not appear to be d[illegible] much knowledge of life or with a great amount of wit [illegible] A little history, a hint of the '45, a full measure [illegible] words, and a familiar acquaintance with other books o[illegible] romantic sort, a fluent and rather prolix pen supply th[illegible] necessary for a "Scottish romance" such as "Doo[illegible] But they supply also the recipe for a popular novel whi[illegible] successful, especially in Scotland, and such a book [illegible] certainly has the skill to produce.

The Wise Man of Sterncross.

THE WISE MAN OF STERNCROSS (Murray, 6s.), by [illegible] Augusta Noel, is an unequal, occasionally disappoi[illegible]

fiction among the shabby genteel and many a mistaken, unamiable proud woman in the same world, but Barbara Shirley in the Sterncross Vicarage is the most lugubrious of them all. Her desire for money to repay her family—for a loss, by the way, which is irreparable—develops into a mania, a miserly passion. In another of the *motifs* of the novel—the Mrs. Morland *motif* it may be called—the little son of a famous sculptor has in a rage blinded his young sister. He is sent out of sight of his father, becomes involved in a wreck at sea, is saved, and eventually given over to the wife of an Indian officer expecting her own child who has been drowned in the wreck. The development of this trick is highly interesting, and Mrs. Morland, the weak and widowed, deceived mother of the boy, is a wonderfully portrayed character. We will not go into the love *motif* in which "True," the daughter of the dolorous vicarage, is involved with Christopher, the son of the famous sculptor, and with a young gentleman who is a captain in the Navy at a surprisingly early age, but will content ourselves with saying that it is interesting if unhappy. There are many other themes still to handle, such as that of Mr. Denys Godolphin—called, with very poor cause, the wise man of Sterncross—but it is impossible to do justice to them all. The first 200 pages or so of the book are written after an unusually leisurely fashion; there is a spacious feeling in them, a largeness and quietude that is very pleasant. Like Balzac the author would appear to have perfect confidence in her readers and be content to make them follow her through many a weary detail of the youth of her characters before the real play begins. Then the story vitalizes. The style is often good, the frequent quotations from Scripture give it a certain distinction that is welcome. The wit is rather to seek; the "Wise Man," who refuses to be considered "the cynic of a lady's novel," never rises above a play on True's name or the quotation of a proverb—and a well-worn one at that. But Lady Augusta Noel has a very neat hand at description, especially if the scene be of a wild and melancholy character. Fang Rock, where Pete and Tony, two old sailors—one on the verge of madness, one on the brink of death—are visited by the unfortunate Chris, is wonderfully depicted. It is near this wild rock that Chris ends a life compact of sorrow. The following paragraph will show how the author tells of this point and also serve as an example of her serious style:—

> And so it came to pass that after long waiting they returned to land, and Basil, finding True on the shore, told her how, through the dark night, and from the stormy sea, the soul of Chris had gone home to God. With bent head and clasped hands he recited the *De Profundis*. In all the freshness of his penitence, with a heart thrilled with awe and humility, Chris has passed out of our human ken, to stand before that Tribunal "where the work of life is tried by a juster Judge than here."

That is the sombre end of the real hero, for the "Wise Man" is merely a looker-on, a hazy, elusive figure. The essence of the book is the terrible picture it gives of the cruelty of humanity and the irony of Fate. These things are drawn with a remorselessness so utter that one sometimes supposes the author is unaware of how painful a picture she gives of human intercourse. Chris, Mrs. Morland; Sir Lyon Dunbar, the father of Chris and Basil, Helena, his blind daughter; Barbara Shirley, her husband and son; even lesser characters, such as the old sailors Pete and Tony, are indubitably accursed. It will be seen that an agreeable book is not the result of the author's labours, but then "The Wise Man

in the matter of language; otherwise it is a go
well told; it does not lack invention, althoug
like the characters, is of a somewhat stock kin
search of love, which is brought him by a so
picture (an anachronism in its beautiful excen
daughter of Wulnoth, lord of Avening, who is
craft. The Count sets forth to be her champ
by Goyault, his chief knight. But Goyault h
in love with Algitha. And when Karadac is
lightning, and unable to do the fighting, he s
fight in his place—a good situation, truly. W
the intricacies of the plot further; it is no
readers cannot complain that they do not g
worth of tragedy, love, and pathos.

The Balkan States.

The reviewer who is not interested in th
Balkan States will find it necessary to make
sistently renewed attacks on J. Lawrence Lamb
OF THE PRINCE (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) if he would
trating far into the story. He is likely to be baffl
cies. It narrates in full the tragic history of Pri
Bulgaria, and the remaining three quarters of t
the fiction, founded, however, on fact—viz., th
Detcho Boytcheff for the murder of his wife, a
led up to it. We confess we found the strictl
which is well done, more interesting than the
story, attached by a rather slender thread
Alexander, is too spun out, and is a depressing
Yet there are signs that the author might achie
work were he to content himself with a less
than these five hundred closely-printed pages.

CATHOLIC USAGES SO CALLED (Skeffington, 2
with a purpose indeed. Mr. "John Myre," wh
this little romance for the purpose of calling
seriousness of the present ecclesiastical situatio
his own), adopts the simple plan of setting up
and knocking them down again with most satisf
ness. Messrs. Headstrong and Golightly visi
love with Continental usages, and return to th
host of foreign ornaments. Briefly, they are tw
young fools, and when Archdeacon Strongbull
Protestant ring about the name) tackles them
tions they flee in disorder, repent, and beha
like sensible men. There are some rather funny
little book, and the humour is not always uninte

. It is hard to take seriously such a book as
by Mr. C. H. Malcolm (Simpkin Marshall 3s.6d.
hero gives no indication of the superlative qu
author asks us to believe he possesses. Th
interest in the doings of the extravagantly bea
and the distinctly priggish Robert. Here
moment of their converse—"Robert went up to
and whispered 'Marcelline.' Marcelline turn
his eyes, and whispered 'Robert.' The next
lovers were locked in each other's arms." This
finale to a tale which aims at being full o
affectation of familiarity with living celebrities
peppering of its pages with indifferent and un
do not enhance the value of "Robert Kane."

PEASANT LABOUR (Freemantle, 6s.), by Ju
is a collection of short tales illustrative of

LIBRARY NOTES.

We are glad to learn that Professor Foxwell's Library of Economic Literature will remain intact and will not leave this country. Sir Walter Prideaux states in *The Times* of Monday that an offer from America has been forestalled by the Goldsmiths' Company, who, with much public spirit, have determined to acquire the library, and will proceed to consider "the conditions subject to which it may be made available for public use."

The report of the Cambridge University Library records the acquirement of 209 manuscripts and upwards of 48,000 books and periodicals. Of these 37,480 were acquired under the Copyright Act. Though little of exceptional bibliographical importance appears among the purchases, some interesting details are given. A unique fifteenth century book, "Composita Verborum," printed at Cologne in 1487, was obtained, and a valuable collection of Malay manuscripts and printed books were presented by Mr. R. J. Wilkinson, formerly of Trinity College. The classification of the great Taylor-Schechter collection is advancing towards completion, but a specialist in Arabic is urgently needed. Among the finds is part "of a work by a tenth century Jewish sectary, which probably represents the first attempt towards Bible criticism on a rationalistic basis." A noteworthy event of the year was the publication of the first volume of Mr. Charles Sayle's Catalogue of English Books to 1640; some sheets of the second volume have been printed off.

The Horniman Museum and Library, opened last Saturday by the Duke of Fife, stands in grounds which form another link in that chain of green open spaces well described as the lungs of London. If only for its beautiful grounds this new possession of the public is well worth a visit. The Museum contains a catholic assortment of curiosities, the result of a quarter of a century spent in many lands, while the library, with its 5,500 volumes, will be invaluable to students.

The Westminster City Council finds itself in a difficulty as regards its library rate. The ratepayers in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, originally adopted the Libraries Acts subject to the limitation of a halfpenny rate. It was sought to remove this limitation for the sake of uniformity, but counsel's opinion is to the effect that, as the London Government Act does not expressly give power to make the alteration, it can only be carried out by a poll of the ratepayers. In no other parts of the city is there any such restriction, but it would appear that to remove the difficulty further legislation is needed.

The position of the London Library is most encouraging. On the work of the year a profit of £1,200 has been made, notwithstanding a falling-off in the actual number of members.

Some weeks ago Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, speaking of the splendid Dante collection at Cornell University, incidentally mentioned the congestion of books at the British Museum. His point was that, since it would soon be impossible to place all publications in our national library, specialized libraries would be the natural result. Thus, as Cornell specializes in Dante, so Cambridge might devote itself to the collection of works—say, on mathematics and mediæval history. The matter is one which must soon engage the serious attention of the authorities in those centres which are condemned to receive the daily avalanche of printed matter. At the Bodleian Library 65,300 items were received last year, and the storage capacity is all but exhausted. Specializing is a certain remedy, but an expensive one to deal with thoroughly.

At Mile-end the public have waited long for their library, and are at length rewarded with some possibility of attaining it. The vestry-hall may—in course of time—be taken over and adapted for library purposes. But after the tortuous course pursued by the library movement at Mile-end we cannot be sure.

Prebendary Fraser, who has served the Cathedral Library at Chichester in an unofficial capacity for the last twenty-three years, has been appointed librarian. Mr. Fraser will bring great knowledge and much enthusiasm to his work. To him is owing the re-arrangement and systematic classification of the library.

subscriptions of those who use the leading depart
Cape Town the South African Library has a grant of
an income of £3,702, but, with only 700 subscribers t
volumes, it can as yet scarcely claim comparison wit
English public library.

The libraries of federated Australia have now
their own. The first number is dated April and ent
Library Record of Australasia." Support is appeal
is not to be sold privately. The number contains wo
ing notes and articles, including one on Australia's fi
which was established in 1809 at Ebenezer Mount,
the banks of the Hawkesbury river in New South Wa

Messrs. Sotheby's miscellaneous sale which
Monday last contained some interesting items. A
sold during the first two days were :—

Keats. "Endymion." First ed., 1818. A fine co
though slightly stained ... ...
Keats. "Lamia," &c. First ed., 1820 ... ...
Coleridge. "Christabel," &c. First ed., 18
Presentation copy... ... ...
Shelley. "Prometheus Unbound." First ed., 18
An exceptionally fine copy in the original boar
uncut, and almost unopened ... ...
Shelley. "The Cenci." First ed., 1819. A fine copy
Browning. "Paracelsus." First ed., 1835 ...
Byron. "The Waltz." First ed., 1813. An excellent co
Barham. "The Ingoldsby Legends," 1840-47. Pla
by Cruikshank ... ...
Waller. "Poems," 1645. A complete copy of the fi
authorized edition ... ...
Wither. "Britain's Remembrancer." First ed., 162
FitzGerald. "The Mighty Magician," 1853. Pres
tation copy... ... ...
FitzGerald. "Euphranor," 1855. Presentation copy
FitzGerald. "Polonius," 1852. Presentation copy
FitzGerald. "The Downfall and Death of Ki
Œdipus," 1880 ... ...
Scott. "Waverley." 3 vols. First ed. A fine co
but cut down in the binding ... ...
Scott. "Waverley." 3 vols. First ed. Uncut, b
slightly stained ... ...
Dickens. "Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son
&c., 1848. With an interesting letter by the auth
Thackeray. The MS. of "Round About the Christm
Tree." On six leaves ... ...
Ireland. "Life of Napoleon," 1828. Plates by Cruiksha
Wilson. "An Essay on the Genius of George Cru
shank." Illustrated with 284 etchings, &c....
Aiken. "Sporting Notions." First ed. With fine
coloured plates ... ...
Carlyle. "Sartor Resartus," 1840. Presentation copy
Carlyle. "Heroes and Hero-Worship," 1846. Pres
tation copy... ... ...
Lamb. "The Last Essays of Elia," 1833. A fine co
in the original boards ... ...
Bewick. "General History of Quadrupeds," 1790. First e
Shakespeare. "The Second Folio." Imperfect...
Shakespeare. "The Second Folio." A fine and ve
large copy (344mm. by 220mm.), slightly imperfect
Shakespeare. "The Third Folio." A good cop
though soiled ... ...
"Office de la Semaine Sainte." A little volume fou
in the Bastille, and once in the possession of Carly
whose autograph it bears ... ...
Marguerite de Valois. "Heptameron." 3 vols. 1780-81
La Fontaine. "Contes et Nouvelles en Vers." 176
With 12 of the suppressed plates. In fine condition
Longus. "Daphnis et Chloé." Paris, 1718. A beautiful co
Pliny. "Historiae Naturalis." Elzevir edition 163

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—I.

In handling that opulent quarterly the *Anglo-Saxon Review* one feels that in these busy times a fourth of a year will be hardly enough to exhaust it. You have first to deal leisurely with the subject of the Berthelet binding, on which Mr. Cyril Davenport discourses. Then we have historical matter in articles on "The Young England Movement," on "The American Revolution in the Correspondence of Horace Walpole," on "The Duchess of Portsmouth and Madame de Montespan," and on "Old Military Books." Moreover, we have yet more unpublished Napoleon Correspondence. For the literary person Mr. Lang writes excellently on Smollett, and Mr. Sidney Low makes a good deal of "the poet of South Africa," Thomas Pringle, though he does not inspire confidence in an opening sentence on colonial literature by speaking of "Kendal" and "Bliss Carmen." We may single out two other interesting things. Mr. Howard Swan is the first writer who really tackles in a practical way the question of "Signalling to Mars," on which the unlearned have written much nonsense, and the learned have poured perhaps unnecessary contempt; and Mr. T. A. Cook tells us much that English sportsmen should peruse about the American athlete, for whom "the one test of everything is, not its origin, not the pleasure or the profit of its progress, but its result. He fights, and runs, and rows to win. To use a metaphor that must not be too literally strained, he follows the hounds to kill the fox, not to have a good day across country in the winter."

In the *Nineteenth Century and After* Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P., draws a parallel between the present situation in South Africa and the situation in Canada at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. His moral is that rebels should be amnestied. Mr. Frederick Greenwood appeals to the missionary societies in China to reconsider their position and limit their activities. Professor Mahaffy takes a thoroughly Protestant view of "the Romanization of Ireland." Earl Nelson inquires what are the best means of arresting the depopulation of the agricultural districts. "The good cottage, good wages—which to be permanent must always depend upon *good work given*—and security of tenure are essential elements in solving our problem." But how are good wages to be given when the land has to make a profit for the landlord as well as the farmer, and the produce has to compete with the produce of land in foreign countries which has only to yield a single profit? Mr. Herbert Paul contributes a characteristic "personal impression" of the late Bishop of London.

There is nothing startling in the *Fortnightly*, but the average standard of interest is fairly high. "Kang Yon Wei's Open Letter to the Powers" expounds the views of the Chinese reformers—or, at all events, of one Chinese reformer. These are to the effect that Chang Chih Tung, sometimes classed with reformers, is a humbug, and that "Yunglu and Tung Fuh Siang should be turned out of the world." Mr. William Laird Clowes pleads for the cheapening of useful books, and incidentally gives an account of the cheap book business of Philipp Reclam of Leipzig, whose "Universal Bibliothek" he describes as "one of the wonders of the world." The prices of the books in this library vary according to the number of sheets, but you get about 112 pages for two pence half-penny, in a neat paper wrapper. The sales are prodigious.

Man," Lombroso's "Genius and Insan
dictionaries, cookery books, &c. Mr. W.
M. Bourget's "Le Fantôme" in the number.

The *Monthly Review* has a very interesti
by Mr. Arthur Symons on the poetry of Rol
will help to assign to that poet his true pl
world of to-day. We quote an illuminating c

> Mr. Meredith, caring mostly for origi
> every noun an adjective which has nove
> with it, and which champs and rears intra
> Mr. Swinburne, preferring what goes smoot
> startlingly from a distance, chooses his
> sound and for their traditional significanc
> appeal, sensuous or intellectual. Mr. B
> delicate, evasively simple effects by coaxi
> words to come together willingly, and take
> as if they had been born under his care.

The stay-at-home Englishman who even y
know much about the Boers will learn somethi
Cape resident's paper on "The Boer at H
the instructions given by the Aucer of A(
on visiting England—a very human docum
out as items worth special attention, Mr. J
review of the state of technical educatio
Germany, and Mr. T. A. Cook's paper on Th
actor, now only remembered—so fleeting is
the founder of "Doggett's Coat and Badge."

The *Contemporary* contains an anonymous
Foreign Policy of Lord Rosebery." "It is
the verdict. The author of "Drifting" rai
more, and protests that the optimism of S
"positively mischievous," and that it is real
Britain is living on its capital, and is eco
These propositions may be true, but the a
not seem to prove them. "The English Sch
Rival," by R. E. Hughes, should be co
Kershaw's article in the *Monthly Review*. B
German methods. Mr. Sidney Whitman c
thetic biography of Count Blumenthal. "
Sea," by Matthias Dunn, deals with all sorts
connected with the fishing industries
"Vanished Landmarks," by "L. S. M.," is
The writer admits the apparent High Ch
maintains that "it is not easy to believe th
more than a flash in the pan—a temporary r
ing of a wave, when the tide is coming
degrees, towards Agnosticism."

In the *National Review* a Free Lan
Literary Experiences," which are, it is clear, f
how he came to London to write for the Press
year earned £98 18s. 5d.; for the second, £2
third, £334 14s. 8d. He seems to have gr
the circulation of his manuscripts, for one wa
rejected before it found a haven. The w
courtesy of American magazine editors, w
explain at length their reasons for refusing
cert "declined with thanks" of their Engli
difference is probably due to the fact that
editors, unlike English editors, devote their
magazines. "Great War Novels" are discus
H. Findlater, who inquires why such novels

position is theirs in literature;" but his subsequent remarks show that they have not very much to be grateful for. "Servants may consider Thackeray as an open enemy and Dickens as but half a friend." And, again, "To him (Thackeray) they are knaves or fools, cunning knaves or contemptible fools." So that it is not very clear where the occasion for pride comes in. Mr. Hugh Clifford contributes to the number a "fragment of Asiatic history," entitled "The King of the Sedangs."

In the *Cornhill* is one of those reminiscent articles which always have their charm—"Notes of an Octogenarian," by Miss Louisa Courtenay. She corrects an old familiar story—viz., that when Rogers and Luttrell were in the Louvre together, a party of English ladies stopped and spoke to the latter. When he rejoined Rogers, he was asked "Who were they?" and replied, "I don't know; they asked if my name was Luttrell?" "And was it?" said Rogers. As Luttrell was a natural son, the remark was, to say the least, cynical. As a matter of fact it was Lord Dudley, not Rogers, who was with Luttrell; and the ladies had asked the latter "if my name was not Holland?" Lord Dudley had said "And was it?" in sheer absent-mindedness. "Urbanus Sylvan," whose identity with the Rev. H. C. Beeching has long been an open secret, is touring the provinces, and is as entertaining on Lincoln as he was on Lichfield; and Mrs. Earle, under "Family Budgets," explains how to eke out an existence on £1,800 per annum—deciding, by the way, strongly against flats for young married couples. Those who can manage to save anything out of this income may derive guidance from an article by Mr. G. Yard on "Investment and Speculation."

The question Can Literature be Taught? raised in our own columns by Mr. Beeching is answered in the negative, with cynical good humour, by Mr. Andrew Lang in *Longman's*. His contention is that "people are born with or without literary appreciation," and he supports the contention with anecdote:—

> A cook, a very plain cook, once made part of my humble establishment. *Her* line was Mr. Browning and Mr. Henry James. That woman could perhaps have been taught to cook (though I doubt it), but she did not need the school of *Literæ Humaniores* to teach her what, among other things, she ought to read. Again, all the annotated Brownings in the world could not have trained Mr. Edward FitzGerald (of Omar Khayyam) to appreciate Browning. He simply could not "thole" that poet. You may read his distressing remarks in the "Life of Tennyson."

"Swordsmanship in England," by Theodore Andrea Cook; "Close Finishes to the University Match," by Home Gordon; and "Notes on Sport in Sardinia" are the most striking articles in the *Badminton*. The sport seems to be above reproach, and the writer declares that the brigands "only trouble the police," and are not given to the holding up of moneyed strangers—a rule to which we should imagine that there must be exceptions.

The *Magazine of Art* gives a fine coloured reproduction of Mason's "The Cast Shoe." Mr. Spielmann is discussing the portraits at the Academy, and there is an illustrated paper on artists' studios, and the revival of sculpture in England is recognized by a study of the work of Mr. Albert Toft.

The July *Artist* embraces almost every side of art, and its copious illustrations are of great interest. Under the

Correspondence.

THE CHARLOTTE YONGE MEMORI

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May we, through your columns, ask for d the proposed memorial to Miss Charlotte M. Yonge? be out of place here to recount the veneration in whi personally held by rich and poor in the secluded pa was her home. The memorial is intended to give ex what is felt as to the influence her writings have throughout the English-speaking world on behalf of wh and true. It has been decided that some suitable mem be placed in the village church of Otterbourne, in daily worshipped; and, further, that in the Ca Winchester, with which her name will always be visitors shall be appropriately reminded of an autho books are known and loved by thousands both in Engl America. The exact form of the memorial in the Cath partly depend upon the money forthcoming in respo appeal. A carved oak reredos in the restored Lady C stained glass window near to that which commemor Austen, has been suggested as appropriate.

Donations may be sent to Messrs. Prescott, Dim Co.'s Bank, Winchester.

We are, &c.,
RANDALL WINTON.
W. R. W. STEPHENS, Dean of Win
GEORGE HENRY GUILDFORD, B

"LUCAS MALET" ON FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I was somewhat astonished when I read yo pondent's criticism on Mrs. Harrison's speech. The which is spoken of as "a most extraordinary statem the more sober contention that "a story which is an orga can no more have two endings than your life or my life two endings" are both expressions, the one more forc the other, of a truth which seems to me indisputable.

A novel which is "worth anything" should, like a work of art, leave a distinct unity of impression; inclusion of any detail which impairs this unity, no ma intrinsic beauty it may possess, is so far an artistic To ensure this unity of impression the artist should main outlines of his conception clear to his mind's eye sets to work; he must be sure that he knows his ch and the vicissitudes through which they will have to pa only when this condition has been satisfied that the w be resolutely loyal to the ideal truth which underli genuine work of art; and that he will be quite sure of ma the emotional key in which the work is pitched. Wh member Pater's teaching that "the philosophic critic, (and he is the only one that counts), "will value in imagination, seemingly the most intuitive, the power of t standing in them, their logical process of construc spectacle of a supreme intellectual dexterity which they we cannot help feeling that the appreciation "which tively shudders at the thought of a novel which is a whole" must be very sentimental. And, though the

either to lack of opportunities or to exiguity of the seeing faculty. Certain it is that there is no law to compel him to take aboard more than he can float. As a creator, he has absolute right to the conventions of choosing what details he pleases, and of combining them in the manner he pleases, "reined in only by the zodiac of his own wit." You can only condemn him when his work is not a fairly representative page out of the great book of human nature. If he be a thinker as well as an artist, his writing will contain mystery enough—the mystery of the common things of life, revealed only after meditating day and night upon the unchangeable laws written in the hearts of men.

Yours faithfully,

Cardiff, July 2. W. E. WILLIAMS.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOMENCLATURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A reprehensible practice has arisen in late years among modern antiquaries of altering, or attempting to alter, accepted nomenclatures in archæological literature. It was natural, indeed, that Rickman's system for architecture of about seventy years ago should be attacked long since; first by the ecclesiologists with their ugly and inconvenient "First-Pointed," "Second-Pointed," &c., and subsequently, with variations by others—students of the closet and not of the field, who fancied they could distinguish a clear transition between each of Rickman's "periods." "Period" has been a fatal stumbling-block to such amateurs. There is, of course, only one proper "transition," and that the very beautiful style, clear and concise, as all transitions must be, between Norman and Early English. Strictly speaking, perhaps, the whole course of Gothic architecture presents a continual transition from the middle of the twelfth to the end of the seventeenth century, or even later, according to the scope and inquiries of the special student.

Rickman was far too sensible a man to think that his division of styles of Gothic architecture was anything more than a convenient definition for the purposes of literature, and after nearly seventy years of trial in countless volumes on architecture and art by competent authority, its common sense and elasticity have been fully proved. And, although well-meaning empiries arise from time to time with their new systems of architectural division, there is reason to think that the general desire now is to "leave well alone." The application of this simple doctrine will presently be propounded to another threatened and far more important antiquarian nomenclature.

But minor lists are not so safe as that of Rickman. A few years ago, for instance, an attempt was made, with singular and crude infelicity, to alter the hitherto universally accepted names, sanctioned by ancient documents and Scriptural warrant, for the divers parts of a chalice. The authority, however, of Mr. Octavius Morgan and of Mr. Wilfrid Cripps would appear to be good enough for antiquaries at large. It was even whispered some years since that the well-founded title "Samian" had but a shaky tenure. Some knowledge of the study of antiquities on both sides of the Channel makes one aware that the unaccountable desire of some modern antiquaries in England to incontinently alter accepted nomenclatures to which time and scholars have given stability can only have the result of causing confusion at home and bewilderment on the Continent.

Probably there is no student of antiquities whose attention is not drawn to the study of heraldry. He early finds that he

bearings and alliances in the book-plates of
philes, now, alas, almost an extinct race of
tomb, the glittering "Or," beaten perha
bezants from the Orient, the blackened "A
with the *deut-de-loup*, "Az.," "Gu.," an
their veiled story, just as the lines in the *Ex L*
count, while charges, such as "ogres," "hu
"clarions" with charming pictorial effect al
with lions "passant," wolves "salient," or
the whole forming one of the most attractive
of a cultured antiquity; and what a glamou
over the whole by the terms of the ancient
tagenets!

Would it be believed that we appear to
this genuine old-world attribute of history;
"Or" and "Arg." are to be turned into
"silver," and—shades of ancient Garters, L
the griffin sejant, sacred to "Nevill ancient
sitting griffin"? Sitting, it may be suppose
egg" of the inventories. One shudders
grotesque diction the greater part of the
will eventually be changed if a beginning is
an arbitrary, new-fangled burlesque of antiq

Such are instances of "corrections," mad
Editor" of the Victoria History of the Co
the proof-sheets of a section by myself o
Effigies of Northamptonshire, and to which
quired. It is really difficult to write about
sort of moderation. Why cannot "well"
proposed alterations are to be made not on t
or Lyon, or Ulster, or, as far as I am aware
fessional or recognized herald; indeed, I fe
not one single member of the societies of
in the Offices of Arms of the three kingdoms
sanction such mischievous and childish vagar
of Arms, as the guardians of the science of
authoritative exponents, an appeal is now
their assistance in the retention of time-hallo
vocabulary, as well as for the rescue of what
valuable and standard literary undertaking
and ridicule.

Yours faithfully,

ALBERT

AUTHORS AND PUBL

The greater part of the *Author* is devote
its founder, Sir Walter Besant. Mr. George
tribute, as President of the Society of A
Squire Sprigge, sometime Secretary, Illustra
popularity with the Society. Originally, he
members of the Council and Committee gave
"to oblige Besant." He also has something
"Besant and Rice" books:—

> In every case the first draft was in Be
> though the plot was not necessarily his
> scheme of each book was decided upon
> the draft was made, and every chapter wa
> them, the emendations and developments
> such as were approved by both. From

The literary work of Ralph Derechef, whose death was announced last week, was not confined to the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—of which he was Paris correspondent—and other London newspapers. He translated a number of important French works into English for Mr. Fisher Unwin, including Brunetière's "Manual of the History of French Literature" (1898); Gustave le Bon's study of "The Crowd," in the "Criminology Series"—of which a third impression appeared last year; the same author's book on "The Psychology of Peoples"; Louis Proal's "Political Crime"—another volume in the "Criminology Series"; "Ginette's Happiness," by "Gyp"; and "The Anarchist Peril," by Felix Dubois.

Owens College, Manchester, is fortunate in its first Professor of English Literature—Mr. C. H. Herford. He is of German parentage on the mother's side, and his first book was "Studies in the Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century." He has done much good in English literature, and is the editor of the Warwick Shakespeare. We doubt whether any one has achieved so many Prize Essays, and in one of them, the Members' Prize Essay, Cambridge, 1880, he showed a singularly clear perception of what puzzles a good many people, the difference between "the Romantic and Classical Styles." He is also known as a student of Goethe and of Ibsen (on whom he contributed an excellent paper to these columns some little time ago). The "Dictionary of National Biography" knows him well, and he has lectured at an American University.

The editorship of the Alpine Club edition of Ball's Guide, lately resigned by Mr. Coolidge, has been accepted by Mr. A. V. Valentine-Richards. The volume now in hand embraces the whole of Switzerland (except the Pennines), together with the Italian valleys between the Simplon and Lake Garda, and those portions of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg which lie to the west of the Adige and the Inn (from Finstermunz to Landeck) and are bounded on the north by the Arlberg railway. Climbers are invited to assist with information, more particularly with reference to the Forest Cantons, the Säntis district, the Bergamasque valleys, and the Val Camonica district.

A new book by Mr. Sydney Buxton will be published by Mr. Murray shortly, dealing with Mr. Gladstone's career from the political and financial point of view, and called "Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer: a Study."

Mr. Arthur H. Beavan's "Imperial London," which Messrs. Dent are publishing next week, is a brave attempt to epitomize a subject which Sir Walter Besant deemed worthy of seven massive volumes. But its aim is only to give useful and correct *data* in an interesting fashion concerning London of to-day, and only two chapters of history are included. There are sixty illustrations by Hanslip Fletcher, reproduced in photogravure and in the text.

On Friday next Messrs. Methuen will publish a new volume of stories by Mrs. Clifford entitled "A Woman Alone," and a novel by Miss Adeline Sergeant, entitled "A Great Lady." Four other novels are coming this month from Mr. Long—"Nobler than Revenge," by Esmé Stuart; "No Vindication," by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan (both in about a fortnight); and "Women Must Weep," by Sarah Tytler; and "The Heretic," by Robert James Lees, at the end of the month.

One of the next volumes of Messrs. Greening's "English Writers of To-day Series" will be Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's monograph on Mr. A. W. Pinero.

Messrs. Longmans announce "Liberty Documents, with *Thrush* publishes only "strictly original, hitherto u poetry," and Mr. Mullett Ellis is concerned to "Themistocles" appeared in the book of "Poems Margaret Sackville which we reviewed on June 15. the circumstances under which the poem came into and states that he is communicating with Lady Marg ville on the subject. Following upon this letter, howev gram has reached us from Mr. Mullett Ellis to the effect:—"Since writing you, Lady Margaret Sac replied completely justifying herself; the fault must my own."

The author of a book about to be published Methuen entitled "The History of Sir Richard Cal referred to in *Literature* of June 22nd, is Lucas Mal as we stated, Lucas Cleeve.

Books to look out for at once.

"Belgium and the Belgians." By Cyril Scudamore. W. Bla [Illustrated.]

"On the War Path." By Mrs. J. D. L. Culley. John Long. [A woman's experiences at the front.]

"Sketches of Magdalen College, Oxford." By E. Glasgow. D

"Australian Federation." By Sir John A. Cockburn, Agent South Australia. Horace Marshall and Son. [With a preface by Sir Charles Dilke.]

"Severance." A novel. By Thomas Cobb. Lane. 6s.

"Sister Teresa." By George Moore. Unwin. 6s. [The second part of "Evelyn Innes," which will re- taneously—entirely rewritten—in a sixpenny edition.]

"Bush Whacking and Other Sketches." By Hugh Clifford. wood. 6s.

"Marrable's Magnificent Idea." By F. C. Constable. W. Blac

"The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown." By E. P. Oppenh Lock. 3s. 6d.

"The Thirteen Evenings." By George Bartram. Methuen. [Thirteen Bohemian Tales.]

"John Top, Pirate." By "Weatherby Chesney." Methuen. [A book of adventure under the *nom de guerre* of a author.]

"A Son of Mammon." By G. B. Burgin. John Long. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRIN

ART.

ART AND ITS PRODUCERS, AND THE ARTS AND CRAFTS OF TO Morris. 8½×6. 47 pp. Longmans. 2s. 6d. n.

À TRAVERS L'IDÉAL. Fragments du Journal d'un Peintre. Avec François Coppée. By AZAR DE MORGET. 8×5½. 337 pp. Paris: Per [A book of art criticism, a sort of French "Modern Painters," with "impressionism."]

BIOGRAPHY.

SYNESIUS, THE HELLENE. By W. S. CRAWFORD, B.D. 9×6. 536 pp 12s. n. [An elaborate biography and critique of the poet-philosopher, who ha of Hypatia and became a Christian and Bishop of Ptolemais about 410.]

MEMOIR OF THE REV. HENRY TWELLS, Honorary Canon of Pete W. C. INGRAM, D.D., late Dean of Peterborough. 7½×5. 224 pp. Darton. 6s.

EDWARD VII., KING AND EMPEROR. By ELEANOR BULLET. Wells Gardner, Darton. [The compiler of this wee book, which has pretty little photographs acknowledges "her indebtedness to Mr. Grant Richards's work, "H of Wales." She means Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' life, published by Mr. Gra

DRAMA.

RIENZI AND YGRAINE. Two Tragedies. By E. HAMILTON MOORE. Sherratt and Hughes. 4s. 6d. n.

SINTRAM. By HELEN LESLIE. 7½×5. 258 pp. Chapman and Hall. 5s [A play based on Baron de la Motte Fouqué's well-known story.]

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY.

SOCIAL CONTROL. By E. A. ROSS. 7½×5. 448 pp. The Macmillan Co.

HOW TO INVEST AND HOW TO SPECULATE. By C. H. THORPE (Th Series). 7½×5. 172 pp. Grant Richards. 5s.

L'OPINION ET LA FOULE. By G. TARDE. 9×5½. 226 pp. Paris: Alc

L'IDÉE SOCIALE AU THÉÂTRE. By EMILE DE SAINT-AUBAN. Paris: Stock. Fr.3.50.

L'ÉVOLUTION DU SOCIALISME. By JEAN BOURDEAU. 7½×4½. Alcan. Fr.2.50. [A concise account of the progress of Socialism in France during the

EDUCATIONAL.

TENNYSON. (The Temple Primers.) By MONTAGUE LUCE. 6×4. 128 pp.

UNE REINE. By J. H. Rosny. 7½×5½, 300 pp. Paris: Plon. Fr.3.50.

TESSA, THE TRADER'S WIFE. By Louis Becke. 7½×5, 256 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d.

A THOUSAND PITIES. By Ellen Taylor. 7½×5, 146 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d.

KING'S END. By Alice Brown. 7½×5, 366 pp. Constable. 6s.
[A story of New England country life.]

THE LADY OF LYNN. By Sir Walter Besant. 7½×5, 463 pp. Chatto and Windus.
[Reprinted from the Queen. Eighteenth Century Society at Bath. The title is the name of a ship.]

PRINCE CHARMING. By "Rita." 7½×5, 343 pp. Sands. 3s. 6d.

THE LOST KEY. By the Hon. Lady Acland. 7½×5, 353 pp. Macqueen.

THE DOMINIE'S GARDEN. A Story of Old New York. By Imogen Clark. 8×5½, 352 pp. Murray. 6s.

LITERARY.

THE WORKING PRINCIPLES OF RHETORIC. By F. J. Genung. 7½×5, 676 pp. Ginn (Boston). 6s.
[Examines the principles of rhetoric in their bearing on literature. Based on a previous book by the same author, entitled "Practical Elements of Rhetoric."]

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. Ed. by Dr. J. A. H. Murray. Vol. V.—Jew-Kairine. 12×11, 646 pp. Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.

LAKE GENEVA AND ITS LITERARY LANDMARKS. By Francis Gribble. 9×6, 303 pp. Constable. 10s.
[. . . "An informal, anecdotal history of Geneva, with especial reference to the careers of the many eminent men of letters, natives or strangers, who have lived or sojourned there."]

MISCELLANEOUS.

LES SPORTS ET JEUX D'EXERCICE DANS L'ANCIENNE FRANCE. By J. J. Jusserand. 60 Illustrations. 8×5½, 474 pp. Paris: Plon. Fr.6.

DEBRETT'S COMING EVENTS. Vol. I., No. 2, July. 6d.

THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW. Vol. IX. June, 1901. 12×7½, 348 pp. Macqueen. 21s.

MAGIC AND RELIGION. By Andrew Lang. 9½×6, 336 pp. Longmans. 10s. 6d. n.
[Largely a discussion of Mr. Frazer's views as expressed in the recent new edition of "The Golden Bough"; and intended to strengthen the author's position "that perhaps the earliest traceable form of religion was relatively high, and that it was inevitably lowered in tone during the process of social evolution."]

A DIARY OF THE SIEGE OF THE LEGATIONS IN PEKING. By Nigel Oliphant. With a Preface by Andrew Lang. 8×5½, 217 pp. Longmans. 5s. n.

GREAT MEN. By Harold Begbie. Illustrated by F. C. Gould. 11×8½, 50 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
[A very amusing collection of caricatures of living celebrities—Lord Salisbury as Hamlet, Mr. Lecky as Tom Pinch, &c., with appropriate verse by Mr. Begbie.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BOOK OF ASPARAGUS. (Handbooks of Practical Gardening. Vol. I.). By C. Ilott F.R.H.S. 7½×5½, 108 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.
[The first of a series purporting to deal in a purely practical way with the culture of various fruits, vegetables, and flowers which are or might be grown in English gardens.]

FLOWERS AND FERNS, AND THEIR HAUNTS. By Mabel C. Wright. 8×6, 341 pp. The Macmillan Company. 10s. 6d.

ORIENTAL.

APOCRYPHA ARABICA. (Studia Sinaitica No. VIII.) Ed. and Trans. into English by Margaret Dunlop Gibson, M.R.A.S. 10×7. Cambridge University Press. 10s. n.

PHILOSOPHY.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS. By L. Hall. 8¾×5½, 152 pp. Williams and Norgate. 3s. n.

IVme CONGRÈS INTERNATIONAL DE PSYCHOLOGIE, tenu à Paris du 29 au 26 Août, 1900. Compte Rendu des Séances et Texte des Mémoires publiés par les soins de, Pierre Janet. 10×6½, 814 pp. Paris: Alcan. Fr. 20

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE PROSE WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D. Ed. by Temple Scott. Vol. V. Historical and Political Tracts. 7½×5, 494 pp. Bell. 3s. 6d.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF C. S. CALVERLEY. With a Biographical Notice, by Sir W. J. Hendall, G.C.M.G. 7½×5, 514 pp. Bell. 6s. n.

THE GERM, 1850. With a Preface by W. M. Rossetti. Stock. 10s. 6d.

A NATURALIST'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. By C. Darwin. 8×5½, 521 pp. Murray. 3s. 6d. n.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE. By James Payn. New Ed. 7¾×5¼, 376 pp. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

DR. CLAUDIUS. By F. Marion Crawford. 8¼×5½, 110 pp. Macmillan. 6d.

HARROW SCHOOL REGISTER. 2nd Ed. Ed. by M. O. Davolish. 9×6, 822 pp. Longmans. 15s. n.

PLAYING AT BOTANY. By Phebe Allen. 2nd Ed. 8½×5½, 200 pp. Wells Gardner, Darton. 3s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

RENDERINGS OF CHURCH HYMNS. By the Rev. R. M. Moorsom. Music by Rev. G. W. Griffith and W. S. De Winton. 7¾×4¾, 120 pp. Cambridge University Press. 5s. n.

THE RELIGION OF THE FIRST CHRISTIANS. By F. J. Gould. 6½×5, 143 pp. Watts. 3s. 6d.
[Regards Christianity as the natural product of a puritan and uncultured proletariat seeking fellowship and hope.]

LESSONS FROM WORK. By H. E. Wilmington, Bishop of Dunkeld. 7½×5½, 261 pp.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": Literature, Printing Ho

PROBLEM No. 194, by BARON WARDENER, Tans.
BLACK. 8 pieces.

WHITE. 8 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBL
J. O
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play a

Problem No. 195, competing in *La* (6 pieces)—K at K B 2; Q at Q 5; R at K pawns at K Kt 5, Q 2. Black (10 pieces) K Q Kt 2; R at K Kt sq; B at Q R sq; Kt at Q B 4, Q 6, K B 5, K Kt 2, K R 2. White to

Solutions.—No. 176, Corrias (2), R–B 4, 1. Kt–K 6, K×Kt; 2. Kt–B 5 ch, K–K 4 No. 178, Troitzky, White wins by R×P Slater (2), K–Kt 8. No. 180, Loyd (3), 1. Q– be delayed by checks. No. 181, Loyd (2), Lindmark (2), P–K B 4. No. 184, Cisar, k Q–B 6 claimed by Mr. Waters). No. 186, T No. 187, Csipkés (3), 1. Kt–Q Kt 7, followe &c. No. 189, Jespersen (3), R–Q B 2. End Troitzky, 1. Kt–B 6, P–R 7; 2. Kt–K 5 ch, B 4 and draws. No. 185, *La Stratégie*, 1. Kt– 2. Kt–B 3 ch, K–K 5; 3. R–K 6 ch, &c. K 8=Kt; 2. P–R 7, R–Q sq; 3. R–Kt 8 a Troitzky, 1. R–R 6 ch, K–B 4; 2. R×R Q Kt sq, P×R=Kt; 4. K–Kt 2, Kt–Q 7; 5.

Correct Solvers are:—Otto Würzburg (G 169, 170, 172 to 174; R. L. Antrobus, 169, Primo (Scarborough), 162, 166 to 169, 171 to 1 173, 174, 176, 177, 179, 180, 183, 184, 186, 187, (Bromley), 173, 174, 176 to 188; Arthur A. 171 to 173, 176; D. G. Ross (Sutton), 171 to 1

Notes and News.—The *Cape Times* spe tournaments commencing at the Cape Town would certainly appear that the game has the while of this lamentable and prolonged wa much in other ways of the doings of ches Africa. May peace soon rule! It is a fac colonial brothers and Englishmen resident a proportion know something of chess. Some What is the explanation of this superiority? stances favourable to the development of th A Mr. Albert W. Fox, of Washington, is ma chess player in Europe. He has recently vi he met Dr. Lasker, brother of the champio once more be directed to the great value o Games by correspondence, endings of a critica and constructed chess generally are worthy The popularity of problem study is increasingl

Game No. LXXXVII.—One of Mr. Pillsbu

White. Halprin.	Black. H. N. Pillsbury.	White. Halprin.
1. P–Q 4	P–Q 4	21. Kt×Kt
2. Kt–K B 3	Kt–K B 3	22. K–Kt 2
3. B–K 3	P–K 4	

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 195. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The "LITERATURE" PORTRAIT next week will be that of MR. GEORGE GISSING.

This will be followed by a series of special portraits, from the engravings on wood by Mr. R. Bryden, of the following:—Robert Louis Stevenson, Victor Hugo, Thomas Carlyle, Dr. Ibsen, John Ruskin, Walt Whitman, William Morris, Emerson, Tolstoy. The portraits in each case will be accompanied by fully illustrated articles dealing exhaustively with the life and work of the writer. In connexion with the arrangements already made for special contributions to these numbers, we may mention that M. Paul Bourget will contribute to the Victor Hugo Number, Mr. E. T. Cook to the Ruskin Number. For the Stevenson Number Mr. Morley Roberts will write an account of his visit to Samoa shortly before Stevenson's death. In the Tolstoy Number articles will appear by Mr. Aylmer Maude, Mr. Brayley Hodgetts, and Mr. G. Calderon.

* * * *

The many and varied writings of John Fiske, who has died at the comparatively early age of fifty-nine, were probably not known to a large class of readers in England, but those who read them became conscious of the unique position which he occupied. [illegible] tion of the doctrine of evolution and his [illegible] doctrine with Christianity. He claimed to have [illegible] theory of the development of the moral sense which [illegible] the maternal instinct. He argued that when, as [illegible] pointed out, a point was reached "at which va[illegible] intelligence were more profitable than variations [illegible] there would inevitably be a prolongation of the [illegible] infancy. This gave further scope for maternal af[illegible] the protective instinct of the male; and hence arose [illegible] morality. But he did an immense deal of historic[illegible] conceived the idea of a series of works on American [illegible] which belonged his books on "The Discovery of [illegible] "Old Virginia and her neighbours," "The Beginning [illegible] England," "The Critical Period of American History [illegible] "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in Ameri[illegible] American Revolution." Messrs. Macmillan publi[illegible] in England, but an Illustrated edition of "The [illegible] Revolution" (1893) was also published in London [illegible] Gay and Bird. His historical work was somewhat u[illegible] it was almost always interesting, and was marked by [illegible] of lucid statement which he had gained as a lecturer.

* * *

"It pleased me," wrote Boswell a quarter of a c[illegible] "to find that he was so much beloved in his nativ[illegible] must have given even greater pleasure to the me[illegible] Johnson Club on Saturday last, when they attended [illegible] tion of the Johnson Museum, to receive such conce[illegible] the love which Lichfield still has for the memory [illegible] illustrious son. The house in which Dr. Johnson w[illegible] in which his father sold books, has long been a familia[illegible] in the town, distinguishable by the statue of the d[illegible] faces it in the market square—Chancellor Law's gift [illegible] sixty-three years ago. The house has not always b[illegible] with such respect; early last century a dancing-[illegible] giving lessons to his pupils in the very room i[illegible] Johnson was born; but, on the whole, it seems to [illegible] through the succeeding years with remarkably few [illegible] Michael Johnson's old shop, in which he appe[illegible] dispensed quack medicines as well as choice edi[illegible] classics, now contains a number of interesting relic[illegible] the desk on which the doctor is said to have w[illegible] *Rambler*. Other objects lent or given to the collect[illegible] Johnson's stout silver-headed stick, the great arm-cha[illegible] he received his last Communion, his cribbage board [illegible] editions of his works, besides portraits, autographs, [illegible] ments.

* * * *

Among those present at Lichfield when Dr [illegible] Hill dedicated the house "as a shrine to all John[illegible]

the Johnson Club owes its existence. Like many other coteries of the kind, the club originated almost accidentally. A few literary friends, acting upon the suggestion thrown out by Mr. Unwin, met at an informal supper at the old "Cock" in 1884 to celebrate the centenary of Dr. Johnson's death, and it was the success of that evening which led to the foundation of the club, with Mr. Unwin as its first prior.

* * * *

Mr. Alfred Austin is essentially a lyric poet, and he is most successful when he writes untrammelled by the course of political events. He is at his best in a poem based on the old love story of Acis and Galatea, overshadowed by the revengeful figure of the jealous giant, Polyphemus. The poem was written in Sicily in 1888, and is appearing in the *North American Review* for July, which appears in England on the 15th inst. An advance copy of the poem has been sent us by Messrs. Macmillan. Acis and Galatea converse daintily in anapæstic dialogue, but the Cyclops is rightly confined to sonorous blank verse. The verse is all well written, and the poet gives a touch of pathetic interest to the soliloquies of Polyphemus brooding over his love for a mortal.

While I range
The pathless labyrinth of forest pines,
Laden with logwood for my cavern hearth;
Climb the rough crags betwixt whose smooth, green flanks
The adventurous goats browse wayward; or descend,
Driving them home before my voice; or rive
Time-toughened oaks for virgin honeycomb,
Dripping with golden sweetness; or with care
Curdle the autumn milk in shelving bowls
For winter sustenance; then I forget
The god within me, and on task intent
That needs but mortal energy I live,
Human at every pore, a man—no more.
But now my flock are folded safe within,
And in the snow-cold larder of my cave
Is store for morrow's nourishment; and lo!
Up from the wave rolleth the rounded moon,
To wend her silent, uncompanioned way
Monotonous through Heaven; and with her mounts
The Olympian ichor in my veins, to wake
Ancestral longings.

* * * *

The Elizabethan Stage Society have occasionally gone rather far afield in their excellent endeavour. They have even tried to persuade us that Oriental drama is within their province. But the two plays presented to-day—the "Morality" *Every Man*, and the "Miracle Play," *The Sacrifice of Isaac*—are of really national interest. We have lost the wholesome thrill which such plays produced when they impressed their audience much as the threat of Bonaparte or hell-fire once terrified naughty children. But it is an interesting glimpse which Mr. William Poel gives us of our drama in the fifteenth century. To make it the more real great care has been taken with the costumes. Those in *Every Man* are copied from contemporary Flemish tapestries. The play has actually a Dutch counterpart, *Elckerlijk*, and evidence seems to show that the Dutch were before us in their dramatic version of the old Buddhist story on which *Every Man* is based. The costumes for *The Sacrifice of Isaac* are Eastern, and have been lent for the occasion by Mr. Holman Hunt. Mr. Poel informs us that in a play called *Jacob and Esau*, written in the sixteenth century, the characters

through whom the book is to be submitted s
to the provincial bookbuyer. Londoners have n
of a preliminary inspection of a book; but
even the comparatively few booksellers who
down large numbers of the new books in stock b
orders to the kind of book that is in general dem
mann has always taken an interest in German m
ing. His new plan seems to be a sort of com
the Continental system and our own, and it will
see how it works. On the Continent it is
publish practically everything on the "sale
but the publisher in this case deals only wit
the bookseller, in his turn, submitting the
customers. In Germany the system is work
but there, as in other Continental countries, a
is published in paper covers, which cost n
replace when they come back soiled. It would
matter to replace the covers of cloth-bound
thing which marks the working of the Cont
that books are published with uncut edges,
returnable once the leaves are cut. Presum
mann's publications will have to be examined
seller's shop. And that individual, whose days
always happy, will welcome a step likely to bri

* * *

The centenary that falls to-morrow is o
would most suitably be observed in silence. C
was born Jane Welsh, destined to be too h
to the world as Jane Welsh Carlyle. Her trial
of genius" have become an unforgettable part o
and the "world's coarse thumb" makes little
exaggerations of the literary temperament. And
comedy has been played out, it is time to rem
philosopher failed in little things, he was reall
trials. The centenary might be made the occas
of a cheaper edition of Mrs. Carlyle's brilliant

* * *

IOLAIRE.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE NORTH S

(*Dedicated to Sir Donald Currie, G.C*

I.

This was the land that the Norseman p
Here lay his furrows, there his shroud:
A thousand years . . . Oh, what a
But the romance of yesterday!
Iolaire! Iolaire!
Dance in the moonbeams free and f
Thou art a Viking's chosen bride,
Speed-away, speed-away over the t

II.

And these same seas we plough to-day
Have tost their foam in the Vikings' wa
A thousand years . . . and the roll
Will rest our sons on the Norseman's p
Iolaire! Iolaire!
Shake out the moonbeams from thy
Scatter thy jewels on the tide,
For thou art a Viking's joy and pri

III.

Breeze of the Norland! fresh and stron

We regret to hear that Professor S. R. Gardiner is seriously ill.

The *Leeds Mercury* has been purchased by Mr. R. Leicester Harmsworth and Mr. Harold Harmsworth.

Sir John Leng celebrated on Monday the jubilee of his proprietorship of the *Dundee Advertiser*.

The French are taking up the crusade against advertisement; and M. Sully Prudhomme and Mr. Frédéric Mistral preside over a new Society the object of which is to preserve French scenery from disfigurement.

M. and Mme. Zola, who will be in Scotland in the early autumn, are to receive a visit from Mme. Matilde Serao, the Italian novelist.

The cataloguing of the Bibliothèque Nationale continues slowly. Vol. I. appeared four years ago, and now Vol. VI. is ready.

Mr. Justin McCarthy expresses the view, in the *Daily Mail*, that the atmosphere and the ways of the House of Commons are not favourable to the production of literary work.

Mr. Carnegie has offered to the city of San Francisco a sum of 950,000 dollars for the purpose of building a free library, subject to the same conditions that governed his recent gift to New York.

The prosecution of Count Tolstoy is said to have resulted in a great influx of Americans desiring to make the acquaintance of the novelist.

Mr. Rogers, the retired locomotive builder of Paterson, has bequeathed his entire estate, which amounts to between £1,150,000 and £1,550,000 to the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York.

Paderewski's opera *Manru* has been performed at Lemberg. The book is by M. Alfred Nossig and is an adaptation of one of Krassewski's novels.

English Literature at Oxford.

If the Oxford Professor of Poetry's inaugural lecture (on "Poetry for Poetry's Sake"), now published by the Clarendon Press, does not end "a controversy which concerns the ultimate nature of art," it is, at least, a closely-reasoned contribution to a discussion in which the last word will never be said, while the universe contains poets and critics. He also has something to say on a subject which is becoming more and more one of practical interest, and on which scholars are divided into two camps, one of which has lately been represented by Mr. Beeching and the other by Mr. Andrew Lang. Professor Bradley says "Since I left Oxford. . . . a School of English Language and Literature has been founded, and has attracted a fair number of candidates" (statistics suggest the conjectural emendation "a number of fair candidates.") "Naturally I rejoice in this change, knowing from experience the value of these studies; and knowing also from experience, if I may speak boldly, how idle is that dream which flits about in Oxford and whispers that the [illegible] made a subject of examination. To lecture on Engli[illegible] is one thing, to examine in it is another; and [illegible] largely of the exigencies of the examination [illegible] Literature School has fallen to a great extent, t[illegible] much as one would gather from the strictures of [illegible] Collins, into the hands of philologists. Not many un[illegible] can be interested in the "mastering of Old E[illegible] basis of Teutonic phonology"; hence the School [illegible] by mere men. That is the real meaning of wh[illegible] Bradley calls an idle dream. How, in fact, c[illegible] philological side of English literature be made a pr[illegible] of examination? To collect facts and dates, to gr[illegible] authors, and "chatter" about Shelley, to repeat th[illegible] of a lecturer or assimilate the conclusions of liter[illegible] a rather inadequate training for the mind. [illegible] definite canons of taste which could be taught, then [illegible] might at least boast that it was educating the ide[illegible] Mr. Courthope, whose "Life in Poetry" we revie[illegible] when lecturing as Professor of Poetry, was inclined [illegible] to the standard of the classics. A knowledge [illegible] literature may serve indeed

> To teach vain wits a science little known,
> To admire superior sense, and doubt their own

but the criteria of Greece and Rome are not always [illegible] for us. One may be penetrated with the spirit [illegible] tragedy, and know by heart the Poetics, the Ars [illegible] Longinus on the Sublime, and yet be a bad criti[illegible] literature. Anyhow, the curriculum of the English [illegible] School does not include a knowledge of Aristotle, o[illegible] Longinus. Mr. Passmore Edwards is evidently [illegible] opinion as Mr. Courthope, in respect of our re[illegible] classics. He has recently enriched the Univers[illegible] scholarship, to be competed for annually, "for the [illegible] ment and promotion of the study of English Lite[illegible] connexion with the classical literature of Greece [illegible] An examination for such a scholarship will be an [illegible] experiment; but it is to be feared that here [illegible] practical possibilities of "marking" will eventual[illegible] other considerations, and the important and decidi[illegible] will in time be linguistic rather than literary. P[illegible] the difficulty of assigning a solid and indisputable [illegible] perhaps it is the academic distrust of fluent w[illegible] whatever reason, examiners generally regard wit[illegible] "appreciations," and comparisons whether of [illegible] Catullus, or Clytaemnestra with Lady Macbeth [illegible] prescribes questions on literary subjects; they are [illegible] and set with much pain and trouble; but the answer [illegible] be known as "Tosh," and included under the same [illegible] tion as University Extension. It is true that t[illegible] always the first-rate at first-hand. The undergra[illegible] imitative creature, and reproduces, usually in a g[illegible] phrases which he culls from the popular criticism of [illegible] If he has been reading the works of Mr. Pater, [illegible] himself in efforts to find "the right word" (only it i[illegible] the wrong one) "for the right thing." Some years [illegible] picturesque simile and Oriental imagery were in [illegible] critics, Homer used to be like the rumblings of t[illegible] Thucydides resemble the tolling of a great bell. [illegible] smart epigram and caustic paradox are in vogue, [illegible] undergraduate speaks of the essentially bourgeois [illegible] Sophocles. This kind of thing has no fixed value; and [illegible] recognizing that the literary criticism of the E[illegible] Schools is too often worthless, fall back of necessity [illegible]

Literature Portraits.—x.

PIERRE LOTI.

At a moment when the realist movement was in full swing, some five-and-twenty years ago, there appeared under an obscure pseudonym the first book of Pierre Loti—"Aziyadé." It was written in melodious prose—the passionate recital of the love-passages of an officer with a young Turkish woman, amid the landscape and the horizons of Stambul and of Pera, in the centre of the gardens of the East, of the dazzling mirage of the Golden Horn and of the Bosphorus, wherein picturesque Oriental streets with their moving crowds veiled woman pass mysteriously by.

This romance of a young and unknown writer, a kind of autobiography full of living emotion, delighted the public, and its charm was derived from qualities exactly contrary to those which marked the naturalist school. In place of the impassive and searching analysis of M. Zola, of the minute and tedious descriptions in which the author of "L'Assommoir" delights, Loti sought only for emotional qualities. He would only depict what he had himself experienced. His passages of description are indeed frequent, but in each of them his aim is to arrest the attention by showing us in a few words the salient and fundamental character of the thing which he describes and by selecting those details which are most capable of touching our emotions.

These are the main characteristics of the book which brought to Loti his first success, and which by its subject no less than by its style seemed to check the excesses of the realistic school. And in the very quality which then so much impressed Loti's first readers lies the secret of his charm for readers of to-day. He has, in fact, while developing with the years, and acquiring a style of greater power, remained singularly true to himself; his method is unchanged, and one is almost justified in estimating his entire achievement by his earliest work. Such a book as "Pêcheur d'Islande" may reveal a greater power of emotion; another, such as the "Roman d'un Spahi," may contain more vigorous descriptions, but the difference is really of the smallest; the manner, the composition, the style remains the same. This separates M. Loti very clearly from the majority of modern writers. What a difference, for instance, between the earliest and somewhat hesitating work of D'Annunzio and the same Author's "Child of Pleasure"; and who would recognize in the youthful poems of M. Edmond Rostand the powerful playwright of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and of *L'Aiglon*?

M. Pierre Loti, then, has had the rare good fortune to create at the outset a new kind of romance to which he has remained faithful—the Exotic Romance—and to attain at once a complete mastery of it. In all his books the plot is a simple one and has only a small importance, his first object being to acquaint us with his emotions and his sensations. He has seen the countries which he describes. As an officer in the navy he has been a world-wide traveller. He has reclined beneath the happy perfumed groves of Tahiti, he has floated on "junks" down the languorous rivers of China, he has dreamed in the flowery tea gardens of Japan, he has explored the deserts of Morocco and Palestine, and everywhere it is his own story that he recounts, often with little variation. In the books which are altogether without plot—in "Madame Chrysanthème," where he gives us an idyll of Japan, or where he tells us of the desolation of the Eastern desert, his manner is exactly the same as when he describes the passion of Aziyadé. It is so in d'Automne" fills in the canvas begun in "Ma thème." "Au Maroc" is M. Loti's journey across Islam, and "Fantôme d'Orient" is another Constantinople as seen in a different mood to that In all these books whatever names he may a costume he may don—whether he wears the dress his finely drawn portrait of M. Lévy-Dhurmer, o in an Arab cloak—one recognizes at every point of Loti.

"Pêcheur d'Islande" is the one of his books mates most closely to the character of a novel. Its intense and poignant emotion, its effects fine to the very last page, is often looked upon as hi Wonderfully strong is the character of Yann finally disappears in the Icelandic sea, while h doubts and hopes to the last. This book, so full truth, reveals a remarkable power of observation the author has traced every stage of these lives he has penetrated their mystery. Yet the love and poignant as it is, is not the main theme. "Pêc is before all a superb and moving study of the sea page of the story one hears the roar of the waves change of the ocean passes before the eye, whether cliffs of Iceland, or the melancholy wastes of Brit

Never is the imagination of M. Loti stirred from his pen one of these fascinating deser —the exquisite picture of the broad plains flowers over which he roams in "Maroc," pagodas of Japan in "Japoneries d'Automne, pages in "Fantôme d'Orient" where the w Constantinople and recalls the sweet far-c "Aziyadé."

This art of picturesque description possesses in a greater degree perhaps than a writer is essentially a personal gift. His poet cadence, his deliberate habit of letting his sent him without a verb, these are personal traits; th from no outside source. In the address whi on the occasion of his reception at the Académ Loti boasted that he read very little and was un modern literature. If one cannot accept this any qualification—for the influence of Flaube itself felt in the writings of Loti—yet it is no d accurate. This deliberate neglect of other Loti, a guarantee of personality, of originality likely to prove a danger. M. Loti, if he reads if his mind is refreshed from no literary source over again his own books, must at last become to tion of himself, enslaved to his own formulas, i own rhetoric. Hence the weakness of some of notably of his journey to the "Desert and to Jeru work in which one is too sensible of the writ nothing escape his eyes and his note-book. said that here M. Loti is the victim of his acad in the presence of the monasteries of Arabi storied landscape of Jerusalem and of Mar Sal his conscious determination to fix his impre himself to the proper height of emotion at all to let emotion as of old lead him where it will.

But no author is always at his highest level; Loti sometimes shows failure of accomplishment, rather all those delightful pages with which French literature; let us recall the moon risi

t'ampaign, the writer's instinct led him to an imprudence which compromised his future; in consequence of a letter which he sent to the *Figaro* about certain acts of cruelty committed by French soldiers at the taking of Huué, he was placed upon the unattached list. This disciplinary measure, however, held good only for a few months, and in the early days of February, 1884, he returned to active service, and is at the present moment captain of a ship employed in the Chinese waters. Thanks to his being able frequently to obtain leave of absence, Loti has had full scope to pursue his literary career. On May 21, 1891, he was elected to the Academy by eighteen votes out of thirty-five. M. Pierre Loti made his *début* in the world of letters with "Aziyadé" (Stambul, 1876-1877), extracted from the notes of "an English naval lieutenant who entered the Turkish service on May 10, 1876, and was wounded under the walls of Kars in October, 1877" (1879). He published next "Rarahu" (1880), which was reissued under the title of "Mariage de Loti" (1882); the "Roman d'un Spahi" (1881); then a volume containing "Fleurs d'Ennui," "Pasquala Ivanovitch," "Voyage au Monténégro, Suléima" (1882). Then came the "Trois Dames de la Kasbah," a pretty Oriental story (1884, grand in 16o); the "Pêcheur d'Islande" (1886), which won him the "Prix Vitet" at the Academy, and which was translated into German by Queen Elisabeth of Rumania; "Madame Chrysanthème" (1887, illustrated, a new artistic edition, 1888), which contains the story of the marriage of a naval officer with a Japanese woman; "Propos d'Exil" (1887); "Japoneries d'Automne" (1889), a special study of the civilization of Japan; "Au Maroc" (1890), which recounts the story of an embassy, to which M. Pierre Loti was attached, to the Sultan of Morocco; "Le Roman d'un Enfant" (1890), an autobiography recalling the "Mémoires" of George Sand, but marked by less simplicity and *abandon*. In the latter book the author tells how, overcome by the pessimism of the day, repelled by the coldness of the Protestantism of his childhood, then attracted for a moment by the poetry of the Roman ritual, he at last lost his faith, and opened his heart to the "conscience horrible du néant des néants." It was in this frame of mind that he published in 1892 the "Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort"—recollections of the scenes which had darkened his childhood. In 1892 appeared "Fantôme d'Orient," and in the same year the Eden Theatre presented a piece in eight scenes founded upon "Pêcheur d'Islande," with music by Guy Ropartz. This is not the only instance in which a work of Loti has been set to music, for M. Reynaldo Hahn has founded an opera on the "Mariage de Loti," which was successfully staged at the Opéra Comique. Since 1895 Loti has published "Désert, la Galilée, Jérusalem, Figures et Choses qui passent, Ramuntcho, Reflets de la Sombre Route." The books of Loti which have been published by M. Calmann Lévy show very unequal sales. Whilst "Pêcheur d'Islande" rose to 100,000, others have not got beyond a third or a fourth edition. M. Loti is known as a contributor to periodicals, especially to the *Figaro*, and the *Nouvelle Revue*.

From a rare Stevensonian trifle, which last week made £24 5s. at auction, an excerpt may be made, the more so as the trifle in question, "An Object of Pity," is practically unknown. It was written "by many competent hands"—Lady Jersey, her brother Captain Rupert Leigh, Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Graham Balfour, Mrs. Belle Strong, and R. L. S. himself—when the Countess of Jersey visited Samoa in the autumn of 1892. Each contributor had to write a sketch full of the "Ouida glamour." The dedication, from the pen of O. Tusitala, the Teller of Tales, as the Samoans called Stevenson, is to "Lady Ouida." It begins playfully, "Many beside yourself have exulted to collect Olympian polysyllables, and to sling ink, not Wisely but too Well. Many have made it their goal and object to Exceed; and who else has been so Excessive?" We learn, moreover, that the collaborators, "all persons of ability and good character, were suddenly startled to find ourselves walking in [illegible]

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

A "Personal View."

While many voices are loud, the [illegible] of hardly survive the lips that utter them, a voice has almost unnoticed into silence, which the few who have it closely would not willingly let die. It is a pleasa[illegible] nothing worthy of remembrance will be ultimately yet here was a man of rare distinction whose fame has deserted, who had slipped so entirely out of the w[illegible] ledge, who leaves his memory to so small a class, that of its perishing altogether is but too imminent and re[illegible]

Henry Septimus Sutton died at Manchester on M[illegible] seventy-seventh year. Until recently he had been e[illegible] *Alliance News*, a temperance organ, and he had been long with other newspapers in Manchester. Beyond those these journalistic tasks brought him into contact, friends, and the small religious community of whi[illegible] member, I doubt if there are fifty men living who eve[illegible] name. How many are aware that, half a century [illegible] being hailed by Emerson and others as a poet i[illegible] spirit of Herbert and Vaughan lived again? How [illegible] believe that his friendship with Coventry Patmore [illegible] the influences which made the "Unknown Eros" di[illegible] the "Angel in the House"? There are some to w[illegible] things are known, but their number is small, and t[illegible] little hope of its ever increasing. A collected ed[illegible] Sutton's poems was published in 1886. It has [illegible] reprinted, and it is difficult to conceive of any eve[illegible] bring it again into demand. What can prevail [illegible] stealing tide of oblivion?

Mr. Sutton was born at Nottingham in 1825. [illegible] published a prose treatise entitled "The Evangel [illegible] book of not much literary value, but interesting as a [illegible] It reveals its author as a mystic with a fondness [illegible] terms, a disposition to illustrate his spiritual phi[illegible] diagrams, a mind steeped in American transcendenta[illegible] liberal view of Scriptural inspiration not common in [illegible] In 1848 he published a volume of poems which at[illegible] attention of Emerson and other famous people, [illegible] showed clearly where his real talent lay, and ho[illegible] delicate a talent it was. In 1851 appeared a new bo[illegible] strange title "Quinquenergia," a prose treatise inte[illegible] forth a "new practical theology." The volume als[illegible] a further sheaf of verses, among them his most ch[illegible] poem, "Rose's Diary."

Soon after this Mr. Sutton fell under the spell [illegible] borg. To those who are acquainted with the prose b[illegible] mentioned it will not be surprising that the Swe[illegible] should have attracted him; what is surprising is [illegible] complete cessation of his poetical activity which [illegible] followed. Whether his inspiration was already ex[illegible] whether there is an inherent incompatibility betwe[illegible]

silence, his indifference to fame, his absorption in sectarian interests, all assisted the world in the easy task of forgetting. However, there are still some who have not forgotten; and there must be others in the little company of those who love poetry from whom Mr. Sutton's work is sure of appreciation the moment it becomes known to them. To win the attention of a few such is the most that one can hope to do, and perhaps it is enough.

Mr. Sutton's collected poems (Glasgow, David M. Main, 1886) are not voluminous, but there is little in them that is not pure gold. His genius is of a rare and exquisite quality; it has affinities with Herbert and Vaughan; it has affinities with Blake, with Emerson, with Coventry Patmore; it has even affinities with Keats. "Clifton Grove Garland," one of his earliest poems, shows plainly the influence of "Endymion" and "Lamia"; it shows too an ease and abundance which make his premature exhaustion the more remarkable. It is written in couplets of a singular fluency and grace. It has a large measure of the fresh delight in nature, the fertility, the happiness, the sometimes excessive ingenuity and "lushness" of expression which characterize the earlier work of Keats. It is, indeed, a poem of much charm, fit to be read in the open air on a day of recumbent leisure; but it often lapses into prose and triviality, and it has not the really characteristic note of Mr. Sutton's genius. That note is struck more decidedly in the poem called "Mount Perilous of Pride." In the volume of 1848 this poem appeared as "The Hills." The later title marks the author's criticism of his own earlier mood. Whatever we may think of the mood, the poem is a fine one. In "Clifton Grove Garland"—in such lines as—

> Wide water-lapse with dark wind-crispings grooved,
> And green enrippled shades and whites that moved
> In twisting eddies in it, swirling o'er it
> At every zephyr's instance; and, before it,
> Round, and beyond it, such a green and grey,
> Such blue-deep rapture in the far-away—

the poet is simply revelling in the new-found power of beautiful expression. In "The Hills" he has realized himself.

> Though mine arm I made a girdle
> About a maiden's waist;
> Though for my mouth mine eyes their utmost wit
> Of eloquence had often tried, that it
> Her innocent kiss might taste;
> Though look on look had, flowing, fixed,
> Souls utterly intermix'd,
> Hearts' fibres interlaced,
> And she said, if I forsook,
> Life would forsake,
> And well I knew that if I went
> Her gentle heart would break;
> Yet if she led me to the vale,
> From my sun-track kept me,
> That that high land might accept me,
> I must let her face grow pale,
> And leave her there,
> Nor could repent, although around

There is something excessive in this alo
anti-social, something rather stoical than Chr
no doubt, is what Mr. Sutton felt when he ch
the poem, and wrote the quaint metrical prefac
it in the later edition. But the mood is noble,
severity of its expression is a finer music than
sweetness of the earlier style. The earlier sty
and, though the mood changes, it is not by
former temper. The poet remains upon the
sees new visions in his solitude, and new
"from star, and moss, and stone"—voices th
to a devouter and more tremulous emotion,
humility, to tears. The seer becomes more def
his mountain is no longer Mount Perilous
Mountain of the Lord. Of this new phase o
perfect expression is "Rose's Diary," that ex
the inner life, named from the youthful friend
it is dedicated. Here, in verse of the most de
simplicity, the poet records the experiences
munion with God, living by the Divine lig
fearful efforts to keep the light burning, it
coveries, its doubts, and its consolations.

> Sometimes the wind-gusts push it sore
> Then closely to my breast my light I h
> And for it make a tent of my two hand
> And, though it scarce might on the la
> It soon recovers, and uprightly stands

* * *

> How shall I keep this sacred light? I
> Preserve it from such influence as assa
> Unless I tend it lovingly, it fails;
> And there is nothing when the blast p
> But the poor shelter of my hands and l

In brief quotations one can give no more
rare quality of this poem. I know nothing el
our language, nothing at all like it in the
hundred years. Comparison with Herbert and
carry us very far; Mr. Sutton's spirit and m
ripest production, are absolutely individual, a
be finer or more winning. I will not profa
praise; but with one more specimen, poign
sincerity of contrition, will leave Mr. Sutt
commend him.

> O Father! I have sinn'd against The
> The thing I thought I never more shou
> My days were set before me, light all
> But I have made them dark, it is too t
> And drawn dense clouds between me a

> Forgive me not, for grievous is my sin
> Yea, very deep and dark. Alas! I s
> Such blackness in it, that I may not be
> Forgiven of myself—how then of Thee
> Vile, vile without; black, utter black

OLD HOUSES AND THEIR SECRETS.

In the peaceful days in which we live few romantic associations gather round the great houses of the country. Their old inhabitants may live in them without fear of siege, or they pass into new hands and are submitted to modern improvements; their secret chambers are fitted up as pantries or as boudoirs, and their dim mysterious corners lose their old dim meaning under the glare of the electric light. Yet when one gazes on some old Elizabethan pile, as its windows glitter in the evening light, and the cawing rooks wing their way slowly by and settle in

BROUGHTON CASTLE, OXFORDSHIRE.

its ancestral elms, the sunset seems to bathe it in a radiance drawn from the world of old romance. As the shadows creep across the lawns, the years seem to fly back; strange faces peer from the windows, and stealthy footsteps crackle in the brushwood of the shrubberies. There is a glint of light through the growing dusk as a veiled white form flits across the drive and plunges into the copse. The cavalier is waiting for her beyond the wall, and she recks little yet of the tragedy which visitors of to-day trace in the sad eyes of her portrait by Dobson hanging in the drawing-room of the hall. Or from the side door opening from the library a black-robed figure emerges and passes down the covered way behind the flower garden. No wonder that this strange form, of which the face is never seen, and which moves out only when the shadows fall, is for the servants and the villagers a ghost indeed. But see! a horse gallops up the drive, and its rider flings himself from the saddle and batters on the great door. There is a hunt on foot for that mysterious inmate; the soldiers are now in the village street, and it behoves him to flee or to bestow himself as best he may so as not to fall into the hands of those who give but a short shrift to priests.

To us, looking back through the haze of centuries, such recollections evoke, perhaps, but a gentle and pensive regret. Yet the reality, in days when violence and partisan hatred had freer play, was stern enough. The story is told in Mr. Allan Fea's SECRET CHAMBERS AND HIDING

staircase and a stone slab is revealed containing a s
aperture like a coal-hole. Through it a tunnel slants d
into the wall, in which is an apartment large enough
people. Here a single priest, or whoever it was
wished to evade capture, could be fairly at his ease, p
was thin enough to get comfortably down the tunn
house was in possession of the priest hunters he
supplied with food secretly by his friends, and might
forth, when they thought it safe, and say Mass under
night. A small supply of food was generally left in s
as the advent of the priest-hunters was generally s
unexpected; or it was let down through a tube
ton-hall, where may still be seen in the wal
small concealed tunnel from the banqueting
secret chamber. On the floor still lies
ting whereon a certain Father Wall rested
limbs shortly before his execution in August

For it was weary and painful work th
There is in the Record Office a letter from the
Henry Garnet describing the search at Hin
Worcestershire:

> After we had been in the hole seve
> seven nights and some odd hours, every ma
> think we were well wearyed, and, indeed,
> for we generally satte, save that sometime
> half stretch ourselves, the place not being
> and we had our legges so straitened that
> not, sitting, find place for them, so that we
> in continuous paine of our legges, and
> legges, especially mine, were much swollen

He adds, however, that "we were very
content within, and heard the searchers ever
curious over us." There is a full account of t
in the British Museum, which tells how "cle
corners and conveyances were found in the
all of them having books, Massing stuff, a
trumpery in them, only two excepted."

One of the priests caught at the Hindlip search (16
famous John Owen. "Little John," as he was called, ha
for constructing hiding-places, to be used for the conc
Popish recusants or of "Massing stuff," and the keen
parties, directed by skilled masons, were baffle
ingenuity. On his capture, therefore, as Cecil wr
time, "great joy was caused all through the kingdom
his skill in constructing hiding-places, and the In
number of these dark holes which he had schemed
priests." It was hoped that—under the rack—he wou
many secrets, and "great booty of priests" be thr
This, however, was not to be. In the British Museu
account of the Hindlip capture we are told that he
himself. The real mode of his death is suggested in

and significant record of the Governor of the Tower :—" The man is dead—he died in our hands." Owen's dexterity was of great service to the conspirators at the time of the Gunpowder

RAWSTON HALL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Plot. Many old houses—Ashby St. Ledgers and Rushton in Northamptonshire, Coughton and Clopton in Warwickshire, and others—still retain traces and traditions of the Romanist plots of the time, and at Huddington, near Droitwich, the hiding-places were large enough to contain a store of arms and ammunition in preparation for a general rising. But Owen made his arrangements in London too ; and they were made full use of by Father Gerard and his fellow conspirators. On one occasion the Lord Mayor and constables burst in upon the celebration of the Mass to find nothing but the smoke of extinguished candles.

We do not nowadays need contrivances by which we can at a moment's notice vanish behind a panel, unless it were to avoid an unwelcome caller. And we probably can hardly realize the extraordinary height of skill to which the art of instantaneous disappearance was carried, or the ingenuity of the contrivances by which a rambling country house could be inhabited by two sets of inmates, the one hiding from the other. The extinguished candles may, perhaps, recall to the reader the strange and mysterious adventures of the Parliamentary Commissioners at Woodstock, an account of whose ghostly experiences has come down to us and has been made excellent use of by Sir Walter Scott. The " good devil of Woodstock " had his parallel at Hinton Ampner in Hampshire, which was notoriously haunted by strange figures and uncanny noises, insomuch that no one at last would live there, and the house was razed to the ground. " Secret passages," we are told, " and chambers were then brought to light " ; but those who had carried on the deception for so long took the secret with them to their graves. Curious discoveries are sometimes made when these lurking places are invaded. The inmate fled often on a sudden alarm never to return, and in the changing times that followed the trap-door which admitted to his hiding-place was, perhaps, never disturbed. In a building close to Salisbury Cathedral a secret recess was discovered some twenty-five years ago containing a Jacobean horn tumbler, a velvet pillow, and a mattress on which

caused the death of her little boy, so tradition
him too severely because he would not learn to
ngo a secret cavity in the wall was found, and
book blurred and tattered, a relic no
little victim of maternal wrath.

It is not only priests for whom the
served as a refuge. The devices of
no doubt sometimes turned to uses
If the priests were hunted under
cavaliers under Cromwell, under C
the other way about, and there was
the regicides. Until recently more
hole could have been seen in house
Cromwell into which the Lord Pro
have concealed himself—one wonder
obscure recess—at Boscobel, and
Madeley in Shropshire, at Moseley
at Trent in Somersetshire, at Heale
elsewhere—has been used as a Roya
give a picture of the hiding plac
by Charles II. at Boscobel. Th
Charles II. and of James are skete
" Restoration House " at Rochester,
rested on his way from Dover to
known to all visitors to that
Less familiar is " Abdication Hou
James II. made his escape twenty-e
It stands in the High-street, much modernize
hidden passage, and at the back may still
leading down to what was then the course
which James was rowed away on a rough night

Such are some of the memories which
back to us, and which have been diligently
Fea. He deserves most credit for his pictu
drawn by his own hand. His list is proba
exhaustive, but we must not forget how c

ABDICATION HOUSE," ROCHESTER.

chosen so good a subject, well fitted to keep alive the romantic memories which cluster round many a remote English village and its ancient hall.

WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN.

We reviewed Mr. Stillman's autobiography only two months ago, and have now, much to our regret, to record his death. He died on Saturday last, at Frimley Green, Surrey, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His book was the record of a wandering and adventurous life, devoted always to high aims, and to the service, sometimes of his country, more often of humanity at large, but never of himself. Yet it is clear that, as he looked at the past, he was conscious in his modest way that his efforts, though they did little to advance himself, had not been void of results. In his old age he had the happiness of the man

cui licet in diem
Dixisse vixi.

It was a life full of work, full of interests, full of friendship, and ending with those desirable few years of rest which seem fitting before a longer journey.

William James Stillman was born in 1828 at Schenectady, in the State of New York, of parents whose influence cannot easily be traced in his own career. His father was a mechanic, and his mother was strongly imbued with Puritanism of the old type. He was educated at a school in New York, and at Union College, Schenectady; but the bent of his early genius was towards art, and it was with the object of studying art that he first came to England in 1850. Here he was introduced to Ruskin, and saw, but was hardly acquainted with, the great Turner, who was then an old man of seventy-five. Like many other young men, he was greatly influenced by the rising school of Pre-Raphaelites, and in particular by Rossetti and Millais. With Rossetti he formed a friendship which lasted for many years. It was as "the American Pre-Raphaelite" that he returned to America after [illegible] himself to Paris and to resume his art stud[illegible] time he settled down to art, and had the f[illegible] several of the group of so-called "Barbizon [illegible] Millet, Rousseau, and Dautigny, and the [illegible] account of whom is one of the best things [illegible] biography. But we doubt whether any [illegible] would have made him a great artist. M[illegible] is wanted. His knowledge of art was alw[illegible] than his executive skill. Then came another [illegible] residence in America, and an acquaintance, [illegible] intimate, with many of the best Amer[illegible] with Lowell, Longfellow, Agassiz, E[illegible] famous men. These appear to have been [illegible] happiest experiences, and it was about this [illegible] he married his first wife, a daughter of [illegible] Mack, of Cambridge.

The American Civil War broke out, a[illegible] anxious to serve his country in the field, w[illegible] for medical reasons, and was offered, instead [illegible] service, the post of United States Consul [illegible] This was the beginning of his long experie[illegible] Greece, and the near East, and of the [illegible] which he was principally connected. Ther[illegible] him a certain stiffness and independence [illegible] not commend him to Antonelli; nor, of [illegible] the political atmosphere of Papal Rome [illegible] degree congenial to him. His next post was the [illegible] in Crete. Of his life there a full description wil[illegible] in his Autobiography. It must suffice now to [illegible] during the troubled time of his Consulship, h[illegible] strenuous and able champion of the Christian po[illegible] indeed he always was of all that are desolate and [illegible] In 1858 he removed to Athens, and here, while he w[illegible] hard at archæology, he had the misfortune to lose his [illegible] son, too, became ill and died not long afterwards, by [illegible] father and son had returned to England. The nex[illegible] were spent in this country, two of them at Robertsbri[illegible] Stillman attempted, not very successfully, to share his [illegible] Rossetti. In 1871 he married again, his second w[illegible] daughter of Mr. Spartali, Greek Consul-General in L[illegible]

The third period of Stillman's life covers the tw[illegible] years during which he acted as a correspondent of [illegible] first in Herzegovina in 1875, when the country was i[illegible] insurrection, then in Italy and Greece, and finally in [illegible] His letters from Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Alb[illegible] very considerable effect in the formation of Brit[illegible] opinion. They were graphic and vigorous, like a[illegible] wrote, and they showed that, without being a trained [illegible] he had special qualifications for important work of th[illegible] His opinions were not invariably those of his employ[illegible] the long series of twenty years in which he wrote fr[illegible] Greece and Italy, especially from Rome, it was recog[illegible] his point of view was that of an acute and w[illegible] observer. It is noticeable, too, that he wrote, not per[illegible] but as a man continually interested in each fresh inc[illegible] situation. The truth is that he had found work which [illegible] He was something of a diplomatist, and was in a posit[illegible] brought him into contact with the political world, [illegible] moreover, the keenest possible sympathy both with [illegible] little Greece and with the revival of Italy. Above [illegible] a keen judge of character, and knew very well with wh[illegible] to deal. His book is full of shrewd estimates of [illegible] literary men, philosophers and artists. Personally, h[illegible]

THE LATE PROFESSOR TAIT.

The death of Peter Guthrie Tait is a great loss to the scientific world, in which his work will be held in lasting remembrance, and particularly to the University of Edinburgh. For forty years he was closely identified with all its interests. Without the familiar presence, conspicuous no less by certain peculiarities of costume than by a gait, dubbed by the students his "heather-step," the buildings of the University and the Royal Society of Edinburgh will experience a sense of something lacking, until time has reconciled people's minds to the new order of things. True, Professor Tait handed in his resignation of the Professorship of Natural Philosophy five months ago, but so long as his life was spared the severence was realized in only a minor degree. It is no secret that his eldest son's untimely death at Magersfontein in the early part of last year hastened his end, though the shock was mitigated by the warm sympathy of thousands both at home and abroad. Tait was a Senior Wrangler, had been a Fellow of Peterhouse and Professor of Mathematics at Queen's College, Belfast, before he accepted the Edinburgh chair in 1860. Practically the whole of his productive career is associated with Edinburgh. Being abundantly qualified to investigate either scientific or mathematical problems on his own account, it is not a little singular that his name should be so often met with in association with others. Thus, the partnerships Thomson and Tait—"T and T," as they were familiarly called—Stewart and Tait, Kelland and Tait, and Tait and Steele have even now a familiar ring, though at the same time a number of books stand in the name of Tait alone—for example, "Heat," "Light," "The Properties of Matter," "Recent Advances in Physical Science," and "An Introduction to the Study of Quaternions." These lists, in fact, give a clue to Tait's character, which was marked by sturdy independence on the one hand, and on the other by a readiness to put himself in the second place, provided that any cause which he had more nearly at heart could be advanced thereby. Thus, of his very numerous papers to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a considerable portion were postponed time after time and ultimately taken as read, though he, as secretary, might very easily have given them the priority on numberless occasions. Yet, as they were mostly of a highly abstruse kind, he sank his own interests in those of the meeting.

Both by predilection and by training Tait was a mathematician, and had little sympathy for those to whom Nature had denied this faculty. Most of his work shows this bias, though, when the occasion demanded it, he could write clearly and forcibly upon other topics, without quitting the ordinary plane of argument. Nay, more, he could, at times, find a laughable illustration to assist his readers' ideas, as may be seen in his article on Quaternions in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Wishing to make clear the conception of an imaginary quantity in Algebra, he writes :—

> Some Eastern potentate, possessed of absolute power, covets the vast possessions of his vizier and his barber. He determines to rob them both (an operation which may be very satisfactorily expressed by -1), but being a wag, he chooses his own way of doing it. He degrades his vizier to the office of barber, taking all his goods in the process, and makes the barber his vizier. Next day he repeats the operation. Each of the victims has been restored to his former rank, but the operation -1 has been applied to both.

temperature of a volume of air when it is r
under constant pressure, is occupied in doing
This is, indeed, exactly what happens, but
Mayer supposed, with regard to solids and liq
justified at that date (early in the forties) in ma
tion with regard to gases. Looking back at the
interval of nearly forty years, it does seem that T
harshly dealt with, though in one or two cases
not seek to conciliate his opponents.

In the lecture-room Tait was seen to great
listening to his concise and lucid expositions
forget that his clothes were not exactly in th
and that his gown was very badly torn behind (
new one, however, when ladies began to attend
the fact that he always started with a progra
it, enabled his hearers to depart with some def
their knowledge, provided that they did not wi
opportunity. He was no believer in debanc
experiments which merely appeal to one or r
organs, but whatever was vital to the subject w
His name is not associated, like that of h
Glasgow (Lord Kelvin), with any applicatio
practice, or even with any improvement to
experimental method. Yet, though only in
deserving the appellation "great," Scotsmen w
in reverence for generations to come, and the
versity in particular will be fortunate if t
successor who can worthily fill the place which

Two volumes of the collected Scientific Pa
Tait have been published by the Cambridge
(1898 and 1900), and the third volume, com
prove a fitting monument to his memory, is la
papers were included by Professor Tait which
sively his own. His work in conjunction wit
was begun with "The Dynamics of a Particle,"
with Mr. W. J. Steele while he was still at B
issued by Messrs. Macmillan in a seventh and
The same publishers issue Kelland and Tait's "
Quaternions" ; "The Unseen Universe," whic
wrote in conjunction with Professor Balfour St
fifteenth edition) ; Professor Tait's own volume
the memoir of Dr. Andrews which he wrote in c
Professor Crum Brown for "The Scientific P
Thomas Andrews." The first part of the "Tr
Philosophy," written with Lord Kelvin, was
Cambridge University Press thirty-four years ag
following some years later. The "Elements o
sophy," by the same authors, also came from
Press. Professor Tait's "Sketch of Thermody
lished by Douglas, of Edinburgh, in a sec
enlarged edition ; while Messrs. Black are the
volumes on "Light" and "Dynamics." His oth
"Thermo-Dynamics" (1868), "Recent Adva
Science" (1876), "Light" (1884), and "T
Philosophy"—the second volume which he wro
Balfour Stewart on the possibility of recon
religion.

Two Scottish minor poets of some note hav
past few days Mr. Laurance James Nicolso
Thule") and Mr. William Scott. Mr. Ni
early years in the Shetlands, and his "So

PROPHECY AND INVENTION.*

There is a close relationship between invention and prophecy. Mr. Sutherland has emphasized it by employing his experience of inventors and past inventions in formulating a forecast of the outcome of invention in the twentieth century.

It is a question whether the prophet is not essential to the success of the future inventor. He may be guilty of errors, yet he educates the mind of the generation to receive the propositions of the inventor. Even in the enlightened twentieth century there is a tendency to assume that we have reached finality in many things. Consequently, any startling proposal made by a present-day genius is flouted. His adjudicators apply the *non possumus* test of their own beliefs, inclinations, and experience, and pass judgment unhesitatingly. They smile when reminded that members of the House of Commons scoffed at the inventor of gas because of his audacity in even suggesting the production of a light without a wick. There is room for more literature of the quasi-prophetic class, if provided by capable men. Jules Verne was one of the pioneers, and his forecasts have not only been realized with astonishing fidelity, but actually surpassed—as witness the recent passage of a letter round the world in much less time than even this daring prophet predicted. We have probably only just entered upon an age of comparative wonders; and we must learn and profit by the hindrances which ignorance has been allowed to create in the past. Inventive progress during this century will certainly effect great social changes, and bring many half-solved industrial problems to practical perfection. The prophet will not only stimulate the imagination of the inventor, but widen the conception of the public. Random and groundless prophecy on the lines of the vulgar almanacs is of course reprehensible, as pandering to the ignorant. What we want is an intelligent projection of ideas as to the future which, although essentially mere ideas, yet originate from an imagination checked by a reasonable perspective of probabilities and a careful rejection of mere fanciful possibilities.

We differ on some points of detail from Mr. Sutherland, but his forecast is of undoubted value. His chapters on natural and artificial power and on the storage of the former are excellent, full of sound ideas. However much the production of steam power may be cheapened, there is no gainsaying the fact that power which costs nothing at all is cheaper still. He foresees that the success of many inventions depends on suitable conditions, but he is apt to forget this maxim when he discredits certain possibilities in the development of our power supplies. On the other hand, some of the prospects he foreshadows in the advancement of agriculture must be discounted, because of the total lack of suitable environment. Farmers are not chemists as yet, unfortunately, and even the rising generation will be deficient in this respect.

Much of the chapter on future road and rail developments treats more on municipal reform than invention, and the opinions expressed as to the future influence of automotors on railways are rather contradictory. If the automobile is, as Mr. Sutherland says, to be a feeder to, rather than a rival of, the railway, it can scarcely be expected to "force the owners of railways into a more adaptive mood" by its competitive influence. His remarks generally about automobiles savour of suspended judgment, and the chapters on warfare, domestic developments, and music are of a very general nature. There is a tendency to belittle the future of flying-machines and balloons, but the stated grounds for so doing are reasonable.

The last chapter on invention and collectivism exposes

risk a step in favour of one that might implicate i
slightest degree, by any shortcoming. Yet how
inventions prove wholly perfect in practice at first!
to mind another need—the need of capable experts.
much a man's eminence as the *quality* of his kn
should carry weight in selecting experts. Men acq
vast experience are indeed often possessed of a
detailed knowledge but that is all. Their exper
vast; it is, rather, intensely minute. Masters of
often far from being the best men to decide large
yet we employ them. Impartiality is also a most e
largely "obscured," credential.

There are, in fact, many lessons in Mr. Sutherland
both for the public, for the official, and for the pat
latter is prone to be too grossly, and will so
unwisdom of attempting to claim too much in a
rambling patent.

As far as can be judged, the cheapening
in the present century will tend towards dese
Power will be brought within the reach of a
either by cheaper means for utilizing natu
in a humble fashion, or by a widespread supp
power in the convenient form of electricity, compress
This will be generated at large central power stat
will be able to produce at low cost, and dist
fitably in small quantities. Automobile traffic
activity in isolated places, just as the railway
remote counties and districts of the United Kin
thus help local manufacturers to reach their own
markets. The tendency of to-day is to spec
most inventors will probably seek to provide for
wants. The epoch marking inventions will be based
for rendering waste energy available and for capt
power of waterfalls, of the waves, and of the wind.
thus gained they will render constant and controllab
will secure its direct application to the small require
individual. There will be hundreds of detailed devi
cuting the drudgeries of life by means of mechanica
human power; as, for instance, boot and knife cle
breaking and carrying, chaff-cutting, lawn mowing,
ing, wringing, mangling, churning, potato cleaning
like tasks. The dressmaker's sewing-machine, co
riveter, the grocer's coffee-grinder, and general
automatic weighing machine will be worked by pow
the bootmaker's pneumatic hammer, the joiner's ham
driver, plane, and saw; the local printer's pres
press; the revolving brush in lieu of doormats; th
newspaper kiosk; the gas-heated rotary ironer; th
staircase, and many other small labour-saving m
these will engage the attention of those who wi
wholesale inventions. The present century will ass
its awe-inspiring developments. But there will also
arise countless minor resultant inventions (of res
nevertheless great utility), which will pervade
fication of industry and home-life. What the social
be it is very difficult as yet to foresee; but the emar
the labourer will certainly bring new developments,
the changes effected by the introduction of steam p
opening of the nineteenth century. In the early days
century, invention gradually triumphed over the
insurmountable difficulties of riots and preju
history will to some extent have to be repeated in t
upon which we have just entered.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

AUTHORITY IN TASTE.

LIFE IN POETRY: LAW IN TASTE. Two Series of Lectures Delivered in Oxford, 1895-1900. By WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, C.B., M.A. (Macmillan. 10s. n.)

These lectures, which were delivered by their author in his capacity of Professor of Poetry at Oxford, may justly be pronounced worthy of the character and traditions of the honoured Chair from which they proceeded. Dealing as they do with questions lying at the root of all poetic and critical activity, they inevitably provoke discussion and controversy; and many of the dependent conclusions which they draw might be debated at a length proportionate to their introduction. We would not be understood to endorse all Professor Courthope's judgments, nor to follow him implicitly into every by-way of his argument. But for the general tone of his criticism and the wider conduct of his theme we have nothing but admiration and respect. A volume of this sort, based upon sound and broad erudition, and illuminated everywhere by vigorous and sensitive judgment, is a distinction to contemporary criticism, and an honour to that reverend University which has done more than any other English institution to cultivate taste and disseminate culture. So long as works of this high and dignified order are associated with the spirit of our Universities, there is no cause to apprehend the decay or dissolution of English literary criticism.

Professor Courthope, it is true, is rather erudite and thorough than animated and persuasive; his style has very little charm or elasticity. Nor is it marked by individuality; we seldom meet with that felicity of conveying

What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed,

which is characteristic of the highest form of literary expression. His lectures contain none of those striking and coloured sentences which give to Arnold's lectures, for example, their recurring and abiding qualities of charm. He is not without the foible of repetition which is common to all literature designed primarily for oral delivery; but his repetitions fail to secure those changes of note and implication which fill the "Lectures on Translating Homer" with witty diversity. Professor Courthope's effects are rather logical than dialectic, and some of his arguments must have been difficult to follow at a single hearing. They are not, indeed, altogether plain at a single reading, for the workmanship is not free from congestion, a fault which alternates curiously in his composition with passages of diffuseness and over-elaboration. In this way the central idea is sometimes obscured by cross-references, and the issues are thus temporarily confused. But the careful student—and criticism of this order makes its appeal exclusively to care and culture—will find that all these illustrations tend eventually to the decoration of the theme and to the completion of the argument. It is merely part of the Professor's thorough-going method that no subsidiary example should be neglected.

So much, in brief, for Professor Courthope's manner; the matter of his lectures calls for more detailed consideration. Every one who has studied contemporary literary movements is aware that the great danger under which literature has laboured during the last thirty or forty years is the tendency towards democratization which has resulted from the gradual spreading of theories of individual liberty and licence. As the individual becomes more and more a law to himself in social and religious

the universal tendency? For, as Professor C
sses, there must be some conformity; art c
itself from life without losing its hold upon the l
All the great art of the past has been represent
of its generation, but at the same time it has
strained contemporary tendencies by reference
of authority. In these two series of lectures, "
and "Law in Taste," Mr. Courthope has set h
the history of the past and to apply it to the
the present, and in both processes he is concern
tion of poetry to life and the counter-regulation

Naturally he starts with a definition of poetr
his definition lays itself open to question and
There have been innumerable definitions of poet
them has satisfied all inquiries; Mr. Courthop
scarcely supply their deficiencies. "Poetry,"
art which produces pleasure for the imaginat
human actions, thoughts, and passions in me
One sees, of course, what the Professor means,
definition it will not hold water. The ques
suggests itself—What sort of pleasure, and
imagination? We will not quibble over the
which, employed in the wider Aristotelian
functions of poetry very fairly; but it might j
a music-hall song by a "lion comique" prod
imitating human actions in metrical langua
formance of this sort would hardly comply w
cultivated man's sense of poetry! Perhaps w
only an adjective. "Poetry produces a nobl
pleasure for a cultured imagination by imitatin
thoughts, and passions in metrical language
indeed, serve; though still open to controvers

From this point the lecturer proceeds to a
fashion in which this pleasure is produced, and
believe very justly, that it is produced by a c
individual and universal elements in thought a
poetry must present a universal truth from a
of view; and the wider the generalization,
the intensity of its personal appeal, the more p
of poetry which animates the thought. It follo
poetry must always be testing its own emotion
contending interests—the individuality of the
universality of the thought. When he comes
tinction through the history of poetry Profess
pands his thesis by means of a number of
illustrations. He shows how the classical p
through the universality of their attitude, whi
of every age have decayed through the n
interest to ephemeral sentiments. And when
his test to certain modern literary developm
ticular to the poetry of Mr. Rudyard Kipling,
criticism with a judgment which is not ofte
the consideration of contemporaries. The wh
of the volume is full of sane and penetrating a

In passing to the consideration of law
more directly historical survey of the infl
affected poetry from without. We pass, i
intrinsic to the extrinsic influences, and Mr.
show that here, too, the standard of authori
usage has alone preserved what was worthy o
the roll of poetry unfolds itself, we see the in
character continually beating their wings, as i
law of universal taste; and the poetry wh

PIERRE LOTI.

From the Original Painting by Lily-Dhurm

experience. The only surrender of liberty demanded from the individual taste is, in the first place, the suspension of judgment till the æsthetic perception has been justly trained; and, in the second place, a submission of the intellect, in the early stages of its schooling, to the judgment of the world on the works of art deemed most worthy of admiration. When the judging faculty has been disciplined to view things in all their bearings, and has become robust and mature, the mind resumes its native liberty, and is free to revise its early decisions. Such is the course of what has been well called Humanism in Education.

This seems to us to be admirably and lucidly said, and it lies at the root of all discriminating criticism. Indeed, the thesis of this whole volume, with its frequent reference of individual taste to universal authority, is one that can scarcely be insisted upon too firmly at the present time, when so much that is called "criticism" lies in the hands of writers who are not too careful to subject their own preferences to any sort of standard of judgment, and who turn the "perfect law of liberty" into a laughing-stock by the exercise of untutored enthusiasm in the proclamation of foolish predilections. We are often told that contemporary criticism is in a state of decadence, but that is a view which we ourselves are not for a moment disposed to accept. Criticism will always be the occupation of the few, and it is entirely vain to expect to find it flourishing in every stray corner in which literature may be written or gossiped about. But that by the few it is being sincerely and strenuously cultivated the literary activity of the last few years has abundantly testified; and Professor Courthope's sound and dignified volume is further evidence of its healthy survival. We can only hope that it may be as widely read as its merits deserve, for the diffusion of the taste which it advocates can scarcely fail to benefit every side of contemporary literature.

LITERATURE AND LAKE LEMAN.

No provincial city in Europe, and by the nature of the Republic all Swiss cities are provincial, is half so rich in literary associations as Geneva, and Mr. Francis Gribble may congratulate himself on being the first to see the opening for a popularly written book on its native worthies and its visitors. In LAKE GENEVA AND ITS LITERARY LANDMARKS (Constable and Co., 18s.), which deals with almost every name of revolutionary importance during the two great periods of European revolution, he has produced what many, to whom Geneva and its lake are not merely geographical expressions, have long desired in vain. It should take a high rank in that newer class of guide-book which seeks to make history something more than dry bones and dead conclusions. For Mr. Gribble real life is sufficiently romantic. Bonivard may now appeal from the tyranny of tradition to the test of reality and be no less remarkable, if more wonderfully human, than when he was merely a poetic stalking-horse for Lord Byron. The real Bonivard appears as a kind of lay prior whose love of the table was his only conventual attribute, and whose four marriages do not detract from our opinion of him as a good patriot who could think of other things than his country.

In his treatment of Calvin, the religious father of the Genevese, Mr. Gribble has made that theological tyrant interesting even to those whose artistic bent is naturally alien from his iron creed and rigid methods of rule. Perhaps Mr. Gribble insists rather too much on the small size of Geneva in Calvin's great work, outside of his theories of gov[illegible] was organizing Geneva as an armed camp under th[illegible] discipline. Even international jealousies only hel[illegible] help themselves. He was, in fact, a theologically-min[illegible] Marshal. It is no less clear that Calvin shed no tea[illegible] bited no vain and tardy remorse over the burning [illegible] He was no doubt a great man. He was hardly in [illegible] sense of the word a good one; he was without any se[illegible]

But though Geneva is essentially a city of relig[illegible] its chief appeal to notice is as a literary and revolut[illegible] As it has given shelter of late in times of which M[illegible] minded to keep his task within reasonable limit[illegible] written—to Vera Zassulic and Prince Kropotkin, so [illegible] refuge to all those who found their rulers dangero[illegible] moral environment asphyxiating. It became th[illegible] expatriated prophets, not a few of whom might ha[illegible] more obscure if they had stayed in their own coun[illegible] as is natural, when one has to deal with the wanderi[illegible] literature, the district has a characteristic crop of le[illegible] which Mr. Gribble does ample justice. He does am[illegible] too, to Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose mental by[illegible] appears nowadays not a little sickening. Mr. Gribbl[illegible] lies in a kind of ironic iconoclasm. He depicts Ro[illegible] the picture is an interesting and, we may add, a us[illegible] an excitable and sentimental mountebank, whose [illegible] never prevented him lying and whose decency was [illegible] by its utter absence—the classic example of the ent[illegible] of a gentleman. But though the writer, as we thi[illegible] absolves Madame de Warens from the aspersions of t[illegible] ful *protégé* who took her money, he clears her moral [illegible] the expense of her commercial integrity. She ap[illegible] *rôle* of a bankrupt absconding, not even with her own [illegible] with the plate and linen of her husband. At any rate [illegible] spoil the story to have it explained in lucid and iron[illegible]

Curchod can hardly command admiration, but without this coldness of passion we might have missed "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." To quote from the book where it deals with these lovers when they met in later years :—

> The regrets, we may take it, were tempered by the lurking consciousness that things were really better as they are. The lovers must have known that, if they had married on nothing, the one would never have written his history and the other would never have had her salon, but they would have been just two struggling nonentities whom the world would never have heard of. They must have felt, too, that the success in life which they had achieved separately, but could not possibly have achieved together, had meant much to them; that in winning it they had fulfilled their destinies, that their temper would have been soured if they had had to live without it. All this they must have admitted to themselves, and even, in their most candid moments, to each other. And yet—and yet!—

No less human, if rather more calculated to furnish grounds for satire, is the story retold of the unphilosophic philosopher and philanderer Benjamin Constant in his relations with the exigent Madame de Stael, the undiscriminating daughter of a more beautiful and more discreet mother. At the last we are left in no doubt that Madame de Stael is only acting to save appearances; that her heart is with the young and gallant Albert de Rocca rather than with the man whose departure, she avers, will drive her to suicide. But Mr. Gribble fails to make it clear that it was at this time that Constant was ready to woo, by heavenly or diabolic means, the favour of Madame Récamier, and that Madame Dutertre, who had become his by means calculated in England to excite the intervention of the King's Proctor, had held him only for a season. And what became of Charlotte Dutertre? It is a point of interest.

In such a book it is obvious that the writer must make a selection. Mr. Gribble, on the whole, has made his with discrimination. Yet we miss references to some celebrities of Genevan origin—to Mulhauser, the poet, to Ezechiel Spanheim, to De Candolle, or even, in any detail, to François Huber. This is the more noticeable because Marie Huber, whose success in setting theologians by the ears affords Mr. Gribble some not unnatural pleasure, was the great aunt of the man whose observations on bees, made, after he became blind, through the eyes of his wife, formed the first standard work on that subject. Taking the book as a whole, it would be difficult to praise Mr. Gribble's style too highly. It is entirely lucid, sympathetic, and modest, and he has the gift of irony. There is nothing in the book which is not interesting.

THEOLOGY.

Ritschlianism.

There has been of late much discussion of the Ritschlian Theology. Mr. Garvie's careful exposition of it was noticed in these columns some time ago. We are, therefore, glad to see an English version of Ritschl's chief constructive work, his celebrated exposition of the Christian doctrine of the atonement, JUSTIFICATION AND RECONCILIATION, translated and edited by H. Mackintosh and A. B. Macaulay (T. and T. Clark, 14s.). The third volume of the "Rechtfertigung und Versöhnung" is far the most important of Ritschl's works for those who would understand his doctrine of the Person of Christ and its significance for as Mediator and Saviour. Ritschlianism will become widely popular among English-speakin though in some respects it does respond to t tendencies of the day—the despondency which ha by the aggressions of criticism and the weariness of troversies. The work of translation has been executed, and to Messrs. Mackintosh and Mac students are indebted for bringing within their re piece of theological thought.

A great part of IS CHRIST INFALLIBLE AND TH by the Rev. Hugh Mcintosh, M.A. (T. and T. taken up with criticism of recent writers on " and of the Ritschlian school, which the auth attacks. "It is a palpable perversion of facts, a misnomer," he says, "to call this mongrel sys It would be nearer the truth to call it anti-Ch not only eliminates or evaporates the distinct elements of the Christian religion, but it openly of them and teaches the opposite." It is not, hov ascertain Mr. McIntosh's own actual teaching place of the Bible in the system of Christianit apparently with equal approval writers so opp other as Prof. Robertson Smith and Dr. Liddon, surprising that a follower of Prof. Robertson Smit the existence of degrees in inspiration—a theory " is rampant in Jewish jargon and Rabbinical lo theology, and modern Rationalism." Mr. McInto is too lengthy to be effective; one's patience is by his cumbrous style and somewhat tasteless rh over, there is something very weak and petulant on distinguished theologians from whom he hap The absence of an index is a serious defect in treatise.

The Christian Social Union.

SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT UNDER CHRISTIAN INF Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A. (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d.), Donnellan lectures delivered before the Universit 1899 to 1900. Mr. Kaufmann discusses from the poi "Christian Socialist" the influence in the past an influence in the future of Christianity in the evolut He is an able thinker and a lucid writer. It is pe that he should discount the influence of the intel and social forces which have little connexion wi the complexity of the influences at work. But m siderations expressed by Mr. Kaufmann will rea themselves to the reader. The Christian theory of spiritual equality as, *e.g.*, set forth by St. Paul, consistently, would no doubt solve many problem life. The question to be settled is whether the C embodies the Christian spirit and is capable of d justly expected of her.

The teaching of the Christian Social Union sented in THE CHURCH AND NEW CENTURY PR Gardner, Darton, 3s. 6d.), a series of lectures a Tufnell-park. The contributors are the Bisho Canon Scott Holland, Canon Gore, Canon Bar and one or two others. They deal with actual q day such as the Empire, the State, the Munic crowding and Housing, the Temperance Questi lectures are not of equal merit, but they will all perusal—whether we turn to Dr. Westcott, who Catholic Church is the chief embodiment of the Im Mr. Chandler, who discusses practical remedies

has not adopted the chronological order in describing the New Testament writings. The only complaint, however, that can be made against the book is that the writer indulges too freely in a certain "causticity" of style. He says, for example, that "when Luther called the Epistle to the Galatians his 'wife' and called the Epistle to St. James (*sic*) an 'Epistle of straw' he simply showed that he understood neither." There seems something misleading, too, in the blunt term "forgery" when applied to what Professor Deissmann rightly calls the "pseudonymous epistolography" which was a common feature of post-classical literature. Mr. Pullan's critical views will be understood if we mention that he energetically defends the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel, and assigns its composition to the date 80-90 A.D. We cannot think, by the way, that he adequately discusses the subjective element which even moderate critics recognize in the Gospel. Mr. Pullan's vindication of the Pauline authorship of the Pastoral Epistles is vigorous and trenchant. On the whole, he does not quite do himself justice as a critic. He dismisses so briefly, and sometimes so contemptuously, opinions opposed to his own that he conveys the impression of having not studied them with sufficient care. Such an impression, we are sure, would not be fair, but Mr. Pullan does not take pains to obviate it.

English theologians will welcome the translation by Mr. Alex. Grieve of Dr. Deissmann's BIBLE STUDIES (T. and T. Clark, 9s.), the more so because the author acknowledges that English scholars have taken a leading part in discovering and utilizing the Papyri and Inscriptions on which the studies are based. Most of the volume is taken up with brief notes on different words, forms, and phrases in the Greek Bible, on names of Biblical persons, &c. There is a short and interesting paper on "Greek Transcriptions of the Tetragrammaton"; but the best essay is the first in the volume, entitled "Prolegomena to the Biblical Letters and Epistles." From a literary point of view this paper is well worth studying. Dr. Deissmann distinguishes between the "letter" properly so called, which only "becomes literature by means of its publication," and the letter "published professedly as literature"—*i.e.*, the "epistle." As to the Pauline Epistles, he decides that "the authentic writings of the Apostle are true letters, and that to think of them as epistles is to take away what is best in them." St. Paul, he says, had no idea of writing "scripture"; he had no thought of the position his words would occupy in sacred literature; "he wrote letters, real letters, as did Aristotle and Cicero, as did the men and women of the Fayyûm." On the other hand, "Hebrews" may be classed as an Epistle; as also may most of the "Catholic Epistles." Professor Deissmann concludes that "The beginnings of Christian literature are really the beginnings of the secularization of Christianity. . . . The Church, as a factor in history . . . required literature, and hence it made literature, and made books out of letters." The author evidently regards the study of the Septuagint as in a backward state, and he anticipates very fruitful results from closer investigation of the Greek of the Old Testament.

The first two chapters of Dr. Eberhard Nestle's INTRODUCTION TO THE TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE GREEK NEW TESTAMENT, translated from the second edition by Mr. W. Edie and edited by Dr. Allan Menzies, D.D., London, 1901 (Williams and Norgate, 10s. 6d.), give a clear and readable account, first, of the facts connected with the history of the printed text of the New Testament; secondly, of the materials with which textual

by a series of critical notes on various passages Testament. There are also ten plates at the end, some of the more important codices. The book is li the field as the standard work on textual criticism fo to come, and it is a serviceable addition to the " Translation Library," of which it forms a part.

The Resurrection.

In THE RISEN MASTER (Deighton Bell, 6s. 6 marked by originality of thought, spirituality of to charm of a literary style, the Master of Trinity Hall, the Rev. Henry Latham, urges the view that the m of Christ passed into the spiritual body "simply away." With the "erudita inscitia" of a student he argument on the position of the grave-clothes. body was not stolen he contends from the words of Evangelist, which depict the linen clothes as lying f napkin rolled up in a place by itself and "partiall the angular form thus given it." A thief would have the clothes or carried them away. He discards the angelic agency (in fact he seems to suggest that th angels were young white-robed Essenes), and he point whilst the conduct of Mary Magdalene shows that she t the body had been taken away, the behaviour Apostles when they left the grave favours the suppo they believed Christ had left the world and assumed form. The argument is ingenious, if rather strained prefer to dwell upon such fine chapters as Mr. Lath on the "Journey to Emmaus" and the "uncertainty o

Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Dr. Lyman Abbott is a convinced and enthusiast of the modern school of Biblical interpretation, and AND LITERATURE OF THE ANCIENT HEBREWS (J. Cl written to show that the conclusions of scientific "enhance the value of the Bible as an instrument fo vation of the spiritual faith." He had already in position in "The Theology of an Evolutionist." He with the Old Testament in detail, treating it mainly of religious experiences." Dr. Abbott is well up in ture of his subject, he writes clearly and forcibly, and with uniform respect of traditional views. The most chapter is that which deals with "Hebrew History." of clear, strong, sensible teaching. Especially valua distinction drawn between "truth" and "fact" Abbott says, "Ignoring that difference has invo students in needless perplexity." One passage is wor as showing the spirit in which the book is written :—

> The value of the history does not depend upon it accuracy in detailed incidents in this remote p question to consider is whether the historian is righ in his interpretation of human history, whether Go world of men, whether Jehovah is to be reckon national policies, whether moral forces are to be tak of by wise men in the world's administration, or whe makes right, and God is only on the side of battalions.

The New Century Bible.

ST. MATTHEW, edited with introduction by P Slater (T. C. and E. C. Jack, 2s.), is the first volum New Century Bible," and has been followed by two oth on St. Luke and St. John. The series promises to

notes are brief, useful, and to the point, though not always impartial. Thus the editor assumes in his note on Matt. i., 25, that the "Brethren of the Lord" were uterine brethren. From this and other annotations he would seem to have little sympathy with the ordinary beliefs of Churchmen. The series is in fact avowedly "undenominational," but it marks a real effort to popularize the results of recent research.

THE PREACHER'S DICTIONARY, by the Rev. E. F. Cavalier (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s.), is meant to supply preachers with subjects and thoughts for their sermons. We have a list of topics, theological, ethical, and social. Mr. Cavalier gives a definition of the word, a summary of the Biblical teaching on the matter in question, and a number of quotations. An undoubtedly useful publication.

BIBLE CHARACTERS, JOSEPH AND MARY TO JAMES, by Dr. Alexander Whyte (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 3s. 6d.), will no doubt be popular among a certain section of religious people. Dr. Whyte speaks with authority—he seems to know much more about his characters than most of us do—and his sketches are eminently lively. *Chacun à son goût.* To us it does not seem very helpful to speak of our Lord as shaking hands with Nicodemus "just as the cock was crowing in Martha's garden"—by the way how does Dr. Whyte know that Nicodemus had any acquaintance with John the Baptist?—or of Salome's "splendid impudence" and her "stupid heart?" "The holy curiosity" which the eloquent minister of Free St. George's attempts to gratify in his discourses on "Pilate's wife," St. James, the "brother of the Lord," and elsewhere seems to us perilously akin to the inquisitiveness to which our "society journals" minister from week to week.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Military Biographies.

THE LIFE, LETTERS, AND DIARIES OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM, V.C., G.C.B., by Colonel R. H. Vetch, C.B. (Blackwood, 21s.), is one of those biographies which it is equally difficult to praise and to find fault with. Sir Gerald Graham was a very brave man and a very capable officer. But his career was not particularly eventful, and though we should imagine that he was a charming man to know and to serve under, he never captivated the popular imagination to such a degree as to justify a biography of the bulk of the one before us. His letters are very much like other people's letters, and his diary is not very different from other people's diaries. The most interesting pages are those which give us glimpses of General Gordon, who was "Charlie" Gordon to Sir Gerald Graham. It is certainly of interest to see it noted that the subsequent hero of Khartum has "sobered down into a more reflective character"; and this gives a picturesque impression of Gordon's masterfulness. The time is when Gordon was passing through Egypt to the Sudan:—

> After breakfast Gordon sent for the Sultan and his brothers, treating them with civility, but as inferiors and with no ceremony, telling them to sit down, and dismissing them when done with. He talked Arabic utterly regardless of grammar, as he does French, but he rarely seems at a loss for a word—when he is he refers to his interpreter—and he always seems to make himself understood. He told the Sultan not to go about in his uniform and finery until he

the Sappers, whose duty it was to lay the p across the wet ditch surrounding the great While superintending this operation he was on h being almost the only mounted officer prese easy mark to the Chinese matchlockmen, whe picked off fifteen of his Sappers. During the heigh caused by the fire of the great guns and smal Colonel Wolseley, who was standing by Major G some remark to make, placed his hand on that to draw his attention. "Don't put your exclaimed Graham, wincing under the pain, gingal-ball lodged in my leg." It was the first taken of the wound.

On the whole the book is well put together, thou much of it, and a good deal of it is trivial.

Colonel C. F. V. Townshend's MILITARY L MARSHAL GEORGE, FIRST MARQUESS TOWNSHEND is unquestionably a book of some value to the m and supplements in some important respects t Dunlop in the "Dictionary of National Biograp lishes Lord Townshend's share in the actions at Fontenoy, his service in Germany in 1761, an in 1762. Colonel Townshend has made a caref battles in which his ancestor was enga the capture of Quebec, at which, afte of Wolfe, Lord Townshend was in se He extracts from the Townshend MS. all the in able, some of which is new, and gives us in full attack made on the general on his return from reply to it. It is, however, hardly a new di author implies in his preface, that the plan by wh taken was not the plan of Wolfe. Apart from t is thrown on certain military operations by the book pretends to no value. Of Townshend's gather very little; we do not even learn that h turist; and though avowedly avoiding the poli hero, Colonel Townshend is not afraid to make assertion that "while Lord Lieutenant of I wisely, with a deep appreciation of the rights the people whom the King had placed unde Colonel Townshend addresses himself to the pol first Marquess, which is perhaps historically m he will find it necessary to study other auth Townshend MS.

Probably we are all more ready now to regar Mutiny as a much maligned man than his biog Few believe that ancient calumny of the falsificat when in command of the Guides. Major Reynel should have exploded that fallacy, if such fall ploded, years ago. The wonder is, not that the corps should have been somewhat confused, but t officer, taking over the command of a regiment ployed in detachments on active service (the s having to be paid by the various officers to w temporarily lent), should have been able to keep the main sound and correct. What with Hodson the carelessness of his predecessor, and the r important work thrown suddenly upon his hands, have been surprising if his numerous en covered some serious discrepancies. But

Hodson's memory—that he met his death while searching for loot—it is disposed of here by a mass of evidence that should convince the most sceptical. The main facts of Hodson's adventurous career are well known. He was at Rugby under Arnold, for whom he retained to the last a generous admiration. His reputation in after years as a gallant and dashing soldier surprised some of his Rugbeian contemporaries not a little, for he does not seem to have taken kindly to the football "scrimmage" then in vogue. Yet he retained some renown as a runner, and was even then remarkable for his powers of endurance. From Rugby he went to Trinity, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in the spring of 1844. At one time he had thought of studying for the Bar, and on leaving Cambridge he was already too old to obtain a cadetship in the Company's service by the ordinary means. It became necessary for him to pass through a Militia regiment, and a commission was obtained in the Guernsey Militia from General Sir William Napier. He was actually twenty-three years old when he saw himself enrolled as an infantry cadet on the Bengal Establishment. He died within a week of entering on his thirty-eighth year, having crowded into that short space of time as much work as most men contrive to get through in the course of a lifetime. He was buried in the garden of the Martinière, on the evening of March 12, 1858. "At the moment when his remains were lowered into the grave Sir Colin Campbell himself burst into tears over the loss of one of the finest officers in the Army—the man whom Robert Napier was proud to call friend, to whom Montgomery could find no equal for his rare combination of talent, courage, coolness, and unerring judgment." The subject of this eulogy died a brevet-major. Few men have won this honour, before or since, more hardly than Hodson of Hodson's Horse.

Australasia.

A continuous residence of nearly forty years in Australasia has convinced Mr. Grattan Grey, the author of AUSTRALASIA, OLD AND NEW (Holder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), that Imperial Federation will come to nothing, and that Australia will be independent before the century ends. This is prophecy a long time ahead; its value depends a good deal on the newness of Mr. Grey's acquaintance with Australasia. There is no country with which an absentee sooner loses touch, and the last two years especially have so transformed Australian ideals and feelings as to make the witness of men who came home before 1898 or so comparatively irrelevant. Meanwhile, forty years of active journalism "under Austral skies" have left their mark on this book in other ways. They have filled it with the loose grammar, the cant phrases, and the slipshod information that flourish in minor journalism. As one turns over the pages and comes upon one after another of the long-ago corrected myths, Cook's knowledge of "enormous resources" in the interior, the squatter's fifty years' concealment of the fact that gold was to be found in payable quantities, the autochthonous origin and Malthusian rites of the blackfellows—to name three at random—as one reads that in Aust alia there is "no *bourgeoisie* to look down in its turn upon those who are inferior to them in social position or wealth" (a statement flatly contradicted within two pages), or that federation "will do all that a people imbued with the true sentiments and aspirations of nationality are capable of accomplishing," one recognizes familiar strains from the *Buckabidgee Daily Times and Goondiwindi Clarion*. And one cannot help wishing that the author's eyes and ears had been as active as his journalism; that he had spared time from the com-

sources" that vitiate other books. As a global-trott this might have passed muster; as a specialist's—and claim made for it—it deserves severe criticism.

The Annual Register.

Year by year THE ANNUAL REGISTER (Longm preserves its original features, and improves upon the which they are presented to the reader. The "English section of the volume for the year 1900 is excellent although it might have been more accurately printe space of a short review it would be difficult to indicat value and wide scope of the references to hundre events which this section places side by side with th "sensations" of the year. The annals of our colonies with under the general page-heading of "Foreign (the heading of the whole of the section is "Foreign an History," and there is room for this at the top of t and in connexion with them such a mistake as that n name of Mr. Olivier, of the Colonial Office and Jamai be avoided. We suppose that any change in the form of the index would be resented by those who accustomed to use its clearly-printed peculiarities years, but it can hardly be maintained that a system o which gives "Postmen's Park opened" as a sepa (under its first word) and then leaves a busy man to "Bermuda" is indexed under "West Indies," satisfactory. The chronological "Chronicle" is full information, excellently arranged, but some one, p printer, seems to have taken too little pains with it and punctuation. The section devoted to the "Liter 1900 gives due prominence to such diverse books as M "Oliver Cromwell" and Mr. Weathers' invaluable "Guide to Garden Plants," an exhaustive volume which to be obscured from public notice by less importa "Science of the Year" is also a useful portion o We can give especial praise to the sub-section "Ph In the summary of events connected with "Art, D Music" it may perhaps be considered that the Drama is good, the Art portion better, and the Music po The "Obituary of Eminent Persons Deceased" is ve well put together; the number of names dealt wit excessively large. More space might have been g advantage, to such distinguished persons as Dr. H. D. Mr. R. D. Blackmore, and less notice taken of Oscar sundry hymn writers, not to say foreign profess permissible to grumble that it requires a quarter o toil with a sharp paper-knife to open up the resources Annual Register," but this labour is amply repai consideration of the fact that a reader can look forwar dismay to times of great hunger and thirst afte political, historical, and sociological information. Th volume of "The Annual Register" is certainly w more than the price asked for it.

A Vade Mecum Indexed.

Useful as are the fourteen volumes of BOOK PRICE to the bibliophile, it is a laborious undertaking through the index of each in quest of detail a particular work. The appearance of a general Index t ten issues, 1887-96 (Elliot Stock, 21s.), is, then, a welc Short of an exhaustive subject as well as author-ind would have involved, as responsible officials at any gr can testify, a vast amount of additional work, we coul

been utilized in order that entries may be perfectly clear, and the chronological arrangement under each head is the best possible. In subsequent issues, although we are aware that this hardly comes within the scope of an index, the libraries to which belonged monumental works, like the three Mazarin Bibles sold between 1887 and 1891, might with advantage be indicated, the more so as space on the lines permits. It may be noted that the two men of letters who died quite recently, are both represented, Mr. Robert Buchanan by the "Fleshly School of Poetry," Sir Walter Besant by his "Eulogy of Richard Jefferies" and "French Humorists."

We are glad to see that Mr. Warwick H. Draper's ALFRED THE GREAT (Elliot Stock) has reached a second edition. So far as we have observed it seems the best of the books so far produced with a view of the approaching millenary celebrations.

Mr. Nigel Oliphant enlisted in the Scots Greys, was transferred to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, rose to be lance-corporal, and bought himself out in order to be free to accept an appointment offered to him in the Chinese Postal Service. Hence he was in Peking when the trouble came, and now we have his DIARY OF THE SIEGE OF THE LEGATIONS IN PEKING (Longmans, 5s. n.), with a preface by Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. Lang is principally concerned to tell us that Mr. Nigel Oliphant is a golfer—a statement which leaves us cold. The book itself covers the ground in a straightforward, unpretentious manner, and has some maps and plans. There are some new facts about the mining operations of the Chinese, who had actually tunnelled underneath the Chinese quarters, and had sixteen large cases of powder in their mine ready to be exploded. As regards the Forbidden City Mr. Oliphant maintains that "it would have been far better if at the very first the Generals had burnt the whole place to the ground, and then asked for instructions from home afterwards."

In the case of THE FATHER OF ST. KILDA, by Roderick Campbell (Russell, 6s.), the relation of the title to the contents is not very clear. The book is a record of a life passed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company. If it had been so written as to give practical information about the conditions and emoluments of that service, it would have been useful, but it principally consists of unsuccessful attempts at fine writing. Now and again, however, there is a good story; and this account of the manner in which the *employés* of the company arrange their marriages is amusing:—

> Our officials, when they wished to become Benedicts, often married Indian girls. Many, however, did not care to do so, and would petition the company to select wives for them and send them out by the next boat. Their wishes were, as a rule, complied with, and the selection was nearly always satisfactory. Among the archives of the company are found receipts from factors running thus:—"Received per Lapwing Jane Goody, as per invoice, in good trim"; and "Received per Osprey Matilda Timpins, returned per Lapwing as not being in accordance with description contained in invoice."

One paragraph of some length is reproduced from an article contributed, not very long ago, to our own columns by Mr. Robert Machray. We should have been more sensible of the compliment if Mr. Campbell had not neglected to make any acknowledgment of his indebtedness.

HOW TO INVEST AND HOW TO SPECULATE, by C. H. Thorne

FICTION.

FICTION FOR THE HOLIDA

We give below a selection from recent nove
a guide to our readers in their holiday reading

"The Hidden Model." By Mrs. Harrod. (Hei
"Cinders." By Helen Mathers. (Pearson, 6s.
"The Second Dandy Chater." By Tom Gallon. (
"Monsieur Beaucaire." By Booth Tarking
2s. 6d.). (Short and light).
"Pacifico." By John Randal. (Smith, Elder.) (An
"Marna's Mutiny." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (
(In Japan).
"The Serious Wooing." By John Oliver Hobbe
"The Second Youth of Theodora Desanges." T
Mrs. Lynn Linton. (Hutchinson, 6s.).
"The Seal of Silence." By Arthur R. C
Elder, 6s.).
"The Maid of Maiden Lane." By Amelia E
Unwin, 6s.).
"Kitty's Victoria Cross." By Robert Cromie.
"The Mother of Emeralds." By Fergus Hu
Blackett, 6s.).
"In His Own Image." By F. Baron Corvo. (
"My Son Richard." By Douglas Sladen. (
(A tale of the Thames.)
"Harlaw of Sendle." By J. W. Graham. (Bla
"Tangled Trinities." (Heinemann, 6s.). By M
—"Daniel Woodroffe." (This is a powerful
all readers or for a sunny afternoon.)
"His Familiar Foe." By E. Livingstone P
Richards, 6s.).
"The Golden Wang-ho." By Fergus Hume. (Jo
"The Sin of Jasper Standish." By "Rita." (
"Anne Mainwaring." By Lady Ridley. (Lon
"In the Name of a Woman." By A. W. Mar
mans, 6s.). (In the "Puritanian" style.).
"The Survivor." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (
"The Warden of the Marches." By Sydney
wood, 6s.). (On the Indian Frontier.)
"Rival Claimants." By Sarah Tytler. (Dig
(Early days in North Carolina.)
"Our Friend the Charlatan." By George Gis
and Hall, 6s.).

Devonshire stories are:—

"The Good Red Earth." By Eden Phillpotts. (Arr
And "The White Cottage." By "Zack." (Co

Rome and Roman Catholicism are dealt with

"Frederic Uvedale." By E. Hutton. (Blackw
And "Casting of Nets." By Richard Bagot. (

For Historical Novels readers may like

"My Lady of Orange." By H. C. Bailey. (Lo
"Prince Rupert the Buccaneer." By
(Methuen, 6s.).
"Lysbeth." By H. Rider Haggard. (Longman
"A Forbidden Name." By Fred Whishaw. (Ch
6s.).

Ireland we get in

"The Lost Land." By Miss Crottie. (Fis
(Towards the end of the eighteenth century
"My New Curate." By Father Sheehan. (
Dublin). (A quiet story of Roman Cath
Irish village.)
"Mononia." By Justin McCarthy. (Chatto a
(A story of Young Ireland).
"That Sweet Enemy." By Katharine Tynan. (
(Upper Irish Society.)

"The Profane Pipes."

To be modern, of the world worldly, to tell us of the people who, like the splendid butler in Mr. Grossmith's play, consider themselves of the innermost circle, is the agreeable mission of Mrs. Craigie, who does all these things and many others in her latest book. "People say that if you cannot have happiness lawfully, you mustn't take it unlawfully. But what about unlawful *unhappiness*?" is one of the pertinent questions that the newest of new heroines, Rosabel, the wife of Lord Shortclough, and the main figure in John Oliver Hobbes' novel, THE SERIOUS WOOING (Methuen, 6s.), likes to ask. But all the wits and worldlings of this entertaining volume cannot answer her impassioned cries in anything like a satisfactory fashion. After being married by her mamma to the Earl of Shortclough, who is spoken of as a *cretin* from the beginning; after falling in love with what one fancies Mrs. Craigie intends to be a terribly compelling person, the Socialistic Jocelyn Suttrel, and being dexterously jockeyed out of that affair by her mundane brother, Sir Courtenay Ragot, and her sister Carrie Ceppel; after another marriage and a final retreat on the Socialistic and a simple life in Nuremburg, Rosabel's questioning of the cosmos are, we fear, by no means ended. A beautiful Meredithian lady, so complex, so freely influenced by such a type of man as Suttrel (when they meet she feels a "nervous emanation which, like a wave seizing seaweed, caught up her heart and seemed uncertain where to fling it"), does not end her psychic adventure by journeying to the Continent with her beloved. This is the cause of discontent, we find, with Mrs. Craigie's brilliant and adroit book; she does not convince us in regard to the main idea; the incidents of Rosabel's revolt are interesting far above the common, but the conclusion of the matter is a little too like life, too commonplace to be perfect art. When this is said we have little but the warmest commendation for a "Serious Wooing." Despite its rather sentimental title—from a lady who has revolutionized the nomenclature of novels—the book is vigorous from the opening dialogue in Carrie's celebrated drawing room, which is said to have been copied from the music room called the *Paradiso*, designed by Mantegna and Costa for Isabella d'Este, to the last paragraph of philosophic Christianity. Rosabel is evidently a heroine after the author's own heart: she is treated with an amount of sympathy and earnestness that causes the reader to feel every thrill of her splendid physical nature. But she is a very "difficult" lady, and in regard to her passion for Jocelyn Suttrel one is a little inclined to take sides with her unscrupulous and amusing family and friends who by a series of sad frauds almost keep her from her desire. One's heart does not go out to the hero. We are told he is extremely great and clever and he has about him a good deal of a certain tragic comedian, but he does not hold one. When your hero is, in appearance, like the Strafford of the Wentworth Woodhouse collection you may be sure he will be terribly "thorough" and very likely dull. He and his Rosabel believe wonderfully in The Movement, The Ideal, and the like, for all the world as though they were a couple of dear little undergraduates of the old days when Ruskin ruskinised and William Morris began to be. Old fashioned trifling with sociology and new fashioned revolt against things as they are lead to some pretty complications that Mrs. Craigie handles with admirable reticence and skill. In her delineation of the characters that surround and complicate the great souls of Rosabel and Jocelyn the author is at her best. Rosabel's brother, Sir Courtenay, a philistine man of the world who considers himself by blood and in action a gentleman, is made to define that elusive being as "a person

Rosabel and Jocelyn that holds one quite apart superficial but engaging wit of the story. Mrs. always essentially of her age and therefore in th practises she shows the influence of its later master pleased to note occasionally the flying shadow of Di crosses a page or two, and every chapter and many instinct with the excellent spirit of Meredith at his would not imply that the author of "A Serious Wooing tionally imitative—she stands above that; but muc phraseology—"clarion thought," "wayward beautie disastrously," "The Piper and his Rosabel"—recalls of the point and aptness of a mighty hand. But M is highly independent too. We do not fancy she borrows where the style of this paragraph:—

> The spinster was spare, with a fine gaunt chest black eyes, and no nonsense discernible about the kne on the contrary, jutted out (in a square manner) co much decency, by black cashmere cut, as a skirt, no long below the ankles. These, however, were incredible degree, and the resolute foot, small and sl something romantically aristocratic in its sh elegance.

Carried to its ultimate, this method cannot hope t ridiculous. Side by side, however, with some paragraphs are many such happy phrases and doubtfu "The upper classes are composed of women who will and men who will not work," or "In human relationsh comes not from the deficient heart or ill-matched heart ill-matched visions." But Mrs. Craigie has one old habit which we find rather wearisome. The hea chapters are lavishly powdered with somewhat ina quotations which, while displaying wide reading languages, do not greatly help us to realize the ladies men who have to act up to these mottoes.

Although "The Serious Wooing" is enjoyable perhaps show the author at her highest; her subject is a little over-worked, and the method, although as better than Mrs. Craigie has shown us in many a p adventure.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZIN

The most exciting article in *Blackwood* is one on Larrikinism in Australia, signed Ambrose Pratt. We given to understand that the great cities of Australia combed with secret societies who terrorize alike the their respectable fellow citizens. The writer represe held the position of solicitor to a certain "Push," a professes to reveal the secrets of its organizati members of the gangs, according to Mr. Pratt, criminals, but well-paid artisans; "drunkenness is forbidden among them"; and they "are require continent lives." If all that be true, it is not easy t quarrel they have with society, or why they should amazing number of undiscovered murders with which credits them. The Camorra and the Mafia one un The members of those organizations live by extorti from neighbours, as the price of immunity from vi outrage. Mr. Ambrose Pratt's stories of Larrikinis doubtless founded upon fact, are less in accordanc

"Slave Trade in North Nigeria" fulfils the promise of the first. It is lively, not to say sensational, reading. "The Foreign Office from Within," by Sir Walter Miéville, is a good account of the methods of work of the most important of the Government Offices. Mr. H. S. Caldecott gives us a good description of "A Boer Refugee Camp" in Natal. Considering all things, the refugees seem to be fairly comfortable, if not cheerful. We read that—

> Near by is a camp for convalescent soldiers, and some of the men take their walk along the river bank in our neighbourhood. It is surprising to find what a kindly and friendly feeling exists between them and the Boer women. The Boers feel no resentment against the regular soldiers, and the soldiers speak very highly about the fighting qualities of the Boers; but the Boers do make it a personal question that the Colonial volunteers should be employed against them. They seem somehow to imagine that they are fighting for that independence, which in course of time it will be the destiny of every colony to do. They rather anticipated that the sympathies of the other dependencies would be with them and not against them. They are particularly sore with the South African Volunteers, and have more than once committed acts where these corps were concerned which they would not have done in the case of regulars.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* Mr. Percival H. W. Almy writes of the Coleridge Country, meaning Ottery St. Mary, and Mr. Charles Cooper gives amusing extracts from the diary of a tradesman who flourished in a small Sussex country town in the middle of the eighteenth century.

There is a third instalment of Dr. T. Miller Maguire's articles on "Guerilla or Partisan Warfare" in the *United Service Magazine*, relating some of the exploits of Stuart, Morgan, and Forrest in the American Civil War. These articles have been good as far as they have gone, but the subjects merit more detailed treatment.

Good Words revives an interesting memory in an article by E. Hobson on Ida Pfeiffer—a great traveller in the days when women travelled far less than they do now. She went to the Holy Land and Iceland, and twice round the world, was attacked with a lassoo and a knife in Brazil, locked up as a spy in Transcaucasia, and sentenced to death by the Queen of Madagascar. Her books were as popular in England as in her own country. One still comes across copies on the shelves of the second-hand booksellers.

Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook, whose articles appear with a welcome frequency this month in the magazines, writes for *Cassell's* on "The Rowing World of London." The number also contains a short story by Mr. Douglas Sladen, as well an interesting description of a marvellous mountain railway in California by Mr. Ronald L. Pearse.

A promising series of papers with the general title of "School Days Abroad" is begun by Mr. Ascott R. Hope in the *Public School Magazine*. The first article describes life at an Austrian military college—a weird place, not in the least like Sandhurst, if we may judge from the account given of it.

The *Universal and Ludgate* has rather a way of nibbling at good subjects instead of treating them. Anna Comtesse de Bremont's article on Balzac's love letters is a case in point this month. An article on Lord Milner by Mr. Comrie Colquhoun is better; and Mr. Tebbutt's paper on signs and signboards is well and quaintly illustrated.

THE REPORT ON BOOKBINDING.

Librarians and book collectors will find abundant food for reflection in the report which has just been issued of the Committee on Leather for Bookbinding appointed by the Society of Arts last year. The conclusion arrived at is that there is ample justification for the complaint that modern leather is not

temperature and thorough ventilation of lit
strongly insisted upon. It appears to be a gene
leather, and particularly Russian leather, lasts
that are in constant use. This is attributed
amount of grease absorbed by the leather from t
is suggested that a suitable dressing may be d
would have a similar effect.

The primary cause of decay, however, is dec
deterioration of the leather, and many of the mo
tanning, dyeing, and finishing are strongly c
every library visited the committee found evide
bindings of all periods represented, but the book
the last eighty to a hundred years showed far g
of deterioration than those of an earlier date
bindings examined bore evidence of decay after a
as from five to ten years. The poor condition of
the latter end of the nineteenth century is att
to the thinness as to the inferior quality of
Modern leathers dyed with the aid of sulph
condemned. In nearly every case Russian leath
have become rotten—at least in bindings of the
But in the main the injury for which the l
manufacturer are responsible is due to ignorance
the means employed to give the leather the o
required for binding rather than to the intention
an inferior article. The members of the committe
themselves that it is possible to test any leath
as to guarantee its suitability, and they believe t
to be no difficulty in providing material at the
good as any previously made. They have not
to any decision as to the desirability of establis
official standard, though they consider that th
consideration. Their report, which occupies
pages of the society's journal, is to be reprin
pamphlet and published by Messrs. Bell and Son

We gave some particulars last week of Messrs
which concluded on the 4th, and we now a
important items :—

Tennyson. "Poems by Two Brothers," 1827. I
paper copy ... ...
Coleridge. "Poems on Various Subjects," 1796.
edition ... ...
Keats. "Endymion" 1818. Presentation copy ...
Keats. "Poems," 1817 ... ...
Meredith (G.). "Poems," 1851. First edition...
(Thackeray) "Harlequin and Humpty Dumpty,'
Stevenson. "An Object of Pity" and "Obje
Pity," 1892 ... ...
Stevenson. "The Pentland Rising," 1866 ...
Sterne. "A Sentimental Journey," 1768. First e
Johnson. "The Prince of Abyssinia," 1759. Pre
tion copy .. ..
Butler. "Hudibras," 1662. First edition of the
part ... ...
Bunyan. "The Pilgrim's Progress." Second ed
imperfect ... ...
Beaumont and Fletcher. "Comedies and Trage
1647 ... ...
Shakespeare. "The Famous Victories of Hen
Fifth," 1617. A good copy of this extremel
book ... ...

Kelmscott Press.
"Sigurd the Volsung." Incomplete specimens
only 32 copies printed ... ...
Shelley. "Poetical Works." 3 vols. ... ...
Keats. "Poems" ... ...
"Sigurd the Volsung." 1898 ... ...
"Life and Death of Jason." Vellum copy ...
"The Earthly Paradise." 8 vols. ... ...

Vale Press.

Correspondence.

HERALDIC NOMENCLATURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I welcomed with enthusiasm the prospectus of the "Victoria History of the Counties of England," and fully intended to lay out my £250 in the purchase of the numbers as they appeared.

I have, however, for many years been a student of armory, and if the volumes of the series are to be defaced by the needless vulgarization of heraldic nomenclature to which Mr. Hartshorne has called attention, I shall not allow the scholastic standard of my library to be lowered by the presence of that work.

My process of reasoning is simple and, I think, just; moreover, it is not likely to be peculiar to myself. If in a given book I find that a subject with which I happen to be conversant is handled in an unscholarly manner, I feel justified in distrusting those other portions of the volume in which, owing to insufficient knowledge, I am more or less at the mercy of the writers.

I am, of course, only an individual member of the book-buying community, but I am confident that there are many who, whether they may write to the Press or not on this matter, think as I do, and will act in the same way.

I have heard much of the wide-spread disgust occasioned among antiquarian scholars by the perpetration of this atrocity in an heraldic publication now in course of issue.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
OXONIAN.

"L'AIGLON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Much criticism is now afloat on the subject of *L'Aiglon*. May I be allowed to add my quota in the form of a few thoughts on some of the features of the play which have made it fail to be a really great piece dramatically?

The list of *personnages* includes no less than forty-six characters. Of these not more than twenty are of any considerable importance in the plot. The rest enter once or twice and play an almost irrelevant part. Some, indeed, play in side plots which embarrass rather than help the main intrigue, if such exists. What else could be expected from such a legion of participators? Shakespeare, who used more *dramatis personæ* than the classic writers of the French drama, would surely be astonished at seeing such a company on the boards!

Again, how does Rostand use his actors towards the end of the play? Most of them, even of those who have taken a large part at first, drop out of sight, and no account is rendered of them. From the time of the banquet Gentz is left to eat his bonbons and enjoy his scent without a word more about the duel with the French attaché. Dietrichstein gives his history lesson and is not heard of again. Fanny Elssler, who seems the moving spirit in the conspiracy, does not appear after the banquet and passes out of sight without a word of thanks from the Duke. Metternich, too, is brought in rarely after Act IV., and when he does appear his character is rather altered. It is true that the last words of the play are allotted to him, but they do not seem as striking as they should be. Compare this with the Shakespearian tragedy. Shakespeare accounts for all the

The Battle of Wagram is one of the finest conceptio play, but even this is overdone. The fifth scene of A drawn out to an excessive length, without anything s striking to authorize the enlargement. Of course, it opportunity for the Duke to display further his char its mixture of puerility and idealism. But that has b in so many other ways that we are already acquainted

These are some of the features of the play which dramatic failure, interesting though it is from an standpoint.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
WALTER W. S

Derwent-house, Anerley, S.E., July 6.

RACHEL, SARAH, AND THE DÆMO

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In *Literature* of May 11, 1901, you did honour to comment upon an essay of mine, on Rach appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May last. Y seemed to think that the French classic drama had no become so outworn in these days of romanticism and s Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt have done something tow ing them (the works of the *grand siècle*) alive." I had v argue that the genius of Rachel had given temporary lif classic drama which, when Rachel died, ceased to have a p hold upon even the French stage. Rachel's great pa taken mainly from Racine and Corneille, where Bernhardt does not generally play them, and indeed onl acts *Phèdre*. The public taste has undergone a ch of the two great French *lionnes*, Rachel was the more terrible. Rachel's great "heroines"—god-like only resemblance to the gods of polytheism—are mostl They are torn by the fiercest passions—specially hate, revenge—but they feel no touch of conscience and of murder or of other crime. Such characters, a damonic deeds, bear no comparison with post-Christian Mrs. Siddons could gloriously embody true heroines, truly God-like, despite their sorrows, temptations, fail who are more or less consciously swayed by conscien Christianity. It would be idle to compare too curi merits as tragic actresses of Rachel and of Sarah. Ge that instead of comparing himself and Schiller men glad to possess both; and so great was Rachel in her Sarah may well be content to be less, but of her god-l Still the presence of Sarah on our stage leads unave thoughts of both these distinctively gifted women delight in contemplating such artists in their nearne their remoteness. In the *Dame aux Camellias*, Rac certainly not have played the consumptive Rababite as so tenderly rendered the fragile wanton; while Sarah approach Rachel in Camille, Roxane, and other of her tragic heroines. It is not sufficiently considered what influence Christianity has had upon the tragic stage.

Rachel played Desdemona when she was a pupil, b attempted the pure, tender lady when she had attaine great days of her glory as an actress. The reason is n seek. Desdemona is gentle as divine. If Rachel ha the part in her time of fiercest power, she might, irritated by that which would seem to her weakness character, and carried away by her damonic and passions, have altered the conclusion of the great tr taking in a tragic frenzy the life of Othello, and the

THE USE OF FOREIGN PHRASES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It is time some protest was made against the pedantic and vulgar fashion of dragging foreign, especially French, words, which so many cannot understand, into English conversation or writing on every possible occasion, especially when, as is often the case, the user himself does not know their true meaning, or cannot pronounce or even spell them correctly.

Thus many use the French word *employé* instead of the good English "employee," notwithstanding the fact that but few attempt, and still fewer succeed in the attempt, to pronounce it aright. Others persist in saying "ongvelope" for "envelope" (although nobody says "ongveloped"), ignorant that the French word is not *envelope* at all, but *enveloppe*. Then *dépôt* is either French, in which case it requires the two accents, or English, when it needs none, and the common spelling "depôt" is ridiculous from any point of view. The following words, too, if intended to be French, are nearly always wrongly written:—*spécialité, chalet, connoisseur, portemanteau, réservoir, mémoire, pommade, déshabillé*; as are also the German *walz, schottisch, hussar*; the Italian *serraglio, tufo, maccheroni, grotta, comando, regata, banditti, concertino, rilievo, portafoglio, mustaccio, bruggadocchio, lazzaretto, zouave, opera buffa*; the Spanish *dueña, guerrilla, guerrillero*; the Portuguese *curação*; the Dutch *weld*; the Norwegian *eider, malström, kariol*.

The only excuse for employing foreign words, save as technicalities and quotations, or for the sake of variety or local color, is when their meaning cannot be given in plain English, such as *débris, dénouement, genre, élite, boudoir, corps, jeu d'esprit, tour de force, coup d'état, pièce de résistance, au revoir, esprit de corps, de rigueur, ennui, négligé, coup d'œil, suite, ensemble, hors de combat, siesta, auto-da-fe*, and it does not justify the using of such terms as *employé, crêpe, serviette, bouquet, personnel, matériel, bête noire, en évidence, en masse*. As a matter of fact it is mostly half-educated persons, with only a smattering of French and a very poor command of English, who do so. Highly absurd, too, is the custom of pronouncing English words as if they were French, as "vahz," "mirahzh," "massahzh," "presteezh," "cortayzh," "tomahto," "daybosh ay," "bah-relief," "accooshmong," "otel," "traf'," "amaturr," "promenahd," "restaurong," or spelling them so, as is often done with "impass," "detour," "role" (better "roll"), "plebiscite," "misalliance," "pell-mell," "toilet," "gram," "meter," "maneuver," "annex," "revery," "speciality," "menagery," "repertory," "naïvety," "absinth," "picket," "lackey," "clientele," "negligible," "renascence," "intransigent," "blond," "absinth."

Indeed, many words now universally treated as French might be anglicized, as "flancee," "attachee," "habituee," "regime," "debut," "in block," "on route," while "frontage" or the good Latin-English "faciata" could be used for *façade*, "résume" for *résumé*, "chiliogram," "hecatometer" for the barbarous *kilogramme, hectomètre* (the latter of which connotes a sixth part rather than giving any suggestion of a hundred), and "paper mash" for *papier mâché*. On the other hand, "blouse" should be pronounced to correspond with "route" and "tour," while "bulletin," "invalid" no more call for a *quasi-French* pronunciation than "satin" and "valid." As for "reveillé" (for *réveil*), "troche," "beau ideal," "cap-à-pie," they are not French at all, nor yet the much-abused "morale" in the sense of "mettle" or "fettle;" nor is translation of "sur le tapis," though the [illegible] means "on the tablecloth," the shallow and thou[illegible] stopping to consider that we do not usually la[illegible] on the floor! The same incapacity is respons[illegible] sense as "female *employé*," "male *fiancé*" [illegible] Spain," when we have the far more [illegible] "castles in the air," and "Gulf of Lyons" [illegible] Lion," from which Lyons, or, more properly, [illegible] distant.

If, instead of introducing such melancholy [illegible] have no reason but vanity, or the mere de[illegible] supposed fashion, writers would endeavor [illegible] true pronunciation and spelling of foreign nam[illegible] Liége, Chamonix, Gent, Leiden, Haag, Ham[illegible] Pest, Córdoba, Habana, Buenos Aires, Lauren[illegible] could be no possible objection, nor yet [illegible] with foreign tongues, solecisms in English itse[illegible] Thus analogy and etymology unite in decla[illegible] generally simpler, spellings as preferable [illegible] adopted—silvan, tiro, sibyl, siren, sirup, [illegible] vicount, sent, samon, coler, gage, garantee, ga[illegible] feasant, fantom, syndic, gaiety, villany, [illegible] frontispice, agreable, parlament, cronicle, car[illegible] copist, grot, embarcation, remarcable, det, [illegible] becillity, callisthenics, cacao, diamantiferous [illegible] sismic, mimograph, cenozoic, esthetic, med[illegible] cosmus, homeopath, glycose, acoluth, acu[illegible] diecese, coertion, arsion, energic, cynism, cu[illegible] adress, hauty, controler, coud, hole, net, ax, [illegible] tire, toilet, epaulet, program, photogram, fr[illegible] rime, bire, lich, drily, gipsy, pigmy, dike, [illegible] garot, batallion, jewelry, mold, gormand, te[illegible] savior, furor, biased, traveling, worshiper, [illegible] registrer, civilize, baptize, advertize, adve[illegible] courtizan, teaze, cozy, hight, pretense, de[illegible] woman, pitance, calidoscope, calogram, semst[illegible] harken, salable, theater, center, meager, mass[illegible]

Pronunciation should be corrected in hun[illegible] hostler, hotel, habitual, heroic, historic, [illegible] phthisis, apophthegm, thyme, indict, pyrites, [illegible] margarine, colonel, lieutenant, ally, accord, [illegible] control, repute, annex, combine, combat, [illegible] contract, preface, detail, politic, lunatic, [illegible] ordeal, dais, exhale, forehead, hagioscope, ou[illegible] cases following as nearly as possible the sp[illegible] the standard rules of the language.

I am, Sir, respectfully,

EVACUSTE[illegible]

151, Strand.

GOLDSMITH'S DEATH

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the course of an address to the Re[illegible] volent College, reported in *The Times* of to-d[illegible] referred thus to a pathetic incident at the dea[illegible] "As he lay dying, they gathered round hi[illegible] 'Is your mind at ease?' The answer, in t[illegible] Macaulay, which had never been obliterat[illegible] them, was, 'No, it is not.'"

It was, of course, Johnson, not Macaul[illegible]

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Sir Edwin Arnold's new epic poem, "The Voyage of Ithobal," deals with the first circumnavigation of Africa alluded to by Herodotus. Mr. Murray's announcement gives the argument as follows:—Ithobal of Tyre undertakes to explore the unknown waters beyond the Red Sea, in the service of Pharaoh Neko, King of Egypt. In the market in Tyre he purchases a lovely African princess, to whom the mystical secret of the Dark Continent is known, and having built three ships at Suez, he sets out accompanied by her on his expedition. In due course he returns with only two ships remaining, and relates to the King the story of his voyage and adventures, describing all the features of the countries visited—his adventures by sea and land—the mutiny of his men and all the other incidents of his adventurous voyage. The narrative is divided into seven Cantos corresponding to the seven days during which it was related to the King.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new volume, to which he has given the title, "New Canterbury Tales," will be published by Messrs. Archibald Constable in the early autumn.

Messrs. Houghton, of Boston, publish most of the late Mr. John Fiske's books, and Messrs. Macmillan have brought out over here also the "Outlines in Cosmic Philosophy," written by Fiske nearly thirty years ago, and published two years after the production of his first work, "Myths and Myth Makers," in 1872. "The Destiny of Man," "Through Nature to God," and "The Idea of God as affected by Modern Knowledge," also appear in English editions through Messrs. Macmillan. One of his latest works was a collection of essays called "A Century of Science," in which ten of the essays were political and literary. They reveal to some extent, in their fresh insight and forcible style, Froude's "Short Studies." Another volume of essays was "Excursions of an Evolutionist."

Biography again plays a prominent part in Mr. Murray's new list. Besides Viscount Goschen's life of his grandfather "George Joachim Goschen," publisher and printer of Leipzig, 1752-1829, we are promised a biography of "Stringer Lawrence, the Father of the Indian Army," by Colonel John Biddulph, and a memoir of "Felicia Skene, of Oxford," by Miss E. C. Rickards. Felicia Skene, the daughter of Mr. James Skene, of Rubislaw, whose friendship with Sir Walter Scott is recorded in the dedication to the fourth Canto of Marmion, was a woman of remarkable accomplishments, but she was best known for her philanthropic work during more than forty years among the City and county gaols. Then there is the autobiography of Sir Henry Layard, in two volumes, with some additional chapters on his Parliamentary career by Sir Arthur Otway, besides the record of "A Sailor of King George"—Captain Hoffman, R.N., who fought at Trafalgar and had many other interesting adventures—edited by A. Beckford Bevan and the Rev. H. B. Wolryche Whitmore. Mr. E. H. Parker, who recently produced an excellent book on the history, diplomacy, and commerce of China through Mr. Murray, has written another volume on "John Chinaman" for the same publisher, in which he illustrates the character and customs of the Chinese by means of a series of anecdotes derived from personal experiences.

The success which the history of "Europe in the Middle Ages," by Professors Thatcher and Schwill, of Chicago, has had in this country since Mr. Murray brought it out about two years ago has induced the publisher to arrange for an English edition of the "General History of Europe, 350-1900," by the same authors. It has been adapted to the requirements of English colleges and schools by Mr. Arthur Hassall, who supplies bibliographies for each period. Another interesting item is the announcement of what promises to be a really practical volume on "National Education," with special chapters and papers by Sir Joshua Fitch, Professor Armstrong, the Rev. Bernard Reynolds—Prebendary of St. Paul's and chief school inspector of the London diocese—Principal J. H. Reynolds, of the Municipal Technical School, and a number of other educational experts including with summaries of criticisms passed upon the "... of Ethics."

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Mr. F. W. Spealight sends us "The Book," th... Souvenir Guide, with many photographs, of the *fête* ... Thursday at the Botanic Gardens, in aid of the Nationa... for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The proceed... sale go towards the profits of the *fête*, and any copie... after the *fête* can be purchased from F. and R. Speal... Regent-street. The price is left to the purchaser.

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COMPLICATIONS.—Some players revel in
tion, and, indeed, the pleasure afforded to well
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CORRESPONDE
A. NORLIN (W
TUTTE (Black
BLACK

WHITE.
White to p

Continued:—1
Q–R 4; 3. Kt–
R×R; 5. Q–R
Q–Q; 7. Kt–Q
sq; 9. Kt–Q 2,
P–K R 4, and w
P–R–Q ch; 6. K
Q×Q ch, and win

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 100. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Next week we shall publish a special Stevenson number, with a reproduction of Mr. R. Bryden's woodcut portrait of Stevenson and many other illustrations. In the same number will appear the first of a series of articles by Mr. Arthur Waugh on the Principal Movements of Victorian poetry. The Victorian era, which has just closed, has been, in poetry, one of the most distinctive periods in the history of English literature. What course poetry will take in the era now beginning it is at present difficult to say, but a consideration of the immediate past has a direct bearing on the future. For these reasons a review at the present moment of the period just ended, by a well-known critic who has made a close study of its various developments, cannot fail, we think, to be of interest to our readers. The first article will treat the period in a general way. The second article will consider "The Poetry of Faith and Aspiration," and in subsequent

Books to read just published:

"Charles II." By Osmond Airy. (Longmans.) Splendidly illustrated.

"Imperial London." By A. H. Beavan. (Dent.)

"Cassell's Illustrated History of the Boer War." (

"Sister Teresa." By George Moore. (Unwin.)

"The Grip of the Bookmaker." By Percy (Hutchinson).

"Severance." By Thomas Cobb. (Lane.)

"My Lady's Diamonds." By Adeline Sergeant. (Wa

* * * *

Although the morality play *Every Man*, which was by the Elizabethan Stage Society on Saturday la quadrangle of the old Charterhouse, is, according t ideas, entirely lacking in dramatic qualities, the audie none the less impressed by the performance. To st picture of the fifteenth-century stage and the costumes from figures on early Flemish tapestries) could hardly interesting. The characters being merely abstractions fications of virtue or vice, it was, perhaps, justifia actors to attempt no realistic rendering of their par matter of fact, they intoned their parts in a sort of co sing-song. But it was remarkable, where the main obj society was, presumably, to reproduce faithfully the past age, that some of the principal male parts should entrusted to women. In the second piece, *The Sacrifi* the historical proprieties were similarly outraged appearance of a lady in the part of Isaac. But th effect was at once simple and impressive. To-day programme will be repeated, under the patrona Duchess of Argyll and the Lord Mayor, and the pro go to the Queen Victoria Memorial Fund.

* * * *

On Saturday last at Christie's there was a sequel t dent at Robinson and Fisher's on June 27th, an account appeared in *Literature* of July 6th. It will be recalled t weeks ago the astonishingly high sum of 14,050 guinea for Hoppner's portrait of Louisa, Lady Manners, a Countess of Dysart, a canvas which measured fifty-one forty-one inches. Last week there occurred for sale a h presentment of Mrs. Palmer, née Gascoigne, thirty twenty-five inches. Although it bore little resemb his work, it was catalogued as a Gainsborough almost certainly by John Hoppner, an artist delicate, one may almost say ethereal, touch. The s white dress, black shawl, and old-fashioned straw

of the "Early History of Charles James Fox" was hoped for; and we had it, though the continuation was not quite in the expected form. In the first part of a history of "The American Revolution," published in 1880, some readers of the earlier biography were disappointed with the form the continuation took, and some found in the book the bias of the politician. But it showed a fine literary faculty. To-day is Sir George's sixty-third birthday, and, now that another two years have passed away, we begin to ask ourselves how soon we may have the pleasure of reading the rest of the story.

* * * *

The name of Mr. James Hamblin-Smith, who died last week at his residence in Cambridge, was probably more widely known in the educational world than those of many more learned authors. In fact, the famous "coach," whose works on Algebra, Euclid, and Trigonometry, are familiar to most schoolboys, contented himself some fifty years ago with the modest position of "Captain of the Poll"—the name given to the first in order of merit of those who did not compete for honours. It is now some seven years since he gave up active work, but during the forty years, more or less, during which he prepared undergraduates for the ordinary degree, it may safely be said that at least half of his pupils were successful. He was no "crammer," in the ordinary sense of the word, but he had the inestimable faculty of making his pupils work, and the text-books which he provided for their use and that of many schoolboys in all parts of the country were excellent examples of lucid arrangement. He was a fair classical scholar, and knew his Horace intimately—to the extent of suggesting occasional critical emendations. Caius College claimed him as an undergraduate, and there were few better known or more popular figures in the University.

* * * *

It would appear that the novelists of our day do not, like a certain dramatist a century or two ago, beseech the gods to "annihilate time and space and make two lovers happy." They juggle with both conditions—asking no permission—just as the need of the moment may require. There are many amusing instances of this happy irresponsibility in the newly published novels of John Oliver Hobbes and Mr. George Moore. Every one has remarked that "The Serious Wooing" is almost breathlessly up-to-date; but allusions to Mrs. Botha and the Yarmouth murderer are nothing in comparison with the record achieved by Mrs. Craigie's heroine. Rosalel is introduced on the day of the opening of Parliament by the King (Feb. 14). Before the beginning of Lent (Feb. 20) she has lost her first husband—a mad nobleman; has gone off to her Socialist lover, left him, waited until her schoolgirl sister is safely married, suffered a severe illness, and married a second peer. This is pretty good. Mr. Moore cannot quite equal it, but he demonstrates that neither revision nor even complete rewriting is sufficient to remove all obscurities of action. Evelyn Innes (Chap. VII., new version) "abandoned herself to memories *of the afternoon*." She had been with her lover to the Carmelite Church in Kensington. Afterwards they had walked and sat in Kensington-gardens; "they had talked on and on." Evelyn goes home to Dulwich; her lover follows—after a considerable interval, we gather. She tells him her father is dining with the Jesuits—"they would have the whole day to themselves." They walk in the lanes; spend hours, apparently, in the picture gallery. "It must be nearly five o'clock," Evelyn remarks; and they go back to tea more than

CRAS TIBI.

[In the Horatian manner.]

I.

Wine of Chios; wine of Lesbos drink you;
But bethink you
(When the gods you praise
Amid your jovial feasting) that our days
So quickly run,
That here we stay with but as brief delay
As from a rising to a setting sun.
Wine of Lesbos, wine of Chios drink you;
But—bethink you!

Falernian wine is good! Pass round the
And drink amain!
When you have drunk it up,
Then fill it to the brim and drink again!
Look how the laughing hours, crowned wi
Go reeling by!
But through the dance and song
Bear you this thought along,
That we must die.

Yes, they are gone—the Bacchanalian wi
Who revelled through the nights
At Attic banquet or at Roman board.
They had their day, then went the comm
That all must go; the high, the lo
The peasant and the lord.

II.

We revel not among
The wines that Horace and Anacreon su
But, to our merchants' doors,
(To fill our flasks)
Thousands of mighty casks
Come hither from the Lusitanian shores
And many a butt we see
From Xeres and from Burgundy:
Champagne and sweet Moselle
Behold as well;
The vintage of the Bordelais, and more;
A goodly store.

Wine of Xeres, wine of Medoc drink you
But bethink you!
No matter whether flagon, jack, or can;
Or graven silver cup, Theocritan
(Where foxes watch the boy the while th
Watches the grapes; where in the
The ancient fisher casts his heavy net)
Nor how, from age to age,
The scenes are shifting on this antic sta
Nor whence the wine with which the bo
But now, to crown the jest, the laugh w
Its echo lingers yet; and there,
Beside each vacant chair,
An empty goblet lies upon the ground!
Wine of Medoc, wine of Xeres drink you
But—bethink you!

WILL

* * *

of a late amiable and lamented advocate, preserved in the Skene Charter Chest."

* * * *

A correspondent writes :—" In the mock Johnsonese of the *Rambler* occurs the phrase, ' the local colour of a Spanish cock-fight.' A critic may be moved thereby to remark that Mr. Vivian has yet to learn that the phrase ' local colour ' was not used 150 years ago, or, for that matter, in England at any rate, forty years ago. When the phrase was first imported into England may be a matter of doubt ; nor, I think, is any history of it given even in that storehouse of curious information, Dr. Murray's Dictionary. But the phrase was at the height of its vogue in France more than seventy years ago. It was a catch-word of Gautier and the French Romantics. Mérimée told Taine that local colour was to the young Romantics what the Holy Grail was to their favourite Middle Ages. And when Gautier had a friend travelling in Africa, he writes to him, ' Just send me a few pots of local colour, and I will make famous Turkish and Algerian stories.' The French Romantics, however, are a far cry from old Samuel Johnson."

Punch celebrated last Wednesday its diamond jubilee, having been founded on July 17, 1841, with Mr. Mark Lemon as editor. Between him and the present occupant of the chair there have been only two editors of the popular weekly—Messrs. Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor.

We fear there is no longer any doubt that Count Tolstoy's life is in serious danger. He is suffering severely from fever and consequent weakness.

The *Guardian* of Wednesday published the full Latin text of the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis of Assisi, the MS. of which M. Sabatier recently discovered in a convent in the Abruzzi.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is to recite in Paris a poem by the Lady Mayoress, called " Flower Symbols," which has been translated into French by Mlle. Janotha.

The London County Council has affixed a brass tablet on the boundary wall of Waterlow Park, Highgate-hill, to mark the site of Andrew Marvell's cottage. A similar tablet, it may be remembered, was stolen about a year ago. The new one has been securely fastened to the wall by a bolt at each of the four corners.

A mural tablet to Sir Isaac Pitman, erected by the Bath Corporation on the house where he lived in Royal-crescent, was unveiled on Monday by Mr. Arthur à Beckett, president of the Institute of Journalists.

It is proposed to raise a statue of Verlaine in the Square des Batignolles. M. Rodin will be the sculptor.

Messrs. J. and E. Bumpus have just been appointed by the King booksellers to his Majesty.

A letter has been dictated by the Commander-in-Chief stating that the subject of granting medals to war correspondents is still under consideration at the War Office.

The last ten years or so have seen an increasing mass of literature concerning cricket. In books alone, to say nothing gossip and reports of the game. With all this, it is that the unapproachable classic of all true cricketers a certain thin duodecimo volume, published nearly years ago. It was in 1833, to be accurate, that Joh little work appeared, with a title-page (as was th custom in those days) of a length almost ludicrous in with the remainder of the book. Hard-working write painfully after literary reputation, may be excused jealousy when they consider the ease with which Nyre his niche in the Temple of Fame. For he did not his own book. " The Young Cricketer's Tutor " w entirely written by Mr. Charles Cowlen Clarke, enthusiast about the game, and jotted down from time his father-in-law's house the veteran cricketer's relat bygone triumphs of the Hambledon Eleven, and dir playing the " elegant and manly game of cricket." H himself, we may be assured, supplied the spirit, if not of the book. He had an inimitable gift of descript and healthy pride in the sound Hampshire yeoman which he came, and a full share of that touching fa ancient glories of the game that most cricketing possess. His own father had been founder and capt famous Hambledon team—the M.C.C. of the eighteent —the eleven drawn from an obscure village in H " which met on the first Tuesday in May on Broad-Ha and there " was wont to conquer England." The son' of his father is charming in its directness and simple f as good in essentials (though lax enough in gramm struction) as anything in Hazlitt. " I never saw," he finer specimen of the thoroughbred old English ye Richard Nyren. He was a good face-to-face, unflinchi promising, independent man. He placed a full and upon the station he held in society, and he maintained insolence or assumption. He could differ with a without trenching upon his dignity or losing his own known him maintain an opinion with great firmness ag Duke of Dorset and Sir Horace Mann, and when, in co of his being proved to be in the right, the latter has crossed the ground and shaken him heartily by the h there not a fine sense of dignity here, and, one may carelessness of grammar ? It is a little piece of portrai that lives, and the same may be said of half a dozen o of description that follow—that of Tom Sueter, the wicket-keeper. " What a handful of steel-hearted sol in an important pass, such was Tom in keeping the w or of George Lear, the long-stop, of whom he says t ball seemed to go into him, and he was as sure of it as been a sand-bank." Or, again, read the racy acco single-wicket match between " Lumpy " Stevens, t bowler of the day, and a certain countryman for five pou It is difficult to resist quoting a part of it. " The con bowler made the countryman go in first, for he thought his business in a twink ; but the fellow having an arm a hop-pole, reached in at Lumpy's balls, bowl what h might ; and slashed and thrashed away in the most style, hitting his balls all over the field, and always air ; and he made an uncommon number of runs from th of bowlers before he could get him out—and, egad him !" Or, read again of John Small, the elder, the " turned the short hits to account " and initiated the practice of hustling the field ; who, also, taught h

Literature Portraits.—XI.

GEORGE GISSING.

The literary descent of the second-rate is rarely in doubt. There can be no obscurity as to the parentage of the imitators or school fictionists who flood the markets with tolerable reading matter at six shillings per volume. But their individual descent, whether it be legitimate or illegitimate, has no interest for the critic. He is content to view them as he weighs them, in the mass, when he estimates common tendencies only. It is a different thing when a new development or a striking personality compels his attention and individual interest. Among those who have by slow, by very slow, degrees compelled this particular interest Mr. George Gissing stands in a high and solitary place. Mr. Gissing belongs to no school, certainly not to any English school. The sincerest form of flattery in any admirer cannot imitate and cannot even caricature him. There is truly nothing visible to copy. His essence lies in a bent, in a mood of mind, not by any means in any subject, even though his satiric dissection of what he has called "the ignobly decent" showed his strength, and, indirectly, his inner character. His very repugnance to his early subjects led him to choose them. He declared what he wished the world to be by showing that it possessed every conceivable opposite to his desire.

Those who have read all his work and are interested in origins may have noted with particular pleasure that in "Isabel Clarendon" he showed an instinctive affinity for the lucid and subtle Tourgeneff. There is perhaps no more intensely depressing book in the entire English language than this short novel. Its last three chapters are of unsurpassable gloom, not because of any outward tragedy, but because of the utter futility of the man depicted. The hero's desire reached to the stars. But he was not able to steal or take so much as a farthing rushlight. Not even Demetri Roudine, that futile essence of futility, equals this, his literary child of bitter unable ambitions.

So much is certain, Tourgeneff moved what Zola had really failed to stir in Mr. Gissing. For he was never a Zolaist even at his worst. No man without a style could have influenced him for more than a time. Even Balzac, fecund and insatiable, had, it is possible, no more true power over him. For Balzac, though his constructions were often imaginary and his perspectives a gigantic imposture, was truly a constructor and architectonic, even if barbarous. And construction is obviously alien from Mr. Gissing's mind. He needs no elaborate architecture to do his thinking in. He would have been contented with the Porch.

Now, and at last, the critic has been given an opportunity of understanding the bent and nature of this author. In "By the Ionian Sea" Mr. Gissing has not only put the coping stone to his reputation, but he has also declared himself. Able novelist as he is—and Tourgeneff, Flaubert, and Dostoiefsky would not have disdained his companionship—he is by nature a scholar, a man of the cloister, though not conventual. His pessimism is the natural pessimism of misplacement. Nowadays scholars, as he would understand them, do not properly exist. The learned have become specialists; there is no broad culture possible to them. His ideal is the Renaissance scholar. Without any doubt he must be an admirer of Rabelais.

Perhaps his greatest book is "Born in Exile." To say it is a masterpiece is for once not to misuse the word. It is intense, deeply psychological, moving, true. "L'anatomie presumptueu

detail, unmoving. Yet Godwin Peak is an idealis
idealist lives amongst those who look at once to
Anarchism to cure all human social diseases. T
nature that loves all beautiful things is his, a
nothing. Unlike Klugeote in "Isabel Clarendon,"
take them. But the end is the same. By his very esse
is no revolutionist. Like many who are not, his n
keenest incitement to revolution in those who
mind, yet given more to action, more to hope.
ways of hating modern civilization. Mr. Gissing
idealist. He looks back. It is the more hop
impossibly vain.

In such a nature, displayed as it must
literature, for men to read who can read, it w
seek for that form of humour which inevitably co
It has been said untruly enough that Mr. Gissing
It is quite possible that those who say it are
missing his irony. His humour is of the subtler k
in the less sudden contrasts. He does not blow
farce. It is utterly alien from his nature.

Nevertheless it remains true that the gener
writings is distinctly not merely amusing. But
characteristic and the most important part o
hitherto has dealt with those young men who, w
and well-educated, are without money, the the
cannot be comic. The martyrdom of capable
environment in the Devil's Twilight betwee
Camberwell and the Beersheba of Camden To
tragic. It was reserved for Mr. Gissing to treat t
as a subject of serious study. And he has
pathologist whose business is not cure, and not
he has gone beyond this scientific method it is w
a satirist of no mean order.

To such a literary intelligence, informed
learning of the past to which he leans, his styl
the man and his own. For the greater part it
than sparkling; clear if not cold; with a subd
result of much Latin and more Greek. For th
Greek tragedies have always inspired him wi
rhythms. Though he is often cold, especiall
irony, he can rise to heights of passionate deser
a sense of luxury that here and there tinges
Tyrian purple—in spite of all his sense of restrain
marked than in any living writer.

It is perhaps only those who, perceivin
evanescence of fiction, regard it as literar
certainly wasted who will wonder that a write
gives himself to it at all. But while that comm
which Mr. Gissing obviously abhors, as much a
smoky skies beneath which it flourishes, ther
practicable method for the man of letters to a
Perhaps few novelists see so clearly that fict
of art is truly diagnostic of a disordered, if
dissatisfied, form of civilization. To him the idylls
of Moschus; the simpler tragedy; the n
joys of him who ploughs the soil or works at
are the fitting themes of art.

It is, it must be, alien from the nature of th
so delighted by the wasted and solitary borde
Sea to supply the market with novels, which, t
have more or less to comply with the rigid formula
note of the artist's mind, and deny him, especi

It took Mr. Gissing many years to enter into his literary estate, and even now the average novel-reader shows a strange reluctance to buy his books. But if Mr. Gissing's sales are not startling as circulations are estimated nowadays, he has a faithful and gradually increasing following—especially through the libraries—and most of his earlier books sell as well to-day as any of his later volumes. His first novel, "Unclassed," was published seventeen years ago; it was brought out in a new edition by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen in 1895. "Demos" and "Isabel Clarendon" came next, both published in 1886, the first by Smith, Elder, and the second by Chapman and Hall. "Isabel Clarendon" is now out of print. "Thyrza" followed in 1887, "A Life's Morning" in 1888 (after running through the *Cornhill*); and "The Nether World" in 1889—all through Messrs. Smith, Elder in the old three-volume form, and now, like "Demos," obtainable in the six-shilling and popular editions, with the exception of "A Life's Morning," which can only be had in the cheaper editions at two shillings or half-a-crown. Messrs. Bentley published his next novel, "The Emancipated," in the following year—also in three volumes—to be subsequently issued in one-volume form by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. In 1891 Mr. Gissing returned to Messrs. Smith, Elder with "New Grub Street," which went through the three-volume form to the one-volume editions of its predecessors. A year later he published both with Messrs. A. and C. Black and Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, the first with "Born in Exile," which went from the three-volume to the one-volume edition in 1893, and the second with "Denzil Quarrier." Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, who took over the copyright of "Born in Exile" a few years ago, though it is still out of print, issued most of Mr. Gissing's later books—"The Odd Woman" in 1893; "In the Year of Jubilee" in 1894 (both originally in three volumes); "Eve's Ransom" in 1895 ("The Paying Guest" appearing in Cassell's Pocket Library in the same year); and "The Whirlpool" and "Human Odds and Ends" in 1897. All these, after passing for a time to Mr. Heinemann, are now published by Mr. Bullen. "The Town Traveller" (1898) came through Messrs. Methuen and is now in a second edition; the same publishers issued "The Crown of Life" in the following year. With his last novel "Our Friend the Charlatan"—published only a few weeks ago—Mr. Gissing appears again with Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who are also the publishers of the charmingly produced volume of his rambles "By the Ionian Sea." Every man has his intellectual desire, he writes in this latest book—as quoted in the review which appeared in *Literature* on June 29th:—

> Mine is to escape life as I know it and dream myself into that old world which was the imaginative delight of my boyhood. . . . The world of the Greeks and Romans is my land of Romance; a quotation in either language thrills me strangely, and there are passages of Greek and Latin verse which I cannot read without a dimming of the eyes, which I cannot repeat aloud because my voice fails me. In Magna Graecia the waters of two fountains mingle and flow together; how exquisite will be the draught!

One other volume should have been added to the list of Mr. Gissing's novels—"Sleeping Fires" which appears in Mr. Unwin's Antonym Library; and an article is worth mentioning which he contributed to the discussion on "The Place of Realism in Fiction," in the *Humanitarian* for July, 1895.

> Realism [he wrote] signifies nothing more than artistic sincerity in the portrayal of contemporary life; it merely contrasts with the habit of mind which assumes that a novel is written "to please people," that disagreeable facts must always be kept out of sight, that human nature must be systematically flattered, that the book must have a "plot," that the story should end on a cheerful note, and all the rest of it. . . . At the same time I joyfully compare the novelist's freedom of to-day with his bondage of only ten or twelve years ago. No doubt the new wine of liberty tempts to excess. Moreover, novels, nowadays, are not always written for the novel's sake, and fiction cries aloud as the mouthpiece

THE PLAYER AND THE PUBLI

A "Personal View."

By LAURIE MAGNUS.

In a "Personal View," publish[illegible] on June 15, [illegible] Walter Raleigh made the interesting sugg[illegible]tion" tha[illegible] attempt to bring dramatic thought and dra[illegible] [illegible] into touch with the modern theatre, the actor bars [illegible] It is a hard saying of its kind, but those of us who ha[illegible] compare the delivery of English blank verse with th[illegible] French heroic couplet or of the German dessyllab[illegible] London's hospitality to foreign actors has helped us to [illegible] a judgment—will be slow to dispute the conclusion re[illegible] Mr. Raleigh. Yet I fancy that this personal view [illegible] partial view of the matter. The theory that the tyran[illegible] actor sets the laws of composition at defiance, that h[illegible] to speak quite plainly, obstructs the business of the t[illegible] and prevents that subordination of characters and tha[illegible] development of the conflict which are essential to [illegible] art, is a quite tenable proposition, but it is not the wh[illegible] of the present decline of British drama. If Parliam[illegible] decide next week to prohibit interim applause—a self[illegible] which is habitual to many Continental audiences—the i[illegible] or ultimate effect on the inspiration of English pl[illegible] would, I surmise, be very small. It is doubtless tru[illegible] Raleigh shows in the form of a parable, that, "when th[illegible] theatre patronizes literature, it is not the theatre tha[illegible] literary, but literature that becomes stagey." But [illegible] remembers, it was not always so. Shakespeare was [illegible] literary because the modern theatre patronized him, no[illegible] fact that he was an actor bar the way to his revival of [illegible] the stage. And then, again, one remembers that it is [illegible] where so to-day. In Germany, for instance, dramati[illegible] and dramatic imagination are brought into touch [illegible] modern theatre, despite the common human nature of [illegible] in the Fatherland. Dr. Kuno Francke tells us, in his [illegible] Forces in German Literature":—

> German literature is at last beginning to partak[illegible] universal heightening of German national life of [illegible] foundation of the new Empire thirty years ago wa[illegible] far-shining signal. . . Once more is literature com[illegible] something more than a mere pastime or recreat[illegible] once more are writers coming forward who feel [illegible] have a mission to fulfil, whose highest desire it is [illegible] interpreters of the longings and aspirations of th[illegible] once more are novels and dramas being produc[illegible] arouse popular passion and enthusiasm, because they [illegible] in palpable and living forms, the momentous con[illegible] problems of the day.*

All this is intensely German. Englishmen are n[illegible] habit of thrilling to far-shining signals, or of going h[illegible] meet writers with a mission to fulfil, or of visiting the

Till yesterday, at least, some years had elapsed since a writer had arisen in England "whose highest desire it is to be the interpreter of the longings and aspirations of the people," and even he, unfortunately, chose, for his second appeal, the music-hall instead of the theatre. Mr. William Watson, again, has evidently felt the sense of a mission upon him, but he has been the Jeremiah, and not the Ezekiel, of prophecy. The "momentous conflicts and problems of the day" have left the rest of our authors cold.

The point that strikes one most forcibly in any attempt to form a comparative estimate of the power and popularity of the theatre in Germany and England is the difference of the standards that are applied to it. Professor Francke, for instance, in this admirable book, is always digging down to the roots of national sentiment and feeling. In the epilogue, which chiefly distinguishes it from his earlier work on "Social Forces In German Literature," we come across remarks of this kind :—

> Even less veiled than this war between the powers temporal and spiritual is the second great conflict that threatens the public peace of Germany : the conflict between monarchy and democracy. There can be no doubt that this is the real point at issue between the socialist labour party and the Imperial Government. On the surface it is a question of labour organization, of the distribution of wealth, of strikes and wages.

And again :—

> . . . the third great struggle which has to be fought out in the twentieth century : the struggle between industrialism and humanity. Nowhere are the lines between employer and employed more sharply drawn than in Germany, nowhere is there more of class feeling and of class hatred.

But what, in the names of Tanqueray and Ebbsmith, and of the tailors who designed their gowns—one can imagine the London theatre-goer asking—has all this to do with drama ? Has not Mr. Courtney told us, in his lectures on "The Idea of Tragedy," that "people go to the theatre in order to be amused and to laugh ; they hardly care to be made to feel" ? And, against this, have we anything more hopeful to set than Mr. Pinero's promise, in a letter to the author of that book, that *if* "the tragic idea may yet find fruitful stimulus in the great tumult of Imperial emotions at present stirring the world-spirit of our peoples. . . . we poor modern playwrights will not be found wanting at least in the endeavour to respond to lofty and heroic inspiration" ? The world-spirit and its Imperial emotions are yet a little young in our midst, and these modest playwrights of to-day may still redeem their undertaking ; but I would contrast with these opinions and conclusions the deliberate judgment of Dr. Francke :—

> It is not the office of Poetry to solve social problems. It is the office of Poetry to hold out social ideals. The German drama of the last decade has fulfilled this mission with singular stability of purpose and with singular artistic success.

Do we look for the record of the "war between the powers spiritual and temporal ?" We find it in Wildenbruch's plays. Do we look for the "second great conflict . . . between

visit the theatre in the Fatherland, not in orde
by the epigrams of smart society, but in orde
feel, in order to understand the human tendenc
that are hanging in the air. The distinction
believe, is at least partly one of education. The
ing man has read Marx and Lassalle, and rea
Huxley. I have heard him quote Plato in an im
at a meeting, and this preparation makes a con
ence when he ascends his throne in the galle
visiting the theatre may be better than theirs,
for the end in view of recreation and enjoyment
criptive articles on the dresses, which are now a
the dramatic criticism in the evening papers,
variation on the German critic's discussion
quantities of realism or idealism which went to
play. But when it comes to a question of revi
then, I think, we ought to recognize that State
do something, and a training in elocution may do
the greatest effort is required from the natio
Courtney tells us, and I, for one, believe him, tha
ahead, that out of the confusion of Jingoism and Li
there will shine a bright national ideal out of
lightning and the voice. But meantime, Le
towards the close of his "Dramaturgie" applies
to ourselves :—"What a naive idea to give
national theatre, while we Germans are as yet no
not speak of the political constitution, but o
character." The nation's conscience has been are
events in our history, but is its moral character
to insist on the necessary reforms, or will it
lethargy ? This is not an electoral manifesto, bu
least, the problem of the future of British drama.

IMPERIAL LONDON.*

[By Mr. LAURENCE GOMME.]

Everything is Imperial now. And so the ca
due course received its title, and the book s
fact is before us. London is Imperial in mo
one, in more senses certainly than Mr. Beavan has
to contemplate and in more senses than its
indifferent citizens recognize. Perhaps the mo
thing about London is the unbounded admiration w
who knows it well has for it compared with all othe
unbounded indifference every one has for the mean
that are necessary to make it what it is. No c
neglected by the Imperial Government as London
city is compelled to put up with makeshi
administration as London is, and no capital city
stand aside to suit, or wait upon, the interests of

London is not only the first city of the Em
no rival. There is scarcely a second to her, bec
are so far behind. Mr. Beavan does not tell
which illustrate the Imperial position of London
is assumed, and thereupon ensues a description o

and scientific London, philanthropic and scholastic London, fashionable and military London, theatrical London, picturesque, botanical, and zoological London, and journalistic London. All this is very nice, and Mr. Beavan puts his facts pleasantly enough, and illustrates his book by some charming sketches, of which we reproduce some specimens. But it is not Imperial London that he is talking about. It is merely so many phases of London life—phases which are not peculiar to London unless treated in the comparative method in order to show how all these phases appear under the Imperial influence of the capital city. This Mr. Beavan does not do, and we are compelled, therefore, to state that his book does not answer to its title.

We have said that Mr. Beavan writes pleasantly enough on the topics he has chosen, but he does not write accurately nor up to the standard of the task he has attempted. "One hundred years ago," he tells us, "there were few learned societies in existence; the Royal Society, the Royal Institution, the Society of Arts, the Society of Antiquarians (*sic*), the Linnean Society, and the Geological Society. These still flourish in London, but not many additions have been made to this list of strictly scientific associations, only the Archæological, the Royal Astronomical, and the Royal Meteorological having come into being during the nineteenth century." Surely Mr. Beavan must know better than this. London is certainly noted above all other cities for the number and usefulness of its

mere light pleasures. It is a pity that, having devoted chapter upon this interesting side of London life, M did not think it worth while to probe its depths and to ascertain what good is being done in London in th the benefit of the Empire.

Mr. Beavan's other chapters, pleasant reading th undoubtedly are, do not seem to us to go to the root and in particular they skip over all that is really i their several subjects. Thus, to mention one instance have this sentence: "Unlike other cities and to Continent, London has never been provided with ret places worthy of its size and population, and of such had, why some should have been so largely patronized neglected is a problem." Now London has practicall markets whatever. Its market system, like other p economic life, has been allowed to take care of itsel result that in place of proper markets we have "s the rich and costermongers for the poor, while the

GOVERNMENT OFFICES FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK.

ways of London are in places a disgrace to modern and a harm and danger to the people by reason of the u markets tolerated there. As to why this is so one has seek, and Mr. Beavan could have stated the problem w if he had investigated the subject more fully.

It will be gathered from these criticisms that M has given us a pleasant book about London. But

FOUNTAIN COURT, TEMPLE.

liberty against the influences of the Crown. The Sovereigns of England, unlike every other kingdom, never placed the seat of Government within the capital city. Parliament and the legal tribunals were outside the city walls at Westminster, in the fields, and there was always jealousy between the city and the outside. That jealousy, once the proud instincts of a freedom-loving people for institutions of their own, has now degenerated into the jealousy of keeping for the smallest area and the smallest number of people rights, powers, and traditions which belong by all the rules of civic life to the area and the people making up the actual corpus of citizenship. In popular imagination, in common parlance, and in actual practice, inhabitants of Whitechapel and Poplar, Holborn and Islington, Marylebone and Hampstead, Westminster and Hammersmith, Battersea and Lewisham, Bermondsey and Woolwich,

boroughs created last year. An
is unlimited. Few people can re
without traversing old prejudice
old errors. Mr. Beavan, for i
writing of its palaces and givh
sketch of Kensington Palace, t
of the Royal palace of Greenw
ruined palace at Eltham, and y
the Imperial London to which
attention. Military London is
sentence or two without mentio
Arsenal, or Plumstead depôt,
in London. If these sort of
in a history of Imperial London
see that the true conception of
is not even faintly grasped by th
greatness need not make it impo
it well, need not make it impos
or administer, need not make it
improve and knit together if
jealousy of city and court is not
the city and extra city.

The history of Imperial Lon
us of the capital city of to-day
a free life and to get rid of the
the chains with which prejudice
bind it. It would show how po
used for all the purposes whic
opulence can command, while
are left to the masses who know
how the great trade coming up it
is left to the chance provision of
for wharfage and dockage; and
railways all centring upon the c
left to go almost where they will
up of their terminal stations.
of doings which influence the w
and of buildings and sites full
which comes only from associa
great events of a national histor

Mr. Beavan does not inspir
His pages skim over the sub
pictures, delightful of themselve
duce any definite notion of Imperial London.
Beavan has ever felt the greatness of London w
To do this he must proceed further afield than am

things which lend themselves to the artist's pencil. Let any one wishful to know something of Imperial London begin by steaming up the river from the lower reaches of the Thames; then let him take his place of observation in the busy hum of the city, and note the signs of world-wide life which are there to be noted; then let him wend his way to docks and manufactories, to local

CLIFFORD'S INN

centres of industries that are not generally recognized as parts of London life; then to the seat of Government at Westminster, and thence to the ever-radiating mileage which serves as home to nearly five millions of people. There will be pictures enough at every stage, history enough at every centre, interest enough to any kind of inquirer. We wish Mr. Beavan had done something of this kind for the great subject upon which he has chosen to write, and then we should have had still more sympathy with the results.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WAR.

[It is impossible, of course, at present to make a complete bibliography of the war. Our readers may, however, be glad to have a classified list of the books of different kinds so far published which bear on the subject. The list does not include books, such as that by Mr. E. T. Cook which we reviewed the other day, about the diplomacy that preceded the war or the settlement that must follow it.]

"The South African War." By Major S. L. (Murray, 6s.)

"Cassells' Illustrated History of the Boer War." B Dones. (Cassells, 7s. 6d.)

"The Story of the War in South Africa." By C T. Mahan. (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d. n.)

"The War to Date." By A. H. Scaife. (Unwin,

"Boer War, 1899-1900." By C M. E. Brunker. (Clowes, 2s. 6d.)

II. Personal Narratives of Partic Operations.

(i.) Books on the Natal Camp the Siege and Relief of Lad

"From Cape Town to Ladysmith W. Stevens. (Blackwood, 3s. 6d.)

"The Natal Campaign." By Be leigh. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

"How We Kept the Flag Flyi Donald Macdonald. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

"The Siege of Ladysmith." M'Hugh. (Chapman and Hall, 3s. .)

"Ladysmith: The Diary of a Sie H. W. Nevinson. (Methuen, 6s.)

"Four Months Besieged: The Ladysmith." By H. H. Pearse. (Macm

"The Relief of Ladysmith." Atkins. (Methuen, 6s.)

"The Siege of Ladysmith." By (Newnes, 1s. n.)

(ii.) Books on the Kimberley- Campaign:—

"Towards Pretoria." By Julia (Pearson, 6s.)

"To Modder River with Metho A. Kinnear. (Arrowsmith, 1s.)

"Some Reminiscences of the War Africa." By the Earl de la Warr. (Blackett, 1s.)

"With Methuen's Column on an A Train." By E. N. Bennett. (Senn 2s. 6d.)

"Besieged by the Boers." By E. M.D. (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.)

"Mafeking: A Diary of the Sie Major F. D. Baillie. (Constable, 6s.)

"The Siege of Mafeking." By J. ton. (Methuen, 6s.

(iii.) Relating the Exploits of Colonel Plumer's

"History of Rhodesia." By H. Heusman. (Black

III. Books on Experiences within the Boer Lin

"London to Ladysmith via Pretoria." By Winston Churchill. (Longmans, 6s.)

"The Story of my Captivity during the Transva By A. Hofmeyr. (Arnold, 6s.)

"Twice Captured." A Record of Adventure du Boer War. By the Earl of Rosslyn. (Blackwood, 10s.

"With the Boer Forces." By H. C. Hillegas. (Met

"Ten Months in the Field with the Boers." Lieutenant of General de Villebois-Mareuil. (Heineman

"My Experiences of the Boer War." By Count S (Longmans, 5s. n.)

"Pretoria From Within during the War." By H. (Shaw.)

"Souvenirs de la Guerre du Transvaal: Journal d' taire." Par H. Lesoy de la Marche. (Colin, 3f. 50c.)

IV. Other Books Giving Personal Experiences.

"The Work of the IXth Division." By Sir Ho

V. The War from Special Points of View.

(i.) Religious:—

"My Diocese During the War." By the Bishop of Natal. (Bell, 6s.)

"The Salvation Army at Work in the Boer War." By Mary Murray. 1s.

"Christians in Khaki." By Jesse Page. (Marshall, 1s. 6d.)

(ii.) Medical:—

"The Tale of a Field Hospital." By F. Treves. (Cassell, 6s.)

"Shadows of the War." By Dosia Bagot. (Arnold, 10s. 6d.)

"The Sick and Wounded in South Africa." By W. Burdett-Coutts. (Cassell, 1s. 6d.)

"A Civilian War Hospital." By the Professional Staff. (Murray, 12s. 6d. n.)

"On the War Path: A Lady's Letters from the Front." By Mrs. J. D. Leather Culley. (John Long, 3s. 6d.) Begins July, 1900.

(iii.) Various:—

"Australia at the Front." A Colonial View of the Boer War. By Frank Wilkinson. Illustrated by N. H. Hardy. 1901. (John Long, 6s.)

"The Canadian Contingents and Canadian Imperialism." By W. Sanford Evans (Unwin, 6s.)

"The Work of War Artists in South Africa." By A. C. R. Carter. (Virtue, 5s. n.)

"War's Brighter Side." By Julian Ralph. (Pearson, 6s.)

"The Journal of the C.I.V. in South Africa." By Major General W. H. Mackinnon. (Murray, 6s.)

"One Thousand Miles with the C.I.V." By J. B. Lloyd. (Methuen, 6s.)

"The Staff Work of the Anglo-Boer War." By Lady Briggs. (Grant Richards, 10s. 6d.).

"War Impressions: a Record in Colour." By Mortimer Menpes. (Black, 20s. n.).

"A Woman's Memories of the War." By Violet Brooke-Hunt. (Nisbet, 5s.).

"Trooper 8,008 I.Y." By the Hon. S. Peel. (Arnold, 7s. 6d.).

"I.Y., An Imperial Yeoman at War." By "The Corporal." (Stock, 3s. 6d.).

(iv.) Criticism:—

"An Absent-Minded War: Being some Reflections on our Reverses." By a British Officer. (Milne, 2s. 6d.)

"War and Policy." By Spenser Wilkinson. (Constable, 15s.)

"Lessons of the War." By S. Wilkinson. (Constable, 2s. 6d.)

"The War Office, the Army, and the Empire." By H. O. Arnold Forster, M.P. (Cassell, 6s.)

"The Tactics of To-day." By Major C. E. Callwell. (Blackwood, 2s. 6d. n.)

"Army Administration: A Business View." By Centurion. (Constable, 1s.)

"Notes on Reconnoitring in South Africa." (Longmans, 1s. n.)

"Yeomanry, Cavalry, or Mounted Infantry." By Colonel Rolleston. (Smith Elder, 1s. 6d.)

"Wrecking the Empire." By J. M. Robertson (Grant Richards, 5s.)

(v.) Miscellaneous:

"How to Read War News." With a Glossary of Military Technical Terms. (Unwin, 1s.)

"Golden Deeds of the War." By A. T. Story. (Newnes, 5s.)

"The Transvaal in Peace and War." By Neville Edwards. (Virtue, 7s. 6d. n.)

"Mechanical Traction in War." By Lieutenant-Colonel O. Layrez. (Sampson Low, 5s. n.)

VI. Fiction (not including Books for Boys).

(i.) General:—

"The Wedge of War." By Frances S. Hallowes. (Elliot Stock).

"An Imperial Light Horseman." By Harold Blore. (Pearsons, 6s.)

"A Fighter in Khaki." By Ralph Rodd. (John Long, 3s. 6d.)

"In the Wake of the War." By St. John Adcock. (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.)

"Cease Fire!" By J. Maclaren Cobban. (Methuen, 3s. 6d.)

"The Despatch Rider." By Ernest Glanville. (Methuen, 6s.)

SHAKESPEARE FIRST FOLI

Tuesday last saw another record set up reference to the Shakespeare folios, the occasion of a very fine copy of the First Folio, which, contest, was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch for the highest price yet paid for a Shakespeare fo on the second Tuesday in July just two year previous record for the First Folio was made in th Mr. Harvey bidding £1,700 for a copy of the same Tuesday's folio is, if anything, in somewhat than the copy sold in 1899, as it is only very and the repaired leaves are not many. But it is as it measures only 325mm. by 207mm. In this resp to some other perfect copies known, and notabl in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire and Coutts, though it outdistances them all in rega ness. The First Folio was published in 1623 at A contemporary note in the unique Sheldon copy by Mr. Sidney Lee shows that that volume was for £3 15s. The earliest record of a First Folio occurs in a catalogue of 1687, but the price is catalogue of nearly one hundred years later, 1756, first folio was sold for £3 3s. Judging by the pri Sheldon copy it might be assumed that that o imperfect, though it is most probable that it question of fashion, for we know that at that date were not nearly so much sought after as early classics and fine examples of the Continental pr the price of the first folio at auction had in which five years later, in the Roxburghe sale, £100. In 1818 the price was £121, and some year Wilks sale, it had gone up to £155, but the er prices did not set in till the Daniel sale in 1 was given for the copy now belonging to the Ba Coutts. It is only within the last two years, hov price has run into four figures, two of the instanc referred to above, while a third was the Daly c in New York in March, 1900, for close upon £1,08 stand that if the 1899 copy had come to the ha Tuesday dealers would have been prepared t £2,000 for it.

With reference to the Shakespeare First F being prepared by the Oxford Press, of which particulars, the *Periodical* says:

> The efforts that Mr. Sidney Lee is making t present whereabouts of the extant copies of t First Folio have produced for him a vast corre owners both in America and in this country. F has been shown to assist in the research, and n in fine condition, the existence of which has no recorded by bibliographers, have come to light. enses families have been met with who have ch many generations the unhappy delusion that th of a First Folio, whereas investigation of the v prized has proved it to be either an imperfect c folio or one of the earliest of the "facsimile" rei century. The majority of copies now in Ame exported comparatively recently by London bo ownership of the American copies seems in ma change with perplexing frequency.

something still more wonderful. She is not only a superb actress, she is a superb athlete. And when I call her a superb actress I mean that she has a superb temperament. It has been the fashion to insist upon her mimetic skill. In comparing her, for instance, with Signora Duse, people are in the habit of saying that she is more "theatrical," less "natural." I am more than ever convinced that this is a mistake. Sarah Bernhardt plays her own nature, her own temperament, for all that it is worth, just as Eleanora Duse does, and the difference between the two players is one of nature rather than one of method. The one actress is no more able to disguise her real self than is the other. Take Mme. Bernhardt in *Phèdre*. It is a "classic" part if ever there was one—classic, I mean, in the Gallic sense, ceremonious and elegant, a little trim and geometrical like the Park of Versailles, in short, genuine Louis Quatorze. But the actress deliberately romanticizes it, makes it a compound of raving beast and swooning odalisque, a Racinian idea touched up by Baudelaire and Verlaine. Some one objects, But is that the true Racine? The answer is that there is no true Racine one and indivisible, the world making its Racines for itself as it goes along. That is the special virtue of a classic (not in the Gallic but in the universal sense). It is always being "born again," as Mrs. Poyser said of something else "and born different." We of to-day cannot see Racine with the eye of his contemporaries, and it really does not matter.

"Les mêmes œuvres," says Anatole France, "se reflètent diversement dans les âmes qui les contemplent. Chaque génération d'hommes cherche une émotion nouvelle devant les ouvrages des vieux maîtres." The point is, does Mme. Bernhardt give us this "émotion nouvelle" in *Phèdre*? There can be but one answer to this question. On the night this play was performed Her Majesty's Theatre was densely packed, and the conventional phrase is really for once strictly accurate—the actress held her huge audience spell-bound. She was languid, she was frenzied, sometimes she chanted her mellifluous lines like a chorister, at others the words rattled in her throat like the hoarse growls of a panther balked of its prey. Her eyes gleamed with lust and then turned blank with despair. Every attitude seemed to fall into its place in a single design of harmonious beauty. Her death scene was like the gradual extinction of a volcano. But I may as well cease hunting for similes, for I fear how hopeless is the attempt to describe these rare moments of great acting. For me this performance of Mme. Bernhardt ranks as the supreme thing in the acting of passionate womanhood, just as Duse's Mirandolina ranks as the supreme thing in the acting of capricious womanhood, "uncertain, coy, and hard to please." Racine was a bold man in putting the passionate woman, without a single veil of reticence to cover her, on the stage, and, frightened at his own temerity, he never attempted the thing again and soon resigned playwriting altogether. To-day we are all mortally afraid of passion, naked and not ashamed; I mean that we are afraid to look upon its image, for presumably it plays as great a part in human life as ever it did. There is no passion, for instance, in *La Dame aux Camélias*, only a false sentimentality, a sickly pathos. There is no passion in *La Tosca*, only the crude violence of melodrama. When Mme. Bernhardt ceases to play in them they will cease to exist. And there is no passion, absolutely none, in the absurdly overrated *L'Aiglon* and *Cyrano* of M. Rostand. There was a touch of it, just a touch, in his *Princesse Lointaine*, and I cannot help regretting that Mme. Bernhardt has dropped that

CURRENT LITERATUR

THE LESSONS AND FALLACIES OF TH

THE RELATIONS OF GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY. By H. I
Fellow of New College, Oxford. Clarendon Press,

There is an enormous amount of useful infor
happy generalization compressed into this little t
might serve as an introduction either to Hawley's Op
War or to Freeman's Historical Geography. For M
is dealing with the subjects which lie on the debatea
between military and political history, and which
eludes in any complete survey of the one or the o
manual, therefore, must be equally valuable to the
wishes to get a broad view of the great campaig
seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries,
student at the University who has to grasp the f
facts of the making of modern political geography.

The book falls into two sections. Eight chapter
the general rules by which geographical facts influenc
developments. Thirteen more apply the theories
the first section to the various regions of the globe.
America are dealt with (though on a slighter scale) n
Europe. We had occasion, little more than a year ag
eize another book which was intended to carry out
of the same plan; but between Mr. George's work
Dr. Miller Maguire there is an enormous differe
manner of execution. The advantage lies entirely on
the work that is now before us, where orderly arrang
the logical working out of cause and effect replace m
observed facts and long and arid strings of names.
No one with the two books before him could hesi
moment which he should recommend to the student
soldier or civilian—of historical geography.

Besides the ordinary topics of the geographe
ethnologist, there are many secondary issues on
George finds space to say a few weighty words. We n
an example the chapter on "The Fallacies of the Map,
which (as the author remarks) Bacon would have c
Charta if they had been known in his day. The tw
those which may be called the "nationalist" fall
"natural frontiers" fallacy.

The politician who wants an argument to su
aspiration produces a map coloured to suit his pur
is working the "nationalist" fallacy, all districts
given language is spoken are tinted alike, regardle
of the fact that in some of them another language
current; and the world is asked to draw the conc
all ought, in justice and fairness, to be under the sa
ment. Or a country in which different races live
same political rule is coloured to show the variety of
the world is invited to infer that one or another of t
in justice to be politically separated from the rest.
other hand the map-maker is supporting the
boundary fallacy," the map is used to show how extr
venient certain well-marked geographical frontiers
for a given nation, and the inference is tacitly draw
nation has a moral right to seize them if it can.

It is one of the ironies of modern politics that Fr
licists, after harping for three generations on one of t

as if it had been a French empire, and as if France was the natural inheritor of its limits. But since the war of 1870-71, when aspirations after the Rhine boundary have become futile, the other geographical heresy, that nationality is coincident with language, has been brought to the front. We are now asked to hold that Metz, and perhaps Liége and Geneva, ought to be French towns, because a map showing the divisions of ethnology or language would colour them with the same hue that it uses for Paris.

As a matter of fact it is equally futile to press to its logical result one or the other of these two theories. Neither "natural boundaries" nor racial homogeneity make a nation, but the sentiment of national unity; and that sentiment may overrule the most striking difficulties in the way of geography, or on the other hand may refuse to come into existence in spite of every favouring circumstance of place and race. The Greeks are a real nationality in spite of their sporadic dispersion over so many shores and islands. The Swiss are a real nationality, though they speak three tongues, are divided by two religions, and have the main chain of the Alps passing through the midst of their territory. On the other hand, Norway and Sweden, where race, religion, language, and physical juxtaposition all plead for unity, steadily refuse to coalesce, and are more divided in spirit at the present moment than when they were first united in 1815. It is useless then to draw race-maps of the Austrian Empire, or Belgium, or Switzerland, and to argue from them that disruption is right and natural. If there is a possibility that the one may break up, and a certainty that the other two will cohere, it is a matter purely of sentiment and not of physical or ethnological geography.

We have, perhaps, spent too much time over the excellent chapter in which Mr. George sets forth these conclusions. But we must find space to praise the section in which he deals with the Alps and their defiles, as fundamental facts in historical geography. Nothing is more easy, when dealing with such a subject, than to construct a mere list of summits and passes. It is far more difficult to draw up the historical reasons which in one age or another have given a temporary or a permanent importance to the individual passes, but this Mr. George has most successfully accomplished. Not least of his luminous generalizations is the one which, on pages 313-15, shows why in certain ages the Alps have had no practical influence on European history. Under the Cæsars they were not a frontier; in the Middle Ages the entities Italy and Germany did not exist; both were included in the "Holy Roman Empire," and the regions in and about them were divided up into so many small States, all virtually independent, and all formally included in the Empire, that the mountains were of little political importance. If the Emperor had to expect opposition on one route, he could take another, sometimes a very roundabout one. It is interesting, for example, to remember that Henry IV. went from Germany to humiliate himself at Canossa by way of the Mont Cenis. It was only when the fiction of the Holy Roman Empire had been forgotten, when France had come up to the Alps, and when large States like Savoy, Milan, and Venice had grown up in the valley of the Po, that the passes began to have a real influence on history. We note that Mr. George asserts that "the use of the Alpine roads has been almost entirely one-sided; invaders pour into Italy, but Italy has never, save during old Roman days, sent out her armies East or West or North." At least two exceptions to this generalization must be made—the Lombards about the year 600 A.D. poured into Provence and Burgundy, and (but for Munamolus) might have

GILBERT WHITE.

The Life and Letters of Gilbert White. leigh Holt-White. (Murray, 3

That no authentic account of the life or re general letters of Gilbert White should have a remarkable fact when the general este historian of Selborne is held by naturalists and life is taken into consideration. We feel, indebted to Mr. Rashleigh Holt-White, a gra historian of Selborne, for availing himself of hi a member of the family and publishing in two the letters, journals, and accounts which h appeared. Mr. Holt-White states in his pref worthy account of Gilbert White's career This is hardly correct. Professor Bell, who p house, and occupied it for nearly thirty yea information respecting the previous owner, and his very valuable edition of White's Selborne in 1877. In addition to this there is a long and account in the "Dictionary of National B appeared as late as last year, by one of the n zoological writers, Professor Newton. Singula two accounts are not acknowledged in the pref nor is any allusion made to the article by Jess ings of Natural History." Mr. Holt-White strongly against the misstatements that hav regarding the historian of Selborne, more espe the notes that have appeared to the innumerab well-known work.

The volumes begin with the early history o appear to be descendants of the *guti* or *riti*, wh the early Saxons, the present name White bel corruption of their tribal name. The family Selborne, where Gilbert White was born, birth, the country was so badly cultivated perfectly secluded, and could not be discovered and the roads were so bad that access was almo The description of the state of the country in remarkably characteristic. Speaking of the writes:—

> The hundreds (of Essex) in general look p fear of ague makes people dislike them. vales are bad, and there you meet with a hor a sound bottom, which is very convenient f it, but my horse found it so narrow that he and had cut himself all four. I hope the here, I shall escape the ague.

Travelling at that period must have been roads were so bad that White makes a speci horse vehicle reaching Selborne, and he himself by coach was afflicted with coach sickness.

Those who have interested themselves in t White are aware that of late years some attack upon his personal character. As long since as 18 when editing the "Colleges of Oxford" stated of his being the model clergyman, residing in h interested in all that concerned the parish in w he was from a college point of view, a rich sinecu resident . . . who continued to enjoy the

deeply mortgaged, and he never received more than the modest stipend of a curate. In holding his fellowship and the small college living of Moreton Pinkney, he took a course which other fellows had taken before him, and which was in no sense blameable or exceptional. He did not conceal his real pecuniary position from his college, and he did not, as is alleged, own at Selborne any patrimonial estate.

By his will, White bequeathed £100 to Oriel, and the Provost in acknowledging the receipt of the legacy said, "We shall take care that your uncle's kind remembrance of us shall not be forgotten, his memory will ever be respected by his Oxford friends, and dear to those of his own college, at least I am sure it will ever be so to your faithful and obedient servant J. Eveleigh." It is well known that, although White never married, he had on more than one occasion a desire to do so, but the obstacle to matrimony was that his income without his fellowship, which would have to be vacated on his marriage, would have been insufficient to support a family, and if he had accepted preferment, which was offered to him, he would have had to leave his beloved Selborne.

These volumes are particularly readable and entertaining, and not only to naturalists. They derive much value from the graphic account they give of the life of a country clergyman in the eighteenth century. Mr. Holt-White, though not himself a naturalist, has done his work with great conscientiousness. He is not a practised author, and many slips, which would have been avoided by a more skilled editor, might be noticed. More care might have been taken in the spelling of proper names, and the description of the arms of the White family are given in two different versions in the first volume and in the pedigree at the end of the second volume—neither version, we fancy, being absolutely correct.

The allusion to the numerous editions of the "Natural History" is excessively imperfect. In fact Mr. Holt-White only enumerates those which were practically reprints of the first edition, and mentions no editions published later than eighty years since. Despite these omissions the thanks of all naturalists and lovers of country life are due to the editor for these volumes, which all lovers of Gilbert White will read with the greatest pleasure.

W. B. TEGETMEIER.

Side by side with the Life and Letters of Gilbert White comes yet another new issue of the "Natural History," which has been edited with an introduction and notes by Professor Miall and Mr. Warde Fowler. Of the notes there is not much to be said. After the numerous editions of White, which approach one hundred in number, little can be added to the remarks of the previous editions. Professor Miall's introduction is mainly based upon the accounts previously published by Bell and Professor Newton. Mr. Fowler adds a few pages on White's erroneous views as to the migration of birds. The volume includes not only the natural history, but the antiquities of Selborne, and observations on the various parts of nature, which were compiled from White's diaries by Dr. Aitkin and published by him in 1802.

BUCHANAN—AND OTHERS.

ROBERT BUCHANAN: A CRITICAL APPRECIATION, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By HENRY MURRAY. (Philip Wellby. 5s. n.)

self-assertion should begin [illegible] in this [illegible] is not surprising that almost everything written of hi[illegible] who knew him intimately should savour of hypo[illegible] actually of hysteria. Certainly Mr. Murray is a d[illegible] of Buchanan himself. There are ten articles in [illegible] volume of essays, and every one of them is marked [illegible] that vigour and exaggeration which gave emphasis [illegible] withheld authority from, almost everything which [illegible] wrote. Some of the articles we seem to have [illegible] in one of the Sunday papers; and all alike are wr[illegible] flowing pen, and, from a purely journalistic point of [illegible] "good copy" and effective. But as a criticism the[illegible] fail from an entire lack of that sense of proportion wit[illegible] criticism cannot even begin to exist. Violence and ex[illegible] disfigure every page; and, though at first the reade[illegible] amused by Mr. Murray's judicial gymnastics, he soo[illegible] of the instability and perverse audacity of the whole [illegible] taste can feast long upon this sort of *hors d'œuvres* of [illegible]

The essay upon Buchanan occupies about one [illegible] volume, and during its course Mr. Murray delivers [illegible] some disconcerting *obiter dicta*. Stevenson's [illegible] "cherry-stone *chef d'œuvres*"; and the three Vict[illegible] "sweetest of posthumous regard" are Tennyson, Bro[illegible] Buchanan himself. As a set-off against this enthusi[illegible] Pye, and Crabbe are combined together for the m[illegible] Murray's contempt, and such a violence upon Crabb[illegible] defined, if restricted, talent merely proves that Mr. [illegible] temperamentally disqualified from poetic criticism of a[illegible] or authority. Again, we are told that Bucha[illegible] exponent of the deeper intellectual life of his epoch a[illegible] in its religious evolution was truer, more complete, [illegible] fore, in so far greater than his two great and fri[illegible] Browning and Tennyson"; and judgments of this s[illegible] able as they are to Mr. Murray's loyalty, are not muc[illegible] of his judgment. In short, the whole essay on Bu[illegible] scarcely be taken seriously; it is an exercise in speci[illegible] of a particularly hyperbolical type.

The other articles are for the most part reprint[illegible] of current literature, and of purely ephemeral interes[illegible] book closes with an "open-letter" to a young [illegible] meditates a literary career—a letter so packed wit[illegible] ment and perversion of fact as to invite rather fuller [illegible] tion. "I write the words in all sad sincerity," [illegible] Murray, "honestly believing that in this year of g[illegible] high literary capacity is as dire a curse as can wi[illegible] an unmoneyed Englishman." Here, again, the di[illegible] Buchanan is patent; here is the old pessimism [illegible] "literary career" with which we are all long sin[illegible] familiar. But Mr. Murray out-Herods Herod. "[illegible] very rarely done with any honesty, or with any desire [illegible] the interests of literature. On the majority of jo[illegible] scamped as lightly and as easily as possible; on the [illegible] and professedly literary organs it is performed wit[illegible] cynical dishonesty." We confess that we find some[illegible] unedifying in the spectacle of a man of letters [illegible] decrying the honour of his craft, but, when he pr[illegible] wholesale imputation of dishonest motives, he pu[illegible] out of the arena of honourable argument altog[illegible] Murray cannot be ignorant that there was never a [illegible] literary ability was less of a "misfortune" and sou[illegible] nition than it is at present; indeed, the great fault [illegible]

daily and weekly criticism was ever more honourably or more capably performed than it is at present. But Buchanan, in certain well-known utterances about the literary life, set a fashion of defiant pessimism, which Mr. Murray and a few others of his followers seem unwisely anxious to preserve. They would do better to look round for themselves and test a few of their too dogmatic accusations. If they did so sincerely, they would find cause to moderate and readjust their judgment.

SOME RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL BOOKS.

Ethics.

Mr. A. E. Taylor's PROBLEM OF CONDUCT (Macmillan, 10s. n.) is the most noteworthy book on ethics that has appeared for some time in our language. Not that it will meet with general approval; quite the reverse. Its faults lie upon the surface—and underneath. It is very ill-constructed, full of repetitions, redundancies, and digressions, with no index or table of contents, or anything else to guide one through the colossal chapters. The young thinker rushing into print with his first book is very much in evidence all through. Nor is the general tone agreeable. A remarkable cocksureness and acrimony are prominent, with a free and frequent handling of questions usually described as "delicate." And the philosophic standpoint is not speculatively hopeful or practically comforting to any one who takes morality seriously. Mr. Taylor believes in a "Beyond Good and Bad," in other words, a Spinozistic or Bradleyan Absolute in which moral distinctions are merged, not to say lost. Hence he concludes that both morality and religion are mere practical compromises which prove irrational and bankrupt when philosophically analyzed. And yet, when all this has been said, it remains true that his book will have to be read by all who wish to keep in touch with the progress of ethical theory. For it is an honest and vigorous effort to carry Mr. F. H. Bradley's metaphysical theories into the ethical domain, a task which had not been seriously attempted before. Mr. Taylor insists strongly that ethics should be an empirical inquiry and that metaphysical conclusions should result entirely from a review of experience. We agree with him, but do not think he adheres to his own precept. To us the book seems saturated with metaphysics; indeed to derive its main interest from that very fact. It would be unfair, however, to say that the interest is all metaphysical. Mr. Taylor's spirited criticism of current moral practice and doctrine abounds in happy observations and corrections of common mistakes. There is also a curious personal note about it, reminding one of Schopenhauer, as though the author's theory represented his experience of life. It is evident, too, that Mr. Taylor knows what is going on in psychology, an accomplishment not too common among British moralists.

In the sixth edition of the late Henry Sidgwick's METHODS OF ETHICS (Macmillan, 14s. n.) we have the last of the life-work of an earnest thinker and good man. He only lived to carry the revision half way through the book; the remainder has been seen through the press almost unchanged by his friend and pupil, Miss Constance Jones, of Girton. The alterations in the first half are, as might be expected, not considerable in principle, though they illustrate Sidgwick's constant striving for definiteness of thought and corresponding clearness of expression. But this edition is made important by the fact that Miss Jones'

Prof. Wilhelm Wundt's PRINCIPLES OF MORA DEPARTMENTS OF THE MORAL LIFE (Sonnenschein, 7 lated by Dr. Margaret Washburn, forms the third comprehensive "Ethics." A debt of gratitude is du lators, who have now completed their task of mak to us one of the main works of the most emi German thinkers. This debt, however, real and soli will be felt by professional specialists rather than t interested in ethical questions. For the book li the atmosphere of speculation changes as we p country to another, even when that other country us in philosophy as Germany. Prof. Wundt hard one of the problems that form the staple of an ord ethical work, such as the "Methods of Ethics" or of Conduct" just noticed, to take the first exa He views human activity in all its forms as esse festation of will, and moral goodness as an ident individual with the common will. To reason and he assigns a very subordinate function in human this is doubtless familiar enough in Germany Englishman who is not prepared for this pecul Wundt's "Ethics" will be a sealed book. His be increased by the fact that the standpoint is disclosed in the present work, but has to be gath Prof. Wundt has written elsewhere on logic and p

Logic.

Mr. Alfred Sidgwick's USE OF WORDS IN REA C. Black, 7s. 6d. n.) is a criticism of formal logic wi for replacing it by a more intelligent system. upon the existing state of things are severe, but deserved. The condition of what is known in Oxf logic" is nothing less than an educational scanda generally recognized that elementary logic shou higher education, no one has the authority to refo from the mass of mediæval absurdities which ch seems no chance of any improvement till some gre body, like the University of Oxford itself, causes a text-book to be written. To clear the way toward Sidgwick's book will do excellent service. elementary logic will always be to prevent men fr elementary mistakes in reasoning. Mr. Sidgwi that the way to do this is not to multiply rule abstract "reasoning process," but to direct a general characteristics of the matter reasone exposition of this truth in its various aspects show a dry and complicated subject to which few men c

Psychology.

Professor Joseph Jastrow's FACT AND FABLE (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. n.) is a collection of reprinted bond of union is that they all deal more or le matters psychological. The author has the A clear exposition, and in the variety of subjects layman will find much to interest and instruct hi half the volume is devoted to criticism of popular Prof. Jastrow conceives to be such. The titles essays, "The Modern Occult," "The Problem Research," indicate the kind of errors he has much discontented with the methods and conc Society for Psychical Research, which he plainly the resuscitation of "spiritualist superstitions

entirely re-arranged, enriched with new material and appendices on points of philosophic importance, and altogether makes a great improvement on the first edition of thirty years ago. Prof. Fraser's own contributions to the volumes it would be almost impertinent to praise. Berkeley is a subject which he has made peculiarly his own. Nearly forty years have elapsed since the appearance of his first essay on "The Real World of Berkeley"; and we are heartily glad to see him now at a venerable age rounding off his work of popularizing one of the most profound and stimulating of thinkers.

Nietzsche.

One great obstacle which has hitherto stood in the way of a general knowledge of Nietzsche's teaching has been the unmanageable size of his books. We do not mind ploughing through a big volume which we only half understand if we are supported by the conviction that we are doing something solidly improving. But no one cares for a *jeu d'esprit* of 500 pages, the length of "Zarathustra," which the author prided himself on

NIETZSCHE

making half-unintelligible. Thus, granting that the diffusion of Nietzsche's principles is desirable, Mr. Common has done well in compiling a volume of selections on NIETZSCHE AS CRITIC, PHILOSOPHER, POET, AND PROPHET (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.). The extracts, carefully, if not brilliantly, translated suffice to give us the main aspects of Nietzsche, and are, in any case, much anew the praise or blame of all human qualities and ch The apotheosis of strength of course involves the re the moral values of Christianity and humanitarianism replaced by the "Overman." Using this clue, the re is recommended to begin with the extracts on Ethics, no difficulty in finding his way through what might seem to be a maze of topsy-turvy nonsense. He wi Nietzsche was not uttering a gratuitous blasphemy for example, "In the whole of the New Testament only figure appears which demands our respect Pilate, governor;" or in ending his rhapsody, "Now the Futur with the words "God is dead; we now want the to live."

Professor William Knight's VARIA; STUDIES IN OR PHILOSOPHY AND ETHICS (Murray, 7s. 6d. n.) ar addresses which have been delivered from year to introductions to the author's class-lectures at St. They range over a fair variety of topics, such as "Ou Philosophical Outlook," "Poetry and Science," and the dation of Public Opinion," but do not start much n Their style, however, is agreeable, the poetical quota and the sentiments unexceptionable. Modestly refer the author himself as "Nugae," they may be recomm those who do not like their philosophy too strong. T of the title "Philosophy and Ethics" is a little st first till one realizes that "ethics" means "practical m

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Bodley's "France."

Mr. J. E. C. Bodley has just brought out in France edition written by himself of his well-known book on th and Working of French Political Institutions. As he without complacency, in his preface, "my compatriots have the necessary leisure to cultivate these audacit which does not surprise me, now that I have successfu to a certain extent the genius of the French tongue." will now appeal to the public whom, after all, it pa concerns; and this public will be struck by the con the writer that the Third Republic is bound eventuall way before the multiple assaults by which it is be Bodley expresses general ideas which may often be Taine, and which, when they are personal, almost h reflect the bias of that portion of the fashionable Fre with which he has been thrown. Hence the courage w he says again and again, "the Third Republic will n long as the Hanoverian dynasty." Mr. Bodley originally book before the Dreyfus affair. In the preparation edition was an admirable opportunity for attempting by the touchstone of the facts revealed during this gre his often accurate and instructive, but singularly unsa observations. Yet Mr. Bodley has carefully neglec opportunity. In his preface he tells us that he has only it. But he has made notable changes, especially in th on the French Socialists. If, after the Dreyfus affair, M could write such a sentence as the following, one is te regret that he did not postpone all allusion to this matt subsequent volume:—"The action of the Socialists i ment in the Dreyfus affair showed their incapacity to p deviatingly the realization of their so-called social ide

Canada and the Empire.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENTS, by W. Sanford Evans (Unwin, 6s.), is not merely an account of the gallant exploits of the men of Paardeberg, but a treatise on the past, present, and probable future of Canadian Imperialism. The military history in the book is not, indeed, much more than a common-place compilation; the political essay is valuable and suggestive. "Is the existing machinery for the management of Canada's external activities and of its co-operation with the other parts of the Empire wholly satisfactory?" That is the question which Mr. Evans raises, and his reply to it is:—

> The most economical and safest machinery does not exist in Canada for managing its external interests; and there are defects in the connexions with the other parts of the Empire and with foreign countries which impair efficiency through an unsteady transmission or waste of power.

This "because there is no one agency in Canada to which the work of managing Imperial activities has been definitely entrusted," and because there is no provision for consulting colonial feeling before adopting a line of policy from which war is likely to result. Mr. Evans continues:—

> These considerations lead up to the solution I venture to suggest for the immediate difficulties. There must be in the Dominion Government a Minister who is as distinctly and definitely responsible for the external activities of Canada as is the Colonial Secretary in England for Colonial Affairs or the Foreign Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Arguments might be urged against this proposal as well as in favour of it. The danger that a Canadian Imperial Minister might use his position, under popular pressure, to force a war with France over the Newfoundland fisheries is not to be ignored. Its appearance, however, is welcome evidence that young Canada does not shrink from its responsibilities, and it will, no doubt, be carefully considered in high quarters if Canada formally adopts it.

The Influence of Public Schools.

Mr. J. G. Cotton Minchin's OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS (Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.) has quite a place of its own among the many books about public schools that have been written lately. It is no set and formal history systematically or chronologically arranged, but a continual out-pouring of anecdotes about old masters and old boys—such as one hears when old boys foregather, but on a grander scale—together with occasional expressions of opinion as to the superiority of public schools to all other schools whatsoever and wheresoever. Not being a Ruglsian, Mr. Minchin naturally refuses to give Dr. Arnold the credit for all the improvements that have ever taken place in public schools since his time. Even in the fashioning of prigs, he points out, Dr. Moberly of Winchester was quite his equal, the principal difference being that Moberly's prigs were High Churchmen, whereas Arnold's prigs were Broad Churchmen. Each sort of prig has had, no doubt, a place and a use of his own in the general scheme of things; and Mr. Minchin has a reasoned and temperate admiration for both headmasters, though he refuses to give either of them the glory that is the other's due. He makes a mistake, however, in supposing that it was the English public school system with which the author of "A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons" fell in love. The school on which M. Demolins based the conclusions set forth in that book is a private school—the particular enterprise of a gentleman whom the majority of

except that the proofs have been abominabl
tient la supériorité," "Deus dat incrementum,"
are only a few of many errors allowed to pass
them is noted in the long list of corrigenda.

The Knights of the Garter.

In THE STALL PLATES OF THE KNIGHTS OF T
GARTER, 1348-1485, by W. H. St. John Hope (
Constable, 12s. 6d. n. each), we have the beginnin
heraldic work. Affixed to the backs of the stal
St. George's Chapel, Windsor, are a consider
plates of gilded brass, varying much in
which bear the enamelled or painted arms of t
Order of the Garter. The series extends over a p
of five centuries, and there still remain about six
memorials, or nearly seventy-two per cent. of t
number. In the interesting letterpress th
these plates, Mr. Hope points out that the stat
originally provide that as soon as one of the fi
die, a shield of his arms (made of metal) and h
fixed to the back of his stall, and that his succes
manner set up their arms beneath those of the f
that their plates shall be of a smaller size. The s
VIII. made two changes—viz., that the plate of a
put up within a year of his installation, instead
and that knights who were foreigners might set up
or fashion that they liked. The size of the p
four inches to fifteen in length, the larges
foreign examples.

Mr. Hope considers that the dimensions
up, ten and a-half by seven and a-half inches, a
posterous." In the excellent critical introducti
divided into six special groups, the study o
light many interesting details. The exact n
memorials now extant is 588; but the numb
have been elected into the Order from 1348 dow
time is 812. The missing plates are to be accou
ways—viz., through theft, through removal
degradation, and through neglect of the statu
erection. The third reason probably accoun
largest number of those that are missing. As
known to have been stolen since the publishing
One of these—viz., that for Sir Charles So
Worcester (1514-26)—actually came to light a y
the shop of a marine store-dealer in New Z
replaced in its proper stall in 1898. It is propo
cation, which is to be completed in eight parts,
of 90 full-size coloured facsimiles, each havin
note. The first part, in addition to the introduct
plates; the earliest of these are two of the f
John de Grailly, who died in 1377, and Sir N
died in 1386. A charming small example is th
Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick (1373-1401). The
Astley, who died in 1486, is beautifully executed,
arms sink into insignificance when compared
detail of the helm and crest and mantling;
silver harpy, and the red mantling is powdere
gold flowers. He was the elder son of Sir T
Nailston, co. Leicester. In August, 1438, he de
Masse in Paris, in a mounted combat; and, fou
was the victor in a fight with axes against
Aragon, at Smithfield; this latter achievement
hood and a pension of 100 marks a year. In 1

existence, have been men of special distinction. The facsimiles reflect much credit on the publishers; it is a pleasure to note that the general effect is not spoilt by attempting to reproduce actual gilding.

A Sentimental Journey.

The peregrinations of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's Penelope are almost as well known by many as those of Homer's Ulysses. Her travels in Scotland and England are now followed by PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES (Gay, Bird, 6s.), which will give an equal amount of delight to her admirers. For our own part as we read through these trivial, facile, elegant, and allusive pages we are inclined to cry aloud for the Mrs. Wiggin of "Timothy's Quest." Salemina, Francesca, Benella, Mr. Beresford, and the rest, may be real people for all we know, while Timothy of the Quest was certainly an invention, but he was the true man. The present ladies and gentlemen act up to the guide-books, as it were, and perform their tricks just at the right moment at which to see a good view of "the Urbs Intacta" or to drag in a verse by Father Prout. But Mrs. Wiggin's delicacy and charm can never leave her even when she devotes to the compilation of sentimental guide-books what we had hoped to see given to pure art. Her facts and figures are carefully verified, and then hidden under an agreeable mask of fiction and "literary" quotation; but like many another casual visitor to Ireland she sometimes trips in a bright and cheery way. Penelope, for example, says:—"I've studied the song-writers more than the histories and geographies, so I should like to go to Bray and look up the Vicar. . . ." Every one is forced to learn sooner or later that the Bray in which "loyalty no harm meant" is an agreeable village on the River Thames where Ascot parties may be made up, and not in county Wicklow, Ireland. Apart from the pleasant little history of Penelope and her friends, the main charm of Mrs. Wiggin's latest book is the admirable spirit of sentimentality with which she approaches Ireland and the Irish. Leinster, Munster, Ulster, Connaught, and Royal Meath are taken in turn and each part of the island is submitted to the alchemy of Mrs. Wiggin's gaily sentimental mood. Much of the beauty and grace of Ireland may be learnt from her "experiences," but, of course, the vital questions at issue and the fount of the *lachrymæ Hiberniæ* are left untouched.

China.

A record of events startlingly like the occurrences of our own day is given in THE ARROW WAR WITH CHINA, by Prof. C. S. Leavenworth, of Shanghai. The war (1856-1860) arose out of the attack made by Chinese on the lorcha *Arrow* when lying off Canton, against which the British Consul—afterwards Sir Harry Parkes—protested. Then, as lately, we had Ambassadors fired on, allied forces marching on the capital, the lady who is now Empress Dowager in flight, and Li with his own plans for a settlement. The story has been told by Lord Loch in his "Narrative of Events in China" and in Mr. Stanley Lane Poole's "Life of Sir Harry Parkes." It is related briefly and readably, with due reference to authorities, and a bibliography, by Professor Leavenworth, who takes a hopeful view of the progressive enlightenment of China which the *Arrow* war helped to advance.

At the same time we have from Mr. Stanley Lane Poole another volume called SIR HARRY PARKES IN CHINA (Methuen, 6s.). It gives us at once a sympathetic biography and a careful account of Anglo-Chinese relations from 1830 to 1885. In The various Chinese wars are related in sufficient detail; character-sketch is admirably done. The author has tre the same ground before in the two-volume biography mentioned, which he wrote with Mr. F. Victor D but the reproduction of the narrative in a briefer and more form is quite warranted by the importance of the subject extent of the public interest in it.

Mr. Stephen Crane's Last Book.

In GREAT BATTLES OF THE WORLD, by the late S Crane (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), we see a writer usually t attempting a task for which he had no particular qualifi and failing in it. The thing which Stephen Crane und and knew how to depict was the psychology of the batt In attempting to describe a number of battles in a papers about the length of magazine articles he had little tunity of displaying this talent; and the particular required by the military historian he did not possess. but Stephen Crane could have written "The Red B Courage." Almost any war-correspondent might have the book before us. Not only is it inferior to Napier's is inferior to the work of the Rev. W. H. Fitchett. Any will compare the accounts given by the three writer storming of Badajoz will see that Stephen Crane's acco bad third to the other two. His battles, besides Badaj Vittoria, Plevna, Burkersdorf, Leipzig, Lützen, New Solferino, and Bunker Hill.

A Regimental History.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, by Mr. Walter (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), the second volume of a series o mental histories, deals with a corps which has sub claims to have its history chronicled. The Northum Fusiliers are second to none in military distinction Regiment was raised so long ago as the year 1674, and one of the oldest in the service. Its uniform (which is also in its way) has been worn by many of the most famous soldiers of the past two centuries; and its roll of "honours" includes at least one that is borne by no other now in existence. This is that of "Wilhelmstahl," wh 1762, while fighting against the French, the Fifth were mental in effecting the capture of an entire division of the It was in this regiment, too, that the celebrated Phoebe served for some years as a private soldier without her sex discovered. Recruits were apparently accepted in thos at an even more youthful age than at present. This actually enlisted when only fifteen years old. The vol brought well up to date, since the history of the regimen any rate the earlier stages of the present campaign in Africa is included therein.

I. Y., by "The Corporal" (Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d. facetious grumble at the discomforts of the African camp

The second volume of THE LIVING RACES OF M (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d. n.) is now out. It is a popular acco the manners and customs of various peoples ranging fr Bantus to the British, and the photographs, which as bef of more account than the letterpress, are excellently pr and carefully selected.

The question of the treatment of the Jews in Roum one of intense interest to the small public that tak interest in it at all. All the material for a complete s

are good. There are also some translations of old Basque ballads; but these will only appeal to the few. There is no climbing, or rather the eminences ascended are only hills.

Some people may not like to see the actual scenes that have been depicted in their favourite novels. But for those who do Mr. Clive Holland's PILGRIMAGE TO WESSEX, printed by Messrs. Percy Lund, Humphries, with illustrations of the places round about Dorchester described by Mr. Thomas Hardy, will be just the thing. In inspecting the kitchen where Tess and Angel Clare supped on their wedding night and the "half dead town-let" where the D'Urbervilles lived there is something of the same pleasure as there is in running down a quotation.

The notes made during eight years' driving tours are put together in CONTINENTAL ROAD TRAVEL IN CENTRAL WESTERN EUROPE by W. J. A. Staines (Chapman and Hall, 12s.). It is rather a book to turn over in quest of information about unfrequented places which it would be worth while to visit than one to read steadily through; quite common-place in style, though pleasant enough to treat as we suggest. There are some photographs of rather more than average merit.

"Madge's" BOOK OF COOKERY (Marshall and Son, 3s. 6d.) is a valuable addition to the numerous cookery books provided for the English housewife. "Madge" is well known to be practical and economical, and her recipes are within the reach of the average housekeeper. Her chapter on vegetables especially is excellent. Part II. of the book deals with "Home Management," and this makes it very useful for young housewives. Nothing has been forgotten, and the advice given is sensible and sound. How to deal with servants, tradespeople, &c., how to buy, how to manage the work of the house—all this is clearly told. The young woman who starts housekeeping, without knowledge on the subject, might do worse than buy the book and carefully study "Madge's" valuable hints.

FICTION.

The Tragedy of Womanhood.

We fear that those who, in the old days when Mr. George Moore was wont to confess the unregenerate devices and desires of a young man, did not find him very amusing, will, now that he leaves the curiosities of youth for the analysis of an indeterminate woman's soul, consider that he occasionally approaches dulness with no timid strides. But in EVELYN INNES (cheap edition, Unwin, 6d.) and SISTER TERESA (Unwin, 6s.) the many admirers of Mr. Moore may find a prodigious deal of earnest consideration of a few circumstances interesting to the amateur in the art of living. Evelyn Innes was a gifted artist with some of the defects of her qualities and with strong religious tendencies—a woman who had discovered two instincts in herself, an inveterate sensuality and a sincere aspiration for as piritual life. The story of the second part of the book, called "Sister Teresa" is that of the struggle in one soul between the hedonic and wayward artist of the stage and the devotee of the highest life. This exhaustive account of Evelyn as she tries to accept the shelter of the conventual life, reverts to the world, returns to the life of the "vocation," and finally has her fate settled for her apart from the workings of her own inconstant, complex, and highly energetic nature, receives from the author an almost pathetic care and elaboration. Convent life may be little enough known to all of us, but Mr. Moore enters into the souls of the women he creates with a perfect sense of power and insight. The Prioress of the Passionist Nuns at Wimbledon, the Mother, Mary Hilda, the Sisters, Mary

congratulate Mr. Moore on his power to co
his masterpieces; we could only wish that
taste for textual alteration somewhat furth
much that is wearisome in the present work.
dogmatic and content, but, again a little while
his work of yesterday is, in his own phrase, "s

Such a book as "Sister Teresa" shows
extraordinary perseverance, but what is the o
this really enormous piece of work? A gift
to be good to do, as it were, the best for he
steadfast in any desire, and play-acting is
shelter of the Church of Rome is, therefore
tries it and finds herself still acting, still
Sister Teresa comes to be of much the same o
who early states the case for the convent
"There are those," she said, "who slip awa
they are very young, before life has fairly
those who have had a disappointment. . . .
young, and although she has had disappointme
she recovers. Two men, out of many, Sir
Ulick Deane, constantly call to her. Aga
expresses the view that "the human animal th
sex the greater part of his and her mental li
Owen say that the arts arose out of sex; that
to capture woman he cut a reed and blew
and that it was not until he had won her that
an interest in the tune for its own sake." If
been able to take a real delight in "the tune
art she might have been spared much toil of s
have attained the peace she sought. She is
an artist in her religion, while she is too insin
of her art, as this passage shows:—"One
exalted, she thought; it is only by working a
works at art, that one prepares oneself for th
of inspiration. God is scattering the seed alw
in those hearts which are prepared to receive
The poet must write verses every day, the
every day, the nun must pray every day, so
inspired one day in the seven." These views
towards the "vocation." But even this s
attitude is broken in upon by such hopeless ap
spend the whole of my life with these women w
than children?" when Sister Jerome says
another fails to do a wise one. Almost to the
"Does another quest lie before me?" an
"She tried to stifle the thought, but it cr
like a curlew across waste lands." At last
soul is set at rest from without. At the
friend of operatic days:—"Dear Louise, all th
importance; it matters nothing whether we
children or doing the things that the world
The important thing to do is to live, and
know life, taste life, until we put it aside. Th
paradox, but it is a simple little truth. Life
and to enter into the will of God we must for
must try to live outside ourselves in the ge
Louise, who is still of the world and is now
"So this is the last stage." Thus the
lowered upon Mr. Moore's tragedy of woman
content to leave as most of us have foun

carefully written of the collection—there is fine handling of an exceptionally powerful situation. Possibly the writing may be too studied for some tastes; there are times when Miss Wharton leans towards preciousness, or when the verbal mosaic of her style tends to distract attention from the matter in hand. Here, for example, is the opening paragraph of the last mentioned story:—

> Have you ever questioned the long shuttered front of an old Italian house, that motionless mask, smooth, mute, equivocal as the face of a priest behind which buzz the secrets of the confessional? Other houses declare the activities they shelter; they are the clear expressive cuticle of a life flowing close to the surface; but the old palace in its narrow street, the villa on its cypress-hooded hill, are as impenetrable as death. The tall windows are like blind eyes, the great door is a shut mouth. Inside there may be sunshine, the scent of myrtles, and a pulse of life through all the arteries of the huge frame; or a mortal solitude, where bats lodge in the disjointed stones and the keys rust in unused doors. . . .

Such an exordium may not inconceivably frighten some intending readers. As a commencement it is somewhat too showy a piece of fine writing, and the effect would be the greater if it were introduced elsewhere, after reader and writer had got, so to speak, upon more familiar terms. The manner is more natural later on, but the observation is always acute, the expression almost always adequate. "The Duchess at Prayer" might have furnished Robert Browning with material for a long poem.

THE ARISTOCRATS (John Lane, 6s.) calls itself "the impressions of the Lady Helen Pole during her sojourn in the Great North Woods, as spontaneously recorded in her letters to her friend in North Britain, the Countess of Edge and Ross." It is a clever, mordant little book, that charms you one moment with its delicate insight and appreciation of beautiful things and places, and revolts you the next by sayings that are anything but delicate. Some of these have the excuse of wit. Some are simply coarse, and jar very much when put into the mouth of a beautiful girl, the sister of an English Duke. Some of the "impressions of the Lady Helen Pole" are shrewd enough. She finds American blood over-diluted, in life as in literature, and the American mind and attitude incurably "aristocratic," to use a word she would never think of using at home. The different types she meets are cleverly and rather cruelly sketched. The anonymous author has the art of saying what he means and saying it in good, terse English.

Colossal are the imaginings of Mr. M. P. Shiel. HIS LOAD OF THE SEA (Grant Richards, 6s.) goes back to the gigantic scale of "The Yellow Danger," and deals with the destinies, not of couples, but of the world—we had almost said the universe. Mr. Shiel's style runs away with him. But then his conviction runs away with the reader till he is forgiven even such sentences as this:—

> Hogarth, who had a continual habit of picking his shining top-teeth, stood with the quill suspended, as if the question confounded him, maintaining that statuesque pose some moments, rather different from the other farmers, for he wore a frock coat, and was younger than they, being about twenty-six.

Hogarth was a magnificent youth, a Jew without knowing himself to be one, and Mr. Shiel's favourite type, the natural king among men. Diamonds fall from the [illegible]

LIBRARY NOTES.

King Edward the Seventh is a bibliophile in the t[illegible] of being a lover of books, and his Majesty is [illegible] attention to the Royal libraries. The Library at [illegible] was begun by Henry VIII. and contains about 100,000 [illegible] many smaller collections having been added to it from [illegible] the Royal residences. The books in the King's private [illegible] at Sandringham, are now being arranged by Mr. [illegible] Humphreys. Queen Victoria shortly before her death [illegible] to Mr. A. W. Robertson, formerly librarian of Aberd[illegible] cataloguing of the books at Balmoral, and he is just [illegible] this work to a close.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is said to intend a further [illegible] upon his encumbering wealth, but as yet the chan[illegible] definitely fixed. Fifty-six million pounds is, it is under[illegible] the air" to descend in a shower of gold, and art and sc[illegible] indicated as possible recipients. The public librari[illegible] perhaps, plead that a Science and Art Department in e[illegible] with each of them would be a real fulfilment of the [illegible] philanthropic aims.

A Cromwell Library has been established at Na[illegible] contains valuable books and prints, to which some rel[illegible] battle of Naseby will be added. It is hoped that the [illegible] will be further augmented by the purchase or donation [illegible] works on the Civil War and Protectorate. It is in the[illegible] local collections that valuable safeguards may be found [illegible] the too frequent passage of our historical records a[illegible] Atlantic.

The report of the Society of Arts Committee [illegible] binding, to which reference was made in *Literature* la[illegible] accords with the experience of librarians. The unsuit[illegible] Russia and calf leathers has been proved over and ov[illegible] Morocco is undisputably the best material for libraries [illegible] being unsatisfactory for many classes of work. Th[illegible] library escapes the evil of tobacco smoke, but gas [illegible] many cases still the illuminating agent. We wish t[illegible] attention was paid to a serious defect in modern book[illegible] —the bad sewing. Contrasted with that of a time wh[illegible] were valued for themselves, much of it is very poor stuff[illegible]

At Lewisham a new library, containing 8,000 volu[illegible] been opened. The authorities have received materia[illegible] assistance in the shape of the gift of a site and contr[illegible] towards the cost of building and books amounting to £2,7[illegible] generosity which will assist a rate-supported institution [illegible] imposing conditions is rare enough to deserve recognitio[illegible]

We have received reports from the public libr[illegible] Croydon, Lincoln, the City of Westminster and Willesde[illegible] The first records the growth of the reference dep[illegible] issues; the quality of the reading is admirable. The [illegible] Committee give a short list of books "which have ne[illegible] the shelves," but without further particulars it is not [illegible] draw any deduction from this. We are not surprised t[illegible] of the books mentioned are unappreciated, but it is cu[illegible] find Schiller the solitary neglected writer in the div[illegible] "Drama and Poetry."

The Westminster report contains statistical info[illegible] about the five libraries amalgamated under the new [illegible] pality. An increase in readers is naturally anticipa[illegible] result of the inclusion of new library districts. The [illegible]

Correspondence.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOMENCLATURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The "Victoria History of the Counties of England" lately acquired of Mr. Hartshorne the right of reproducing certain drawings which he had made of monumental effigies in the county of Northamptonshire. It was arranged that a detailed account of these effigies should accompany the illustrations. This account being full of heraldic description it passed through my hand as general editor of the heraldic portion of the work, with the result that I made several corrections of Mr. Hartshorne's blazonry. Mr. Hartshorne thereupon protested against any editing of his MS., and suggested various courses which might be taken with regard to it. While this correspondence, necessarily private, is still in progress, I am somewhat astonished to find that Mr. Hartshorne has allowed himself, without any warning to my Editor-in-chief or to myself, to take the whole question into print.

When Mr. Hartshorne claimed immunity from criticism for his MS. he was supplied with carefully considered reasons for every point in which alterations had been made. I understand him to have replied refusing to enter into any argument with me, as his opinions were unalterable and beyond argument. Yet in the interest of my work upon such a national undertaking as the Victoria History I must deal with Mr. Hartshorne's statements, however distasteful it may be for me to notice an adversary who has put himself out of court by the circumstances of his appeal.

Mr. Hartshorne's quarrel, in a word, is the quarrel of Yesterday with To-day. By dragging in the story of the chalices and patens he affords me good illustration of my point. Many years ago Mr. Octavius Morgan, having examined certain mediæval chalices, published the results of his study of them. In his pioneer work, being unable to discover the original names of those parts of the chalice which he would often have occasion to speak of, he arbitrarily applied to them names which seemed to him suitable, and to this vocabulary Mr. Cripps succeeded. Afterwards came Mr. Fallow and Mr. St. John Hope, and attacked the whole question of Church plate in the modern spirit. They discovered, examined, photographed, and arranged in periods every chalice and paten remaining in England of an earlier date than 1550, and, by the aid of inventories and the like contemporary documents, they gave each part of the chalice the simple and expressive English names which their mediæval makers had used. Messrs. Nightingale and Manning, great authorities upon ancient plate, hastened to approve of the revival of the ancient names, and for all students of archæology discussion is at an end, and has been any time these twelve years. But it is not at an end for Mr. Hartshorne. He had once learnt Mr. Morgan's words and approved of them, with the result that even to-day he is content to repeat his belief that the "ancient documents," which he has never examined, and which pronounce in every case for the change, support the case of yesterday against to-day.

In the case of heraldry Mr. Hartshorne's case is again but the wailing protest of "mumpsimus" against "sumpsimus." He having at some time in his life absorbed the mad Euclid of the late sixteenth century and seventeenth century blazonry as it are "time-honoured" and "picturesque symb courageous archæology of the writer of "Ye Fancye Bazaar" programmes would hardly c than this. The first word of the Bazaar prog way usually pronounced by its editor as it is wr tempted to wonder how Mr. Hartshorne prono and "sa."

So with the rest of Mr. Hartshorne's manif betrays the fact that he can never have seen an MS., or have wandered outside the pinfold of h His "ogres" (*sic*) and "hurts" and other verl once they are persuaded by an expert "to re story," reveal themselves as modern obscuriti part in the simple heraldic blazon of the Mide "courtly Norman French language" is in ve but a jargon of mis-spelt modern French epithe Latinisms. The "ancient language of the Pl neither art nor part in this gallimaufry, th although the ancient heralds blazoned arms for French—a French very far from Mr. Hartsh English was the tongue employed a traditi vigorous English blazonry began, which has antiquaries of to-day and to-morrow impossib For the satisfaction of Mr. Hartshorne I may "time-honoured *or* and *argent*"—I beg his pardo for gold and silver, never appear in English bla Ages, and are but survivals of the time when than heralds set themselves deliberately, in t to esotericize heraldic description.

I do not understand Mr. Hartshorne's path venerable Garter King of Arms in a questi practices of heraldry. Is it possible that studies of mediæval armour have received t the War Office? In another sentence the " Garters" are also appealed to. It would Hartshorne grasps the fact that the shades of Holmes will hardly understand his case. The " to whom he should appeal are Sir George eighteenth-century predecessors.

In conclusion may it be allowed me to say that given many years of research in the modern spir of the subject depending in great part upon th arms, I have examined personally the known exa have copied with my own hand almost eve assistance of that distinguished antiquary M the versions have been studied and collated. might entitle me to the courtesy usually accord in discussion. Yet Mr. Hartshorne, handbook himself to sweep aside the reasoned results o "mischievous and childish vagaries."

Mr. Hartshorne's own vagaries do not adjective as mischievous. In the twentieth centu must make way for "sumpsimus," and the on every branch of archæological enquiry will querulous challenge of a provincial antiquary.

Yours fai

OSW

P.S.—Since writing the above I have r "Oxonian" in your last issue. Here at least be made in favour of the decencies of contr

The last paragraph of "Oxonian's" letter can only be aimed at the publication of the "Stall Plates of the Knights of the Garter"—the first important contribution of the English Press to the study of heraldic art. By all means let "Oxonian" keep this work also out of his library, that awful place whose "scholastic standard" must not be "lowered" by the trivialities of the great English County histories. For he will find therein that the enamellers and artists of the fifteenth century were grossly ignorant of the heraldry of the handbooks, and that Talbot and his peers broke most of the "laws of heraldry," both in coat and crest, with perfect complacence.

"L'AIGLON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, May I say a few words of criticism on *L'Aiglon* from the standpoint of the play on the stage?

The fact which to me seems to preclude *L'Aiglon* from being a real success on the stage is that Madame Bernhardt plays the title *rôle*.

As Mr. Max Beerbohm has so well said, Sarah Bernhardt never once looked anything but a woman. Agreeing with this most entirely, I fail to see how real justice can be done to M. Rostand's conception of Napoleon's son until it is played by a young actor—or at least an actor—not actress, of genius. Again, the scene at Austerlitz, though impressive when read, must appear to most as melodramatic and theatrical when the play is acted.

Personally I was most convinced by the scene between the old Austrian Emperor, Metternich, and L'Aiglon; but even there L'Aiglon was (if younger than in the other parts of the play) a girl and not a youth.

Although it is impossible to regard the latest of M. Rostand's plays as a masterpiece, or in any way equal to *Cyrano*, yet his conception of the young Duke's life is a fine one, and worthy of a happier interpretation.

With apologies for encroaching on your space,

I am yours faithfully,

ROBERT H. STEPHEN.

Madeley-house, Richmond, Surrey, July 17, 1901.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DR. JOHNSON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge will sell on next Tuesday, the 23rd July, eight unpublished letters of Dr. Samuel Johnson (now the property of General Macdonald), and addressed to Mr. Chambers. They range from October 27, 1762, to October 4, 1783. There seems to be doubt as to the person to whom the letters were addressed. The following extract may clear up the matter:—

> Sir Robert Chambers was born in 1737, at Newcastle-on Tyne, and educated at the same school with Lord Stowell and his brother, the Earl of Eldon, and afterwards (like them) a member of University College. It was by visiting Chambers, when a fellow of University, that Johnson became acquainted with Lord Stowell; and when Chambers went to India, Lord Stowell, as he expressed it to me, seemed to succeed to his place in Johnson's friendship.—Croker.

There is also a letter of Dr. Johnson to Mr. Chambers of Lincoln College; London, Nov. 21, 1751. This letter in the Life was communicated by the Reverend Mr. Thomas

last issue, although the letter is perhaps the precedi
Your correspondent no doubt "passes for reply."

1. To take up the glove thrown down in the first pa
A year or two ago I was unaware that the word "em
had obtained recognition even in respectable Engli
papers. How then could an inferior person like my
that this is the correct form of *employé*. We cannot
keep the Oxford or the Century Dictionary, or even a
at our elbow, and most of us find lesser authorities gu
for everyday use. On consulting my own the
Dictionary (Collins, 1871)—not only do I find no m
"employee," but I find the following entry:—

> Employe (ong-ploy-â), n. (F. p.p. of employer). O
> employed.

Now I am neither defending nor condemning my Coll
take it that this entry is conclusive proof that
"employee" was not the good English which you
spondent assures us it is. Will he inform us when an
became so?

In "ong-velope" I do not recognize the usual, or
rate, a very common, pronunciation of the word, whic
to be "on-velope"; and in this I do not see anythi
hensible, for the simple reason that it has become the
pronunciation, and is used by myriads, who, so
supposing that they are talking French, do not even k
the word is of French origin.

Nor do I think that "depôt" is absolutely inde
If your correspondent allows himself to use the diere
does in his correctest English form "naïvety," wh
circumflex in "depôt" utterly unjustifiable?

The rest of the paragraph implies that most
writers professing to know French take "portmanteau,"
voir," "memoir," and so on to be the true French form
really so?

2. The second paragraph deals primarily with the
sary importation of foreign words and phrases whe
equivalents exist in English, and in this matter we a
doubt agreed. But surely it is going too far to inclu
index expurgatorius not only *employé*—already dealt w
the perfectly innocuous "bouquet" which had
English" even in Warton's day. Is every one who sp
"bouquet" a "half-educated person with only a
French and a very poor command of English?"

And now we come to the following amazing se
"Highly absurd, too, is the custom of pronouncing
words as if they were French as (amongst others)
"cortayzh," "tomahto," "bah-relief," "trai'" "pro
"restauroug," or spelling them so as (among others)
"meter," "revery," "naïvety."

Great Heavens! Are we to give up our tomatoes
our fathers—or, shall we say, feythers—preferred potat
feel sure that we shall most of us persist in our ab
rather than adopt "vaze," "bass-relief," "trate,"
menaid," and "restorante," and shall be quite content
to "metre," "centre," "reverie," and the rest. By
will your correspondent tell us what is the English spell
pronunciation of "cortayzh?"

3. In the third paragraph it is proposed to Anglicize a
of French words and expressions, but in most cases we
in doubt as to the pronunciation of the naturalized w
the first syllable of "fiancee," for instance, to be pro

What of "blouse," "route," and "tour" themselves, which, we are told, are to be pronounced as in French? Would not the unsophisticated English pronunciation make them rhyme with "rouse," "pout," and "hour" respectively?

4. The fourth paragraph, dealing with literal translation of French idioms, needs little comment. But why are we to dub the inventor of "goes without saying" a snob? Your correspondent himself proposes to Anglicize "impasse" as "impass"; why is one process more gentleman-like than the other?

5. The fifth paragraph is open to attack on all sides. Having before encouraged us to claim complete independence in the spelling and pronunciation of naturalized foreign words, your correspondent here rebukes us for not "endeavouring to find out the true pronunciation and spelling of foreign names, such as Reims . . ." Are we then to abjure acquaintance with our Jackdaw of "Reams" until we have acquired the hideous native pronunciation of the name? Are we no longer to call Paris the city by the same name as the Trojan Prince? Are we never to think of a Seville orange without remembering that the double "l" is liquid, and that the Spanish name is a trisyllable? Are the French themselves to give up their "Londres" and their "Bâle"?

We are next told that "there could be no possible objection if by comparison with foreign tongues solecisms in English itself were corrected. Thus, analogy and etymology unite in declaring the following, generally simpler, spellings as preferable to those usually adopted," and there follows a list of 130 words or more. The list is too long to admit of close examination in this letter. As might have been expected it contains our old friends "labor," "traveler," "theater," and so on, and, indeed, it claims to pronounce the final word on most of the questions of orthography that have been the subject of debate for years. I may perhaps be allowed to notice a few instances of the new spelling that we are to adopt on the ground of analogy and etymology. We are, it appears, to write "caracter," because, I presume, the French write "caractère." But the Germans, on the other hand, write "charakter." Why is the English a solecism? And would the new spelling be more correct etymologically? We are to write "remarcable," although we write "remark"; and the French write "remarquer" and "remarquable." What has the new spelling to do with etymology or analogy? We are to write "criterium," because, presumably, it is the French form of "criterion." Why, then, are we to prefer the semi-Greek form "acoluth" to "acolyte," which is the French form? Here there is a trace of etymology; but where is the analogy? In a former paragraph we were told that "kilogramme" was a barbarism, and that we should write "chiliogram." Yet here we find "cronicle," "caracter," and "coler." Surely there is inconsistency here. We are to write "fantom" and "feasant"; why not "Filip" and "filosofer"? We are to write "cozy," in spite of the s in the German "kosen" and the French "causer"; why not "Jozyfeen," "buzy," "eazy," "pozy," "rozy," and plenty more?

6. In the last paragraph we have a list of over forty words, the pronunciation of which requires correction; but, inasmuch as we are left in doubt in a great number of instances as to the correction required, it is impossible to express either assent or dissent—one would have thought that the pronunciation of "humble," the first word in the list, was now pretty well settled. But we have no means of judging what your corre-

It correct to accent the prefix in some Latin w
"cóntent," "répute," and the verbal root in
mént," "perféct," "contráct"?

Yours faithfully,

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In Mr. Phipson's interesting compil
phrases, many of which are dear to the *lit*
Phipson), the appearance of the word to the
been overlooked. A pleasant combination of
its meaning to the brain more directly than u
tions suggested by Mr. Phipson.

Who, for instance, would look at "cr
"cristal"? And surely it is the same with
seems to lose half the power of its pictures
the loss of the "t," and if ever there w
"renascence" is one.

Reading depends on the eye, and quick
sary nowadays) on the appearance of the pag
type and spacing but on the groups of wor
good reader will take in half a dozen lines whi
be in the first. In time we may be able to rea
seconds, but not if it contains such things as "
"coud" (?), &c.

I am yours faithfully,

7, Pall-mall, S.W., July 15.

GOLDSMITH'S DEATH

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Lord Rosebery hardly stands in n
Wall's correction. Doubtless his Lordship
Macaulay's biography of Goldsmith in th
Britannica" (reprinted in his "Miscellan
that essay the following passage occurs:—

"You are worse," said one of his m
"than you should be from the degree of fev
Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not
recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith.

To refer to another matter; "Matelot"
from your bibliography of Pierre Loti.
pathetic study of nautical temperament, wit
curiosa felicitas, may well rank with its aut
ments.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
M. GRE

243, Hackney-road, N.E., July 13.

HURRY CHUNDER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—No one knows better than Mr. Kipli
Lord Curzon, the most indefatigable tourist amo
has reminded the world that India is as big
Russia. No critic could find serious fault with
who should betray an ignorance, say, of the tr
and we must not be surprised if the novelist
the Punjab and Rajputana by right of conq
of detail when he writes of distant Bengal. Th
duce into "Kim" a "teaplanter in Manipur

are prosperous Frenchmen and Germans. It is possible that Mr. Kipling, in creating Kim's friend Hurry Chunder (I wish the name were not so disagreeably anomalous), had some particular stout Bengali in his mind's eye. But it seems a pity to erect the fat baboo into a conventional type; especially as the number of Bengalis employed on political business is probably small. One of them, at least, a slim, upright little man with a bright intelligent face, has penetrated more than once, in dangerous disguises, to Lhasa, and has experienced adventures far more thrilling than those of Mr. Savage Landor. One would have liked to see that type vary the conventional description of the fat and pompous baboo. Jos Sedley is not one of Thackeray's greatest successes, nor is he an adequate type of the Indian Civil Service. Similarly, portly pompousness no longer adequately describes the modern Bengali. The lamented Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, the type of the learned ascetic, an Eastern Cardinal Newman, was a Bengali baboo. The religious reformers Ram Mohan Roy and Keshab Chandra Sen were neither portly nor pompous, and they were Bengali baboos. The poet of modern Bengal—the "Bengali Byron," as he has been called in a mixture of jest and appreciation—is a Bengali baboo. He has the slim oval face, the bright, dark eyes, the gracious and proudly submissive manners of an Italian or Spaniard of good family. Of course, it is open to Mr. Kipling to depict the Turveydrops of Bengal. Unfortunately, Mr. Kipling's readers in Great Britain and America are prone to take his portraits of rare and interesting specimens as types of the races to which they belong. It is not so long since the blameless Anglo-Indian matron was identified with Mrs. Hawksbee, and the British private was compelled to write to the papers to protest that the Army was not entirely composed of rascals so engaging as Ortheris, Mulvaney, and Learoyd. One would have thought that every middle-class English household had Anglo-Indian cousins, and could make the necessary discount for a novelist's imaginative mode of representation. But few Englishmen know the Bengali baboo. Lord Macaulay set a heavy foot on him, the late Mr. Aberigh Mackay continued the tradition, and Mr. Kipling himself has fallen into the rut. Has he forgotten that one of the most popular preachers in the United States of America is the Hindu reformer, Mr. Majumdar—a typical Bengali baboo? Like most of us who were born in India, Mr. Kipling in his infancy probably had the weird howl of the jackal thus interpreted to him:—

"Here—lies—a—fat—baboo—oo—oo—oo!"

To which all the other jackals answer—

"Where, where, where, where, where?"

Personally, I should like a *thin* baboo—for a change.

Mr. Kipling's fat Hurry Chunder is evidently going to be very amusing. But I wish Mr. Kipling could alter his baboo's name, and had not made him the usual fat man with a Johnsonese vocabulary. "Ali Baba" exhausted that amusing convention. Mr. Kipling, at his best, is so far above carping criticism that it argues no disrespect if I regret his smaller slips. And one of the worst of these, I must respectfully maintain, is

Ealing. "HURRY CHUNDER."

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Mr. Prothero's last volume of the Byron letters in Mr. Murray's new edition is practically ready, and contains an index to the whole. The sixth volume of the poetry, completing the

Froude's *Pecksniff*. A few weeks ago the M[illegible] Parliament for the Universities of Oxford and Cambri[illegible] nally presented a copy of the Revised Version to the D[illegible] Chapter of Westminster for use in the Abbey services.

Shakespearean students should be interested in the an[illegible] port of the German Shakespeare Society, which has just pu[illegible] its annual report. It contains a bibliography of all th[illegible] musical compositions which owe their inspiration to Shak[illegible] and Professor Brandes contributes an article on the [illegible] translations of Shakespeare which have been made [illegible] German stage. The most popular seems to be the one [illegible] Schlegel and Tieck collaborated about a hundred years a[illegible]

Mr. Murray announces an illustrated edition of W[illegible] Cripps' well-known work on "Old English Plate," wh[illegible] gone through many editions since its first appearance [illegible] "The correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826," [illegible] In two volumes by Lady Ilchester and Lord Stav[illegible] another of Mr. Murray's autumn publications—will [illegible] elaborately illustrated, and contain a short political s[illegible] the period from 1760 to 1763, written by George Fox, fir[illegible] Holland, and other MSS. found at Holland-house.

Dr. Alexander Macbain is editing anew Dr. Skene's [illegible] Highlanders of Scotland," which was published in 1837, [illegible] long been out of print. Alluding to Skene's historic[illegible] Stevenson writing from Samoa to his cousin said:—

> Tell some of your journalistic friends with a go[illegible] to popularize old Skene; or say your prayers, and r[illegible] for yourself. He was a great historian, and I was his [illegible] clerk and did not know it, and you will not be in a [illegible] grace about the Picts till you have studied him.

The new edition is to be published by Mr. Æneas [illegible] Stirling.

Sir James Redhouse's well-known "Turkish-Engl[illegible] English-Turkish Lexicons," which have been published f[illegible] years by the American Mission at Constantinople, ha[illegible] taken over by Mr. Frowde. It is nearly ten yea[illegible] Sir James Redhouse died, and his great unfinished ma[illegible] dictionary is in the British Museum.

The Oxford University Press announces a life of [illegible] the first Buddhist Emperor—the "Buddhist Constanti[illegible] became a convert to Buddhism about 257 B.C. The [illegible] Mr. Vincent C. Smith, and will form the fourth supple[illegible] volume to the "Rulers of India" Series edited by the [illegible] William Hunter, who also wrote the first of the supple[illegible] volumes—"A Brief History of the Indian People," n[illegible] eighty-fourth thousand.

Mr. John Stanhope Arkwright, M.P., of Hampto[illegible] Leominster, who lately produced a small volume o[illegible] entitled "The Last Muster," has entered into partners[illegible] publisher with Mr. R. Brimley Johnson. The title of [illegible] will remain unchanged.

Mr. Thomas Greenwood is engaged upon an appreci[illegible] Edward Edwards, the founder of the public library move[illegible]

Books to look out for at once.

"Modern Europe, 1815-1899." By W. A. Phillips. Rivington[illegible]
[Completing the series of "Periods of European History" by Mr. Arthur Hassall.]

"History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Eu[illegible] Vol. 3. By J. B. Crozier. Longmans. 10s. 6d.
[Political, educational, social, including an attempted [illegible]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

SOUVENIR OF SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN. A Brief Sketch of his Life and Works. By W. J. Wells. [illegible] × 8½, 134 pp. Newnes. 3s. 6d.
[A popular sketch, with copious photographs, facsimiles, &c., and a list of works.]

MR. GLADSTONE AS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. A Study. By S. Buxton. 8¼ × 5½, 177 pp. Murray. 5s. n.

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL: Poet and Leader in Provence. By C. A. Downer. 7½ × 5, [illegible] pp. Columbia University Press and The Macmillan Co. 6s. n.

CHEZ NOS CONTEMPORAINS D'ANGLETERRE. By Charles Legras. 7½ × 4½, 302 pp. Paris, 1901. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.

CLASSICAL.

THE ELEKTRA OF SOPHOKLES. Ed. by M. A. Bayfield. 6¾ × 4½, 163 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

THE LATIN PRONOUNS IS, HIC, ISTE, IPSE. A Semasiological Study. By C. L. Meader, Ph.D. 8½ × 5½, 222 pp. The Macmillan Co. 7s. 6d. n.

FICTION.

JOHN TOPP, PIRATE. By W. Clemens. 7½ × 5, 302 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[An adventure story of fighting with the Spaniards in Queen Elizabeth's time.]

MY LADY'S DIAMONDS. By Adeline Sergeant. 7½ × 5½, 346 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
[A detective story of stolen diamonds.]

A GREAT LADY. By Adeline Sergeant. 7½ × 5½, 293 pp. Methuen. 6s.

A WOMAN ALONE. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 7½ × 5½, 265 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
[Three stories, of which the title-story, telling of a love marriage spoilt by the selfishness of the husband, is by far the longest.]

BERGEN WORTH. By W. Lloyd. 7½ × 5½, 276 pp. Unwin. 6s.
[The story of a murder mystery at the time of the Chicago riots, 1894.]

QUINCEY ADAMS SAWYER AND MASON'S CORNER FOLKS. By C. F. Pidgin. 7½ × 5½, 566 pp. Unwin. 6s.

HER GRACE'S SECRET. By Violet Tweedale. 7½ × 5½, 402 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

MARRABLE'S MAGNIFICENT IDEA. By F. C. Constable. 7½ × 5½, 328 pp. Blackwood. 6s.

LITERARY.

AN ENGLISH COMMENTARY ON DANTE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA. By Rev. H. F. Tozer. 7½ × 5½, 621 pp. Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.

NOUVELLES CONVERSATIONS DE GOETHE AVEC ECKERMANN. 1897-1900. 7½ × 4½, 320 pp. Paris, 1901. Editions de la Revue Blanche. Fr. 3.50.

THE LABYRINTH OF THE WORLD AND THE PARADISE OF THE HEART. By John Amos Komensky. Ed. and Trans. by Count Lützow. 7½ × 5, 347 pp. Sonnenschein. 6s.
[The first English translation of this interesting work of the Bohemian educational reformer (1592-1671). It closely resembles the "Pilgrim's Progress," which it preceded by about fifty years.]

MILITARY.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE BOER WAR. By R. Danes. 9 × 6½, 1,540 pp. Cassell. 7s. 6d.
[A popularly written narrative with copious pictures, some of them coloured. Comes down to April, 1901.]

ON THE WARPATH. A Lady's Letters from the Front. By Mrs. J. D. Leatherculey. 7½ × 5, 132 pp. J. Long. 3s. 6d.
[The authoress went out on hospital work in July, 1900, and was in the fort at Ladybrand during the siege in September. Personal experiences written in a very gossipy style.]

THE ARROW WAR WITH CHINA. By C. S. Leavenworth. 7½ × 5, 232 pp. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d. n.
[Reviewed on page 65.]

THE ARMY AND THE PRESS IN 1900. By a British Field Officer. 8½ × 5½, 44 pp. F. E. Robinson. 1s. n.
[This pamphlet is a protest against free criticism of the Army by journalists. Of the Press the writer thinks—"Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat."]

MISCELLANEOUS.

A RETROSPECT OF SURGERY DURING THE PAST CENTURY. By J. Poland, F.R.C.S. 8½ × 5½, 97 pp. Smith, Elder. 5s.
[The Hunterian Oration, 1901.]

CYCLOPÆDIA OF AMERICAN HORTICULTURE. N.-Q. By L. H. Bailey. [illegible] × 7½. The Macmillan Co. 21s. n.

DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING. Vol. II. F.-N. By R. Brandon, Ph.D. [illegible] × 8. Macmillan. 25s. n.

LE SOCIALISME SANS DOCTRINES. By Alberts Metin. 8½ × 6, 261 pp. Paris, [illegible]. Alcan. Fr. 6.
[A careful study of the social and economic evolution of Australasia.]

PROSPICE. Sermons by the Rev. M. G. Glazebrook. 7½ × 5½, 250 pp. Rivingtons. 4s. 6d. n.

THE STALL PLATES OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER. Part III. By W. H. St. John Hope. 13½ × 10. Constable. 12s. 6d. n.
[Noticed on page 61.]

YOUR MESMERIC FORCES AND HOW TO DEVELOP THEM. By F. H. Randall. 7½ × 5, 151 pp. L. N. Fowler. 2s. 6d. n.
[Full instructions as to qualifications for, and method of, becoming a mesmerist.]

WAGNER, BAYREUTH AND THE FESTIVAL PLAYS. By Frances Gerard. 7½ × 5, 208 pp. Jarrold.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

THE PAYING GUEST. By Lucy Snowe. CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH. By W. K. Tarpey. (Carpet Plays.) 8½ × 6½, 72 + 61 pp. Brimley Johnson. 6s. n.

VICTORIA, QUEEN AND EMPRESS. "The Last Progress." 8½ × 5½, 23 pp. Virtue.

REPRINTS.

REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE. By Julian, Anchoress at Norwich, A.D. 1373. Edited by Grace Warrack. 7½ × 5, 206 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[These visions of the fourteenth century Norwich mystic exist in two MSS., in the Bibliothèque Nationale and the British Museum. This is an edition, slightly modernised, of the latter, with introductions, bibliographical, biographical, and explanatory, and a glossary.]

ENGLISH DRAMAS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. New Edition. By J. A. Venn. [illegible] × [illegible], 401 pp. Longmans. 6s. n.
[First published 1895. This edition has many excellent full-page pictures from old portraits and prints.]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": Literature, Printing Hou

PROBLEM No. 203, by K. VARAIN, Munich.

BLACK. 9 pieces.

WHITE. 11 pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 202, by A. Troitzky. White K Kt 4; B at K B 2; Kt at K R 5; paw Q B 2. Black (6 pieces)—K at K 5; Q at Q s Q 3, Q Kt 3, Q R 5. White to play and win.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A. C. W. and others. No. 201 is a revised version of No. 17 see "Literature," May 25th. If this version proves also una must be dismissed as unsound, but now it will probably work.

L. H. G. and others.—(1) To solve the ordinary problem moves, but look much deeper; (2) Raynor's "Chess," 1s.; Lawr 1s.; and Mason's "Principles," 2s. 6d., are all useful aids to beg

THE RICE GAMBIT.—Referring again to June 15, on this remarkable opening, Mr. Brooklyn *Eagle*, says that in his analysis Whites 18. Q–R 3 is Castles, and this leave posted at R 3. The following is from the same

One of the experts, who think they can establish the unsoundness of the Gambit, is Professor Berger, of Grätz, Austria, who proposes to accomplish his object by the following line of play:—1. P–K 4, P–K 4; 2. P–K B 4, P–P; 3. Kt–K B 3, P–K Kt 4; 4. P–K R 4, P–Kt 5; 5. Kt–K 5; Kt–K B 3; 6. B–Q 4, P–Q 4; 7. P×P, B–Q 3; 8. Castles (this constitutes the Rice Gambit), B×Kt; 9. R–K sq, K–B sq! This last move of Black's is Professor Berger's continuation, and on that basis he is playing what he terms correspondence game" with Mr. Rice, proceed 10. R×B, Kt–B 3; 11. P–Q 4, Kt–R; 12. From this point White has continued with different results, but now Mr. Rice aband challenges Professor Berger with 13. P–K 6 noted analyst will experience much difficulty w

RICE

BLACK

WHITE.

White to p

We give this interesting position, and analysis. Presumably if 13. P–K 6, B×P; the game can hardly be very good for White, to surrender the piece. His Queen's pieces ar and to say the least the King's side is weak an

GAME No. LXXXIX.—Played by the first the New York State meeting:—

FRENCH DEFENCE.

White. S. Lipschitz (New York)	Black. W. McCutcheon (Philadelphia)	White. S. Lipschitz (New York)

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 197. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish on page 76 a special article on Stevenson and his work, with several illustrations. On page 86 Mr. Arthur Waugh begins a series of articles on the Principal Movements of Victorian Poetry with a paper on "The Period and the Field." Next week we shall publish a special Victor Hugo number, with a reproduction of Mr. R. Bryden's woodcut portrait of Hugo, besides other illustrations. Mr. Arthur Waugh will continue his series with an article on "The Poetry of Faith and Aspiration."

* * * *

It is announced that Mr. Austin Dobson has retired from the public service, and has been granted a Civil List pension. His length of service has been considerable, for he entered the Board of Trade in 1856 at the early age of sixteen, and has remained there ever since. The atmosphere of Whitehall seems to be favourable to delicate literary grace. Formerly the Temple was the home of the Muses, and youthful barristers, not cursed with a superabundance of work, took naturally to the profession of letters. Now it almost seems as though the Civil

that is graceful, delicate, and refined. Certainly no ot writer has caught so thoroughly the spirit and diet eighteenth century. It is his period, and he has confine self to it with almost monastic strictness. With the ex of a few scattered poems, it might be said that he never ve without its borders. And he not only knows his intimately, but has the uncommon talent of being able to d his knowledge under a light and humorous touch. Se writers are rare enough in these days: a scholarly writ is never dull is a veritable black swan in literature Dobson's "Collected Poems," issued some four years ba single volume, are the delight of every lover of graceful in prose his "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," in three have long been indispensable to all who have a kindness f gracious age.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"The Ashanti Campaign of 1900." By Capt. C. H. Ar D.S.O., and Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Montanaro, R.A. (Sand

"Renaissance Types." By W. S. Lilly. (Fisher Un

"The Hidden Model." By Mrs. Harrod (Frances F Robertson). (Heinemann.)

"Arrows of the Almighty." By Owen Johnson. (Mac

"La Bella and Others." By Egerton Castle. (Mac

"Love and His Mask." By Ménie Muriel Dowie. (mann.)

* * * *

Will the true story of the Appin murder, which pl prominent a part in "Kidnapped" and "Catriona," ever bea to transpire? Stevenson in his dedication prefixed to the says:—"To this day you will find the tradition of Appin c Alan's favour. If you inquire you may even hear th descendants of 'the other man,' who fired the shot, are country to this day. But that other man's name, inquire please, you shall not hear; for the Highlander values a s itself and for the congenial exercise of keeping it." The tr still remains. It is claimed that there are persons yet who know who shot Campbell of Glenure, and that the se transmitted from generation to generation. A railway present being constructed through the Appin country, an connect Oban with Ballachulish, near to which latter pla murder was committed. Perhaps the opening up of the c and the inrush of modern life will have some effect in solvi mystery. Coupled with the belief in Alan Breck's inn there is still among the Highlanders a strong sense o injustice done to James Stewart. But, for that matter, persons who know anything of the subject and of the in

includes several of historical importance in connexion with Jacobite affairs after the Battle of Culloden. There is a very interesting letter by John Macpherson of Rancher to James Macpherson, of "Ossian" fame, containing much curious political information, and also particulars about the celebrated Jacobite Amazon known as "Colonel Anne." This lady was the wife of Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who held a commission in the Royal Army. Notwithstanding her husband's position she raised 300 men of his clan to join Prince Charles Edward.

* * * *

The extension westwards to St. Fillans of the Crieff and Comrie Railway will open up a part of Perthshire rich in literary lore. In the vicinity of Comrie is the eastern entrance to the ancient Royal deer forest of Glenartney, amidst the "hazel shade" of which Sir Walter Scott begins the eventful chase described in "The Lady of the Lake." Then the line about to be opened traverses Dunira woods, associated probably with the most exquisite of the creations of the "Ettrick Shepherd." At the eastern end of Loch Earn, and just opposite St. Fillans, is an artificial islet, known as Neish Island, which during the reign of James V. was the scene of one of those cruel tragedies at one time common in the Highlands. A remnant of the clan Neish which had taken refuge here was attacked during the night by members of the clan Macnab, who had carried a fishing-boat on their shoulders from Loch Tay to Loch Earn. The Neishes were all put to the sword with the exception of one youth, who escaped in the darkness, and whose descendants were known as McIldonies —children of the black lad. Strathearn has many such tales. Murrays, Drummonds, Macgregors, Neishes, and Macnabs stained the heather with each others blood, and were at one time the perpetrators and at another the victims of many a horrible tragedy. The present railway line stops at St. Fillans, but is to be continued westwards, along the side of Loch Earn, to Lochearnhead, where it will join the Callander and Oban Railway. The scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Legend of Montrose" is laid partly in this portion of Strathearn, his castle of "Darlinvarach" being generally believed to be Ardvolrlich Castle, on the southern shore of Loch Earn.

* * * *

The methods of anthology-compilers are sometimes remarkable. A correspondent, well enough known in the world of letters, has forwarded to us an enclosure which he received lately from one of these enterprising gentlemen. The title of a forthcoming collection of verse stands at the head of the sheet, and the author is politely requested to send a few of his "shorter poems to choose from, and also a brief memoir for insertion in the above work." A sample page is forwarded at the same time, and the flattering announcement is made that "each example quoted will be by some sweet singer, whose gifted song is worthy of being perpetuated in such a work" as the forthcoming anthology. This is well enough, and no doubt a little gentle flattery may not be amiss in lining your minor poet, who is notoriously a shy bird. The questionable part of the transaction lies in the intimation that an "Order Card" is enclosed, of which the wording may be held by censorious critics to have the air of a bargain. "Conditionally," it reads, "to my Memoir and examples of my Poetry appearing in ——, edited by ——, I herewith order" so many copies of the said work. The compiler who exercises this fine discrimination in selecting the highest examples of modern poetry is "A Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature."

* * * *

THE LAKE AND THE STAR

All night the blue Lake lay at rest.
One star shone from the sky afa
And the blue Lake's untroubled bre
Mirrored that star.

When each grey Dawn the Sun arose
And stars before him veiled the
She longed all day for the repose
Of starlit night.

"Star, who hast left the realms of s
With me to dwell, on me to shin
My heart shall be thy resting-place
For thou art mine."

One night a storm of wind awoke
The surface of her placid breast
Till on the strand her ripples broke,
In fierce unrest.

Dark clouds obscured the moon and
The star she loved shone down
As a caged lark beats prison bars
She beat the shore.

The white surf o'er her waters trail
Her bosom heaved by storm win
While through the tempest she bew
That one star, lost.

Yet shone that star with fiery glow,
Remote from her in its lone spot
Unchanged through shine or storm,
She knew it not.

BEATRIC

* * *

Edgar Allan Poe, as every one knows, short literature, and even argued that "Par only be enjoyed as a series of minor poe undoubtedly strengthened by the saddening Brooklyn library, the moral whereof has been p in the New York *Critic*. The statistics show the way in the pursuit of serious literature select company of those who tackle Hume light heart, what a small proportion persev Three dozen readers and more gathered ready first volume of "The Decline and Fall," and the gallant band has declined and fallen to Of the two dozen who began Hume, but o persisted to the close. Fifty per cent. fell awa perusal of the lively romance of the "Vicomte What proportion the remnant bore to those w of the eleven volumes that recount the Musketeers one hesitates to inquire.

* * *

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, who died last Sa characterized by some as "a belated Elizabeth say that he was one of those who preferred man reputation of the specialist. He did many thi perhaps he was not particularly eminent in a He was a useful public servant, an art critic w more than commonly catholic and a busy lo

The late Mr. R. H. Newell, an American author of some reputation as a humorist, was chiefly notable for the series of papers, signed "Orpheus C. Kerr," which he wrote during the Civil War. From 1869 till 1874 he was employed as a writer on the *New York World*, and for the following two years he edited *Hearth and Home*. Miss Eleanor Ormerod was well-known for her researches in entomology, on which subject she had published several manuals and text-books. She had received recognition from many scientific societies at home and abroad. Mr. John Farmer will perhaps be best remembered for his share in producing the "Harrow Song-book." Some of his songs, especially those he wrote to the words of the late Mr. E. E. Bowen, have already become classical. Certainly no other musician has succeeded better in capturing the spirit at once of the rollicking and sentimental sides of school life as represented in "Willow the King" and "Forty Years On."

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., has been laid up with a severe attack of sciatica.

The effects of the late Mr. C. S. Parnell are to be sold shortly by auction at Avondale. He had amassed, it is said, a very fair collection of books on engineering and kindred subjects.

Dr. Hume Brown, editor of the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, has been appointed to the Sir William Fraser Chair of Ancient History at Edinburgh University.

Mr. Leonard Courtney's interesting article in the *Contemporary* on "The Making and Reading of Newspapers" has been reprinted in pamphlet form by the Social and Political Education League.

On Tuesday afternoon Messrs. Sotheby disposed of an important collection of autograph letters of Dr. Johnson. Two unpublished letters, to Mr. Chambers, fetched respectively £56 and £57. At the same sale a letter (1816) to Godwin from Shelley fetched £24.

"Sherlock Holmes" is due to make his reappearance in the August number of the *Strand Magazine*. "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is the name of the story.

The Swedish Nobel Prize, for the author who has produced the "most notable literary work in the sense of the ideal," will be awarded on December 10 of this year. The prize was arranged for under the will of Alfred Nobel, which also appointed the judges.

The printed books in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris are being rearranged. They are said to number about 1,200,000, and to occupy some two miles of shelving.

The Prophetic Novelist

The man of letters has always been prone to prophesy. This can hardly be surprising when we consider how difficult it is to attain to fame in any more legitimate fashion. There is always a chance, even if his books have no other value in the eye of the public, of the

near enough to the truth for the prophecy hunter a fa
should be encouraging to all future prophets. For in t
of amusement it is the hits alone which count; and the
tion of misses scored has, fortunately enough, no lat
posterity. The writer of fiction can thus sit down r
to paint the future. For one thing, a novelist need
taken seriously; for another, he has the comfortable a
that if, drawing his bow at a venture, he chance t
target once in a hundred flights, his one successful
amply atone for the misdirection of the rest. And reall
a quick apprehension, an ingenious turn of mind, a
acquaintance with modern scientific research, it is surpr
this century of swift development) how frequently the
of the story-teller are realized. M. Jules Verne, whos
charmed our boyhood, now finds himself occupying the
position of the intelligent anticipator of events. Long
record of Mr. Phineas Fogg, the hero of "Round the
Eighty Days," was beaten by an actual traveller of
blood, and the exploits of recent French "submarin
fair soon to rival those of Captain Nemo of the Nautil
the veteran French author has always strictly confine
to fiction, and has refused even to grant the intervie
statement of his opinions as to the future of M. Santos-
new airship. His English counterpart, as some have ca
—Mr. H. G. Wells—takes his prophetic gift more serio
contributes now and again serious articles to the pa
reviews in which his more fantastic descriptions of Mart
Selenites are replaced by sober anticipations of change
surface of the earth. A series of articles from his pe
running in the *North American Review*, which
"Anticipations: An Experiment in Prophecy." In fict
Wells is apt to let his imagination carry him so far
sometimes falls, perhaps, to visualize his conceptions
they remain, at any rate, somewhat obscure to the read
we may add, to the unfortunate artists who are called
illustrate his stories as they appear serially in the ma
He is apt to journey into realms so remote from this
into ages so distant from the present day, that we
standard of comparison and are apt to find his desc
cloudy and unsatisfying. In his "Anticipations"
not venture so far afield, and we can consequently esti
prophetic talent with greater ease. It is a very cons
talent, and Mr. Wells' Pegasus trots quite comfortably
the shafts of his review. It is none too common t
novelist, and a novelist with so active an imagination a
the author of "The War of the Worlds," discursi
eminently sane and practical a fashion on such sub
"Locomotion in the Twentieth Century," or "The
Diffusion of Great Cities." The author of "Lookin
ward" might have discussed such topics with equal grav
then Mr. Edward Bellamy was a novelist rather by
than by nature, and his imaginative faculty was of no v
temper. We do not know that the gifted author o
Coming Race" ever condescended to expound to the pu
periodical his views on the immediate future. And,
although Mr. Wells does this sort of thing quite admi
good deal better, no doubt, than would any of his
novelists—we confess to some doubt as to the wisdo
proceeding. To deal seriously with the possible happe
the next ten or twenty years, or even more, must seem
accustomed to leap gaily over the centuries, somethin

Literature Portraits.—XII.

ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR STEVENSON.

His Versatility.

"To know what you like is the beginning of wisdom and of old age," and Stevenson never grew old. In literature his tastes were catholic but changeable, and thus his collected writings form a complete library to fit all the moods of man. One apprehends that he never quite knew which literary form he loved best, and the resultant infinite variety makes him one of the most delightful companions in modern letters. By reason of the many sides of his character—those he develops especially for our entertainment, those he hides from us, those he half shows, and those we imagine he possessed—his work is continually interesting. He had the inestimable art of confiding a great deal but never telling everything.

From the *English Illustrated Magazine*, by permission of the Proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*.]

The "Edinburgh" edition of his works is, one is inclined to think, the most enjoyable library produced by one man of our time. If you be for the gaiety and pathos of childhood, he will give you a thousand pictures of the shining morning face; if you be for art and letters, his essays, of which he once wrote in a humoursome spirit:—

> My other works are of a slighter kind;
> Here is the party to improve your Mind!

will be difficult to match in the work of another; should you be of journeys beyond the dreams of many trav
and above this collection, there remain the
which one would be inclined to defy the worl
being wiser, better, kinder, more loving, and m

Will he remain a Classic?

It has been said that during his lifetime S
a classic, tho "Edinburgh" edition being the
of his widely spreading fame. It is now litt
years since his death, and yet one wonders—
assured? As a contemporary he was splen
haunted by the idea that the most deadly of th
may unsay some of our most heartfelt rhapsodies
one to-day who would sing as did Mr. Le Gallie

> Virgil of prose! far distant is the day
> That at the mention of your heartfelt na
> Shall shake its head, oblivious, and say:
> "We know him not, this master, nor his
> Not for so swift forgetfulness you wrough
> Day upon day, with rapt fastidious pen,
> Turning, like precious stones, with anxio
> This word and that again and yet again,
> Seeking to match its meaning with the w
> Nor to the morning stars gave ears atten
> That you, indeed, might ever dare to be
> With other praise than immortality
> Unworthily content.
> Not while a boy still whistles on the eart
> Not while a single human heart beats tru
> Nor while Love lasts, and Honour, and th
> Has earth a grave,
> O well-beloved, for you!

We have seemed to know him and so have honor
a character is
way of understa
but are we e
posterity this
tude? Last a
out admirer of
as of his wo
through Bourn
town the nut
once given hi
be remembere
there from 188
that in musing
vore he wrote:

> For love of
> for the s
> Of those, my
> country
> Who early
> windy o
> To plant a
> where w
> The surly h
> cormora
> I, on the li
> inscribe
> The name of

The would-be

FRONTISPIECE TO MISS MARIE FRASER'S "IN STEVENSON'S SAMOA."
[By permission of Messrs. Smith Elder.]

work live?" And yet the speculation, unprofitable as it may be, is always with us, especially in regard to those of whose reputation we are most jealous. Many, indeed, have attempted to appraise his position in letters of late years: the *pros* weigh equally with the *cons* and in the meantime new editions of his books are frequent. An appeal to the commercial test merely shows the hopelessness of an attempt to gauge his present position. If one might paraphrase a *dictum* of his it would be said the true services of his work are inestimable in money (or fame) and will never be paid for. His power to delight, certainly the people of his own period, was remarkable in a time not especially devoted to literature; his hold upon his public was that of the friend who had grown to be a lover; and yet we are haunted by the thought of that callous critic, Time. In the epilogue to Mr. Cope Cornford's interesting book, the result of an "eager study" of Stevenson, he says that—

> With all Stevenson's brilliant endowment and all his amazing cleverness, the sane, serenely humorous vision of the great masters is denied him. Stevenson was no "natural force let loose." Rather was he the very type of the athlete in letters, with all his powers cultivated to their utmost, informed with a rare and brave spirit, running—with many flourishes and tricks of pace—the race that was set before him with all his might.

And there can be no doubt that he lacked a certain largeness which we look for in the immortals. And yet he was often great and his dreams were greater still.

The "End of a Man's Desire."

But what of Stevenson the man, did his work and life bring him contentment? If the end of a man's desire be spiritual happiness, all the means he employs will be means to that end, and Stevenson has been so candid and so fully published that one should be able to judge, without especial personal knowledge, if his labours were crowned with the inestimable reward of peace. If ever an author was carefully read, diagnosed and dissected, digested, re-read, written about, talked of and known, as far as one human brain can know another, that man was and is R. L. S. Barring a certain amount of ill-health such as comes to many thousands of men who still have to labour, his life after the early days was a series of artistic victories, and after "Dr. Jekyll," of monetary conquests as well. Fame brought him all her wreaths and gifts. Fortune, although he constantly, and rather foolishly, complained of the want of means, was in no way niggard. His work was widely recognized, and his letters have made him deeply known to us, and the conclusion of the whole matter is this, that it were well for humanity, for the peace and joy of life, if the artistic temperament were blotted out in sneers. The letters from Vailima, if they prove anything of interest to literary people, make it quite clear that the whole business is vanity. A few hours in his garden and a little rest often seem to be Stevenson's whole desire, or rather, expressed wish; against this is the craftsman's indomitable literary ambition and the passionate following by the poet of *ignes fatui* whose dancing afar ahead were clearly visible to him even in the earliest days, when it was intended that he should rather fix his eyes on those Northern Lights which his forefathers had made it their business to build and tend. Failing the final authoritative biography, which is being prepared for us by able hands, the view that Stevenson often regretted his mode of life is forced upon us by his letters; as time wore on his passionate love of literature did not

a great deal of useful work, earned a fair wage, and would been somewhat surprised and not a little disgusted with Bohemian and gifted son. But in a thousand ways the fa family the th fathers; always i Scottish mental a although Edinbur not great He ha Norther disputat "Talk Talkers an exc account school he form convers style. Hi and con many ad in the br of his ca ties, the R. A. M. son; Mr ing Jenk biograph

R. L. STEVENSON.
From a Crayon Drawing 1884.
[From the *English Illustrated Magazine*, by permission of the Proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*.]

lived to write; the late Sir W. G. Simpson, "the im able Cigarette" of the "Inland Voyage," Mr. James Ferrier, now dead, Mr. Charles Baxter, and Mr. Henley, were among those of the society in which h and in conversation and general interchange of ide thoughts helped him to find his own point of view. Scottish too in his interest in ethics; as a moralist ever prominent and strenuous and, with perfect simpli modesty, ready to show all of us the right way and inclined to keep us strictly to it. He was of his country, too, in his romance; his dreams, his brownies, as he called them, were Scottish in their kind and fantasy. Born on the 13th of November, 1850, in Edinburgh, of which he has written many picturesque notes and a hundred cutting criticisms, he knew in his early life the meteorological purgatory of his native town.

"There," he said, "the delicate die

The Land of Counterpane.

But there also he spent a sheltered and, according to Miss Blantyre Simpson's account, a by no means unhappy youth. In the nursery days he doubtless suffered, but his nurse and mother were always at his side, and his own verse would lead one

THE CHILD'S "GARDEN OF VERSE."
[By permission of Mr. John Lane.]

to suppose that his remarkable imagination created a world for him in which he reigned with delight. Stevenson, who was always at his best in penning a dedication, never wrote a more touching and beautiful one than that which precedes his volume of verse for children and, if such be possible, immortalizes his old nurse.

The "land of counterpane" was familiar to him through many a weary hour of childish illness. Those who can remember such days will remember also that they contained happy hours, when the imagination of the patient, taught by ill-health to seek for quiet delights, planned happinesses or wove tiny romances which were to befall him when he returned to freedom. What appears sometimes to be Stevenson's imaginative insight of children's joys and sorrows is often merely a recollection of his own experiences. How vividly do the following lines recall the happier moments of a sick child's life :—

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent
my ships in fleets
All up and down among
the sheets ;
Or brought my trees
and houses out,
And planted cities all
about.

I was the giant great
and still
That sits upon the
pillow-hill,
And sees before him
dale and plain,
The pleasant land of

When the grass is ripe like grain,
When the scythe is stoned again,
When the lawn is shaven clear,
Then my hole shall reappear.

I shall find him, never fear,
I shall find my grenadier ;
But, for all that's gone and come,
I shall find my soldier dumb.

He has lived, a little thing,
In the grassy woods of spring ;
Done, if he could tell me true,
Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours
And the springing of the flowers ;
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

Adolescence.

From a delicate and "difficult" childhood, ofte
"Child's Garden," Stevenson grew, one cannot
a rather awkward adolescence. Edinburgh wa
gipsy air, his taste in Spanish cloaks and
hats. At the University he educated himsel
ing the classes, and cultivated a system of
the advantages offered him by his Alma M
him a deal of trouble and landed him, one
difficulties at home. Anyway he was consider
Professor of Engineering, Fleeming Jenkin, h
friend, had to be jockeyed out of a certifica
eye. But if the elder Stevenson was encourag
able document to believe that his son would
profession he soon learnt the truth, and at the
all idea of his building harbours and lightho
and he began to study law. In 1875 he
examination "with credit," as he says, and w
Bar.

About this time he made the acquaintance o
was then a patient in an Edinburgh hos
frequently quoted, we cannot resist the temp
Henley's excellent portrait of the Stevense
period. Of late many have tried their hand
Stevenson as he emerged from provincial lif
citizen of the world, but no one has so complete
the poet of the "Apparition."

Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspea
Neat-footed and weak-fingered ; in his fa
Lean, large-boned, curved of back, and t
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic gu
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on
Of passion and impudence and energy.
Vallant in Velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critic
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist ;
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all.
And something of the Shorter Catechist

In spite of the lines being intende

the first and only time that the master-passion of love closed its Titan grip fairly upon Stevenson. However nearly correct that may be, it is certain that the life romantic with him was mainly an affair of the imagination or, as with Watteau, of the spirit. Again, as youth retreated, the "Shorter-catechist" gained on the buffoon and poet, the Ariel and the Puck; in his home life he was evidently sincerely religious; perhaps something of his creed is expressed in "A Christmas Sermon." To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less, to keep a few friends, but those without capitulation—above all to keep friends with himself—these things were among his aims and desires but not entirely within the scope of his accomplishment.

All through his youth Stevenson pursued letters with avidity; his earliest games were not unlike his later stories, his dreams and fancies were developed, not changed, as he grew in years. During the time which he spent with his cousin Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, the period following his call, he probably tasted the essence and charm of that unquiet and delightful epoch, youth, which, as he said, is ignorance of self as well as ignorance of life. "These two unknowns," he wrote, "the young man brings together again and again, now in the airiest touch, now with a bitter hug; now with exquisite pleasure, now with cutting pain; but never with indifference, to which he is a total stranger, and never with that near kinsman of indifference, contentment." In the days of which these lines may be said to be a picture, he learned to know life and something of the hearts of men. While sporting in the shade of that venerable city which he said he must always think of as his home even when most entirely bound to those "ultimate islands" of his final resting place, and again, while sharing the fortunes of his cousin in that once gay paradise of painters, the forest of Fontainebleau—of which he wrote with so graceful a touch—he was always and at all times preparing for his raid on literary fame.

Virginibus Puerisque.

In 1876, at the age of 26, "Virginibus Puerisque" proclaimed a new literary light. These essays contain some of his most delightful work, but, like "An Inland Voyage," the record of his canoe journey in Belgium with his friend Sir Walter Simpson, and the "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," of which he once wrote:—

> It blew, it rained, it thawed, it snowed, it thundered—
> Which was the donkey? I have often wondered!

like both these agreeable volumes, this book did little beyond, what was indeed well worth doing, delight the more acute and sensitive among literary people and give unbounded pleasure to Stevenson's own circle of friends. "The New Arabian Nights" appeared in *London* about this time, but even then the author's fame was not widely known. The "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," which is just now appearing, we believe, in a new edition, did not exactly wake the echoes, although it possesses a quite exceptional charm. He himself spoke of the essays as the "readings of a literary vagrant," and adds, "One book led to another, one study to another. The first was published with trepidation. Since no bones were broken, the second was launched with greater confidence. So, by insensible degrees, a young man of our generation acquires, in his own eyes, a kind of roving judicial commission through the ages; and, having once escaped the perils of the Freemans and the Furnivalls, sets himself up to right the wrongs of universal history and criticism."

The Writing of "Treasure Island."

was living with his father and mother, and, one pres
wife and her then little son Samuel Lloyd Osbourne—
late his vigorous collaborator—at a house "lug
known as the late Miss McGregor's Cottage." He
occasion to amuse his young companion he made the
island; "the shape of it took my fancy beyond exp
he wrote, "it contained harbours that pleased me like
and, with the unconciousness of the predestined, I tie
performance 'Treasure Island.'" This very char
method of feeling for an inspiration soon developed
desired result; Stevenson was quickly at work upon
that was to end his struggles and make his name a
word.

It seems [he adds] as though a full-grown ex
man of letters might engage to turn out 'Treasure Isl
many pages a day and keep his pipe alight. But, al
was not my case. Fifteen days I stuck to it, and t
fifteen chapters; and then in the early paragrap
sixteenth ignominously lost hold. My mouth was emp
was not one word of 'Treasure Island' in my bo
here were the proofs of the beginning already waiti
the 'Hand and Spear.' Then I corrected them, livi

R. L. STEVENSON'S MOTHER, 1854.
(From the *English Illustrated Magazine*, by permission of the Proprie
Illustrated London News.)

most part alone, walking on the heath at Weybridg
autumn mornings, a good deal pleased with what I
and more appalled than I can depict to you in word
remained for me to do. I was thirty-one; I was th
a family; I had lost my health; I had never yet paid
never yet made £200 a year; my father had quite
bought back and cancelled a book that was judged
was this to be another fiasco? I was, indeed, very
despair; but I shut my mouth hard, and during the j
Davos, where I was to pass the winter, had the res
think of other things and bury myself in the novel
Boisgobey. Arrived at my destination, down I sat on

That idea of being the head of a family and one who had lost his health did not leave him after a dozen such victories as would have made many a man contented for a life time. "The Black Arrow" followed "Treasure Island" serially in *Young Folks' Paper*, and, although it is said to have been very popular, I may own it is to me like the "Song of Rahéro," one of the few works of Stevenson which do not inevitably give pleasure; even in the *de luxe* setting of the "Edinburgh" many would find it difficult to read through. Essays in *Cornhill* and elsewhere were appearing about this time, and the work we have mentioned as being prepared more or less at Skerryvore was shaping itself and soon became of infinite interest to his circle.

"Dr. Jekyll."

But it was not until 1886 that his second success with the million was effected. "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" appeared to make its appeal to all classes of readers. It was short, a great quality in a hurried age; it was compact of exciting fantasy, it caught the reader at once and held him from start to finish. Its mystery, its force, its completeness sent it

GREYFRIARS.
[From "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh," by permission of Messrs. Seeley.]

spinning across the English-speaking world. I remember seeing it produced in two well-known London theatres almost in the same week. The man in the street was at last familiar with the name of Stevenson; the bookstalls flamed with the covers of an enormous cheap edition. As Mr. Cornford says—in his life of Stevenson from which we have already quoted in the hope that all interested in the author of "Dr. Jekyll" will turn to it for the fullest information at present available—"The clergy at

largely augmented." After the publication of "
Mr. Hyde" the profession of letters must, in o
become an easy one to Stevenson. Publisher
service and the public eager for all he cared
"The Master of Ballantrae," which has been gr
and many other novels of a popular character, s
collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, followed,
of an ever-increasing circle of readers. I
Stevenson's works the plays are least generally
remain extremely interesting. When any one of
produced on the stage it has received the pra
few, and those who have had the privilege of
Admiral Guinea read by the accomplished
Welch, can have no doubt as to the dramatic po
which they are, at least, intermittently endowed.

Verse.

Thus we have seen Stevenson conducting the t
as he called it, in many ways; poet, essayist, playw
historian, polemic, and intimate letter writer. Hi
care and the natural power and grace of his
everything he wrote with an interest to all, at lea
in any way, the same paths as he followed. Amon
men of yesterday, almost of to-day, he is one of those
appeal to the literary man. Judged from the
lasting art we believe that Stevenson the poet a
letter writer will outlive the novelist and te
although at the present time he is possibly better
writer of "Kidnapped" and "Catriona" than
"Underwoods" and "The Child's Garden o
"Familiar Studies of Men and Books," "M
Portraits," or the early and later essays.

As Stevenson wrote in his dedication of "Un
a friend:—

> Some day or other ('tis a general curse)
> The wisest author stumbles into verse

but he was hardly the wisest author, and as
into the writing of rhyme there can be no doubt h
art of poetry with no little of that "broken tens
which he applied to all sides of literature. He
candid friend says—he was always particularly hap
spoken criticism of his circle—to him of some of h
"I cannot understand why you do lyrics so badly,"
unafraid, and in the end his poetry like his prose
admirable high spirit with excellent lucidity
Poetry is the fine flower of the literary arts
measure of a man's style and qualities. The
inspiration of the highest were of course denied
but from the point of view of the agreeable compan
of a thousand moods, his verse is fully satisfyin
delightful ring, a gusto in his "A Song of the Ro

> The gauger walked with willing foot,
> And aye the gauger played the flute;
> And what would master gauger play
> But Over the hills and far away?
>
> Whene'er I buckle on my pack
> And foot it gaily in the track,
> O pleasant gauger, long since dead,
> I hear your fluting on ahead.
>
> You go with me the self-same way—
> The self-same air for me you play;

Then follow you, wherever hie
The travelling mountains of the sky,
Or let the streams in civil mode
Direct your choice upon a road.

For one and all, or high, or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away.

In another mood, but with the same engaging and reminiscent music, are the verses beginning "It is the season now to go." The picture of youth and spring is as beautiful as will be found in many a classic:—

It is the season now to go
About the country high and low,
Among the lilacs hand in hand,
And two and two in fairyland.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,
Wholly fain and half afraid,
Now meet along the hazel'd brook
To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired,
Their rough-and-tumble play they shared;
They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and cried
A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face,
She strove against him in the race;
He unabashed her garter saw,
That now would touch her skirts with awe.

Now by the stile ablaze she stops,
And his demurer eyes he drops;
Now they exchange averted sighs
Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a hero is
And sweeter she than primroses;
Their common silence dearer far
Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now when they sever wedded hands,
Joy trembles in their bosom-strands,
And lovely laughter leaps and falls
Upon their lips in madrigals.

This poem contains so many extremely happy lines that perhaps one may take it as among his most brilliant essays in verse, while the "Lines to Will H. Low," which we quote, give the final gauge of his qualities and defects as a poet:—

Youth now flees on feathered foot,
Faint and fainter sounds the flute,
Rarer songs of gods; and still
Somewhere on the sunny hill,
Or along the winding stream,
Through the willows, flits a dream;
Flits but shows a smiling face,
Flees but with so quaint a grace,
None can choose to stay at home,
All must follow, all must roam.

This is unborn beauty; she
Now in air floats high and free,
Takes the sun and breaks the blue

Still with gray hair we stumble on,
Till, behold, the vision gone.
Where hath fleeting beauty fled?
To the doorway of the dead.
Life is over, life was gay;
We have come the primrose way.

These verses, one has always felt, give his innermost f the subject of the avocation of art. The amusing and "Letter to a Young Gentleman who Proposes to Ent Career of Art" is, it sometimes seems, a trifle too c *posé* to contain the real feeling; it is admirable, inc attractive, but it is not more than a brilliant piece of true meaning he gives to his friend and fellow artist—i branch of æsthetics; it is this:—One must follow as best one can, with leaden feet through the wet w miry lanes, she will ever evade us, but ever be befo vision will sustain and reward us for all until at last we doorway of the dead and can say—

Life is over, life was gay;
We have come the primrose way,

and be grateful for that much of victory. Fata

DRAWING BY STEVENSON.
[From the *Studio*, by permission of the Proprietors.

the unattainable, the might-have-been, frequently col verse.

In a totally different connexion he speaks of "tha beautiful brother whom we once all had, and whom we lost and mourned, the man we ought to have been, we hoped to be." To have loved art and lost the belief can reproduce our most cherished dreams—that appears been an attitude of mind that assailed Stevenson at all and under many changing stars. It added to his gr charm; it gave to his humorous muse "die lachende Th Wappen" which enables him so quickly to touch all hearts. This was a moral Stevenson did not tire of repeati youth," he said, "we have sights of that House Beautif which we shall never enter. They are dreams and unsubst

bility of telling us the essential beauty of his dreams, it caused him to be so exquisite a craftsman that his very means to an end almost realize the ambition of perfection.

But in his verse as a whole he was by no means pre-occupied with telling us of his beliefs and hopes. What may be called his occasional poems often show him in a different mood. The wit, the social philosopher, the gay companion, pleasantest of friends shine in much of his lighter work. One recalls in this connexion his lines to Minnie (with a handglass).

THE CHILD'S "GARDEN OF VERSE"
[By permission of Mr. John Lane.]

A picture frame for you
to fill,
A paltry setting for your
face,
A thing that has no worth
until
You lend it something of
your grace.
I send (unhappy I that
sing
Laid by awhile upon the
shelf)
Because I would not send
a thing
Less charming than you
are yourself.

And happier than I, alas!
(Dumb thing I envy its delight)
'T will wish you well, the looking-glass,
And look you in the face to-night.

And what could be neater, more instinct with a polite and catholic charity, than the well-known envoy to "Underwoods"?

Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore!

This was the spirit of the man, the one in which he faced the world and wished it well.

The Essays.

The passage from his verse to his literary essays is a very easy one, for the same spirit is clearly shown in both classes of work. Apart from the interest one has in his personal point of view in regard to such diverse writers—Thoreau and Villon, Walt Whitman and Pepys, Charles D'Orleans and John Knox, the essays are stored with many pages dealing broadly with life in general and art in particular. For example, in the Walt Whitman article he says:—

> We are accustomed nowadays to a great deal of pulling over the circumstances in which we are placed. The great refinement of many poetical gentlemen has rendered them practically unfit for the jostling and ugliness of life, and they record their unfitness at considerable length. The bold and awful poetry of Job's complaint produces too many flimsy

It would be a poor service to spread
result, among the comparatively innocent
of men. When our little poets have to be
ploughman and learn wisdom, we must
tamper with our ploughmen. Where a m
circumstances preserves composure of m
and tobacco, and his wife and children,
dull and unremunerative labour; whe
predicament can afford a lesson by the wa
his intellectual superiors, there is plainly
as well as something to be gained by teac
It is better to leave him as he is than to
It is better that he should go without th
culture, if cheerless doubt and paralyzin
to be the consequence. Let us by all me
hide-bound validity of sensation and s
which blurs and decolourizes for poor na
pageant of consciousness; let us teach
can to enjoy, and they will learn for them
but let us see to it, above all, that we giv
brave, vivacious note, and build the man
we demolish its substitute, indifference.

In such paragraphs as these throughout
son, while considering, say, the character a
David Thoreau or the life of that student, po
François Villon, manages to give us a good n
and hint at a good many characteristics
be found in the men he criticized, but were
his own many-sided and contradictory natur

Travel and Fiction.

After his poems and essays, his account
small, such as the "Travels with a Donkey

are among Stevenson's most engaging work. In fiction "The New Arabian Nights," both series, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" hold the essence of romance in solution. These, and a few tales—"Will o' the Mill," "Markheim," "The Lantern Bearers," "Providence and the Guitar," "Thrawn Janet," "Some South Sea Stories," and others—place him at once among the most entertaining and powerful writers of his period. The longer novels have been greatly praised. "Ebb-Tide" written in collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, is a remarkable piece of work even from the hand of Stevenson; "Weir of Hermiston" is concentrated and powerful; the Balfour series and the early stories full of excitement, painted with skill and polished to the last degree, but they are not for every taste. Life may be like that to Stevenson, but it is not so to all of us. As has been said, however, you may take away half of the writings of this author and leave enough to furnish forth an epicurean feast. His wit shines over all his work, but the laboured and lengthy novel does occasionally obscure the wisdom, lightness, and insight that show so clearly in his shorter works.

As a social philosopher his *dicta* are admirable; one recalls from the entertaining "Letter to a Young Gentleman" the phrase:—

> If a man love the labour of any trade, apart from any question of success or fame, the gods have called him.

From the "Amateur Emigrant" this rather happy statement on a moot point:—

> To be a gentleman is to be one all the world over, and in every relation and grade of society. It is a high calling, to which a man must first be born, and then devote himself for life.

Of taking a wife he has said, "Marriage is terrifying, but so is a cold and forlorn old age."

His best, and best known, aphorism on the wedded state is, of course, that which says:—"To marry is to domesticate the recording angel," or, in a different mood—"To deal plainly, if they only married when they fell in love, most people would die unwed." Among his many qualities he was, in a sense, a fighter. He loved polemics and held that "the spice of life is battle, and that the friendliest relations are still a kind of contest." Was not this a cry of his heart:—

> O to be up and doing, O,
> Unfearing and unashamed to go,
> In all the uproar and the press,
> About my human happiness.

Like most accomplished writers, he could occasionally be intensely bitter at the expense of the million. "I have always suspected," he said, "public taste to be a mongrel product, out of affection by dogmatism," or, in another vein of equally caustic flavour "There is nothing so encouraging as the spectacle of self-sufficiency." But, after all, Stevenson is the last man one can attempt to create from his own or his characters' epigrams; he is far too many-sided for such a course to prosper.

Stevenson as a Journalist.

Owing to the very general interest literary people have taken in Stevenson's personality and artistic career, and owing, also, to the absence of any authoritative information in regard to some of the minor incidents of his life, a good many rather absurd stories and grotesque myths have grown about his name. Those

sonian. No sooner, however, had the article been [illegible] an interesting chapter in the life of an always [illegible] than *The Times* receives a letter from the manager of the [illegible] in question—*San Francisco Chronicle*—in which he said:—

"The part of Mr. Bell's article regarding which I [illegible] to speak with positiveness is that in which he states [illegible] circumstantiality that Robert Louis Stevenson, late in [illegible]ter, 1879, arrived in San Francisco, and in the spring following year was "given a job" in the city department [illegible] *San Francisco Chronicle*, which he performed in such [illegible] satisfactory manner that the item he was assigned to [illegible] to be given to another reporter to put into English [illegible] the readers of the paper and the latitude of California [illegible] that later "he continued to write articles for the Sunday [illegible] of the *Chronicle*, but there is no indication that he [illegible] affectionately of them, for he never rescued them [illegible] files." Both these statements are absolutely false. [illegible] managing editor of the *Chronicle* at the time, and [illegible] knew every reporter, whether on the regular staff [illegible] merely detail work. I also read and accepted all the [illegible]scripts published in the *Chronicle* during the period [illegible] and can assert with positiveness that the *Chronicle* was [illegible] honoured by the offer of one from Mr. Stevenson. [illegible]

HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH.
[From "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh," by permission of Messrs. [illegible]

trust to my memory solely on this point, but have ca[illegible] account books of the *Chronicle* to be carefully examin[illegible] no trace of Mr. Stevenson's name can be found in the[illegible] he worked a single day for the paper, or contributed an[illegible] or articles, there would be a record of the fact, for the[illegible] of the *Chronicle* are methodically managed. To make a[illegible] doubly sure, however, I have questioned the then city [illegible] of the *Chronicle* and others who were on the staff of the [illegible] in 1879 and 1880, and they all unite in saying that [illegible] absolutely no foundation for the statements I am here d[illegible] as they have already been denied in the columns [illegible] *Chronicle*. I wish to add something that should be con[illegible] on this point. The *Chronicle*, like most journals, tries [illegible] the most of such facts as the exigencies of [illegible]

Mr. L. Cope Cornford's book in Blackwood's "Modern English Writers" Series, as well as Stevenson's own candid articles and letters, give a fairly full picture of his life and doings. His early education and illness, his University training, and his reading for the Bar, his own self-culture, and his intense passion for letters, stimulated, one fancies, by his gifted cousin, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, prepared him excellently for the work he had undertaken. His romantic and unconventional marriage with a lady of intensely interesting character, if one may judge by the fragmentary allusions to her in his published writings: his enforced journeyings back and forth from climate to climate, and, finally, his settlement in Samoa, where he was at once the welcome guest, the friend, the master, and the entertainer of a people with whom he deeply sympathized, and whose rights he boldly championed, all these things show in his writings. "He has put into his books a great deal of all that went to the making of his life," wrote his cousin in an interesting magazine article some time ago, and, indeed, it is clear that not only the externals of his daily round were used for his artistic purpose, but the imaginings which haunted his youth and, doubtless, were with him all through life are employed in a thousand

especially in his work other than fiction, w
readers to him with very pleasant bonds; those
books with interest were, in the non-personal se
friends who followed his fortunes with increasing

When at last, on December 4, 1894, his
as he desired it, while he worked and in the
choosing, the English-reading public was
Although proud of being a poet, he was proude
Scottish, as were all his race, and by a fello
Barrie, was written one of the most pathetic of t
to his memory. The following verses give a th
sorrow of his native land and her consolation:

I've ha'en o'brawer sons a flow,
My Walter mair renown could win,
And he that followed at the plough,
But Louis was my Benjamin.

"The lad was mine!" Erect she s
No more by vain regrets oppress't
Once more her eyes are clear; her h
Are proudly crossed upon her brea

He was a son of S
who could pitch
delight in any pa
His sympathies
all he asked wa
which he would
live, he would q
himself with a circ
sories of home.
that "the wide
beneath which he
his Scottish birth
Gallionne sang, i
which we have al

High on his
Southern Se
Our northern d
Strange stars
above his gr
Strange leaves
tropic splend
While, far bene
ing mile on m
The great Paci
deeps,
Smiles all day
secret smile.

He may have h
thousand dreams

SWANSTON COTTAGE.
[Photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh, by permission of the *Illustrated London News*.]

pleasant ways in his works. It had always been his passion, his life, to write; and yet, at last, it appears to have become the burden of his days. One wonders whether his regrets and difficulties in regard to his last years of work were something of a literary pose, and if he made too much of the fact that—

Day after day the labour's to be done,
And sure as come the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run.

Again and again, as we have said, his letters call out bitterly when some work has at last been accomplished—"But O! it has been such a grind. The devil himself would allow a man to

of a host of qualities and characteristics k
intimate friends, but, for those who have not ha
of knowing him except through his writing
epitaph might be—He was a man of exquisite a

Swanston, so dear to Stevenson, still lies
history. The hamlet is much as it was w
it as "one of the least considerable of hamlets
of a few cottages on a green beside a bu
houses far out on the road to Fairmilch
ganger started to play "Over the hills and

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Born 13th November, 1850.
Died 4th December, 1894.

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A VISIT TO R. L. STEVENSON.

A "Personal View."

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

It was late in May or early in June, for I cannot now remember the exact date, that I landed in Apia, in the island of Upolu. Naturally enough that island was not to me so much the centre of Anglo-American and German rivalries as the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, then become the literary deity of the Pacific. In a dozen shops in Honolulu I had seen little plaster busts of him; here and there I came across his photograph. And I had a theory about him to put to the test. Though I was not, and am not, one of those who rage against over-great praise, when there is any true foundation for it, I had never been able to understand the laudation of which he was the subject. At that time, and until the fragment of "Weir of Hermiston" was given to the world, nothing but his one short story about the thief and poet, Villon, had seemed to me to be really great, really to command or even to be an excuse for his being in the position in which his critics had placed him. Yet I had read the "Wreckers," the "Ebb Tide," the "Beach of Falesa," "Kidnapped," "Catriona," the "Master of Ballantrae," and the "New Arabian Nights." I came to the conclusion that, as most of the organic chorus of approval came from men who knew him, he must be (as all writers, I think, should be) immeasurably greater than his books. I was prepared then for a personality, and I found it. When his name is mentioned, I no longer think of any of his work, but of a sweet-eyed, thin, brown ghost of a man whom I first saw upon horseback in a grove of cocoanut palms by the sounding surges of a tropic sea. There are writers, and not a few of them, whose work it is a pleasure to read, while it is a pain to know them, a disappointment, almost an unhappiness, to be in their disillusioning company. They have given the best to the world. Robert Louis Stevenson never gave his best, for his best was himself.

At any time of the year the Navigator Islands are truly tropical, and whether the sun inclines towards Cancer or Capricorn, Apia is a bath of warm heat. As soon as the *Monowai* dropped her anchor inside the opening of the reef that forms the only decent harbour in all the group, I went ashore in haste. Our time was short, but three or four hours, and I could afford neither the time nor the money to stay there till the next steamer. I had much to do in Australia, and was not a little exercised in mind as to how I should, that time, be able to get round the world at all unless I once more shipped before the mast. I was, in fact, so hard put to it in the matter of cash that when the hotel-keeper asked three dollars for a pony on which to ride to Vailima, I refused to pay it, and went away believing that after all I should not see him whom I most desired to meet. Yet it was possible, if not likely, that he would come down to visit the one fortnightly link with the great world from which he was an exile. I had to trust to chance, and in the meantime walked the long street of Apia and viewed the Samoans, whom he so loved, with vivid interest. These people, Stevenson delighted in them. Man and woman alike and the whole world in the face, and went by, proud, and with the smile of a happy, unconquered race.

As I walked with half a dozen curious whom the hazards of travel had made my companions, from the main road into the seclusion of a shad palms, and as I went I saw coming towards me a man man behind whom rode a native. As he came near at him without curiosity, for, as the time passed, I wa reconciled by all there was to see to the fact that I meet this exiled Scot. And yet, as he neared and p knew that I knew him, that he was familiar; and very I was aware that this sense of familiarity was not, happens to a traveller, the awakened memory of a was an individual, and a personality. I stopped and him, and suddenly roused myself. Surely this was R Stevenson, and this his man. So might the ghosts of Friday pass one on the shore of Juan Fernandez.

I called the "boy" and gave him my card, and to overtake his master. In another moment my liter tion, this chief among the Samoans, was shaking hand He alighted from his horse, and we walked together t town. I felt a victim to him, and forgot that he w writings were what packed dates might be to one who first time under a palm in some far oasis; they were a tumbler compared with sérac. He was first a man a writer. The pitiful opposite is too common.

I think, indeed I am sure, for I know he could no he was pleased to see me. What I represented to hardly reckoned at the time, but I was a messenge great world of men; I moved close to the heart of thi fresh from San Francisco, from New York, from Lo spoke like an exile, but one not discouraged. T physique was of the frailest (I had noted with astonish his thigh as he sat on horseback was hardly thicke forearm), he was alert and gently eager. That soft, which held me was full of humour, of pathos, of tender I could imagine it capable of indignation, and of might be that his body was dying, but his mind w elastic, and unspoiled by selfishness or affectation. regrets; they concerned the Samoans greatly.

"Had I come here fifteen years ago I might h these islands."

He imagined it possible that international intri not have flourished under him. Never had I seen s man who would be king. He owned, with a shyly com that he had leanings towards buccaneering. The man were he but some shaggy-bearded shellback, appeale His own physique was his apology for being merely a novels.

We went on board the steamer, and at his reques steward show his faithful henchman over her. In the we sat in the saloon and drank "soft" drinks. It ple to talk, and he spoke fluently in a voice that was

I asked him to accept a book I had brought from England, hoping to be able to give it to him. It was the only book of mine that I thought worthy of his acceptance. That he knew it pleased me. But he always desired to please, and pleased without any effort. When the boy came back from viewing the internal arrangements of the *Monowai*, he sat down with us as a free warrior. He was more a friend than a servant; Stevenson treated him as the head of a clan in his old home might treat a worthy follower. As there was yet an hour before the vessel sailed I went on shore with him again. We were rowed there by a Samoan in a waisteloth. His head was whitened by the lime which many of the natives use to bleach their dark locks to a fashionable red.

The air was hot and the sea glittered under an intense sun. The rollers from the roadstead broke upon the reef. The outer ocean was a very wonderful tropic blue; inside the reefs the water was calmer, greener, more unlike anything that can be seen in northern latitudes. A little island inside the lagoon glared with red rock in the sunlight; cocoanut palms adorned it gracefully; beyond again was the deeper blue of ocean; the island itself, a mass of foliage, melted beautifully into the lucid atmosphere. Yonder, said Stevenson, lay Vailima that I was not to see. But I had seen the island and the man, and the natural colour and glory of both.

As we went ashore he handed the book which I had given him to his follower. He thought it necessary to explain to me that etiquette demanded that no chief should carry anything. And etiquette was rigid there.

"Mrs. Grundy," he remarked, "is essentially a savage institution."

We went together to the post-office. And in the street outside, while many passed and greeted "Tusitala" in the soft, native speech, we parted. I saw him ride away, and saw him wave his hand to me as he turned once more into the dark grove wherein I had met him in the year of his death.

THE QUEST FOR STEVENSONIA.

One of the strangest chapters in the history of modern book-collecting is concerned with the ardent quest of early pieces written by or associated with Robert Louis Stevenson. His first book, "The Pentland Rising: A Page of History, 1666," was privately printed in Edinburgh, 1866—this when he was sixteen years old. For a copy of the 8vo. booklet, in original light green wrapper, £13 10s. was paid in November, 1898. On the occasion of a charity bazaar in the Scottish capital, 1868, he wrote an allegorical dialogue, in which there is a humorous conversation between the Ingenuous Public, his Wife, and the Tout. For this 4to. of 4pp. £9 10s. has been paid at auction. In 1873 Stevenson contributed to the proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh an essay "On the Thermal Influence of Forests," reminiscent of the fact that he came of a distinguished family of civil engineers. The reprint of this, in original blue wrapper, has fetched 11 guineas. In the same kind is a "Notice of a New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses," 1871, valued in 1899 to July, 1886. A set of proofs of the story as Henderson found a purchaser at £30. It is said copies only were privately printed in Sydney, Damien; An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyd One of these was valued at £11. More remarka are the relatively enormous sums paid for some o Platz pieces, written and engraved as a frol between the autumn of 1880 and the summer of by Stevenson's stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osb Emblems," the rudely executed edition of whic priced at 9d., brought £30 10s.; "Not 1, and piece of four leaves, with title on front cove Canyon; or, Wild Adventures in the Far West, 8pp., issued at 6d., £13—and, to go no further, th concerned with "Rob and Ben; or, The Pirate cary," £16 5s. The craze for Stevensonia diminished; on the other hand, the fine Edi luxe of his works retains its value. When this was projected, grave doubt was expressed by the possibility of getting a thousand odd subscrib a volume for a set of twenty volumes. Not till S indeed, was the success of the venture assure special type on paper water-marked with the in son, this Edinburgh edition is the most satisfact yet produced. Including the bonus volume, wh Davos Platz issues and other pieces of *juvenilia* there are twenty-eight volumes, which cost ori £16 17s. 6d. In May last £37 10s. was realized As to original autograph MSS., £44 10s. was "The Body Snatcher," and £61 in July "Markheim."

SOME MOVEMENTS IN VICTORIA

I.—THE PERIOD AND THE FI

It is proposed, in the present short ser take a brief survey or bird's-eye view of th ments which have affected the poetry of the Vi era is now unfortunately closed, and it is not should already begin to regard it as a "por and to endeavour to recount its vicissitudes an achievements. And in the field of poetry this less difficult by the fact that, although the Victo ended but a few months ago, the flowering p poetry had spent itself before the death of Ten ten years since. The poetical activity of the l It is true, been marked by a certain feverish in certain fields, side by side with steady and duction in others; and these symptoms clearly survival of poetic intention and ambition. St suggestive activities, the last representatives of literary movements of the age had already pa there became any question of the succession to And so we are, perhaps, already sufficiently re partisan influence of the movements which the be able to regard their work, if not altogether d least with some degree of critical interest; we of the import and effect of the movements wh their prevalence it was more difficult to distingu Such, at any rate, is the object of the prese will confine itself entirely to poetical movements

fact, the interests and anxieties of the Victorian period have entered into its poetry with an emphasis almost unparalleled in the history of English literature. The gradual advance of science, the consequent readjustment of disturbed dogmas, the enthusiasms and responsibilities entailed in the enlargement of national dominions—all these things have been reflected, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, in the poetry of the time; and often it is an oblique or indirect reflection that shows the prevalent tenour of thought most clearly. This is, indeed, the characteristic which distinguishes a literary movement from a literary school. A school of literature, and particularly a school of poetry, is easy enough to distinguish. It consists of a dominant leader, dictating a tone and attitude to a band of disciples; the band may be numerous and distinguished, but they add little of their own to the example of their master, and their discipleship is practically a phase of euphuism. But a movement is another thing altogether. In a movement there may be many and diverse spirits, suggesting widely different solutions to the same problem. They are combined only in their interest in the same aspect of thought or life, and in a certain harmony, which leads them indeed to pursue the problem towards the same goal, but not necessarily to pursue it along the same line. And in poetry their differences may seem, at first sight, even greater than their similarities. Difference of manner, variety of method, and all the changing complications due to metrical innovation, make it very difficult to trace with accuracy the by-ways and ramifications of a poetical movement. The student of literary movements, in short, has to be careful to avoid superficiality; he must not be too ready to assume that men who are alike in manner are also alike in spirit, or, on the other hand, that dissimilarity in method implies necessarily antagonism in purpose. The whole ground indeed is intersected and overrun with common rights and privileges, and the very inter-relation of interests is among the most fruitful sources of discussion.

It is not difficult, however, to discern certain main tendencies, and to the study of these the present series of articles will be directed. In confining ourselves to these we must, of course, court certain disappointments; for some of the most companionable poets of the period cannot be referred to any particular movement at all. It can hardly be maintained, for example, that the Victorian era has been marked by any conspicuous movement in the poetic drama: and the dignified and impressive figure of Sir Henry Taylor stands apart from an estimate which is concerned with tendencies rather than with individuals. In the same way William Barnes, our Victorian Theocritus, is really a law to himself, and can scarcely be referred to any definite fellowship of poets. And the list might be largely increased, including poets of a transition stage no less than those who have sustained an already falling note; so that many honoured names must necessarily be set aside in a discussion like the present. Still it is remarkable to see how many of the most individual poets of the time are clearly representatives of movements; and it by no means requires too curious an inquiry to trace their inspiration to its fountain-head.

The period, we have already noticed, has been one of continual change and intellectual restlessness. It has been marked by violent enthusiasms followed by reactions of disappointment. Political movements such as the Reform Bill, religious revivals such as the Oxford Movement and the Broad Church humanism of Maurice and Kingsley, have stirred warm anticipations which the subsequent course of events has not invariably realized.

started for the precise purpose of arresting what [illegible] founders a menacing torrent of innovation, and throu[illegible] period the criticism which they represented has been t[illegible] abandon the citadel of convention. Almost every fresh [illegible] movement in poetry has been opposed by the respon[illegible] of criticism; and consequently we find the rather st[illegible] existence of a poetry peculiarly susceptible to novel [illegible] side by side with a criticism strenuously directed to the [illegible] sion of anything that seems to threaten innovation [illegible] The natural result ensues. Poetry draws its scatter[illegible] closer and closer together; varying spirits combin[illegible] the same end, and the poetical movement becomes a l[illegible] accumulative power.

Victorian poetry, strictly speaking, began to flo[illegible] years before the historical commencement of the Vict[illegible] The field had been gradually clearing for a fresh p[illegible] burst. From 1822 to the close of his life, the "Eccl[illegible] Sonnets" and "Yarrow Revisited" were Wordswor[illegible] important publications. Coleridge died in 1834, and [illegible] been silent nine years, Samuel Rogers' last great poem [illegible] appeared as far back as 1828. In 1832 Crabbe and S[illegible] Scott both died, and with them two distinct poetic m[illegible] fell for a time into desuetude. Southey was occupied [illegible] congenial prose, and Moore's Irish melodies were e[illegible] Then suddenly in 1833 appeared two little volumes, [illegible] regarded, which heralded the new era. Tennyson's "[illegible] and Browning's "Pauline" were published within a fe[illegible] of each other, and with them Victorian poetry may [illegible] have put forth its shoots. Thenceforward for more [illegible] years English poetry was to flourish as never since th[illegible] Elizabeth. These two periods, indeed the Elizabe[illegible] the Victorian—stand out in sisterly companionship of [illegible] in the whole history of English poetry; but their c[illegible] are widely different. They differ both in the ideal w[illegible] espoused, and in the difficulties by which they were [illegible] hindered. In Elizabeth's time the concern of poetr[illegible] life of man and his relation to his fellows; in the [illegible] period it has been the soul of man and his relation to hi[illegible] Differently as the different schools have viewed this [illegible] they are none of them very far removed from its anxiet[illegible] whether they issue in aspiration and faith, in refle[illegible] doubt, in emotion, or in tired reaction, they are alik[illegible] to the vast expansion of ideas which modern science h[illegible] upon the intellectual world. John Stuart Mill said of B[illegible] "Pauline" that its writer possessed a deeper self-cons[illegible] than he had ever known in a sane human being, and it [illegible] this self-consciousness, self-analysis, or self-concern w[illegible] to be the dominant note of the poetry of the time. [illegible] inevitable outcome of this self-concentration, whether [illegible] effect in the introspective seclusion of the thinker [illegible] struggle for increased influence in the worker, was a s[illegible] of enthusiasms and ill-regulated aspirations which we[illegible] to dissolve themselves in disappointment. Movement [illegible] movement, one "impossible loyalty" gave place to [illegible] and the ideals of one generation became the contem[illegible] next.

How poetry has borne itself towards this turmoil of [illegible] ing hopes and interests we hope to be able to trace [illegible] the succeeding articles. One thing, it is clear, we [illegible] expect of it. So harassed and impeded by false cries an[illegible] illusions, its makers cannot have the buoyancy, the happi[illegible] fresh sense of life that lit up the energy of their El[illegible]

For one advantage which we derive from the study of poetic movements is this: we perceive with increasing certainty that the chain of intellectual vigour is unbroken, and that the continuity of poetry and the poetic spirit is perpetual. And even in so partial a study as that implied in the articles to follow we ought to be able to suggest, however inadequately, the way in which all true poetry, in spite of superficial discrepancies and apparent antagonisms, is really and indissolubly related. That, at least, is the object of the survey, be its shortcomings what they must.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ANOTHER ASHANTI BOOK.

THE ASHANTI CAMPAIGN OF 1900. By Captain C. H. ARMITAGE, D.S.O., and Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. MONTANARO, R.A. (Sands, 7s. 6d.)

There have already been several books on the last Ashanti war—notably those by Lady Hodgson and Captain Biss—but this is the first, so far as we know, that purports to cover all the ground. The long siege, the march of Captain Aplin's reinforcements, the retreat to the coast, the holding of the fort by the remnant, the operations of the relief column, the punitive expeditions—all these matters are the subject of separate narratives collected in a single volume. And all the stories are told clearly, if not brilliantly, and without superfluous verbiage. There is little piling up of the agony; but we see what happened, and how it happened. It is too long and complicated a story to be repeated here in all its details, but attention may be drawn to the more salient points.

Perhaps controversial points should come first. It will be remembered that some of the garrison expressed the opinion that they might very well have been relieved earlier. The discomforts of their position naturally encouraged such a sentiment, but Colonel Montanaro's reply seems sound military criticism. He says:—

> Captain Hall has been much criticized for not making a bold dash for Kumasi, but I fail to see how he could have done otherwise than he did. Captain Aplin and Major Morris, by cutting their way into Kumasi, did not raise the siege; by having more mouths to feed, the garrison suffered severely from short rations and even from starvation, whilst one hundred well-fed, able-bodied men could have held the Fort against any numbers of the enemy. It does not require any military education to know that it is useless to relieve a garrison unless you can either change the garrison and revictual it, or raise the siege, and by so doing open up the lines of communication. Captain Hall, therefore, deserves great credit for standing fast as he did at Esumeja.

The book is divided into two parts. Captain Armitage begins with the quest of the golden stool and ends with the arrival of the Kumasi column at Cape Coast Castle. Colonel Montanaro begins with the preparations on the Gold Coast and ends with the end of the war. Subsidiary episodes, for which Captain Aplin, Captain Parmeter, and Captain Bishop are the authorities, are incorporated in their proper places. On the whole, we should say that it is Captain Armitage who wields the most graphic pen, but his colleagues are almost as able writers. His story of his search for the golden stool, and of the night

Lady Hodgson seated on the Governor's
palaver, and therefore looked on her as
their "Queen Mothers." I was suppo
Hodgson's son. So sure were the Ashan
fall of the Fort and our capture that they
but somewhere in the depths of the fore
Hodgson and I were to have been escort
until the Ashantis could send us as a pre
White Queen, against whom, they said, they
The Governor, it is said, was to have been p

Very vivid, too, is the description of the bl
when the worst of the retreat was over:—

> Our loads lay about in utter confusio
> been dumped down by the carriers, who
> like drunken men. The Governor and Lady
> boxes waiting for the tent which never
> sought shelter in the wretched hut I had ke
> crush was so great that two huts, filled
> collapsed from the pressure on the walls fro
> occupants were with difficulty rescued.
> everywhere, and from them arose suffocating
> as the damp wood spluttered and cra
> trampling feet had churned the ground into
> ankle deep. And upon this steaming ma
> torrential rain fell silently, pitilessly, as t
> to extinguish the wretched fires, round
> shivering groups of natives. To find one
> the question, and at nine o'clock, after see
> and Leggett were as comfortable as circums
> I crept into a hut four feet square, and, dre
> asleep in spite of the babel which arose from
> carriers and refugees kept up an animate
> whole of that night.

Colonel Montanaro's part of the book con
account of certain bush operations of whic
taken at the time by the Press. The lesso
from the campaign are summarized in an appe
printed separately as a pamphlet. The pecul
of bush fighting are, naturally, made clearer
actual narrative. It mainly consists of mar
path through a thick bush and being sniped o
bush, owing to the constant clearing, is thi
borders the path:—

> This enables the enemy to carry out
> with impunity, as he can creep up to within
> the path, fire his gun, and be off through t
> of the forest before the part of the colu
> attacked can recover from its confusion. T
> nerve-destroying or so harassing to a colu
> Every man goes along the road feeling that
> is being laid for at a range of a couple of
> enough to unnerve the bravest. During
> Expedition, an officer, while being carried i
> the muzzle of a gun peeping out of the bu
> his stomach and not a yard off. He con
> outline of a savage pulling the trigger, a
> with astonishment that he simply lay sti
> man, as he thought, empty the contents of
> He saw the flash of the priming as the fi
> and made sure he was a dead man, but by
> piece of luck the gun missed fire, but before

thought he was a madman, and this being too much for their nerves they abandoned the stockade and ran. The white man whom the war chief so described was Major Mellis; but he apparently made a mistake in the number of white men who charged, as Mellis was accompanied by Captain Merrick.

Colonel Montanaro also has some interesting remarks on the hygienic aspects of the campaign. We read with interest that a wave of sickness which passed over the camp at Bekwai "was eventually put down to our living in the native huts," and he believes the unhealthiness of the huts to result from the Ashanti habit of burying their dead in their courtyards. The habit may have been a factor in the case, but hardly the chief factor. As recent researches have shown, the real reason of the unhealthiness of native huts is that there are always cases of malaria there, and that the anopheles mosquito which carries the infection of malaria imbibes and transmits it most busily in these abodes of filth. The book is quite the best Ashanti book that has appeared.

GREAT MEN OF THE RENAISSANCE.

RENAISSANCE TYPES. By W. S. LILLY. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)

A book by Mr. Lilly on the Great Men of the Renaissance is for lovers of the period quite a literary event; and we may confidently predict that it will be as widely admired as it will be eagerly read. If his point of view on some subjects is not that of the majority of his readers, the circumstance should only add zest to their enjoyment. For even when they disagree with his conclusions they will find his philosophy bracing and suggestive, and none can be insensible to the charms of his style. Besides two chapters on the genesis and the results of the Renaissance, he presents us with five finished studies of typical great men—Michael Angelo, the Artist; Erasmus, the Man of Letters; Reuchlin, the Savant; Luther, the Revolutionist; More, the Saint.

At the risk of seeming ungrateful, we must remark that, even for the period from 1453 to 1527 to which the work is confined, Mr. Lilly's portrait gallery is far from complete. Why should we not have had Lorenzo, the Despot; Savonarola, the Reformer; Macchiavelli, the Statesman; Aldus, the Publisher; Ariosto, the Poet? The reason seems to be that, except in the sphere of Art, Mr. Lilly has a bad opinion of Italians. Great men, he allows, have been among them. "But how few! The race is lacking in veracity, in virility, and therefore in originality." We may observe that this censure seems excessive in the mouth of one who implicitly condemns the northern nations for withdrawing their obedience to a central authority composed almost exclusively for four hundred years of Italians. But this is only by the way. We do not think that Mr. Lilly has done justice to Italy as the pioneer of the Renaissance, and this for two reasons. He has chosen to illustrate only the latest phase of the movement, when its effects were in full operation beyond the bounds of the peninsula; and he is personally more interested in the "genesis" of the Reformation, with which Italy's connexion is but secondary and indirect. In his lives of Michael Angelo, Erasmus, and Reuchlin, he shows a peculiar anxiety to prove that they had no sympathy with Luther's revolt against the Papacy. But that revolt was not so much a feature of the Renaissance as a necessary consequence of it; and on that ground among others we should demur to the inclusion of

We do not recognize here that "general st[illegible] enlightenment of the human mind" which Mr. Lilly [illegible] from Pater as a definition of the Renaissance, and our [illegible] doubtless right in echoing Erasmus' lament that Luthe[illegible] hindered the progress of learning.

But we must demur still more strongly to Mr. Lilly's [illegible] that to Luther alone is to be ascribed "the Pr[illegible] Reformation and all that came of it." Such a view is of[illegible] quite unhistorical. It ignores the witness borne for long [illegible] the Vaudois valleys and in eastern Germany against the [illegible]tions of Rome; it overlooks the patient efforts of [illegible] for a century to reform the Church from within. It als[illegible] the fact that the Reformation was so far from being the [illegible] of one reformer that it took a separate colour from the ch[illegible] of each nation that received it. Some of the pleasante[illegible] of this volume are devoted to a comparison of two rival [illegible] of history the "Great-Man" theory of Carlyle, a[illegible] theory of Physical Determinism, of which Buckle may b[illegible] as the chief exponent. We agree with Mr. Lilly that t[illegible] more truth in the former; but his dictum about Luthe[illegible] "Great-Man" theory run wild. The mine had long be[illegible]structed; the train was laid; all that Luther did was t[illegible] the match. And it is quite untrue to say that the dis[illegible] doctrine of orthodox Protestantism to-day is Luther's [illegible] teaching on justification; if we had to name such a doct[illegible] should say it was the denial of Papal supremacy, i[illegible] Protestants were long preceded by the Eastern Church [illegible] many of Mr. Lilly's strictures upon Luther and his t[illegible] cordially agree; but we think that Luther has no clai[illegible] classed among the representative men of the Renaissance.

Of the other four biographies, the first two—those of [illegible] Angelo and Erasmus—are in our opinion the best. Mr. [illegible] a reverent student of the Florentine master; and the [illegible]tions of some of his greatest works are as true and pen[illegible] as they are happily expressed. Here, for instance, is a [illegible] of the glorious statues in the Medici Chapel of San Lore[illegible]

> Those tragic figures, in the wealth of profoun[illegible] meaning latent in them, resemble a Psalm of Davi[illegible] there is a deep undertone of fear in that divine shap[illegible] Thinker; or, rather, all the dreads of human life, [illegible] inexorableness of fate, rise before him as he looks [illegible] into infinity, and in his ears is the din of grossly [illegible] These are the works in which Michael Angelo has t[illegible] the death of the hopes, so vigorous and rich in prom[illegible] he sculptured his David. They are his monument, n[illegible] ignoble scions of the evil-hearted race whose names th[illegible] but to Florence, the "donna d'angelica forma"—one[illegible] glory of her freedom, the joy of a thousand lovers, no[illegible] and in darkness, no more to be called "the lady of kin[illegible]

The sketch of Erasmus is sympathetic and even ge[illegible] but it is somewhat lacking in proportion from an overs[illegible] to expose the misstatements of Froude. It is true [illegible] latter's Life of Erasmus is one of his worst performanc[illegible] his errors are well known to scholars, and the gener[illegible] should be aware by this time that they must not go to [illegible] for facts. Even Mr. Lilly himself, like Homer, occ[illegible] sleeps, as when he tells us that Erasmus spent nearl[illegible] months in Padua. His claim for Erasmus that he w[illegible] educator of Europe in good letters" is sound enough; [illegible] disparagement of Italian humanists as generally mere[illegible] is unjust. As great an educator as Erasmus, and, for hi[illegible]

typical "Saint" of the Renaissance. His attraction for Mr. Lilly seems to lie in the fact that he died a martyr to his belief in Papal supremacy; yet to those who think that other dogmas were more worthy of such a sacrifice other "judicial murders," as that of Lady Jane Grey, may seem at least equally "black."

The last chapter is devoted to the thesis that the direct result of the Renaissance was not to liberate the conscience in religion or to establish political freedom, but rather to reintroduce into Europe the Cæsarism of the antique world. In Mr. Lilly's mind there seems here, as elsewhere, to be a confounding of the Renaissance with the Reformation; but he goes on to show that the tyranny of the State over the Church before the French Revolution was as marked in Catholic as in Protestant countries. Surely then this would prove that the encroachments of the civil power were not the result of the Renaissance considered as a revolt against Roman jurisdiction. They may be referred to different causes, with which religious belief had little to do—as the rise of nationalities, the conception of the Church as identical with the nation, and the theory of the divine right of kings. The reformers certainly never aimed at religious toleration, yet the cause of freedom was ultimately served by their success. The notion that "the Catholic Church" has always insisted on the separation between temporal and spiritual is a strange perversion of history. If so, how was it that the Papacy became a secular kingdom? and why does it still maintain that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope is necessary to his full spiritual authority? Such a view is as curious as the complacency with which Mr. Lilly ranks the Papal States along with England as one of the few bright centres of freedom in the dark despotism of prerevolutionary Europe.

THROUGH UNKNOWN ABYSSINIA

The name of Captain Wellby will be remembered as that of one of the many gallant officers whose lives the South African War has cost us. The posthumous appearance of his book of travel 'Twixt Sirdar and Menelik (Harpers, 16s.) reminds us of the loss we have sustained. He was not, indeed, a writer of conspicuous excellence; but he was a daring explorer who possessed in an eminent degree the talent of inspiring confidence and affection in his followers of the native races. The journey here described is a march from Zeila to Cairo through unknown Abyssinia—a tract of country more disagreeable than interesting—including the exploration of a portion of the shores of Lake Rudolph. As the explorer came down the Nile he expected to find the French in possession; and he and the garrison of Nasser stared at each other suspiciously through telescopes before setting out to make each other's closer acquaintance. Then it was found that the fort was held by Lieutenant M'Ewen, with 160 Egyptian soldiers; and further on there were abundant evidences of the great organizing powers of the Sirdar, as well as of the officers whom he picked to serve under him:—

> In the Soudan there is no such word as "Can't," and there a single officer does the work for which elsewhere two or three officers and a native staff as well would be required. An officer is told to build a palace at Khartum. The railway, at the time, is hundreds of miles distant; wood, too, is, practically speaking, an unknown quantity at Khartum. There are no bricks, no stones; there is only sand and water. There

parted from them at Suez, where "It was t
hear some of them say, on bidding farewell,
our bellies are full, we will go with you again."

The book contains a brief biography o
Colonel Harrington, the British Agent
Abyssinia, who emphasizes his great gift t
natives, and shows to a certain extent ho
done:—

> He came to Abyssinia when, owing t
> Italy in the Abyssinian War, the prestige of
> a low ebb indeed; so low that even Eu
> positions were not absolutely secure from
> typical of his character and disposition th
> Europeans who were in a camp of over 5
> many of whom had never seen a white ma
> about unaccompanied by any attendant, with
> able incidents ever happening to him.
>
> One incident in his last journey I must
> —if proof, indeed, were needed—of his coura
> Near Lake Rudolph, in opening a tin of pre
> he cut the forefinger of his left hand; blood
> so that he subsequently lost it. No medi
> than Khartum, yet he marched miles in inte
> a mortifying finger upright, during the whol
> miserable march, concealing his pain, so
> should not lose heart.

Colonel Harrington considers the journey "
in African exploration." It certainly was so
not in the value of the results achieved b
modesty of the narrator prevented him from g
idea of the difficulties which he overcam
remarkable for Captain Wellby's great rel
own trumpet; such modesty in an explorer
welcome.

OTHER NEW BOO

Seven Hundred Years of Stocks.

Mr. Charles Duguid has written, and
Pennell and Dudley Hardy have illustrated, T
Stock Exchange (Grant Richards, 6s.).
chronicler Mr. Duguid writes well—not s
Bagehot, but much better than most of the
is not quite such as to compel the interest of a
indifferent to the subject, but his book will
of any reader who starts upon it with a reaso
curiosity. If it tends to dulness in place
perhaps be found in the author's determinatio
Within a reasonable compass he has relate
knowable at least all that is worth rememberi
and share markets from the time of Edward II
Parliament forbade foreigners to "use or ex
tion of 'brocage,'" to the present day.
matters alike are given the consideration du
is full information about the Overend and
crises, and also about the patriotic demonstra
of which it was announced that Mr. Kru
defaulter because he had not complied with hi
are also sufficient particulars about membe
change who have distinguished themselves on
and the cycling track, and in other walks of li

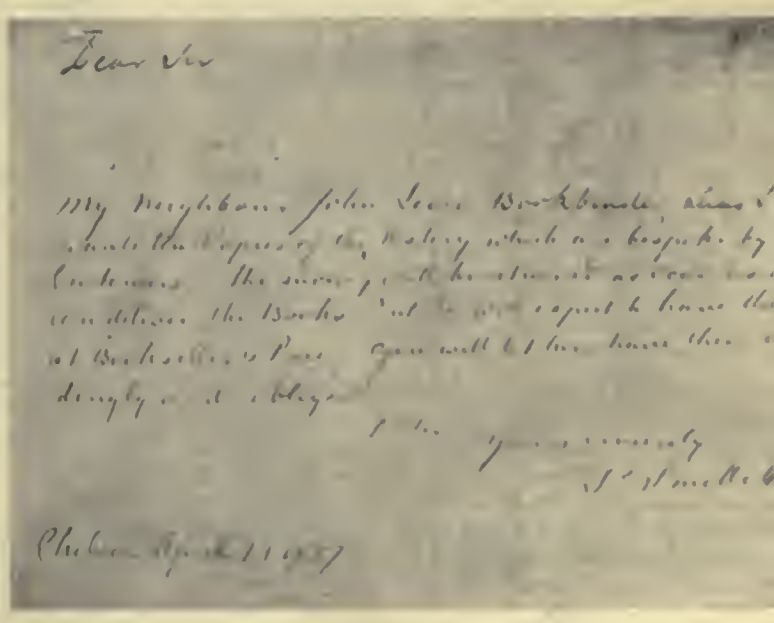
he had entirely forgotten, having passed the limit long before. "I've made my sum, and I'm off to-morrow," said Horace Smith, contented, despite the sneers of his friend at the sum, who described it as merely on the road to fortune. Horace Smith retired to his literary career at Brighton. Hesketine, although he quadrupled his £50,000, eventually died a disappointed, broken-hearted man.

It is not often that one gets a true story with so good a moral. In our own time it is to the literature of sport that the literary members of the House appear to devote themselves most successfully. "The House on Sport," a volume which had contributions from Mr. Guy Nickalls on Sculling, from Mr. B. J. Angle on Boxing, and from Mr. G. Lacy Hillier on Cycling, made about £1,000 for the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund; while the names of cricketers who are members of the House include those of A. E. Stoddart, K. J. Key, A. P. Lucas, Ivo Bligh, Burnup, and Hadow. Mr. Dugnid may be congratulated on having written as satisfactory a book as the nature of the case permitted.

"Dr. Smollett."

It was right and proper and a happy thought to republish in Messrs. Constable's new SMOLLETT that author's relation of his journeys uniformly with his novels. He was a very typical Englishman abroad—much more typical than that more famous traveller, the Reverend Laurence Sterne, who covered some of the same ground a few years later. One does not picture him waxing sentimental over either a dead donkey or a *fille de chambre*, or admitting that they order any matter better in France or in any other foreign country. He is English, English all the way. He exults over the little English boy who was sent to school in France and made himself cock of the walk in a fortnight. He wonders why the King of Sardinia does not get Englishmen to man his navy. Of foreigners in general he holds that they have no manners and that their customs are filthy. He particularizes without reticence, giving us a clearer idea than any contemporary writer of what foreign travel in the middle of the eighteenth century looked like, felt like—and smelt like. One feels all the while that the only reason why he did not write to *The Times* about it was that *The Times* was not yet born. He badly needed some such medium for the expression of his opinion that the impositions from which he suffered were a discredit no less to the Government which permitted them than to the individuals who practised them. Missing it, he emphasized his views by taking landlords and postboys by the scruff of the neck and belabouring their shoulders with his cane, for all the world as though he were dealing with niggers in Central Africa. And they took his chastisement like lambs. It was very English. One can pass no other criticism; and one admires, with one's lower nature of course, though one does not approve.

As for the picture of travel that the book gives, one might search long to find a livelier picture of its discomforts. One has only to follow Dr. Smollett as far as Boulogne to realize the full difference between travelling to-day and travelling a little less general conspiracy against all those who go over seas Continent." They charged Dr. Smollett six guineas fo to take him to Folkestone. He "sat up all night in comfortable situation, tossed about by the sea, cold and and languishing for want of sleep." At 3 o'clock in th they turned him into a small boat to be landed. But privilege of the watermen of Boulogne to put passenge and the doctor and his family and his luggage had to ferred to another small boat in the open sea before the allowed to set foot on the beach, and to pay another the privilege. Then he had a mile to walk to his inn, he got there "all the beds were occupied, so th obliged to sit in a cold kitchen above two hours until the lodgers should get up." From this to the tr *Marguerite* is clearly a far cry, indicating a progress t'on to be proud of. Nor is it any wonder that such e set Dr. Smollett grumbling. He was away from ho years, and he grumbled all the time. It is, in fact, sista'ned Anglo-Saxon grumble that the book claims English literature. Dr. Smollett was a scholar. H about the historical associations, and could quote J Persius, and roll out classical allusions like a walking But that is nothing. Almost all the travellers of th except the commercial traveller—could do that.



interest lies in his realism—often quite unfit to q his impenetrable Anglo-Saxon prejudices. He was so bad as the Scotsman who, having seen the Falls of remarked that there was a greater curiosity at Peebl shape of a peacock with a wooden leg; but he was n deal better. At any rate, he went through France like a bull through a china shop, and the resulting eminently readable, though not conspicuously literary. Constable, in reprinting it, have rendered a real s serious students of the times.

SOME HOME TRUTHS ABOUT THE MAORI WAR, by L

FICTION.

Character and Style.

THE HIDDEN MODEL (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.), by Mrs. Harrod (Frances Forbes-Robertson), is a remarkably original and powerful story. A very young and beautiful girl, Leslie Godwin, has, for a reason which the reader may discover, murdered a well-known man. Among a colony of artists is one famous portrait painter, Wyatt Hamilton, whose elaborate painting quarters contain a secret room. On this account and because of a certain sympathy between them, Leslie flies to Hamilton to gain a moment's rest before she gives herself up. Here the interest of the story begins. The author seems strongly opposed to the death penalty for murder and it is possible that she intended to add to the polemics of the subject. But the result of her essay is a poignant tragedy. Not the melodrama of the murder or the question whether the crime deserved capital punishment, but the psychic result of the act upon Leslie herself, and through her upon Wyatt Hamilton, makes the vitality of the book. Mrs. Harrod causes it to be convincing by her able characterization. Hamilton's mother and sister, the clique of artists and men of the world who match the events, even the excellent servant at Hamilton's studio, all live. Another arresting point is that Mrs. Harrod has style; not always the most admirable style—but a style distinctive and noteworthy. Perhaps the following little description of a part of the secret room in which Leslie finds a shelter will give some idea of it :—

> The washstand only was strangely beautiful, but unusual in that it seemed a part of the room, and was, indeed, hollowed out of the wall at the corner; a square sink of deep red bricks, and with a brass tap whose handle was a bestriding faun exquisitely sculptured; from its shadowy corner it gave a note of strange queerness, and remotely dominated the room. The genius who had wrought that handle had surely planned this secret refuge and the garden without, when the house had already been far on its way to completion.

Or this paragraph which describes the sudden appearance of Leslie in Hamilton's house :—

> The slender figure of a girl, beautifully dressed, stood in the doorway. Her face was devastated by a haunting terror, and behind this terror Hamilton perceived, through her stricken eyes, a living pain that was really awful—pulsating. A dissecting blade seemed on her tortured soul, to which the body had lent its senses that the flesh and spirit together should suffer dire outrage. Hamilton recognized on the instant's view of her that some awful thing had happened; suffering could not otherwise be so visible on the human countenance. Reserve, even in expression, is the instinctive refuge of suffering men and women; nothing but appalling disaster could so effectually strip the soul of its conventional shields.

These examples, however, contain no instance of one trick of Mrs. Harrod's, the old-fashioned one of underlining. We cannot recall it especially in "The Potentate" or "Odd Stories." The present book, however, suffers from it very distinctly. But this is a very small affair; as a whole, "The Hidden Model" is one of the most interesting and original

Carnaby" must, we fear, be advised to look to h
first half-dozen pages of "Sirius" are suffi
depress the most devoted admirer; and the re
although ingenious, is not very entertaining. The
of the novelist is our especial delight, but there
the trivial impinges upon the foolish. We sear
for those "sparkling gems of wit and wisdo
sarcasm" which her works are said to contain
clever phrases, and in one tale, at least, a little
taste. One wonders if the following conversatio
considered Attic wit :—

> "I am so sorry, Major Newdigate" (Lad
> dropped her dinner-napkin three times).
> sliding scale; I haven't the faintest idea what
> it sounds income-taxy and death-dutiful."
>
> "Pray don't regret the circumstance, my
> a pleasure for me to do anything for you, and
> pleasure is so intense as to be 'almost pain.
> think it would be a good plan if I sat under th
> throwing it back?"
>
> "I daresay it would; and you would
> crouching under the shadow of the table-cl
> defiance and a dinner-napkin at me. A sort of
> to *Ajax defying the Lightning*, don't you know
>
> "But it might slightly interfere with th
> versation if Ajax were hiding under the table
> dining above it. It is bad enough below t
> worse below the table, I should imagine."

However the story from which this is quot
becomes interesting and contains a good idea
heroine, Josephine, inundates her admirer, t
Laurence, with well-watered wit he is easily plea
ready with some such reply as "You are awfully
wish we could honestly say as much to the aut
But it must not be supposed that there are
her book. "Frank Wikeney's Bill" is a poli
of some cunning, with that wonderfully fresh me
in-law. "An Artistic Nemesis" is neat and
conversations do not touch life. Without going
Fowler's twenty-one stories we have no doub
hint our disappointment. But, on the other ha
will perhaps find plenty to enjoy in "Sirius,"
not set the table in a roar nor the river a-flame.

Cinderella.

CINDERS (Pearson, 6s.), by "Helen Mathe
excellent example of that clever lady's skill of so
She has observed widely since the days of "
Rye." But the old *élan* is not lacking; in the
the beauty, and Cinderella—"Cinders," of co
vigorous a couple of drawings of English women
in recent fiction. Miss Mathers may occasional
fail to get at the heart of life, but those who
simple, straightforward, and interesting a sto
tells how "Cinders" fights "that half-dimpl
eventually, after many adventures, comes by
love will be more than commonly hard to please.

The Author of "The Sky Pilot."

A new book is promised in the autumn fro
author of "Black Rock" and "The Sky P

published in Toronto, and when recast for publication in book form was published by a British firm. In New York the manuscript went begging, one publisher reporting that he had three experienced readers to pass judgment on it, and their verdict was that it had too much religion and temperance in it. More than one of the great publishing houses would now be glad to publish his books, for the sale of "Black Rock" has run to 100,000 copies.

"Too much religion and temperance," indeed! The phrase hales us back to an age—not so very long ago, to be sure—when literature and women and certain other things and persons walked gingerly in fetters that now rust in the scrap-iron heap. The door of literature has been opened very wide. Vice has walked in, holding her head high, and staring us out of countenance. Virtue, too, even in the forms of "religion and temperance," has claimed her right to be seen and heard as she is, not as she is caricatured. We do not condemn her as out of place in literature off-hand. When we meet her there we allow her claim to be judged on her literary merits, and as these are great or small, we give her a high or a low place. If the merits are undiscoverable, we show her respectfully to the door and beg her to take her proper place, which may be a very respectable place, among the tracts. Now, as Ralph Connor introduces her to us, virtue is a literary lady. We have no doubt, as we read "The Sky Pilot," that the author would like us to fall in love with her; but he never preaches her charms at us, and the most anti-religious reader, with a literary conscience, can hardly say that she bores him. "The Sky Pilot" has been disparaged because it "doesn't come to anything." The critic was disappointed apparently because the "bad" people were not paraded in the last chapter as a row of kneeling figures at a penitent form. He was looking for a tract and found only a novel of real life. The reality of the life described will not be accepted without questioning, even by those who approach Ralph Connor simply as a novelist. The "scion" of an ancient English family, and still more his wife, seem incongruous enough in a setting of rough ranching life; but no one familiar with the extraordinary mixture of castes to be found in the Far West will dogmatize about impossibility or even improbability. Whether every character in the novel is drawn from life or not, the character-drawing is essentially veracious. The young parson himself, the "sky pilot"—a nickname long worn by the sailors' missionaries who board ships arriving in the Channel and perhaps elsewhere—is not the less convincing because he is exceptional. If he were exceptional only in the simplicity of his heart, we might have our doubts; but he is exceptional also in the demoniac speed of his throwing at baseball. That invincible college throw is naturally a great factor in the muscular Christian's career of conquest among hearts long emancipated from the observances of eastern civilization. The conquest he achieves is natural enough, and we follow it with interest through Ralph Connor's pages; the victory turns none of the sinners into plaster saints, but leaves them as fresh and western as they were before. Ralph Connor does not worry himself to find "the word," but he gets the right word for his purpose as a story-teller, not the word that distracts attention from the story to the style. His humorous situations are not farcical, and his pathetic incidents remain within the reticent and dignified limits of British grief.

Aura Popularis.

when the pen of Charles Dickens was laid aside. Life, to the author of "The Second Dandy Chater," is artif dramatic; his men and women, quite intentionally we be "characters" well adapted to a stage play; his inci admirable mechanism; his result wide and certain popula reader be gifted with sufficient simple faith to admit Mr premises, he will find the complications which lead to t ingenious and exciting. Early in the book we are told hero, Philip, "possibly from having led a solitary lif habit of communing with himself. This convention con us to learn that he has returned mysteriously to h village and that he possesses precisely the same appe that of the squire, Dandy Chater. As a matter of fa that gentleman's elder brother, but has been dismissed inheritance when a baby, for the rather poor reason father disliked the idea of having twin sons to foll place. Philip no sooner sets foot in his village th develop at lightning speed. He has soon seen Mr murdered and assumed that gentleman's place in t In all his adventures he trusts to blind Chance to g and that divinity, with the able assistance of the aids him with an energy and aptness that ordinary mor implore in vain. But it will be seen that this situation with interest, with possibilities and complications be dreams of the most voracious reader. Dandy Chater w loved, and misunderstood. But when all that we ha known, *il y a anguille sous roche*, and what sort of we leave the excited reader to find. It is enough to say Tom Gallon has written one more admirable story— trative, deep, or analytical, but boldly superficial, entertaining, and above all, popular.

An Enjoyable Novel.

THE SURVIVOR (Ward, Lock, 6s.), by Mr. E. Phillip heim, is a great advance on any other book by thi The characters of Douglas Guest and Emily de Reus struggles of the hero, under a weight of suspicion, a dozen disabilities, to survive, will be followed with de all who take up this freshly, excellently planned, and story. Douglas runs away to London from an unhappy home, and after many exciting chances, and despairs, h by a fortunate essay in journalism to victory. At outset he meets with the aristocratic lady who a influences his fortunes. "The Survivor" is an a example of the modern novel; cunning in construc acute study of passion and character; analytical, engrossing, distinctive. It has in it the essence of while every incident convinces and every persona It should please many diverse classes of readers.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE, by Booth Tarkington (2s. 6d. from Mr. Murray. Print and paper, cover and picture dainty; and the contents are dainty too. The sto sublime young barber who imposes himself upon Soc upon the affections of the exquisite Lady Mary Carlis he is attacked and exposed by his outraged rivals. Wh instead of abasement and withdrawal, he shines forth Highness Prince Louis-Philippe de Valois, Duke of Duke of Chartres, Duke of Nemours, Duke of Montpensi Prince of the Blood Royal, First Peer of France," and F knows what besides! Lady Mary has scorned him

SALE AT MESSRS. SOTHEBY'S.

The collection of early printed books and incunabula which Messrs. Sotheby sold last week was remarkable for the number of illustrated volumes which it contained. Many of the illustrations, like those in the rare Savonarola tracts and other Florentine prints, were in exceptionally fine condition. It was no surprise to find prices running high. For the Venetian and the early French books there was also considerable competition. The sale, however, emphasized the low level to which the Plantin books have now fallen. A fine copy of the Horge, with its beautiful plates, printed by the famous Antwerp house in 1573, fetched only twenty-nine shillings. The following were among the more notable books sold :—

	£	s.	d.
Æsopi. "La Vita di Esopi Historiata." Venice, 1505	52	0	0
Amman. "Charta Lusoria." Nürnberg, 1588 ...	50	0	0
Appianus. "Romae Historiae." Venice (Ratdolt), 1477	3	3	0
Barberus. "Opuscula." Rome, *circa* 1475	27	10	0
Biblia. "Pistole Lezzione et Vangeli," &c. Florence, 1578	71	0	0
Boccaccio. "Il Decamerone." Florence, 1516 ...	19	0	0
Bonaventura. "Incominciano," &c. Venice, 1500 ...	40	0	0
(Capranica). "Incomincia el Prophemio." Florence...	175	0	0
Cessole. "Libro di Giuoche." Florence, 1493 ...	123	0	0
(Columna). "Hypnerotomachia." Venice, 1499 ...	30	0	0
Dante. "La Comedia." Brescia, 1487	27	10	0
Dante. "La Comedia." Venice, 1491	26	0	0
Horae. "Officium Beate Marie." On vellum. Venice, Hertzog, 1493	395	0	0
" " " Venice, Stagninum, 1512	125	0	0
" " " Venice, Marcolini, 1545	54	0	0
" "Officium Romanum." Venice, Scotum, 1544	55	0	0
" "Heures a lusaige de Rouen." On vellum. Paris, Simon Vostre, 1502	39	0	0
" "Dive V'ginis Marie." Paris, Hardouyn, 1514	50	0	0
"Vita Epistolae de Sancto Hieronymo Vulgare." Ferrara, 1497	39	0	0
Ketham. "Fasciculo de Medicina." Venice, 1493	61	0	0
Vavassore. "Esemplario de Lavori." Venice, 1532	40	0	0
"Libellus de Natura Animalium." Monte Regali, 1508	180	0	0
"Libro da Compagnia." Florence, 1493	70	0	0
Musaeus. "Herone et Leandro." Venice, 1494. The first Aldine book, and in particularly good condition	40	0	0
Petrarca. "Rime Volgari." Venice, 1492	13	10	0
Ptolomy. "Cosmographia." Ulm, 1482	68	0	0
Ptolomy. "Cosmographia." Rome, 1490	20	0	0
Savonarola. "Tractato contra li Astrologi" ...	35	0	0
" "Compendio di Revelatione." 1495 ...	40	0	0
" "Dyalogo della Verita Prophetica" ...	150	0	0
" "Tractato della Amore di Jesu Christo." 1492	46	0	0
" "Tractato dell humilita." 1492	39	0	0
"Thibault Académie de l'Espée." Elzevir, 1628 ...	14	0	0
Tory. "Champ Fleury." A beautiful copy. Paris.			

Correspondence

THE USE OF FOREIGN PH

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—While there is room for difference of truest English spelling or pronunciation of cited, in nearly all cases analogy or precedent contentions and determine the proper forms. reasons in every instance would require a hope shortly to publish. I only plead for as m and as little ambiguity as possible, and the ju on its merits, unbiased by personal or local pr Anglicization should be the steady aim : let t little regard for ordinary readers who do Fortunately the vital genius of the language g as in "closure," "employee," in spite of all the

With regard to the particular points call The aspirate should be sounded wherever words but "hour," "heir," "honor," "hon tives : surely we have difficulties enough letter without seeking to introduce fresh co sound of "ou" in "tour"—as of "i" in "capr is established English, and is the correct and in "blouse," if only to distinguish this In "fiancee" as in "financier" short "i" euphonious and in the line of progress, lik "fertile." The diëresis in "naïve" has a pu not necessary), the accent in "depôt" non letter "z" should be used wherever poss adopted it uniformly for the termination " already write "hazard," "assize," in defi

The forms "fantom," "feasant," "sulf justified on every ground, and if asked : why I reply : why indeed ? seeing that w "fantastic," "frenzy." But one step omission of useless letters in Reims and B the pronunciation, but considering that the F is absurdly pronounced "antilleeze" it wo stitute the correct form "Antilias" (Span. for *self* (or "egoïsm") being more "ro incorrect "t," that is mere childishness. Wh instead of the affected *littérateur* ? Then rather than the Italian forms *regime*, *debut* Indeed "Italian *renaissance*" is almost a terms, the proper phrase, if a foreign wo being *rinascimento*. But I fail to perceive wh "cortege," "accouchment," "massage," " any more "detestable" than "essen "couch," "passage," "portrait" ; or "debu

I thought there could be no mis suggested pronunciations in my last paragra is spelt with an "h" it should be sound words conformed to precedents like "sche "predict," "stalactites," or to ordinary Thus when the same word serves as noun an should be (always wherever possible) on t the former and on the second in the latte cases let the leaning be towards consistency.—

EVACUSTES

"The Young Cricketer's Tutor" is styled an "unapproachable classic"; for many years it was also unprocurable save at a very high price. The issue of Mr. Whibley's edition afforded another proof of what is so well known to booksellers—namely, that the best way of killing the demand for a rare book is to reprint it in a cheap form. The fact that any one can procure this "unapproachable classic" for one shilling is sufficient to deter him from doing so. But perhaps readers of *Literature* will be more interested in the Homer of cricket than the average cricketer, who cares as a rule for nothing beyond halfpenny-paper gossip about his favourite game.

ALFRED NUTT.

*** In using the phrase, that Nyren "did not even write his own book," the writer of the article had no intention of disputing his authorship. So far as the furnisher of the material can be termed the author of a book, Nyren is indubitably entitled to that name in respect of "The Young Cricketer's Tutor."

"L'AIGLON."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, Unless Mr. Stephen is referring, as I scarcely think, to the brilliant lines in Act I., Scene XII., of *L'Aiglon* he is surely making a slip in speaking of "the scene at Austerlitz." I conclude he means the scene at Wagram. Since writing my last letter to you on *L'Aiglon* another interesting point has been brought to my notice by Professor Gallio. History on the stage may be divided into three classes:—

1. The historical plays of the French classicists in which the subject is pre-eminently man—*e.g.*, *Le Cid* and *Cinna*.

2. The historical drama of Shakespeare, in which the subject is particularized to the history of one main character.

3. That of the romantic school, which shows us a man in his personality. The heroes of this drama are not really dramatic figures, but what is interesting about them is the human. To this third class *L'Aiglon* belongs. In it the Duke is not truly dramatic. He is human, and his character displays a moribund psychology. Yet he is interesting to the educated, to the æsthetic, to the historically inclined audience. Flambeau, on the other hand, pleases that portion of the audience to which the Duke's character appeals but slightly. In introducing Flambeau, Rostand is playing to the gallery.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

WALTER W. SETON.

Derwent-house, Anerley, S.E., July 22.

THE LATE MR. JAMES HAMBLIN SMITH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your notice of this famous "coach" in *Literature*, July 20, you say that he "contented himself some fifty years ago with the modest position of 'Captain of the Poll.'" This was not the case. He was, in fact, thirty-second Wrangler, and sixth in the second class of the Classical Tripos in 1850, a year noticeable as being the last in which candidates for Classical Honours were required to have first attained Mathematical. I took my B.A. degree at the same time, and I well remember that Mr. Smith was unwell during the Classical examination. But for this illness, his name would probably have stood higher in the list.

Yours faithfully,

S. CHEETHAM.

Rochester, 22nd July, 1901.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHER

Mr. Graham Balfour's Life of his cousin, Rob Stevenson, which Messrs. Methuen will publish in th will be uniform with the Edinburgh edition. Mr stayed with R. L. S. in Samoa for a year or two, an graphy was entrusted to him by Stevenson's family. T is rich in unpublished MSS., letters, diaries of tr reminiscences of friends, as well as a valuable fr autobiography. A complete bibliography of Stevens is also given. Another collection of unpublished w R. L. S. is announced by Mr. Howard Wilfred Bell, of

Miss Ormerod's "Reminiscences," with which she the last months of her life after giving up her cate work, were finished shortly before her death. The tw published by Mr. Murray—probably towards the end of

A new edition of Samuel Richardson's novels is a by Crosup and Sterling, of New York. Following a custom of publishers in the United States the only cop are twenty impressions on Japan paper in twenty vol Holland hand-made paper in twenty vols., 1,242 on deckle-edge paper in eighteen vols., and a sworn state no other copies are or will be printed is given to pr The edition is edited by Professor Phelps of Yale U who furnishes a life of the author and a special prefa novel. Facsimiles of engravings which appeared in the 1742, and of letters by Richardson to Mr. Dancomb Richardson by Dr. Johnson, dated February 19, 1756, of the edition.

The "Thoughts from Ruskin," selected by Attwell, which has been one of the most popular volum Allen's "Pensées" Series, is to be followed by two v "Pen Pictures from Ruskin"—descriptive passages Caroline H. Wurtzburg. The first series deals with de of men and women, man's handiwork, and places, an ready in the autumn; the second series, treating of plants, animals, and natural phenomena, is not due spring. Other autumn books announced by Mr. A a new volume of essays by Maurice Maeterlinck; "T to Rome: Notes of Travel in Italy," by Hilaire Bel sixty illustrations from drawings by the author; "Earl of Venice; from the Origins to the Conquest of Const in 1204," by F. C. Hodgson, M.A., and "The Celtic ment, and Other Essays," by Francis Grierson.

The "Original Papers" of the late Dr. John H F.R.S., are about to be published by the Cambridge U Press in two volumes. Dr. Hopkinson was killed with his children in an Alpine disaster in August, 1898. Pr the whole of the papers included in the two volumes h reprinted from various periodicals and books, and h edited by Mr. B. Hopkinson, who has written a m accompany them. The first volume contains the p technical subjects; the second, those of a more character.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are now publish subscription, for Mr. Christopher A. Markham, F.S.A. on the "Stone Crosses of the County of Northampton. eighty crosses are described, and about sixty-six of t illustrated, mostly from drawings by the author. In amptonshire two of the original crosses erected in me

Books to look out for at once.

"Alice of Old Vincennes." By Maurice Thompson. Cassell. 6s.
"Menasseh Ben Israel's Mission to Oliver Cromwell." By Lucien Wolf. Macmillan. 21s. net.
[Contains a reprint in facsimile of the three tracts published by Menasseh, with a history of the negotiations between the Jews and Oliver Cromwell which resulted in the foundation of the present Anglo-Jewish community. Three portraits.]
"Roman Public Life." By A. H. J. Greenidge. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
"The Transit of Civilization from England to America in the 17th Century." By E. Eggleston. Hirschfeld. 6s. net.
"A Commentary on Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'" By Professor A. C. Bradley. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.
[Aims strictly at explanatory interpretation, æsthetic criticism being avoided.]
"A Book of Brittany." By the Rev. S. Baring Gould. Methuen 6s.
[Uniform with his books on Devon, Cornwall, and Dartmoor.]
"Tristram of Blent." By Anthony Hope. Murray. 6s.
"The Shirts of Happy Chance." By H. H. R. Marriott Watson. Methuen. 6s.
"An Uncongenial Marriage." By Cosmo Clarke. White. 6s.
"Women Must Weep." By Sarah Tytler. Long. 6s.
"The Heretic." By R. J. Lees. Long. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII (Bijou Biography). By H. Whates. 5¼×3¼. 143 pp. Drane. 1s.

FICTION.

THE "CHICOT" PAPERS. By K. Hedgard. 7×5. 171 pp. Arrowsmith. 1s.
THE VIRGIN AND THE SCALES. By Alice Dawson. 6¾×4¼. 212 pp. Arrowsmith. 1s.
THE INNOCENTS ON THE BROADS. By E. R. Suffling. 7½×5. 323 pp. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
[Humorous stories connected with the Norfolk Broads.]
HIS LAWFUL WIFE. By Jean Middlemass. 8×5½. 317 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
LOVE THE ATONEMENT. By Francis Campbell. 8×5½. 365 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
A BLACK VINTAGE. By M. Gerard. 8×5½. 313 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
MARY HAMILTON: Her Life and History. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. 7¾×5¼. 348 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[One of the "Queen's Maries." A tale of the times of Bothwell and John Knox.]
LOVE AND HIS MASK. By Menie Muriel Dowie. 7¾×5¼. 312 pp. Heinemann. 6s.
[A novel introducing scenes from the War in South Africa.]
BOTH SIDES OF THE VEIL. By R. Marsh. 7¾×5¼. 305 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[Eleven short stories in Mr. Marsh's customary forcible style.]
A HARVEST OF STUBBLE. By W. E. Hooper. 7¾×5¼. 178 pp. Brett.
MISTRESS NELL. By G. C. Hazelton, Jun. 7¾×5¼. 295 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
[A novel about Nell Gwyn based on a play by the author.]
THE LITTLE TIN GODS. By Jessie E. Lipscomb. 7¾×5¼. 332 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
NO VINDICATION. By Mrs. C. Kernahan. 7¾×5¼. 322 pp. J. Long. 6s.
JESSIE. By G. Marlowe. 8×5½. 333 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
HENRY BOURLAND. By A. E. Hancock. 7¾×5¼. 433 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

GEOGRAPHY.

TOPOGRAPHICAL AND PHYSICAL MAP OF PALESTINE. By J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.S.E., and G. A. Smith, D.D., LL.D. 11×7. T. and T. Clark. 10s. 6d.

LAW.

THE CASE FOR THE FACTORY ACTS. Edited by Mrs. S. Webb. 7¾×5¼. 233 pp. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.
[Mrs. Humphry Ward contributes a preface; the Editor and four other ladies supply a chapter apiece.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

INDEX TO THE PERIODICALS OF 1903. Vol. XI. 10×7¼. 215 pp. "Review of Reviews." 15s. n.

ORIENTAL.

DAWLATSHÁH'S MEMOIRS OF THE POETS. (Persian Historical Texts, Vol. I.) Ed. by E. G. Browne. 9¼×6¼. Luzac. 18s. n.

PHILOSOPHY.

HISTORY OF INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT. Vol. III. By J. B. Crozier. 9×6. 465 pp. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE STUDENTS' ENGLISH LITERATURE. By A. H. Thompson. 7¼×5. 833 pp. Murray. 7s. 6d.
THE HOUSE OF DREAMS. By W. J. Dawson. 5th Edition. 7¾×5¼. 135 pp. H. Marshall. 2s. 6d.
LA BELLA AND OTHERS. By Eleanor Castle. 7¾×5¼. 320 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
[Short stories with a plentiful seasoning of sword-play.]
THE STORY OF ALFRED THE GREAT. 2nd Edition. By W. Hawkins and E. T. Smith. 7¾×5. 162 pp. H. Marshall. 2s. 6d.
THE BIBLE: ITS MEANING AND SUPREMACY. 3rd Edition. By F. W. Farrar, D.D. 9×6. 328 pp. Longmans. 6s. n.
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SYDNEY SMITH. By S. J. Reid. (Cheap Edition.) 7¾×5. 382 pp. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.
THE MARCH OF THE TEN THOUSAND. Trans. by H. G. Dakyns. 7¾×5¼. 264 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
[A sketch of the Life of Xenophon and a translation of the Anabasis with maps and notes, reprinted with corrections from volume I. of "The Works of Xenophon."]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House

PROBLEM No. 293, by A. C. WHITE, New York.
BLACK. 13 pieces.

WHITE. 9 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM
G. VAN BR
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and

PROBLEM No. 295, by G. Reichelm.—Wh
K at Q 5; Kt at Q 6; pawn at Q R 3. Black
Q R 3; pawns at Q B 4, Q Kt 3, Q R 2, Q R 5.
and win.

PAUL MORPHY, 1837-1884.—Much discussio
is still proceeding, as to whether Morphy was a
genius than our present champion, Lasker. We
to attempt a settlement of the vexed questio
was born at New Orleans, June 22, 1837. He
the moves early, because there are well-authe
of the lad of 12 to 15 playing with father and u
gaining the upper hand. He graduated at Spr
in 1854, and was called to the Bar in 1857, at w
master of four languages. Morphy knew ve
intuitively, of the theory of chess; but the cor
openings seemed to come to him "by inspiratio
the age of 13, met and defeated Löwenthal.
Frenchman Eugene Rosseau often, 1849-50.

In 1857, when his fame had been noised abr
in the first American Chess Tournament an
though Louis Paulsen was one of the players.
came to Europe hoping to meet, among others,
It does not appear that the English Champ
anxious to play a match, or indeed any game
American, who, however, among other bri
defeated Anderssen, Löwenthal, Harrwitz (n
noted), Mongredien. The match with Anders
his greatest feat. In two years, 1857-58,
plished all his real work and establish
in comparison with which every other player's
insignificance. Whether Anderssen, Zukert
Lasker, or either of them, were, upon the
cannot easily be demonstrated. He was a
magnitude. His combinations were almost
guished by accuracy and brilliancy combined.

Morphy returned to America in May, 185
honoured. He issued a challenge to the wo
pawn and move—that is to say, Morphy woul
to any player. He then retired from chess,
forthcoming. The later years of Morphy's
shadowed by a species of insanity and b
including the war between North and South.
a positive morbid aversion to the game, and
appears to have been limited to a few games,
with Mr. Chas. A. Maurian and one or two
Paris and New Orleans. Morphy died sudd
town, July 10, 1884.

GAME No. XC.—Played by the Russian c

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 108. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish on page 102 a special article on Victor Hugo and his work, with illustrations. On page 100 M. Paul Bourget contributes a "Personal View" on Victor Hugo as a novelist. Mr. Arthur Waugh continues his series of articles on Victorian Poetry with a paper entitled "The Poetry of Faith and Aspiration." Next week we shall publish a special Carlyle number, and Mr. Waugh will carry on his series with an article on "The Poetry of Reflection and Doubt."

* * * *

Messrs. Archibald Constable will shortly have ready a new Shakespeare in twenty volumes, which bids fair to be the popular edition of the twentieth century. The text will be a finally revised edition of the "Whitehall Shakespeare," which was itself remarkable for the beauty and clearness of its type and the lightness of its paper. Each volume will contain three illustrations, reproduced in Edinburgh from water-colour drawings by Byam Shaw, Patten Wilson, Leslie Brooke, W. J. Cowper, and other rising artists, and with a title-page and end-papers designed by Lewis F. Day.

* * * *

and humour of the creator of Mrs. Poyser and Mr. Br
Stephen, who unites gifts as writers, critic, and biog
easily to be rivalled in combination, has a real
recreate a living image of the woman of genius who
so powerful an influence on her generation. The o
and somewhat laborious character depicted by Mr. Cr
the whole of her, though no doubt it was the side
most of in her latter years to the worshippers at her s
a living biography is but the due of one who after some
phase of eclipse begins again to be universally recogn
the least brilliant star in the great constellation of
novelists.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"A Commentary on Tennyson's 'In Memoria
Professor A. C. Bradley (Macmillan).

"Marrables' Magnificent Idea." By F. C.
(Blackwood).

"Alice of Old Vincennes." By Maurice Thompso

"The Coward." By R. L. Jefferson (Ward, Loc

"The Skirts of Happy Chance." By H. B
Watson (Methuen).

* * * *

On Monday next the well-known firm of Simpkin,
Hamilton, Kent, and Co. move into new premise
street, Haymarket, that portion of their business
hitherto been carried on in the premises behind S
Strand. These are doomed to disappear under the
the improvement of the Strand. The building which
become the headquarters of book and periodical dis
the West-end is of considerable historical interes
fact none other than the old Royal Tennis Court
built in 1673. The walls of the court remain ver
their original state, but floors, of course, have b
making it now thoroughly suitable for the requirem
trade. Mr. Francis Hooper, R.I.B.A., acting up
gestions of Mr. Herbert Kent, is responsible for th
ment of the rooms for their new purpose.

* * * *

The news has just reached Paris and London of t
tion of a circular of the Grand Vizier at Constantinople
Mussulman families to employ European governesses
to give hospitality to French, English, or German
compagnie. This may have seemed merely a picturesqu
of Ottoman nationalism. As a matter of fact, it afford
instance of the power of a book to effect a revolution i
A novel entitled "La Courtisane de la Montagne

The book is a curious plea for a revival of Ottoman patriotism. No novel for years has had anything like the vogue which it is now obtaining in the East.

* * * *

An uncommon feat in the publishing arena is now being performed in the offices of the *Queen*. Although the readers of that paper had already enjoyed a portion of "A Winter Pilgrimage," by Mr. Rider Haggard, it was only on July 20th that they first had the opportunity of reading Chapter I. The first half of the book is in fact being published after the second half. We do not know of any previous instance of this sort in the serial publication of the book. The portion that had already appeared proved so acceptable to readers of the *Queen* that, like Oliver Twist, they asked for more.

* * * *

An interesting find is announced by the *Morning Post* concerning one of the most remarkable episodes in all literary history—the somewhat chequered friendship between Voltaire and Frederick the Great. A German historian, seeking for material concerning Carlyle's hero, has discovered several unpublished poems by Voltaire in the Royal archives at Berlin. One of these is quoted, describing a pilgrimage made by the philosopher in 1743 to Frederick's sister, the Margravine of Bayreuth, familiar to all readers of Carlyle's voluminous history. Here is a verse from the poem in question :—

Les pélerins s'en vont dans leurs voyages,
Courir les saints et gagner les pardons ;
Plus dévot qu'eux, je fais mes stations
Chez des héros, des belles et des sages.
Voilà des saints en qui j'ai de la foi
Et l'Évangile où tout esprit doit croire.
Bayreuth, Berlin sont des temples pour moi,
Et c'est toujours le temple de la gloire.

* * * *

The National Antarctic Expedition is eminently well found in point of literature. A few days before the gallant ship Discovery—may all good fortune attend her—left the East India Dock a large quantity of books were taken aboard which embraced "all sorts and conditions" of literature from the six-shilling "sensational" to the most abstruse of scientific treatises. In the living room of the crew there is a small bookcase, standing opposite the clock with the legend on its face "Discovery leads to Discovery," containing some two hundred volumes. As may be imagined they consist entirely of popular literature, novels, and a few bound volumes of well-known magazines. Almost the first to catch one's eye, on account of its flaring red boards, is Jules Verne's "Antarctic Mystery." Mr. Punch occupies a good deal of space, and a more genial companion for a dark Antarctic night it would be hard to find. "Treasure Island," "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," and "Westward Ho!" are there, as well as representative stories of Dumas, Rider Haggard, Besant, Fenimore Cooper, Captain Marryat, and Guy Boothby, and odd volumes of the *Quiver*, *Good Words*, *Cassell's*, *Pearson's*, and the *Royal* magazines.

* * * *

In the ward were two or three sets of books are shelved on

Mr. James Greville Clark, editor of the *Ch*
died on Sunday last at his residence in Caterham.

We are informed that Mrs. Creed, an A
writer of some note, is at present in London, havi
join in the general exodus of Australian writers.
known perhaps as "Gouli-Gouli" of the *Sydney*

The authorities of the British Museum Lil
issued two supplementary volumes—"Brax-
"Bruys-Bzovius"—of the Catalogue of Printed

Professor W. S. McCormick, the secretary o
University Trust, was formerly a book publish
His firm issued, among other things, an excellent
Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

It is stated that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's son
on an adaptation of Henryk Sienkiewicz's novel "
Fire," which he expects to finish in time for p
next year.

Dr. Carl Peters, the well-known explorer, h
home news of some interesting archæological disc
Mashonaland frontier. One of these is a figure
posed to date some 2,500 years before our era, whi
with a number of hieroglyphic characters, as yet

The view from Richmond-hill, for the preser
Mr. George Meredith and others have fought
been saved by the acceptance of an offer to sell
Estate to the London County Council for £70,000.

Among a recent gift of five pictures to
Museum is a portrait of a man with the wo
Rabelais" painted on the right-hand top corne
The painting is by Lagneau, and is stated to
resemblance to one or two rare contemporary e
great French humorist.

A portrait of William Shakespeare, 22in. by
collection of Lord St. Leonards, was sold at Sot
day for £25 10s. The artist is unknown.

There are fourteen first class men in the
List just published at Oxford—a record number.
were not more than four.

The Trustees of the British Museum are ab
more parts of their series of selected Babylonian
inscriptions. The first volume contains conside
to the Chaldean Epic.

In the High Court on Tuesday Mr. Utley, a
awarded £200 damages against Sir Tatton and L
libel published by the latter in the *Review of the*

M. Léon Daudet has been slightly wounded i
duel.

A memorial service was held on Friday
Abbey for the late Bishop of Durham, who from
a canon of Westminster.

Literary Examinations.

Examinations of all sorts are a fruitful source of jest, and from time to time you may see in the magazines articles from the pen of some fortunate examiner whose labours have provided him with a fund of good stories. Such articles are interesting and amusing to the general reader, who likes nothing better than to witness the downfall of others, and derives a pleasant sense of superiority from the reflection that so much ignorance exists in the world. But the paper which Mr. H. C. Beeching contributes to the current number of *Longman's Magazine* is of a different and a more serious cast than most. It does not consist merely of a string of disconnected anecdotes, but aims at the heart of a question very important to lovers of literature. It is now about three months since we published an article from his pen on "The Teaching of Literature," and in the present paper, which he calls "Some Notes on an Examination," Mr. Beeching amplifies and extends his views on the subject, fortifying them with a sufficient number of amusing examples. Should English literature be taught at all—and if it should be taught, are we at present teaching it in a reasonable manner? Briefly, these are the two questions, raised in the first instance, we believe, by Mr. Andrew Lang, to which Mr. Beeching essays to reply. Mr. Lang answered the first boldly in the negative, and so easily disposed of the whole matter. His arguments were, as we understand them, that many eminent men of letters have produced sound literature before literature, as a subject, was ever included in any school curriculum; that the works of recent writers who had received the doubtful advantage of a modern education were not conspicuously better than those of a former age; and, finally, that literary appreciation is an inborn gift that cannot be acquired by the aid of the most cunning of teachers. Mr. Beeching, on the other hand, holds that English literature should be taught, but that the present method of teaching is not the best. As a matter of fact, this is unfortunately true. The gentlemen who set examination papers are largely to blame for this. They demand, as a rule, for such an examination as that for the London University matriculation, a general acquaintance with the whole of English literature, and the inevitable result is that the pupil flies to handbooks where he can read about the great authors, and pick up his criticism ready made. Mr. Beeching takes Milton as one example of the melancholy results of this practice. It is a remarkable fact, he says, that almost all the candidates who attempted a life of Milton knew that his father was a scrivener, and that the poet was born in Bread Street, "though a few by a natural confusion said Milk Street." Most of them knew that he had three wives and that his daughters were unsympathetic. But beyond this he was as likely as not to be confused with other poets, such as Shakespeare, Byron, Spenser, Shelley, and Chaucer; and the lists of his works were amazing in their variety. When we consider how many lists of entirely unknown books had been committed to memory on the chance of their being asked for, this is perhaps hardly surprising. And the "literary judgments" were no less remarkable. "Milton wrote in very varying metres and used 89 per cent. of Anglo-Saxon verbs" (which appears to be an imperfect reminiscence from the Tennyson handbook). "The 'Paradise Lost' like a stately temple is vast in conception but involved in detail." "Milton's style was sublime and comprehensive, and at the same time soothing." Mr. Beeching suggests, and we agree with him, that it would have been more salutary for these young people to have been set to master a single book of "Paradise Lost" instead of being

THE LESSON.

[Reprinted from *The Times* of July 29.]

Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should,
We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no end

Not on a single issue, or in one direction or twain,
But conclusively, comprehensively, and several time
Were all our most holy illusions knocked higher than
kite.
We have had a jolly good lesson and it serves
right!

This was not bestowed us under the trees, nor yet in
a tent,
But swingingly, over eleven degrees of a bare brow
From Lambart's to Delagoa Bay, and from Piet
Sutherland,
Fell the phenomenal lesson we learned—with a fain
no other land!

It was our fault, and our very great fault, and not t
of Heaven!
We made an Army in our own image, on an I
seven,
Which faithfully mirrored its maker's ideals, e
mental attitude—
And so we got our lesson: and we ought to a
gratitude!

We have spent some hundred million pounds to p
once more
That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two a
four:
And horses have four legs and men have two legs,
four goes twice
And nothing over except our lesson—and very
price.

For remember (this our children shall know:
near for that knowledge)
Not our mere astonied camps but Council and
College—
All the obese, unchallenged old things that stif
us—
Have felt the effects of the lesson we got—an a
money could buy us!

Then let us develop this marvellous asset which we al
And which, it may subsequently transpire, will
much as the Rand:
Let us approach this pivotal fact in a humble
mood—
We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no

It was our fault, and our very great fault—and

VICTOR HUGO, ROMANCIER.

A "Personal View."

By PAUL BOURGET.

Il y a toujours un extrême intérêt à voir un artiste qui a excellé dans un genre quitter ce genre pour un autre et appliquer ses facultés à un type d'œuvres pour lequel il ne semblait pas fait. Il est rare que cette tentative soit suivie d'un entier succès, et, pour citer des cas d'ordre très différent et très inégal, assurément les fresques de Michel-Ange ne valent pas ses marbres, les mémoires scientifiques de Goethe ne valent pas ses poèmes lyriques, et tout près de nous les romans de Victor Hugo ne sauraient s'égaler aux *Feuilles d'Automne* et aux *Orientales*, pas plus que les vers de Sainte-Beuve ne se comparent aux *Lundis*. Cela dit, il faut reconnaître que dans son effort pour s'adapter à des formes rebelles, le génie demeure toujours le génie. Sa vigoureuse énergie créatrice se manifeste même à travers les inexpériences et les insuffisances. Il dénature tout ensemble et il féconde ce genre dans lequel il a voulu couler sa pensée. Qui a pu regretter, devant les prophètes et les Sibylles de la chapelle Sixtine, que le statuaire de la *Nuit* se soit essayé à ce paradoxe audacieux d'une sculpture peinte ? Qui n'a admiré, dans les conversations avec Eckermann, les pages où l'auteur de *Faust* développe ses vues de demi-savant, mais si ingénieuses, sur les métamorphoses des plantes, sur l'unité de plan dans la création ? Plus près de nous, et dans un moins glorieux domaine, quel amoureux de la poésie Française n'a goûté le charme singulier de ces élégies analytiques que Sainte-Beuve a appelées les *Consolations* ? Qui enfin n'a senti en suivant, épisode par épisode, la tragique aventure de Jean Valjean dans les *Misérables*, qu'il était là en présence d'une création sans analogue, anormale, et, si l'on veut, monstrueuse—au sens que les Latins donnaient à ce mot—par beaucoup d'endroits, mais d'une telle puissance dans la conception et l'exécution qu'il manquerait quelque chose à l'histoire de l'art du roman, si ce livre n'avait pas été composé ?

Ce sont quelques-uns des caractères de Victor Hugo romancier que je voudrais fixer ici, en me bornant, pour plus de précision, à ces *Misérables* qui sont vraiment son récit en prose, le plus représentatif. Car, dans *Notre-Dame de Paris* le romancier en lui subissait encore l'influence de Walter Scott, et les récits qui ont suivi, *L'Homme qui Rit*, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, *Quatre-vingt-treize*, accentuent les défauts des *Misérables*, sans en égaler les qualités. Le premier de ces caractères consiste en ceci que Victor Hugo a, dans le choix des personnages, dans l'établissement du milieu, dans la matière même de son œuvre, accepté cette position qui est celle du roman moderne depuis Balzac et qu'il faut bien, faute d'un terme plus précis, appeler *réaliste*. Mais il l'a acceptée avec une imagination et une facture épique. Comme les maîtres du réalisme, un Balzac lui-même, un Stendhal, et, hors de France, un Dickens, un Thackeray, un Turgénieff, c'est un morceau

c'est l'enfant d'une prostituée qui Valjean rec
ramasse petite servante à tout faire dans un
banlieue, coupe-gorge tenu par les Thénardier
bandits. Et cette destinée de misérieux s'ach
obscurs complots politiques du règne de Louis-Phil
nués dans des cabarets borgnes par des étudia
de bas agents, et aboutissant au combat des rues,
comme une opération de police publique.

Vous retrouvez dans ces données, si vous
philosophie esthétique, le parti-pris des écrivains
document, de ceux qui prétendent réduire le
chapitre de l'histoire des mœurs. Mais ces donné
ment grossières et basses, sont maniées et interp
des plus étonnants génies lyriques qui se
rencontrés, et voyez les se développer, se t
magnifier jusqu'à devenir l'épopée de la rév
revendication sociale. Ce forçat, qui est entré
par le vol d'un pain dans une boulangerie et qui a
celui d'un panier d'argenterie dans une armoire, d
de plus en plus grandiose de l'âme plébeienn
instinctive, que les sévérités implacables d'un
entrailles jettent au désespoir et au crime, et q
bienfaiteur attendri relève presque miraculeuse
lumière. L'évêque artisan de cette rédemption,
n'est plus seulement un excellent prêtre, d'u
indulgente et douce. Il devient lui aussi un type,
digne de prendre place dans la *Légende dor*
poverello d'Assise. La prostituée dont le forçat
n'est pas elle non plus une simple créature dégrad
et chez qui un sentiment animal de maternit
l'abjection d'un sort abominable. Elle appar
Victime, presque sacrée par l'excès de l'injustice
sur qui l'égoïsme de l'Homme a exercé sa pire c
enfant elle-même sauvée par Jean Valjean, ce
enfant, c'est toute l'enfance, comme jeune fille,
Pureté, et, une fois éprise, tout l'Amour. Tous c
dans un décor, dans des événements, dans un " p
quotidienne s'amplifient jusqu'au symbole par une
de vision psychologique d'autant plus saisissante
physique, elle, reste précise et nette comme
Telle description de Paris, celle par exemple d
Jean Valjean traverse la nuit pour échapper à
Javert entre le boulevard de l'Hôpital et le cul-
cette description, dis-je, pourrait prendre place
tant chaque détour de rue y est indiqué, presque
de maison, et l'individualité des héros qu'
carrefours, evoqués presque photographiqueme
dessinée autrement que celle des guerriers l
l'*Iliade* ou des *Sept Chefs devant Thèbes* !

L'effet immédiat d'un pareil contraste est un d
qui produit chez le lecteur, suivant ses habitude
d'esprit, un enthousiasme excessif ou une rév
excessive, mais qui ne permet guère l'indifféren
intelligences formées aux rigoureuses méthodes

insignifiante, cette délinéation sommaire, mais épique, est un enchantement. Si tout est démesuré dans le roman tel que le conçoit Victor Hugo, rien n'y est médiocre. Certes, les simplifications forcées des caractères risquent d'aboutir à d'étranges erreurs d'optique morale. Il existe peu de scènes, dans toutes les littératures, plus absolument fausses, pour n'en citer qu'une, que celle du Chapitre X., dans le premier livre, que le poète révolutionnaire a appelé :—"L'évêque en présence d'une lumière inconnue." C'est celle où il fait s'agenouiller Mgr. Myriel pour demander la bénédiction d'un Conventionnel mourant. Il n'est même pas besoin d'avoir sur l'imbécillité béate ou sanguinaire de '89 et de '92 l'opinion aujourd'hui établie chez tous ceux qui ont étudié scientifiquement ces deux périodes, pour comprendre l'absurdité d'un pareil renversement des rôles. Il suffit d'admettre que toute mentalité a ses lois nécessaires et qu'un honnête homme comme Mgr. Myriel, du moment qu'il demeure évêque, croit à l'Eglise. Non seulement cette foi n'est pas conciliable avec l'étonnement admiratif que le romancier lui prête devant les pauvretés du Conventionnel, mais elle ne lui permet pas d'humilier devant un homme, si grand soit-il, une majesté qui, reçue par un sacrement, n'est ni humaine ni personnelle. N'importe. Cette hypothèse d'une solennelle rencontre entre deux principes incarnés, l'un dans un Juste, l'autre dans un mourant, pour déraisonnable qu'elle puisse paraître, a cependant une grandeur, du moins d'intention. L'écrivain s'est mépris sur la valeur comparative des doctrines que l'évêque et le Révolutionnaire représentent, mais il a vu l'importance du rôle que joue la doctrine dans les heures sérieuses de la vie. Il a affirmé, ce que les romanciers de mœurs semblent trop souvent oublier, que l'homme n'est pas mené uniquement par des intérêts et des sensations, et que la foi aux idées est un des facteurs essentiels de la volonté. Il eût certes été plus grand s'il eût été capable de cette vérité dans la perspective qui met à leur place les divers systèmes et qui ne confond pas une religion explicative de toute l'âme humaine, comme le Catholicisme avec un morceau de phraséologie électorale tel aussi médiocre que la *Déclaration des droits*. Mais il est grand encore, par cette conviction, si profonde en lui, que les drames les plus émouvants de la vie sont des drames de conscience.

Un artiste littéraire est toujours récompensé de sa bonne foi, même lorsqu'il se trompe. C'est ainsi qu'avec ces simplifications inacceptables, ces partialités violentes, et, il faut avoir le courage de le dire, ces surprenantes ignorances, l'auteur des *Misérables* a pourtant réussi, parce qu'il était sincère dans sa conception du roman, à composer un livre qui restera, d'abord comme le monument de la plus étonnante vigueur d'imaginative—rappelez-vous le *Champ de bataille de Waterloo*, le *Couvent des Vierges*, l'auberge Thénardier tout de merveille ; et—résultat bien inattendu—il restera aussi comme un œuvre infiniment significative, et, au demeurant, documentaire au même degré que la *Madame Bovary* de Gustave Flaubert ou l'*Assommoir* de M. Emile Zola, les deux romans peut-être où l'esthétique réaliste a trouvé, chez nous, sa formule même résumé dans des vers célèbres toutes les p[illegible] aussi toutes les limitations de son génie quand il s'[illegible] *une âme.*

Mise au centre de tout, comme un écho [illegible] était cet écho à vingt ans, lorsqu'il composait [illegible] *Ballades* et qu'il laissait passer dans ses strophes [illegible] tion de la France épuisée de guerres et de co[illegible] saluant dans ses princes héréditaires sa tradition re[illegible] si peu de temps, hélas ! Il était cet écho, quand, célébrait Napoléon, à l'époque du renouveau de fe[illegible] partiste qui suivit 1830. Il l'était enfin quand, rallié à la cause de la démocratie, il écrivait sur sa les pages républicaines des *Misérables*. Il s'est était milieu du XIXe. siècle, en France, une conception [illegible] presque religieuse de la Révolution qu'il faut comp[illegible] bien se rendre compte de tout ce qui s'est passé et [illegible] peu raisonnable en politique, dans ce pays-ci, cinquante dernières années. Nulle part de cette conce[illegible] traduite avec un relief plus saisissant que dans ce r[illegible] discours tenus par les jeunes gens qui dressent la bar[illegible] la partie, intitulée "l'Idylle rue Plumet et l'Épopé[illegible] Denis," expliquent l'état d'âme des insurgés de J[illegible] Commune, mieux que ne feraient des volumes d'analys[illegible] de sentimentalisme Jacobin qui circule d'un bout [illegible] l'ouvrage est encore aujourd'hui celui dont s'e[illegible] portions profondes du socialisme Français. L'étrang[illegible] justice, anarchiste, d'après lequel sont modelés l'évê[illegible] Jean Valjean, Fantine, Marius, Enjobras, vous le [illegible] encore aujourd'hui dans des discours de réunions pub[illegible] des articles de journaux, sur des affiches qui portent [illegible] de 1901, mais qui réellement manifestent une disposit[illegible] établie aux environs des années où Hugo conçut les [illegible] L'expérience et la réflexion paraissent bien démont[illegible] Idéal est aussi dangereux qu'il est faux. Fût-il plus [illegible] encore et plus faux, il existe, il est indispensable pou[illegible] la position exacte des poètes en France. N[illegible] vous ne l'apercevez plus nettement que dans ce[illegible] d'un poète qui a, sans s'en douter, et quand il croya[illegible] Homère et Eschyle, apporté une contribution ca[illegible] psychologie de son époque. C'est le cas de rappele[illegible] comparaison qui assimile l'œuvre d'écrivains à une[illegible] faite par derrière. Ils y travaillent sans en voir [illegible] Certes Victor Hugo eût été bien surpris, quand, à [illegible] *House* il corrigeait de sa puissante écriture les épr[illegible] *Misérables*, si on lui avait dit que le meilleur de son t[illegible] sisterait à intéresser quelques dilettantes épris de fort[illegible] et à mener de quelques notes essentielles un historie[illegible] phe du genre de M. Taine ou de M. Lecky. Et pou[illegible] est-il pas ainsi ?

Many visitors to Paris of a literary turn of mind [illegible] a visit to No. 6, Place des Vosges, formerly known as [illegible] Royale, where Victor Hugo lived from 1831 to 1848. [illegible] lyle's house in Cheyne-row, this seventeenth-century [illegible]

Literature Portraits.—XIII.

VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Hugo has placed it on record that his most precious gift to his day and generation was, in his own opinion, his personality. That, of course, is as it may be. Whether you agree with him depends upon many things, but mainly upon whether you are or are not a partisan of literary sacerdotalism. What is quite certain is that the gift in question was freely offered and eagerly accepted. This popular writer was as vain as a professional beauty, and was taken as seriously as an Archbishop. Wherever he went, and whatever he did, the centre of the stage was always left vacant for him, and he never failed to occupy it with dignity and gestures in the grand style. That he might be worthy of it, he studied and rehearsed, supplementing a personality that was naturally striking by the artifice of lies and false pretences.

VICTOR HUGO.
[From "Victor Hugo," by J. Pringle Nichol, by permission of Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein.]

The Hugo Family.

This seems a hard saying, but the facts are there and chapter and verse can be given. The man of genius on whom Victor Hugo aspired to model himself was Chateaubriand, and he differed from Chateaubriand in not being a scion of a noble house. His way out of the difficulty was to invent ancestors and boast of them. He gave out, and caused it to be recorded in at least four "semi-official" biographies—those written by Sainte-Beuve, by M. Barbou, by Alexandre Dumas and by his wife—that he was the descendant of an old Lorraine family, "noble since the year 1331." He spoke of certain lost documents which prevented him from giving as many details as he would have liked. It has

it, as George IV. came to believe that he had
battle of Waterloo. But his original audac
legend throws a flood of light upon the n
Throughout his life it was his habit, withou
facts of the case, to strike any attitude that
the pose was always life-like; the pose of a
at the same time a man of genius. We shal
examples of it presently.

Victor Hugo's father, Joseph Leopold Sig
as has been said, a distinguished officer in the
He is famous as the man who ran to earth the
guerilla chieftains of that age—Charette, w
Diavolo, who was hanged, and Juan Martin, th
who was garotted. While chasing Charette
fell in love with Sophie Trébuchet, the daught
—*armateur*, incorrectly translated "armourer
English biographies—and married her in
Royalist, and Victor Hugo afterwards gave o
of *Feuilles d'Automne*, that she had been
Madame de Bonchamps and Madame de la Roc
was a picturesque statement, but there was n
in it. During the whole of the Vendean w
Trébuchet never left the city of Nantes; and,
included many priests and nuns, she herself wa

The poet, who was her third child, was
where his father was in garrison as *chef de*
The house still stands, and is indicated by
though the poet left it as an infant in long
afterwards revisited it. His wanderings bega
was sent to Elba. As Dumas puts it, Victor
to live in the very island in which Napoleon wa
Then his father was promoted to be lieuten
major) and sent to join King Joseph in Italy
Hugo went back to Paris with the childre
lieutenant-colonel, having received further p
his family, who came and resided with him in
marble palace at Avellino. But Joseph Bonap
to the Throne of Spain broke up the circle a
went to Madrid, and his family to Paris. They
called the Feuillantines, of which the
astronomer Lalande. "My life," the poet has
on amidst the flowers. In the garden of th
rambled as a child, I wandered as a youth, wat
culling butter-cups, seeing no one but my m
brothers, and the good old priest who peramb
his hook continually beneath his arm." Thi
who seemed so appropriate in later days when
evolved his sacerdotal manner, was really a
who had married his cook. It is not a very impo
but it is thoroughly characteristic.

School Days.

In 1811, Colonel Hugo, believing Joseph B
to be established on a sound basis, summo
Madrid. They travelled with the treasure
escort, and took nearly three months to reach
When they got there, the younger brothers, E
were sent to school at the Jesuit College of the
was not unnatural, they quarrelled a good deal
pupils. Eugène got his face sliced open
Belveraño with a pair of scissors. Victor aven
after years by bestowing the name of Belve

The boys were now at school at the Collège Decotte, and Victor Hugo's precocious genius was beginning to reveal itself. He had written a tragedy, a melodrama, a comic opera, odes, elegies, idylls, epigrams, everything. In his copybooks he had scrawled the sentence: *Je veux être Chateaubriand ou rien.* From his school, at the age of fifteen, he sent in a poem in competition for a prize offered by the Academy. "The piece ended," says Sainte-Beuve, with the lines:—

> Moi qui, toujours fuyant les cités et les cours,
> De trois lustres à peine ai vu fuir le cours.

"It struck the judges as so remarkably good that they could not believe in the three lustres, and thinking that the author was trying to impose upon them, they only accorded him a mention instead of the prize." The sober truth, officially recorded, is that the judges were perfectly well aware of the competitor's youthfulness, and only mentioned him because of it, as an "encouragement." Sainte-Beuve's attention was drawn to the discrepancy, and he replied, in a letter to M. Biré:—"Very likely my story is incorrect; but it is nevertheless authentic. The passage was based upon a statement made to me by Victor Hugo himself." Here, again, the hand of the artist is at work upon the Hugo legend.

BUST OF VICTOR HUGO IN 1844.
From the Marble by David d'Angers.
[From the *Magazine of Art*, by permission of Messrs. Cassell.]

Emotional Lyrics.

Yet Hugo was a precocious poet, though not quite the infant prodigy that he claimed to be. He was famous throughout France before he was twenty-five—famous throughout Europe before he was thirty—famous alike as a lyric poet, a dramatic poet, and a novelist. His kingdom is among emotions rather than ideas. He is of the school of Shelley rather than of Matthew Arnold. Mr. Swinburne has indeed found that some of his songs unite "the subtle tenderness of Shelley's with the frank simplicity of Shakespeare's," quoting in support of his contention:—

> Près de vous, pure et fidèles,
> Ils accourraient nuit et jour,
> Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
> Des ailes comme l'amour.

Whether one is prepared, or not, to go all the way Swinburne, who writes that "nothing of Shelley's ex for limpid perfection of melody," at least one r it as the true musical poetry that lingers in the The note of sorrow is struck as surely and melodiousl lines that follow:—

> EN FRAPPANT À UNE PORTE.
>
> J'ai perdu mon père et ma mère,
> Mon premier-né, bien jeune, hélas!
> Et pour moi l
> entière
> Sonne le glas
>
> Je dormais e
> deux frère
> Enfants, nous é
> oiseaux;
> Hélas! le sort
> deux bière
> Leurs deux h
>
> Je t'ai perdu
> chère,
> Toi qui rempl
> orgueil,
> Tout mon des
> lumière
> De ton cercu
>
> J'ai su monte
> descendre,
> J'ai vu l'aube
> en mes cie
> J'ai connu la p
> la cendre
> Qui me va mi
>
> J'ai connu le
> profondes,
> J'ai connu les
> amours,
> J'ai vu fuir les
> ondes,
> Les vents, le
>
> J'ai sur ma
> orfraies,
> J'ai sur tous me
> l'affront,
> Au pied la p
> cœur des p
> L'épine au fr
>
> J'ai des pleurs
> qui pense,
> Des trous à ma
> lambeau;
> Je n'ai rien
> science;
> Ouvre, tombe

We find another emotion, again exquisitely rendere hymn of evensong:—

Quand la vie est mauvaise ou la rêve meilleure,
Les yeux en pleurs au ciel se lèvent à toute heure ;
L'espoir vers Dieu se tourne, et Dieu l'entend crier.
Laissez tout ce qui pleure
Prier.

C'est pour renaître ailleurs qu'ici bas on succombe.
Tout ce qui tourbillonne appartient à la tombe.
Il faut dans le grand tout tôt ou tard s'absorber.
Laissez tout ce qui tombe
Tomber.

Exquisitely chiselled lyrics. The method is an advance on the methods of earlier poets. Victor Hugo might well have been content to let his fame rest on them instead of on the attitudes that he struck. But the cult of the Muses and the cult of the Ego were never, in his case, separable ideals. Chateaubriand had called him "un enfant sublime," and he studied sublimity in all his doings, or at all events in the colour that he put upon all his doings. His life, in short, might be described as the parody of the saying that the man who wants to be a great epic poet must make his own life a great epic poem. For, however anxious Victor Hugo may have been to make his life an epic poem, he was always still more anxious to give the world the impression that that was what it was.

"Père de famille."

One notes this particularly in the part of the Hugo legend which deals with Victor Hugo's marriage. It is represented to us as a marriage romantically preordained before the birth of either bride or bridegroom, at the bride's father's wedding-breakfast. "May you have a daughter," General Hugo is alleged to have said on that occasion, "I will have a son, and they shall marry each other. I drink to the prosperity of their household." There is not the faintest reason to believe that he ever said anything of the kind, but the story improved the legend, and therefore it was woven into it. The wedding took

BUST OF VICTOR HUGO, 1884.
From the Bronze by Rodin.
[From the *Magazine of Art*, by permission of Messrs. Cassell.]

with vainglorious arrogance by Sainte-Beuve, v
in a rare book bearing the title "Livre
relates the whole story of the intrigue from the

En entrant, je la vis, ma future maîtresse,
À côté du génie un peu reine et déesse.

Letters have been published which show
Hugo regarded the situation. He seems to
pained than indignant. The liaison termina
Beuve left Paris for Lausanne in 1837 ; and, th
glad, confident morning again, Victor Hugo's
was, to a certain extent, patched up. "He k
Pons in "Sainte-Beuve et ses Inconnues," "
lection
once
the lo
It plea
to tim
presen
In 186
to Mlle
to tha
the le
hably
the fa
all th
gratitu
it. S
most i
he sai
to me,
same.
presen
let the
you.'"

M
himsel
matrim
He h
attach
till hl
tain
the da
who fa
as Ma
lady f
exile—
Guern
Madam
speaks
"the
the po
discere
genius
"very
trice,"
was th
daily
also to
Hugo'
looked

she sat in the shadow of the great cu
heavy folds. Her forehead was of marble,
colour, her eyes almost lifeless. I drew my

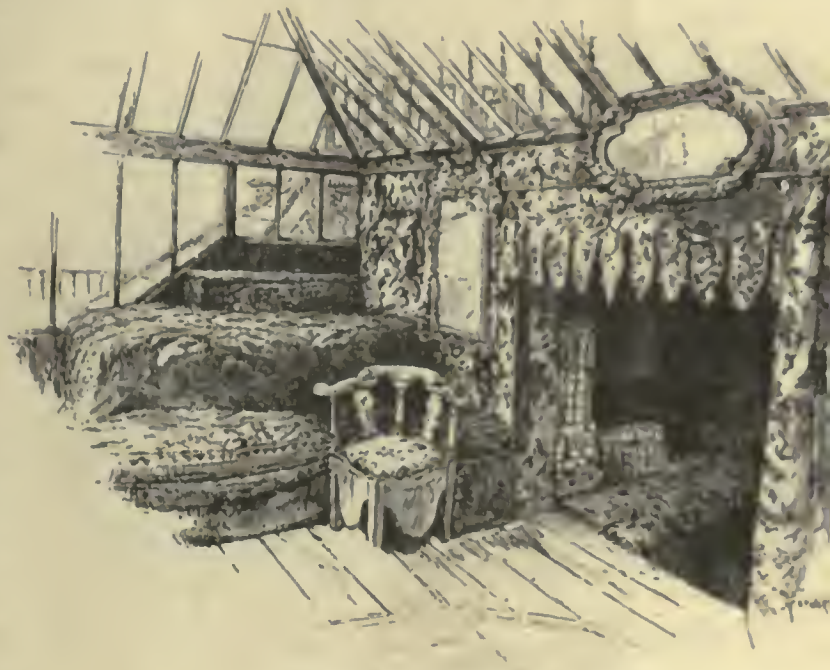
system. Many of his plays were far from being great popular successes—though popular success comes to the poetical drama more frequently in France than in England—but the production of one of them was always a great literary event. Hugo, with an enthusiastic following behind him, was fighting the classical traditions of the French stage in the interest of romanticism. His purpose was to free the rhythm of the Alexandrine from restrictions which made for monotony by the introduction of the movable cæsura and the "enjambement"—or "running on" of sentences without regard to the limitations of the couplet—and by the use in verse of the ordinary words of common speech. "Je mis un bonnet rouge au vieux dictionnaire" is his own proud account of the achievement. But the battle was hard and violent. The great field-day was on the first production of *Hernani*. There are many accounts of the incident, most of them too long to quote; but the events of the evening are nowhere better summed up than in the "Life" written by Mr. J. Pringle Nichol:

Both parties felt instinctively, on the eve of the representation of *Hernani*, that the real day of battle between them had come. The "classics" understood that the drama was to be, so to say, a gauntlet thrown in their face, and prepared themselves to protest noisily against its anticipated literary audacities. The "romantics," on their part, organized bands of young men, mostly authors and painters, enthusiastic for the new artistic development, and to these were distributed tickets of entry with Hierro, the Spanish word for iron, stamped on them, symbolizing the firmness they were expected to show in proclaiming in the teeth of all opposition their admiration for *Hernani* and their zeal for the "romantic" cause. On Thursday, February 25th, the pit entrance of the Théâtre Français was, from an early hour in the day, besieged by a multitude of strangely-attired, unconventional-looking youths, eager to applaud the new tragedy, and to terrify, if possible, its opponents among the audience. Conspicuous among these fervents of the faith was Théophile Gautier, eighteen years old only, but already an author, and an *Hugolâtre intransigeant*, with his long hair streaming over a doublet of rose-coloured satin. The young men entered early, taking possession of the galleries and pit, and beguiling their time of waiting by singing songs of the hour and by pleasantries in use at the artists' studios. When the higher-priced places began to fill, and each well-known upholder of the old order was saluted with sarcasms and jeers, it became evident that the evening was going to be stormy. Hardly had the curtain risen on the traditional three knocks than the "classics" of the balcony and boxes found their worst anticipations realized. It was apparent that the plot and action of the piece were quite away from the traditional lines, and that its style was not *le style noble*, to which French audiences had hitherto been accustomed when they went to hear metrical tragedy. The

bald-headed, and, apparently, slightly-deaf gentleman boxes misinterpreted this into "Vieil as de p l'aime."—"Old ace of spades! he loves her," unjustifiably, began to bellow his exasperation;—" too much! Vieil as de pique. Le cochon!" Nothing one of the poet's partisans, determined to approve at retorted loudly:—"Vieil as de pique, it's capital! local colour. Bravo, Hugo!"

In spite of interruptions and the constant clamou on this evening, and many subsequent to it, *Hern* success. It ran through a goodly number of represent made the sensation it was intended to make. Sai wrote to a friend after its seventh performance:—" of romanticism has, by the mere fact of *Hernani*, vanced a hundred miles."

Another way in which Victor Hugo served the in the drama was in insisting that the playwright and player should be master in the theatre. English pla who groan under the tyranny of the actor-manage actress-manageress, and are expected to alter lines,



THE STUDIO, HAUTEVILLE HOUSE.
[From *Good Words*, by permission of Messrs. Isbister.]

scenes, to suit their whims and caprices, must find s very refreshing in the story of the passage of arms Victor Hugo and Mlle. Mars. While the play was be to the company that lady proposed emendations with h full of chocolate almonds. Hugo politely refused to mak She repeated her suggestions at rehearsal, declaring play would be hissed if they were not accepted. Th remained courteous but firm. When the rehearsal was followed the actress into her dressing-room and invited resign her part. She was amazed and indignant;

glimpse of the worship—one might almost say the ritual—in Madame Ancelot's "Les Salons de Paris," published in 1858:—

> When Hugo, with bent head and dark and thoughtful eyes, recited in his powerful but monotonous voice a few stanzas of a beautiful ode which he had just composed, could one use such words as "admirable," "superb," "prodigious"—words which had just been spoken in his presence in honour of some mediocrity? It was impossible!
>
> So there always ensued a silence, lasting for several seconds. Then one rose and approached him with visible emotion; one grasped his hand; one lifted one's eyes to heaven. The crowd would listen, and a single word would be heard to the great surprise of the uninitiated, and this word which echoed in every corner of the room, was—
>
> A Cathedral!
>
> Then the orator would return to his place and another would rise and exclaim—
>
> A Gothic Arch!
>
> A third, after looking round, would hazard—
>
> A Pyramid of Egypt!
>
> Then the assembly would applaud and relapse into awe-struck silence. But this was only the prelude to an explosion of voices all repeating in chorus the sacramental words which had just been separately pronounced.

Nor was it only from a clique that the poet received this veneration. Gradually the whole of the cultivated world claimed leave to join in incense-burning, and Mr. Pringle Nichol tells us that

> When, on summer evenings, he stepped encircled by a band of worshippers, on the balcony of his house, dressed, as always, simply, in grey trousers, a black frock-coat, and a turned-down collar, he could not fail to observe that the Place Royale was generally sprinkled with strangers, Parisians or provincials, with occasionally among them an Anglo-Saxon tourist, come on the chance of a glimpse of his pale close-shaven face with its fine eyes and magnificent forehead.

The time came, however, when Victor Hugo's plays ceased, at all events temporarily, to attract. *Les Burgraves* was a hopeless failure. On the eleventh night the house only held £53 2s. 6d.; whereas at the Odéon a classical play was drawing houses of £220 and upwards. It was becoming evident that, if Victor Hugo wanted to keep his name before the public, he must make some new departure. Whether for this reason or for some other reason, he plunged into politics.

An "Adaptable" Politician.

His political opinions may, perhaps, be best described as "adaptable." It is, at any rate, the fact that he was a warm supporter of every *régime* that did anything for him. He was a warm legitimist under Charles X., who gave him a pension, a warm Orleanist under Louis Philippe, who gave him a peerage, and an advanced democrat under the Republic, which made him a Mayor. Napoleon III. did nothing for him, and he forthwith went into Opposition, with the results which we shall see. Yet there is no reason to believe that he was consciously inconsistent. Whatever his attitude, he always justified it by the same passionate appeal to the same abstract virtues. He was quite prepared to sing the praises of Napoleon—he began to sing them. He supported Louis Bonaparte's candidature for d'un Crime," that the poet organized and led to resist the massacre of citizens. He tells us omnibus that was stopped on its way by a re he put down the window, and shouted " Bonaparte! Those who serve traitors are tra On which story M. Biré remarks sardonically:

> Victor Hugo has not altogether invente omnibus. Only the part which he attribute precisely the part which he played. M Arnaud (of Ariège), who, after having re "L'Histoire d'un Crime," said with a sm M. Albert de Rességnier:—"It was I, not lowered the window, put my head and h it, and began to harangue the regiment protesting, with all my force, against the Constitution and the treachery of the pre All this time, Victor Hugo, sitting beside the tails of my coat, and saying, over and quiet! Be quiet! You will get us all mass

Be that as it may, Victor Hugo judged disguise himself as a workman and flee to January 9, 1852, he was formally expelled fro in the interest of the general security.

His ejection was, in many ways, the best have happened to him. The heated atmos strife was no more favourable than the co adulation to the production of the best wo capable. In exile he had time to take stock of things out, and turn them over in tranquillit It is true, were hurled from his retreat in the the poet discharging his thunderbolts with the of an Olympian Zeus. But it did not take forge them. He once more had leisure to writ d'Islande" dated from 1823, and "Notre Dam 1831. Now, after an interval of about thirt "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," "Quatre-V "Les Misérables."

His Literary Position.

These are the works for which Victor Hug They have been selected as works of geni uncritical multitude, but by judges whose authority. The *Edinburgh Review*, while Misérables" as "this series of improbabl incongruous collection of rambling disquisit dictory amplifications," admits that it has certain quarters, as "the great prose epic century." The *Quarterly Review* so accept "In dealing," we read, "with all the emotions, fears which go to make up our common hu Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall- Mr. Swinburne, of course, is even more enthu the novels so great that "it would be the v impertinence for any man's presumption to classification or registry of his five great rom order of actual merit." He speaks of thei greatest Frenchman of all time."

That verdict, at all events, cannot sta essentials of greatness are obviously wantin habitually lies, not, as Napoleon habitually tangible ambition, but merely to titillate

genius and insanity—a reflection which gains point from the fact that there undeniably was madness in the Hugo family—it would be unjust to say that close inspection reduces them to sound and fury signifying nothing. But it is just as certain that they appear of less and less importance to the student of literary history as time goes on, and that the really great literary influence of the age of Victor Hugo was not Victor Hugo, but Balzac. From Balzac descend Flaubert, de Maupassant, de Goncourt, and Zola. From Hugo only Mr. Hall Caine descends.

Exile.

Victor Hugo's exile was to last for eighteen years. First he went to Brussels where, being far from wealthy, he occupied a single room in the Grande Place, and dined with other exiles—Emile de Girardin, Edgar Quinet, Emile Deschanel, &c.—at a little restaurant near the Galeries Saint Hubert, where a banquet of several courses was served for one franc, "bière comprise." He began to write his book on the *Coup d'État*. "I attack Louis Bonaparte," he wrote, "at this hour when he is firm upon his feet, and master of his country. He is at his apogee. So much the better. That is what I want." But, after this preliminary blare of trumpets, he delayed the publication of the attack until Louis Bonaparte was not only fallen from his high estate, but actually dead and buried. M. Biré suggests that it was not safe to try to impose the Hugo legend until certain witnesses were out of the way. In spite of the delay, some of them have spoken, and their evidence, as we have seen, discredits the legend in many of its particulars. He published, however, "Napoleon le Petit," the MS. being copied by Mme. Dronet, the actress, who accompanied the poet to Brussels, while his wife and daughter stayed in Paris, arranging for the furniture to be sold by auction. According to the Hugo legend, the book made such a sensation that the Belgian Government got frightened and passed a law—the Loi Faider—to give itself the power to expel him. The statement is made in "Pendant l'Exil." As a matter of fact, the law was directed against quite other proscripts, who had attacked Napoleon in the *Bulletin Français*. Victor Hugo thought that their crown of martyrdom would become him, and he put it on. But the truth is that he had already left Belgium when the Loi Faider was introduced.

He went first to England, thence to Jersey, thence to Guernsey, where he lived for many years in Hauteville-house, which he bought for £1,000. He had not entirely escaped from politics. From time to time he launched his thunderbolts, making his voice heard like that of a Hebrew prophet admonishing an Israelitish king. But he had time to get back to literature—to write novels as well as poetry, to read and criticize Shakespeare. Though he sometimes stooped to the arts of the charlatan in order to keep his name and personality before the world, he lived, on the whole, a tranquil and even a dull life. Many pilgrims have given us glimpses of it. Perhaps M. Assolim is our best witness.

his look-out. Passing the word of command to his which he had made the slave of his genius, he set work tranquilly at a *chef d'œuvre*, as his accustomed now he had written his hundred verses, or his tw of prose. . . . Then, his legs feeling a little st had formed the habit of standing when he wrote an about when he composed—he descended his staircase heavy hangings muffling the noise of his footsteps, an his great thoughts, giving himself a rest from the remainder of the day. . . How often has he not re "A little work wearies one; plenty of work amuses

The Return to Paris.

During all these years Victor Hugo was incr literary reputation and at the same time impressing with his strangely magnetic personality. On ever occasion he made himself as conspicuous as a man w coat would be in the stalls of the opera. And this wi tiring the fickle Parisian populace or getting laughe pains. When the war broke out, and it was seen Empire would fall, people actually found time to other—What will Victor Hugo do now? What he

THE RED DRAWING ROOM, HAUTEVILLE HOUSE.
[From *Good Words*, by permission of Messrs. Isbister.]

to return to Paris, where he could hardly have been with more enthusiasm if he had been a conquering fresh from rolling back the tide of the invasion, a he remained during the siege. The fragment of his dia published by M. Paul Meurice, shows us how naturally old age as in his youth, he stepped into the full glar limelight, taking the centre of the stage:—

> We arrived in Paris at 9.35 o'clock. An immen awaited me. It was an indescribable welcome. I spoke f once from the balcony of a café and thrice from my c
>
> When I took leave of this ever-growing crow escorted me to Paul Meurice's, in the Avenue De

I copy the following from a newspaper :

M. Victor Hugo had manifested the intention to leave Paris unarmed, with the artillery battery of the National Guard to which his two sons belong.

The 144th Battalion of the National Guard went in a body to the poet's residence in the Avenue Frochot. Two delegates waited upon him.

These honourable citizens went to forbid Victor Hugo to carry out his plan, which he had announced some time ago in his address to the Germans.

"Everybody can fight," the deputation told him. "But everybody cannot write 'Les Châtiments.' Stay at home, therefore, and take care of a life that is so precious to France."

I do not remember the number of the battalion. It was not the 144th. Here are the terms of the address which was read to me by the Major of the battalion :—

The National Guard of Paris forbids Victor Hugo to go to the front, inasmuch as everybody can go to the front, whereas Victor Hugo alone can do what Victor Hugo does.

"Forbids" is touching and charming.

M. Biré, however, tells a story which forms an interesting gloss upon these last remarks. It was at Bordeaux where Victor Hugo, in a képi and a red shirt, was sitting on a Committee of the National Assembly. He told of his desire to march against the Prussians, and appealed for confirmation to Admiral La Roncière Le Noury, who had commanded the marines during the siege :—

"Yes," he continued, "my noble friend, my gallant friend the admiral, over there, will tell you that I wished to share his dangers, that I repeatedly asked leave to do so." The Admiral, unable to stand it any longer, turned to his neighbour, and whispered, making a screen of his hand : "It isn't true, it isn't true. Why, one day I asked him to lunch in my fort, and he was afraid to come."

Once more we see the Hugo legend in the making, and observe that it was not the disciples who made it but the master.

The End.

Victor Hugo was now 69, and the remaining years of his life, though marked by literary activity, were outwardly uneventful. After the Commune he went to Belgium, but was expelled because his visible sympathy with the Communists made him a centre of disturbance. On his return to Paris, however, he was unmolested ; and his home in the Avenue d'Eylau, subsequently re-christened the Avenue Victor Hugo, "became," says Mr. Pringle Nichol, "at once the quasi-sacred centre of literary Paris and a shrine to which curious strangers from all corners of the earth made pilgrimage. Here, on his days of reception, came Jews, Turks, Peruvians, and Chinamen, to each of whom in turn, after shaking hands with his wonted elaborate courtesy, he said a welcoming word." On his eightieth birthday there was a demonstration in his honour, "when a large fraction of the people of Paris assembled beneath the balcony where stood the poet between his two grandchildren, Georges and Jeanne." He died in 1885 from the result of a chill caught by riding on the outside of an omnibus ; and a procession of 150,000 people followed him to the grave, whither he was borne, according to the directions given in his will, upon a pauper's hearse.

Thus he died, as he had lived, more theatrically than any man of letters had ever lived and died before him. The qualities of the charlatan and the man of genius were strangely and

have kept the eyes of Europe focussed admirin
for so long. Victor Hugo stepped into the cen
in the twenties and was still standing there f
Even Voltaire, whose case furnishes the near
whose influence still lives, while that of Hu
away, enjoyed a less protracted pontificate than

FRANCIS

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A complete bibliography of Victor Hugo wou
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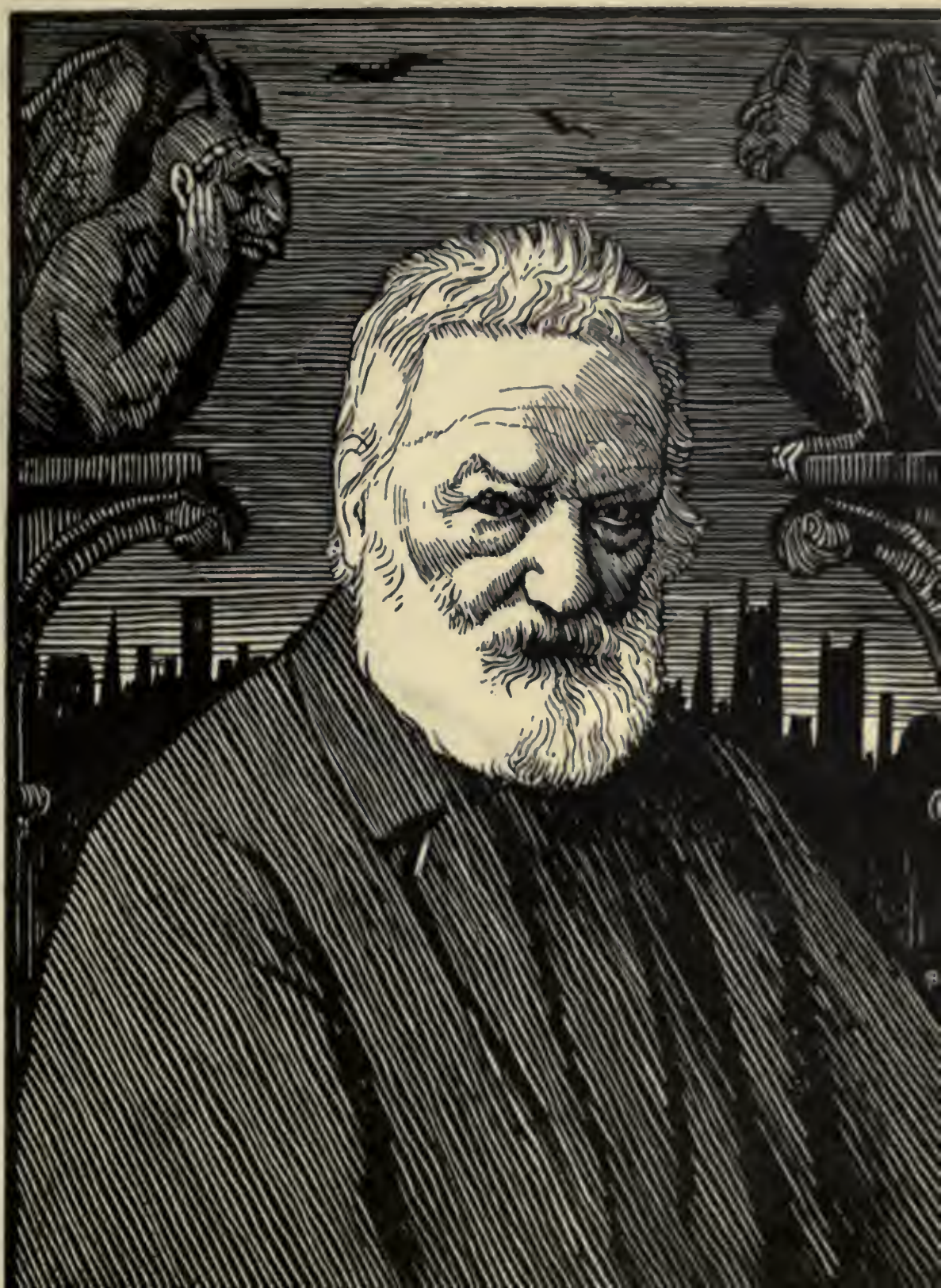

to be trusted when it cannot be checked. The nearest approach to an official biography is M. Alfred Barbou's "Victor Hugo et son Temps," 1882. This is a beautiful picture-book, but it accepts and perpetuates the Hugo legend with uncritical simplicity. Of the critical biographies the best are those of M. Edmond Biré, who has devoted a considerable series of monographs to the subject, all written in the tone and temper of an iconoclast. Their titles are :—

"Victor Hugo et la Restauration," 1869.
"Victor Hugo avant 1830," 1883.
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Another valuable volume of personal recollections is "Victor Hugo Intime," by Madame Hugo's cousin, M. Alfred Asseline; and the memoirs of contemporary French men of letters are naturally full of references. See the memoirs of Théodore de Banville, Maxime du Camp, Alexandre Dumas the elder, Théophile Gautier, Eugène de Mirecourt, Auguste Vacquerie, and M. Zola's "Documents littéraires; Études et Portraits," 1881.

There are also some English lives :—

"Victor Hugo: A Sketch of his Life and Work." By J. Pringle Nichol (Swan Sonnenschein's Dilettante Library).

"The Life of Victor Hugo." By Frank T. Marzials (Walter Scott's Great Writers Series).

"Victor Hugo: A Memoir and Study." By James Cappon (Blackwood).

Critical studies of Victor Hugo's works abound. A full bibliography of them, compiled by Mr. John P. Anderson, will be found in Mr. Marzials' book mentioned above. The list fills fifteen columns, and there is a further list of magazine articles filling thirteen columns. The most notable French authors on the list are :—MM. Brunetière, Jules Claretie, Émile Faguet, Henri Houssaye, Jules Janin, Le Comte de Lisle, Louis Veuillot, and Alexandre Vinet. Among English books on the subject the one which stands out pre-eminently is :—

"A Study of Victor Hugo." By Algernon Charles Swinburne (Chatto and Windus).

But the student may also be referred to various volumes of collected essays, in which essays on Victor Hugo are included. As, for instance :—

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SOME MOVEMENTS IN VICTORIAN POE

II.—THE POETRY OF FAITH AND ASPIRATIO

The Victorian era was, as we have seen, broken u numerous and conflicting movements, and at first sigh interests and expectations which they arouse seem u reconcilable. But, upon closer examination, it will be fou all these diverse enthusiasms are related and very related to two main distinguishing characteristics of the two waves that steadily advance until they fill and flood, were, all the creeks and inlets of contemporary thought. advance of science and the advance of the democratic spir one widening the intellectual horizon and illuminating sort of hidden corner of tradition and authority, the breathing energy and ambition into the dry bones of an and decadent section of society—these two great movem emancipation either absorb or direct all the other inter the period. The spirits which are frankly revolutionary, in antagonism with tradition and authority, they a those which are jealous of old forms and loyalties they indeed absorb, but they still direct them, turning the of their thought, and forcing them at least to weigh, and i degree to recognize, claims which had never before e into the serious consideration of literature and life.

And of all scientific systems the one most character the period is, of course, that of Evolution. The Victori was indeed well advanced before Charles Darwin set f "The Origin of Species" what may be called the first t evangel of Evolution, but the ideas which he there crystal had long been in the air, and their gradual growth m traced in the spiritual, no less than in the scientific, lite of the time. And side by side with this theory of p derivation and interrelation, this doctrine (one might call it) of universal brotherhood, there was steadily grow new principle of individual emancipation and liberty, fo in literature by the careless, happy optimism of Macaulay one side, and on the other by John Stuart Mill's em earnest doctrine of utilitarianism. The Reform Bill o promised an enlargement of interests that seemed to lea an indefinite millenium, the people was at last to get li thought was free, and the old order overwhelmed. Und such towering waves it was natural that much of the ol and aspiration should go down: natural, too, that some resi should be made, and some attempt to reconcile the pre theory with the earlier and still, happily, current belief natural attitude of man is not so much one of revol compromise; and the characteristic attitude towards i tion is one of temperate reconciliation. And so it i surprising to find that the most prominent and disti poetry of the epoch is that in which the theory of evolut implicit, in which some of its corollaries are delib accepted, but which, at the same time, accepts them unconsciously, and directs its whole endeavour to the rai man's ideals above the material sphere of interest, perm the material world with spiritual significance. This is w call the poetry of Faith and Aspiration, and we find it, sus by the fortunate longevity of its leaders, the most cont and characteristic movement of the age.

But here at the outset we must discriminate, for this sentative phase of poetry is not to be confused with religious or devotional poetry, strong and fruitful as

anxiety, conceived in the very intensity of contemporary interest, is another thing entirely; and of this the period affords us three eminent examples, singularly different both in scope and method, so different, indeed, as to seem at first sight completely diverse, and yet all closely united in faith in the progress of man and in that continuity of spiritual energy which postulates the immortality of the soul.

Tennyson, Browning, and Coventry Patmore—it would be difficult to choose three contemporary names suggesting more various and divergent trains of thought. In method they are altogether dissimilar. Tennyson's exquisite lyricism is as unlike Browning's rugged but penetrating bursts of music as both are to the elaborately constructed, cumulative harmonies of Patmore's full-toned odes. Nor do they differ less in personality. Tennyson is eminently social, almost universal in sympathy; the progress and life of the people is his perpetual theme, even his most intimate poems end upon an impersonal note. Browning, on the other hand, is concerned exclusively with the individual soul as the microcosm, dissecting and analysing the motive, probing the personality, and arguing from the single example to the generalization. Finally, Patmore is self-centred, introspective; by far the most self-conscious of the three, and by far the narrowest in interest; and yet rising on the wings of self-realization to heights of spiritual ecstasy sublimely unclouded by controversy. These are widely different natures indeed; and yet they are closely related in a brotherhood of purpose. And first, let us consider them with relation to the dominant theory of evolution.

For evolution, as a scientific theory, Tennyson entertained apprehensions, not for its own sake, but for the difficulties which accompany it in the common mind. The thoughtless man would make it a stumbling block, while to the intelligent it should be a "sounding watchword."

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

. . . . . .

Many an Æon moulded earth before her highest, man, was born,
Many an Æon too may pass when earth is manless and forlorn,

Only that which made us meant us to be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human eye,

Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human soul,
Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the whole.

The theory, he saw, was capable of infinite spiritual expansion; its danger was that, confined to the material sphere, it might lose all spiritual significance and stifle human ambition. So, with a really wonderful adroitness, he fitted it into his scheme till it became its inseparable part and parcel. To Tennyson the secret of the world was the law of order, the gradual progress by steps of slow improvement; and into this theory the doctrine of evolution very naturally fitted. "I believe in progress," he said once, "but a progress conserving the hopes of man"; and, as Professor Dowden has very pertinently pointed out, the whole fabric of his philosphy is symbolized in the decoration of Merlin's Hall in "The Holy Grail." For

Four great zones of sculpture, set betwixt
With many a mystic symbol, gird the hall:
And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,
And in the second men are slaying beasts,
And on the third are warriors, perfect men,
And on the fourth are men with growing wings,
And over all one statue in the mould

orderly progress that the individual must
interests of the race, his passions and enthusias
general pæan of hope and aspiration. But
for the individual altogether. He must realiz
into shape like clay upon the potter's wheel.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why Time spins fast, why passive lies ou
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past g

Fool! all that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God sta
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter

Here again is, implicitly, the evolution
applied now directly to the individual. Eve
find it in "Evelyn Hope"

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to mak
And creates the love to reward th
I claim you still, for my own love's
Delayed it may be for more lives y
Through worlds I shall traverse, n
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking yo

Had we space, instances might, of cour
indefinitely, but we have already enough t
tendency, and its distinguishing differenc
using its life here as a *palæstra* or exercis
faculties and emotions, is hereafter to gro
comes to the measure of the perfect man.
faculty must be neglected, no healthful em
the perfection of nature will be the harmony

In Patmore we find a rather different inte
we have said, by far the most self-conse
poets, and his natural tendency to introspect
his adoption of that form of the Christian
encourages self-analysis and self-judgment.
too, he gathered its most beautiful and inspirin
of the universality of the divine Love, which
sort of pantheism of the affections, seeing L
God, and God everywhere in Love. With him
have full sway, as being manifestations o
and it is in moments irradiated by the ec
the poet feels himself closest to the God
Love itself. Here, too, though scientific th
possible from the poet's interest, the sens
development is faintly perceived and recog
has always been recognised, in the Christia
understood.

I, trusting that the truly sweet
Would still be sweetly found the t
Sang, darkling, taught by heavenly
Songs which were wiser than I kne
To the unintelligible dream
That melted like a gliding star,
I said "We part to meet, fair glea

Sole vigour left in her last lethargy,
Save when, at bidding of some dreadful breath,
The rising death
Rolls up with force;
And then the furiously gibbering corse
Shakes, panglessly convuls'd, and sightless stares,
Whilst one Physician pours in rousing wines,
One anodynes,
And one declares
That nothing ails it but the pains of growth.
My last look loth
Is taken; and I turn with the relief
Of knowing that my life-long hope and grief
Are surely vain,
To that unshapen time to come, when She
A dim heroic Nation long since dead,
The foulness of her agony forgot,
Shall all benignly shed
Through ages vast
The ghostly grace of her transfigured past
Over the present, harass'd and forlorn,
Of nations yet unborn.

This is apparent pessimism; but at the close the depression is relieved by hope, by the sense of the evolution of national history, and of the permanent influence of English character and ideal. Tennyson, too, felt the dangers of democracy, and was often gravely depressed by it, but he, too, and much more emphatically than Patmore, ended in confidence of the progress of the human race.

Light the fading gleam of Even? light the glimmer of the dawn?
Aged eyes may take the glowing glimmer for the gleam withdrawn.
Follow Light and do the Right for man can half control his doom—
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

And Browning, indomitable optimist, was still more confident. For this is his picture of himself.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

And if in these three voices Browning's seems the only one unquestioningly confident, it is well to remember, as we tried to indicate in the opening article of this series, that the period through which these three poets moved into honoured age was one of more than ordinary expectation and disappointment. The popular ideals of the forties and the fifties are already withered and laid aside; and these men, who saw the era set out with such high hopes, may well have been given pause by its failure to realize their promises. And there were moments when they all—yes even Browning—were depressed by the course of events, and uncertain whether the spiritual future of the nation was not to drift upon the rocks. Nevertheless, they emerged in confidence. They were confident in the permanence of those ideals which had been proved in the past, confident, too, of the survival of spiritual energy, and of the immortality of the soul. In this, of course, they were by no means alone; the poetry of their time was rich in high aspiration and in fidelity

CURRENT LITERATURE.

BOOKS ON DANTE.

Mr. Vernon's Readings of the Commedia.

Mr. Warren Vernon has at length after many year remitting and curious labour brought his Readings Commedia to a close. The present volumes, Readings Paradiso (Macmillan, 21s.), consist of text, translation, commentary, and full critical and exegetical notes. The of editions of the Paradiso within the last few years is app in inverse ratio to its popularity, which may be taken a that Dante scholars are resolved to bring in readers f highways and market places. Each commentator, feel the neglect of this poem is altogether undeserved, seeks reason for its non-popularity. Mr. Ruskin, in his pa way, said that the Inferno was preferred because its th more horrible and morbid; Mr. Butler sees in the incident and human interest the barrier that warns readers. And Mr. Vernon thinks that the poem may be to modern "unbelievers" because of its metaphys theology. This strikes us as an unfortunate remark. all to-day inevitably unbelievers in Ptolemaic Astrono very few even amongst Roman Catholics can accept ei science or theology which the poem expounds. But we do that this indifference can as a matter of fact be expl terms of belief: indeed the bibliography prefixed edition is itself a sufficient refutation of this sta Dante is studied and revered by men of all habits of m creed; and whatever the reason there can be little that the acceptance or non-acceptance of any religious fo does not supply the differentia. The difficulty is in the matter itself; for, although the poem abounds in lyrical of exquisite and delicate beauty, yet these can *intellectually* enjoyed when the architectonic con are known. Now that Dante is being read as a wh Paradiso will take its place along with the Infer Purgatorio, and students will work at the metaphys theology as an intellectual exercise knowing that onl cost of this labour will the structure and grandeur of t be revealed. The difficulty is a purely intellectual on first instance, as much so as the study of the calcu conic sections. There can be no question that there a aridities in the Commedia regarded merely as a sensuous but the student will find even the arid places worth the ing if only for the lyric ardour which frets the textur poem as the sun's rays fret the morning mists. The tra is in no way remarkable, the object being to make the intelligible rather than to give a version which might pleasant reading to those ignorant of Italian. An it lays no claim to high literary excellence it least clear and workmanlike, as the following passage the best known in the whole Comedy—will show.

"Thou wilt have to abandon everything belov tenderly, and that is the shaft which the bow of exile let fly (*i.e.*, the first sorrow of exile). Thou wilt experience how bitter (lit. salt) tastes the bread of oth what a wearisome pathway it is to have to go up a other people's stairs. And what will lie heaviest shoulders will be evil and senseless companions wi

politics of his time was something more than negative. Sometimes the translation falls below the level of the notes. For instance, after reading that "svernare" has two meanings (1) to hibernate, and (2) to sing in the spring (as in xxviii., l. 118), that is, to un-winter, we turn to the translation of

> "L'Altro ternaro. . . .
> Perpetualemente Osanna *sverna*,"

only to find the beautiful metaphor entirely veiled in

> "The next Triad . . is *perpetually singing* Hosannah."

Similarly, in the translation, the wind which leaves the sky "splendido and sereno" is called the North West; but in the two passages referred to in the notes from Virgil and Boethius it is the North East wind which clears the skies. Sometimes an infelicitous word mars a whole sentence. "When they descended into the flower from rank to rank they *deposited* something of the peace and burning love which they had won while they fanned their sides."

Again, for a defect of another type, take the translation of

> Ciò che non more, e ciò che può morire
> Non è se non splendor di quella idea
> Che partorisce, amando, il nostro Sire.
> (xiii., 52-55.)

"That which cannot die, and that which can die, are naught else but the beaming of that Idea to which our Sovereign Lord in His Love gives birth (*i.e.*, things both corruptible and incorruptible are the emanation of Love in the Mind of God)." Does not the Italian mean, in effect, that all things organic and inorganic are made according to the conceptual model or form existing in the mind of God, and that therefore all things are copies, or reflections of that form and not a beaming of or emanation from it? If so, the above translation does not bring out the full meaning of "splendor."

If, however, Mr. Vernon's translation sometimes falls below the level of his own notes he can tell of many pitfalls avoided. Such an one is concealed in "mescere"; how many translators have resisted turning this by "to mingle," whereas the true meaning is "to pour out," as Mr. Vernon conclusively shows by examples of its use in Tuscany. Also how natural to translate "Solvi il tuo caldo disio" by "Unloose thy warm desire," before we have read (p. 137) that "solvere il disio" = "saziare il disio," and that accordingly the meaning is "Satisfy thy ardent wish."

We are sorry that Mr. Vernon did not write for this volume an introductory note on Thomas Aquinas' philosophy, so much of it at least as is necessary for understanding the Paradiso; as it is, the reader who is supposed to be unable to understand Italian is expected to read mediæval philosophy in mediæval Latin.

Cary's Translation.

The chief merit of Cary's translation of the "Divine Comedy" is the notes, and now that these notes have been revised for an edition of Cary in Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library" by Mr. Paget Toynbee, who has also entirely rewritten the purely biographical part of the life, the young Dante reader may accept unreservedly the facts and figures as giving the latest conclusions of expert students. The INFERNO (1s. 6d.) is well printed and is much more attractive than the editions of this classic with which we are all familiar. It is a pity, however, that the engraving for the frontispiece is taken from the picture in the Duomo at Florence of Domenico di Michelino, as this is the third time it has been used recently. Would it not be well to

literary world at the beginning of the nineteenth
fessed in a letter to Cary that she could see no
famous simile (canto iii., 79-85), a translation of w
sent her. In another letter she expresses w
"longevity of Dante's fame." Horace Walpole's c
Inferno is equally curious. "Extravagant, absu
in short a Methodist Parson in Bedlam." To Scot
the poem appeared unhappy and "the personal
strange mode of revenge, presumptuous and unint
was not until after Coleridge had made spe
(February, 1818) in one of his lectures to the "tra
its success was assured. The frontispiece is fro
of a drawing of the Bargello fresco before it was
all recognition by the painter Marini.

Dr. Carlyle's Translation.

When Dr. John Carlyle hit upon the idea of
text of the Inferno, together with a translation,
notes, he was told that he would "make a pick
book such as has not been seen in this country."
classic translation (first edition, 1849, second, 1
Oelsner, by permission of Messrs. George Bell and
his edition of the INFERNO (Temple Classics, 1s. 6
in plan and form with the Paradiso in the sa
Oelsner is responsible for the notes and for the sl
in the translation made necessary by the rejection
reading; but all such changes are enclosed
brackets. Two very illuminating short essays
steed are appended, dealing with the "Chrono
Sin-System of the Inferno—a fuller treatment of
ject will be found in an appendix to his and Ma
"Essays on Dante," being translations from D
"Dante-Forschungen." We have noted the followi
"porte" for "porta," p. 38. Par. xv. for P
"rutishness" for "brutishness," p. 395; and "
,"Incontro," p. 101.

Biographies of Dante.

Mr. Paget Toynbee draws almost entirely
DANTE (Methuen, 3s. 6d. n.) from the Florent
and biographers Villani, Compagni, Boccaccio,
supplements their mainly narrative matter with
the writings of modern Dante specialists, on the
fessedly, that a thing once well said ought to
whole rather than said again less well. The litt
of good things, and the general reader will find t
from Villani particularly delightful, quite ap
interest he might have in Dante. Considering
already some half-dozen thoroughly sound Engl
the poet, it might appear that room for this ne
granted grudgingly; but it deserves a place
selections, which are long enough to express so
grave charm and child-like interest in life's
chronicle historians, to say nothing of the use m
volume on the Original Portraits of Dante and Ric
Rifugio di Dante," which have been taxed heavil
ness to the account of Dante's Remains at Rave
discussion on the "Mask," the supposed Giotto f
portraits of the poet. The story of Dante's life
ceding his exile is related with great precision, alt
should have added an interrogation mark to the s
while Dante was still absent at Rome, the
maker' Charles arrived in Florence." Mr. T

Teutonic invaders. Emperor and Pope, Ghibelline and Guelf, and later Whites and Blacks, all play their part in this struggle; but it is not until we are in possession of this illuminating principle that we are able to discover the vital elements in the conflict. If Dean Church's account is retained it is scarcely fair to the "general reader" to pass on to the Buondelmonti incident of 1215 without comment, seeing that an acute stage in this civil war was probably reached a hundred years before on the death of Matilda, Countess of Tuscany. Later on, Mr. Toynbee plunges us into the Bianchi and Neri dispute in this manner:—

> Florence at the time of Dante's election to the priorate was in a dangerous state of ferment owing to the recent introduction from Pistoja of the factions of the Blacks and the Whites, which divided the Guelf party in Florence into two opposite camps, and were the occasion of frequent brawls and bloodshed in the streets;

and adds,

> These factions, according to the old chroniclers, originated in Pistoja in a feud between two branches of the Cancellieri, a Guelf family of that city, &c.

We ask, is it quite fair to the "general reader" for whom Mr. Toynbee has written this book to give the idea that the febrile condition of Florence at this time can be explained in terms of merely accidental irruptive forces? It is not that the naïve accounts of Dino Compagni and others are not needed; but just as the author adopts modern critical methods in discussing the portraits of the poet, so one naturally expects that here and there a corrective principle, gathered from the modern historians, would be slipped quietly into a footnote or incorporated in an introductory paragraph. Many readers, we feel sure, will date their interest in mediæval literature, politics, and life from their reading of this book, even if that interest does not urge them to the special study of Dante's writings.

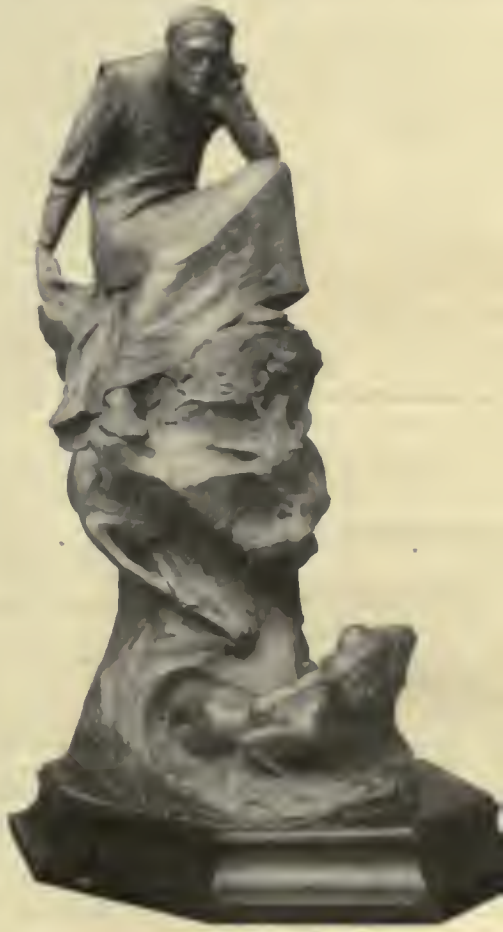
The tenth volume of YALE STUDIES IN ENGLISH is a translation of the Lives of Dante by Boccaccio and Bruni (The Earliest Lives of Dante, H. Holt and Co., New York), by J. R. Smith, of Yale. The translation from Boccaccio is the first complete version in English, as Mr. Wicksteed omitted from his volume "certain disquisitions, inserted by Boccaccio in his Life of Dante," containing neither "biographical material nor bearing upon any disputed points in Dante's character." Of Bruni's life, besides the present translation and Mr. Wicksteed's, there is another, still unprinted, which was read for the first time at the Walworth Free Library on the occasion of the unveiling of a bust of Dante. The short account given by Filippo Villani (before 1348-c.1404) of Dante's unsuccessful Embassy to Venice is also included. According to Villani it was from the effects of a fever caught during this journey that Dante died at Ravenna a few days after his return. The text used for the Boccaccio is Macri-Leone's edition, 1888, and for the Bruni, Lombardi's, 1822.

A Commentary on the Commedia.

Commentaries detached from the narrative and music of the original seem, like the Shades in the Sixth Cornice of "Purgatory," "twice dead" (cose rimorte), thrusting upon the reader ashes for beauty and the heaviness of learning for art, but only apparently, for—pace Mr. Lang—a highly allusive poem unannotated is at best a fragment. Neither æsthetic sensitiveness nor intelligence can, unaided by scholarship, hold the pass of interpretation. Dante over and over again bids his

to increase his intellectual enjoyment of the poem and e
deepen its sensuous charm. By means of summaries, t
of difficult passages, topographical, biographical, a
phical notes the author succeeds in attaining his prin
making "Dante's meaning clear to the reader of his p
an average there are six pages of commentary to ev
but surely space might have been found for ma
diagrams, and an index of proper names—although sim
followed is Dr. Moore's, for which Mr. Paget Toynbe
a very admirable index, Mr. Tozer has evidently
another an unnecessary luxury.

As the space at our disposal forbids detailed critic
comment merely on a few matters which the turning o
suggested. Mr. Tozer translates Canto ii., ll. 43-5, of t
as follows:—"There (in Heaven, where Christ is pre
two Natures) that verity which we hold by faith will b
by means of a process of reasoning, but will be self-e



DANTE IN RAVENNA.
[Reproduced from the Gold Medal Statue by F. Derwent Wood

the primary truths which man believes," adding, in e
of the final clause, "it will be known by Intuition
primary truths as the sense of personality, of right a
&c., which come to us without any conscious process
ing. Our knowledge will then be immediate, not
But surely Messrs. Wicksteed and Oelsner are right in

Again, why is no reference made to Mr. Butler's fascinating appendix to his edition of the Purgatorio on the dreams in Cantos IX., XIX., and XXVII.? The explanation there given differs so essentially from the orthodox interpretation that at the least the author might have alluded to it. On what authority does Mr. Tozer translate "Non vede più dall'uno all'altro stilo" (Purgatorio, Canto XXIV., l. 62) by "finds no further distinction than this between the two styles"? Again, why in the face of Mr. Gardner's note is "e risplende" translated by "yet it shines"? In conclusion, why do Mr. Tozer and other commentators quote Aristotle from the Greek text rather than from the Latin translation with which Dante was probably familiar?

The Cornell Collection.

In the CATALOGUE OF THE CORNELL DANTE COLLECTION PRESENTED BY WILLARD FISKE, compiled by Theodore W. Koch (Ithaca, New York), the story of this collection is interestingly told by Mr. Fiske himself. In his search for Petrarch books in April, 1892, Mr. Fiske came across a copy of the last Stagnino Edition of the Divina Commedia bearing the date 1536. He purchased the book and sent it to the Cornell University Library. This was the earliest acquired volume of the collection—now numbering some 7,000—above catalogued. Later he visited the book marts of Europe and purchased every Dante book he could get hold of and forwarded it to the University. In an incredibly short time the library reached its present colossal proportions. "My gift," he modestly observes, "of such a considerable collection to Cornell University was thus really the result of my unwillingness to refrain from a delectable self-indulgence, or, in other words, of my inability to evade temptation and free myself from the enthralling spell of bibliomania. This robs the giver of any special credit and renders gratitude unmeet. One might as well laud—or thank—the prodigal spendthrift for the sums he expends in his rounds of dissipation." One wishes that some other bibliomaniac would in a like spirit spend his wealth and leisure for London's sake, the University of which owns some half dozen Dante books. The catalogue runs to 600 pages, and besides the usual catalogue information contains occasional criticisms, the names and dates of the journals in which reviews and letters on disputed passages occur, and a valuable appendix of 30pp. dealing with iconography alone. As an example of the thoroughness with which the work of cataloguing has been done we select the following under "Blake."

> Blake, William. Illustrations of Dante; seven plates designed and engraved by W. Blake.
>
> In Alex Gilchrist's Life of Blake, 1863, vol. I., pp. 331-335, is given an account of Blake's work on Dante, with a small cut of the illustrations to Inf. XXXIII., 79, and in vol. II., pp. 216-223, a descriptive list of ninety-eight Dante sketches mostly unfinished. Plate 13 in Volkmann's "Iconografia dantesca," 1897, reproduces the illustration to Inf. XXV.; see also pp. 97-99 of the latter work. See also Yeat's W. B. William Blake and his Illustrations to the Divine Comedy, 1896.

It will be seen that this catalogue is invaluable to Dante students and deserves a place next to Toynbee's Dante Dictionary.

No sale-room glamour surrounds the name of Victor Hugo. He did not play at printing as did Robert Louis Stevenson, nor, save for their plates, are works by him eagerly sought. Not for the last fourteen years at any rate have copies of "Odes et Poésies," 1822, and "Han d'Islande," 1823, the two earliest works from his pen, occurred at auction in this country. In 1899 an *editio princeps* of "Les Misérables," 1862, a work issued in ten languages, was valued at £1 11s., this indicative, for one thing, of the considerable number of copies in existence. A

OTHER NEW BOOK

The Garden.

"It is with a sort of angry helplessness, instinctive feeling of self-defence, that one tu accumulated, such elaborate horrors, and tries to whatever little pursuit happens to lie nearest So speaks Miss Emily Lawless in A GARDEN DI 7s. 6d. n.). The diary extends from September, September following, and, unfortunately for the the period of our most lamentable disasters in So relationship is of the author's rather than of ou robs the book of merit from the point of view It is a diary with an occasional reference to the gar portion of the book is made up of trite comments African war, and we quite sympathize with "V when asked if there was "anything fresh," ende the authoress's chatter about "regrettable" more profitable channel by asking, "Is Ane flower with you yet?" What is said about the g said before and what is said about the war need n Miss Lawless is, moreover, none too careful to phrases, and even her quotations, such as "the r all the fulness thereof," are misquoted. She much of a gardener or she would not confess tha called a weed by its proper botanical name in her couch-grass, the common and easily-overcome gardeners, was too much for her. It is a book of with easy references to Ojibway Indians and p questions such as "These Crowfoots—why no crowfeet?" Crow's feet, perhaps, but never cro

A BOOK OF FLOWERS, by Nellie Benson an (Grant Richards, 1s. 6d.), is the seventh of the " for children. In the preface Eden Coybee th Hilderic Friend for his delightful book on Flower Lore," but it is to small purpose. The b tains a very few pages of text printed in larg literary matter is of the smallest importance. It by twenty or more drawings printed in colours. represents with moderate faithfulness a flower flower there is a child. It is an affectation of sim please the idle eye. It is misleading to place daisy between winter jasmine and the snowdrop. reasonable relation whatever.

Mrs. Leslie Williams in her A GARDEN (John Lane, 5s. n.) gives a pleasant and chatty acco and successes in an ordinary "oblong" garden If she is content to move in more generally than Mr. Wells in his "Suburban Garden," enthusiastic, and this chronicle of her trials and pleasant reading for other workers in like case. but scanty honour in this Eden, and as the Dri figures in mock severity before the reader. gardener at heart, and he likes his gardening more or less, as circumstances allow, but ce *minimum* of cost; whereas the true garden enth incapable of thrift in face of a seed list or ca modest list of plants forming a suggested colle cold greenhouse is to be commended as a sens for a first attempt at glass gardening, and chapter "About buying Plants" will still

Mr. Cook has spared no pains in compiling this book. Among many excellent chapters one may perhaps be allowed to select three—those on Bulbous Plants, the Rock Garden, and Roses. These are mines of information, and with the precise directions and clear diagrams given every reader should be inspired to take his own Rose cuttings and even attempt his own budding. The directions for the Cultivation of Fruit, again with the help of careful diagrams, are particularly clear and apposite, and should be of much assistance to the gardener in grafting and pruning. Insect pests, soils, manures are in turn treated trenchantly by Mr. Cook, and a collection of Useful Hints will save many a heartache to the enthusiastic amateur who too often gains his experience first hand. A Calendar of simple monthly work and a Gardening Chart bring this valuable work to a close, the latter admirably fulfilling the purpose of the author, "to compress as much useful information into as small a space as possible and to give the beginner a ready guide to matters of garden importance." The illustrations are plentiful and whole-page reproductions are given on almost alternate pages, and should serve as incentives to effort when showing the perfection attainable by careful cultivation. The pictures in the chapter on Bulbous Plants are perhaps as pleasing as any, but with such a wealth of choice it is difficult to make a special selection.

FICTION.

A Non-Combatant.

ARROWS OF THE ALMIGHTY (Macmillan, 6s.) is a powerful book, in some ways. The title, for example, is rather forcible; the green and white cover, with golden arrows bursting from the clouds, arrests the eye at some little distance. You open the book, and find a first chapter of disappointing Baltimore flirtation, slangy, with no apparent motive, in an aggressively American style. Possibly you stop here—and miss a book that is worth reading. For Mr. Owen Johnson has got hold of some interesting characters, and has contrived to paint in John Gaunt a decidedly uncommon portrait of the strong and silent man. He exploits at least one fundamental trait of humanity not often handled by the novelist. And, since we must have the American Civil War once again—the backbone of four-fifths of present day American literature—he displays some little originality in placing his hero in the Commissariat department, and some ingenuity in proving to us that there may be at least as much action and interest in this usually despised position as at the front. John Gaunt's methods with the fraudulent contractor (who was very much to the fore about that time) provide plenty of exciting reading, and expose him to quite a sufficient amount of personal danger. Mr. Johnson handles his love-scenes prettily. His English is—very American. But he has the essential qualities of a story-writer. We grow to feel a certain affection for some of his characters—which is always a good test of their drawing—and Marjory is a very charming heroine. The conclusion is not original, but it is satisfactory, and it would be difficult to suggest a better way. The book has already, apparently, had some success in America.

An American Novel.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's NEW YORK (Sands, 6s.) is a painstaking

let him read the first fifty pages of "New York." undertake that, no matter how high his spirits, reduced to a normal state. The author is not always but he is quite skilful enough to make us miserable. George is at last to be made happy with Doris Jessel to rejoice. George and Doris have worked in the stricken districts of New York for many days, and aft experiences this is how the woman speaks:—

> "I have been thinking of all the mad sin George, over yonder, beneath some of those dim of the folly, too—the infinite selfishness—fashi struggling pretension, overbearing plutocracy, st aristocracy. I have been thinking how evil thri good lies abased. All the darkness and melancho pierced me! And yet I cannot despair. The change, George, however long delayed. It may tak in coming, but the real result is sure. I will tell She leaned closer to him, with parted lips. "Al all that gross worldliness there are higher, wis spirits at work. I know of one—so do you know of

A woman of such pretentious style will hardly be but the author of "New York" appears to believe i can congratulate Mr. Fawcett on one more exam earnestness and sincerity, but there are other gift humour for example, which would be of equal servi intense "purposefulness" displayed in this work.

Madame Jeannette.

Some years ago Mr. G. S. Street produced a "The Wise and the Wayward," in which he exposed sub-cynical fashion, the meanness and folly of h general and of one self-satisfied lady in particul neatly and smartly done, and on the whole, it did n too unpleasant aftertaste, because Mr. Street has grace of humour, which is capable of casting a fr over much that less dexterous hands might mak But here comes "Lucas Cleeve" with PLATO'S H (John Long, 6s.), and proceeds to tell very much the in a less pleasing manner. In the place of Mildr who was a creation, we have Amelia Ventry, monstrosity—and not at all the sort of monstrosity respecting people would care to meet. Lucas Cleeve for character; she has drawn the Rollit family vivi if bitterly; but she spoils her picture, in our think too common fault of using too pronounced colours, persistently at bold effects, and the result is too of violence. The same error of judgment is apparent in of writing. Sometimes her desire to be forcible at leads her to write high-flown nonsense—"when the swelping in the roseid ooze," we read on page 45, fo As for the story itself, it is a tragedy that, told restraint, would have been more moving. There is a of acuteness in the psychology, and a good deal of op phrasemaking, and a perpetual straining after smart clever, and will very likely find a good many rea does not leave a pleasant taste in the mouth.

Fraternia.

Fiction has not infrequently dealt with the subj model colony in some form or other, and A WOMAN DAY, by Caroline A. Mason (Hodder and Stoughton, 6 it truthfully and unsparingly, and not without force a

Burgess, and his mother are excellent. John Gregory, the revivalist preacher turned working reformer, is a commanding figure, perhaps not quite adequately realized. The Ingrahams are admirable, with the exception of Oliver, whose air of melodramatic villainy is rather out of place in so serious a picture, for the book is pitched in a sober key. It will hardly be popular, but it is a sound piece of work.

Anatole France in English.

M. Anatole France is, of all modern French writers, the most difficult to translate into English. Perhaps that is why publishers have shown so little desire to publish translations of his books—though we had "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" in 1891. Readers who enjoy M. Anatole France can, as a rule, read French authors in the original. Still, many who do not read French would be glad to know more of M. Anatole France, and they will be grateful to Mr. Charles Carrington, the Parisian publisher, for giving them an English version of THAIS, the most perfect, perhaps, in form of the numerous works of M. Anatole France. The translator would probably be the first to acknowledge that he has not quite conveyed the essence of the writer's style, but he has given us a sincere piece of work, one that will enable English readers to get a notion of the abundance of ideas and felicity of phrase which mark this history of the penitent courtesan. There is a good introductory sketch of the author, with a list and an appreciation of his works. In *format* this version of "Thais" is far superior to the French edition.

Bedlam Broken Loose.

Mr. F. T. Jane is a remarkable writer. We have read a good many of his works, and we have come to the conclusion that, when once fairly started on a story, he loses all control over himself. At the beginning everything goes well enough. Here, for example, in EVEN MOUTS (Macqueen, 6s.) Mr. Jane has apparently sat down with a copy of "Lorna Doone" in front of him and the fixed determination of producing a Devonshire romance after the manner of Mr. Blackmore. For the first chapter or so he adheres to this laudable resolve, and we have quite a promising scene. But then begins the story, and Mr. Jane grows madder and madder; his dialect becomes more and more pronounced; there is the most astonishing mixture of modern slang and rustic Devonshire; his characters play hide and seek among church tombs, attack each other with sword and pistol and any weapon that comes handy, and pay generally no more attention to the laws of the realm than if they were living in the Middle Ages. Mr. Jane mingles farce and tragedy together, and the worst is he does not seem to know which is tragedy and which farce. The central idea of the story is sound enough. In capable hands it might have been made quite interesting. But the author has chosen to let loose an asylum of lunatics in his pages, and it becomes quite impossible to take their actions seriously. There is a pretty frontispiece by the author, for Mr. Jane can draw considerably better than he can write.

Miss Florence Warden.

ONCE TWO OFTEN (John Long, 6s.) masquerades as a novel, which is, to put it mildly, not quite fair upon the reading public, since it is merely a collection of three stories of that awkward length which cannot fairly be described either as long or short. Miss Florence Warden is the author, and the stories in themselves are much what might be expected from her practised hand, which is to say that they aim at curdling the blood, that

OBITUARY.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

With the death of the Bishop of Durham, whi
Saturday last at Auckland Castle, the last of the
friends, theological and episcopal, has passed
Lightfoot and Archbishop Benson, both his juni
Dr. Westcott had still several years of active wo
With his death a particular generation, and a
of theological writers seems to have ended.
ness hardly say, another distinguished man,
was more particularly linked with that of Dr. W
private pupil, he, like Archbishop Benson, had
Dr. Hort. A fifth name, not so well known,
respected and beloved, might be added, that of
Ellerton, once Rector of Barnes, a hymn-writer
literary gifts and a man of singular charm of char
long friend of Dr. Hort.

Brooke Foss Westcott was the son of Mr. F
Westcott, a scientific man and secretary to
Gardens at Birmingham. He was born in 18
Edward's School he was four years the senior o
remembered in later years with what awe he used
first class saying their lesson, Westcott leaning
hand, "the only boy who was permitted this
clear that Westcott, as well as Benson and Ligh
lifelong inspiration from that king of schoolmaste
It may not be fanciful to trace to the same influe
istics which were shared by the three friends, in
so very unlike—the preference of Greek to Lat
excessive care for the *minutiæ* of verbal schol
different ways, the failure to attain to a genu
English literary style. In each case, in the
three impressive writers, effect was produced by w
to be said, not by the manner in which it was sai
unpolished, almost rough, directness, Bens
quaintnesses of phrase, and Westcott's elabor
minute and mystical, seemed at times to obscur
ness of the message which they desired to express

These three, with Dr. Hort, were the most promi
indeed the leaders, of what came to be known as
School, on which they impressed in a remarkable
prominent of their own characteristics. This scho
had warm recognition in Germany as well as a
speaking races, was in a sense the correlative
school of historians, the school of Stubbs and
Green and Bryce. It was not primarily conc
interested in, history at all. It may seem at ti
have lacked historical discrimination. On the oth
equally accurate in investigation, and its investig
more minute. It broke new ground in the detaile
of manuscripts, in textual criticism, and in exhaus
How far it was pioneer rather than permanent
seen. Critical questions have entered upon a stag
on which Lightfoot and Hort and Westcott did y
But the work that they did forms a distinct
theological literature of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Westcott's career combined the four diffe
of labour in which an English clergyman finds o
service. He was for twelve years a parish priest,
years an assistant master, for twenty years a

of the place and work of Cathedrals in the corporate life of the Church. As a University Professor he exercised an influence as profound, though not perhaps as popular, as that of Lightfoot. His appointment in 1890, at the age of sixty-five, to the great see of Durham was a choice, like Lord Beaconsfield's of Dr. Lightfoot, thoroughly justified by the result. Dr. Westcott revealed, as Bishop of Durham, unsuspected gifts as a ruler and a remarkable power of dealing with critical social questions. His interests indeed were markedly special. This may be seen in many of his books and notably in his later expositions, probably the clearest and most directly impressive things that he wrote, of the principles of the Christian Social Union, of which he was President. Side by side with his social, may be placed his very keen missionary interest. This in its literary aspect may be traced in what is perhaps his greatest literary success, the "Religious Thought in the West" Here we can give it no more than a passing allusion.

The main literary work of Dr. Westcott's life falls into two classes, textual and exegetical. Of the former the great monument is the edition of the New Testament in the original Greek with introduction and appendix, written in conjunction with Dr. Hort, and published originally in 1881. This was one of the few books of the last century to which the term "epoch-making" may be applied without exaggeration. While even now it is too soon to estimate its ultimate influence it may be certainly said that it will stand side by side with that of the *Novum Instrumentum* of Erasmus. The method of textual criticism adopted was distinctly one of induction. The lines on which it proceeded have been, we may venture to say, in spite of the vigorous persistence of still living opponents, generally accepted by scholars.

While the work that Dr. Westcott thus did in conjunction with Dr. Hort will probably be of more permanent stability, his more purely literary undertakings were naturally more popular. His "History of the New Testament Canon," his "Bible in the Church," and his "Introduction to the Study of the Gospel" have each of them at least some elements of enduring value, though the last does not occupy the same position in relation to critical questions of the day that it did when it was published thirty years ago. His commentaries on the Gospel and the Epistles of St. John and on the Epistle to the Hebrews have a combination of merits which will secure for them a long life. These are, besides the care with which the text is prepared (though in the case of the Gospel we have no full text from the editor's hand), the extraordinary minuteness of investigation and comparison with which the exact shade of meaning that may be attached to each word is elicited or suggested, and the singular beauty of poetic and spiritual insight with which the meaning of the writers is elucidated. Sometimes it must be felt that in his passion for correspondences, and correlations, and parallelisms, Dr. Westcott tends rather to overlay than to illustrate the text; but it is impossible to deny that no commentator has shown a more deeply sympathetic insight into the hearts—if it may be so expressed—of the Biblical writers than he shows in regard to the enthusiastic poetic spirit of the Evangelist and the prophetic and expository fire of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Particular interpretations may seem to be too elaborate, or at times incomplete or perverse, but as a whole the work is that of a scholar who both in accuracy and in sympathy reached the point of genius.

Writing of Dr. Benson and their youth together, Bishop Westcott said "We saw visions, as is the privilege of young-

"Westcott and Hort" first appeared in two volumes twent ago, and four years later came in a smaller edition in one v It has always sold steadily in both forms, while the edition has been reprinted no fewer than nine times s first appearance in 1885. In the more expensive two- edition it now appears with the correction of a few erra the addition of some supplementary notes required discovery of various important documents since the first was published. "For the rest," wrote Dr. Westcott preface to the last edition, "I may be allowed to say arguments have been advanced against the general pl maintained in the introduction, and illustrated in the since the publication of the first edition which we considered by Dr. Hort and myself in the long course work, and in our judgment, dealt with adequately." Dr cott's first book "Elements of Gospel Harmony"—e into the "Introduction to the Study of the Four Gospel in its eighth edition—was published just half a century a won the Morrisian Prize. Most of his other earlier boo also classics; his "General Survey of the History of the of the New Testament"—his second publication, 185 its seventh edition; "The Bible in the Church," 1864 tenth edition; "The Gospel of the Resurrection," 186 sixth edition; and "The Revelation of the Risen Lor fifth edition. His Essays in "The History of Religious T in the West," which appeared as a volume in the "Eve Series (1891), as well as in several ordinary editions, were i as fragments of a design which he formed very early in l idea being "that a careful examination of the re teaching of representative prophetic masters of the We help towards a better understanding of the Power of the Ch Creed." Several of these Essays appeared in the *C porary Review* as long ago as the sixties. Among hi works published by Macmillan are his Commentaries on St Epistles and the Epistle to the Hebrews; his volume of s "On the Religious Office of the Universities," 1873, Strength to Strength," 1891—three sermons in memory of schoolfellow, friend, and predecessor in the Bisho Durham, Dr. Lightfoot; "The Historic Faith," 1890, edition), "Christus Consummator," 1887 (third ed "Social Aspects of Christianity," 1887; "The Gospel of 1893; "The Incarnation and Common Life," 1893 "Christian Aspects of Life," 1897—most of which have b printed. Messrs. Macmillan also publish a volume of selectio the writings of Dr. Westcott, edited by the Rev. S. Philli entitled "Thoughts on Revelation and Life." "The Par Psalter," arranged by Dr. Westcott for the use of ch published by the Cambridge University Press; and his on "The Gospel According to St. John," reprinted "The Speaker's Commentary," by Mr. Murray.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The University of Tokio has acquired the library of t Professor Max Müller, which includes some unique S manuscripts and many fine illustrated works. As public could not be voted for its purchase, the Japanese Par being in recess, Baron Isawaki generously purchased an sented the collection. So another important library England, and it is time to recognize that the East in competition for knowledge with us. America has a many literary treasures from this country, and now a still young in western ways, enters the arena.

The annual meeting of the Library Association, to at Plymouth this month, promises to be successful. Amo subjects to be treated are "Modern book productio affects libraries," "Reference Libraries," "Technical tions," and "Methods of Cataloguing"—a subject on "quot homines, tot sententiæ" is the rule.

Among the questions discussed at the meeting of the

cient mental food. Numerous cases each containing from fifty to one hundred volumes have been shipped to South Africa, to form travelling libraries among the hospitals. The books have been purchased, by means of Lady Sarah Wilson's fund, after very careful selection. This matter of selection is important, for although the invalid, in his enforced quiescence, is ready to read almost anything, the rubbish which has been sent out in the name of charity is creditable neither to the hearts of the donors nor the heads of the recipients.

The foundation stone was laid on July 25 for a new Public Library in Wells-street, Camberwell. Lord Llangattock has presented the site, while the cost of the library will be defrayed by Mr. Passmore Edwards.

Preparatory to writing his life of Edward Edwards, Mr. Thomas Greenwood has been spending some time at Niton, Isle of Wight, where Edwards ended his days. He has also visited the place in Essex where Edwards' mother and sisters lived and died. It is not creditable to the library world that no single memorial exists of the fellow-worker of William Ewart in the founding of our public library system. Even his resting-place is unmarked, but Mr. Greenwood proposes to place a simple monument over the grave.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—I.

"The Tactics of the Submarine," since the recent exploits of the *Gustave Zédé* have revived interest in this subject, will no doubt be one of the most widely read articles in the *Monthly Review*. Mr. Hilliard Atteridge, the writer, has himself once been under water in a French submarine boat, or "submergible" boat as he would prefer to have it called. He is a firm believer in the future of the modern submarine, which he maintains should attack with everything but her dome immersed, and at night, thus doing away with the necessity of reconnoitring through that very imperfect engine, the periscope. Other possibilities of successful attack are opened up by the towing method, employed in the recent French manœuvres; and it has also been proposed to convey small submarines, of the *Goubet* type, on board of cruisers. Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes to the same number an essay "In Praise of Walking" that recalls now and then the delightful chapter on "Walking Tours" in "Virginibus Puerisque; while Mr. Nisbet Bain has an interesting article on "Maurus Jókai," and Mr. Havelock Ellis discourses on the respective abilities of the Fair and the Dark.

Macmillan's pursues its accustomed path, gathering flowers a little out of the beaten track. "The Letters of Elizabeth" are not concerned with the sprightly lady whose "Visits" appeared some little time ago, but with a certain Elizabeth Girling, daughter of a farmer at Weston in Norfolk, who flourished about 1796. The writer clips some pleasant extracts from her correspondence, addressed to various members of her family. "Sabrinae Corolla" is a dreamy essay on the Salopian atmosphere, rather prettily written, and Mr. H. T. Sheringham has a pleasant and interesting article on fly-fishing. In the same publishers' *Temple Bar* Mr. Crockett continues his serial, "The Firebrand," and Mr. J. R. Mozley contributes a personal note on the late T. E. Brown, poet, humorist, and master at Clifton.

Mr. Andrew Lang's musings in *Longman's* this month deal in his customary fashion with many varied topics—Mr. Howells and his views of literature in Society, one or two picturesque anecdotes in the field of Psychical Research, a few remarks on

starving villagers by the organization of a num
port companies, and the utilization of the g
Punjab. Sir Hubert Jerningham continues his a
Reminiscences," and Ada Cambridge has a
"Thirty Years in Australia." An important
by the Rev. William Greswell in "The Lan
South Africa." He is all for the suppressio
and the sole use of English as the official medi

The *Italian Review* contains an article on
League, by "Argus," or, to give him his r
Gaetano Lino. Italy was the first country to f
in starting an association of this kind, but i
have languished until the naval battles of Ca
aroused interest and impressed public opinion.
Lino himself produced a book which treated o
war—an Italian "Battle of Dorking," in fact,
of on land, and to-day the league numbers some
members. There is some talk now of holding sho
of Italian maritime industries and commerci
Milan. To the same number "Violet Fane" c
—"Victoria."

Correspondenc

THE USE OF FOREIGN PH

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. A. Phip
of July 22 on "Foreign Phrases," says th
'depôt' has no purpose." But this, surely,
accent in "depôt" has an historical value, as
the letter *s* has been omitted.

"Depôt" is, of course, derived from the
the past participle of which would be "depos

Our word "deposit" preserves the *s*, and
doing.

I am, yours faithfully,
GEO

Grosvenor Club, Bond-street, W., July 29.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am afraid I shall have to wait
promised book for answers to most of my q
say that I am convinced by the replies which
second letter, but I will only make one rejoin

Mr. Phipson defends the diaeresis i
"naivety" on the ground of usefulness, a
cumflex in "depôt" on the ground of usele
altogether at variance with him. "Depot"
to the eye the word as it is generally pronoun
should either amend his pronunciation, and
amend his spelling and write "depo."

Yours faithfully,

AUTHORS AND PUBLI

The deepest sympathy has gone out to M
the publishing firm of Messrs. George Be
death of his daughter, Miss Mildred Bell, w
the Alpine disaster last week. Mr. Bell w

"Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget." Edited by Stephen Paget, one of his sons. Longmans.

"The Life of Sir William Hunter." By F. H. Skrine. Longmans.

"Mary Rich (1625-1678), Countess of Warwick: Her Family and Friends." By C. Fell Smith. Longmans.

"Some Recollections of Henry Schomberg Kerr, R.N., S.J." By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford. Longmans.

"The Women of the Salons, and other French Portraits" (including Madame de Staël, Madame d'Épinay, Madame de Sévigné, and the mother of Napoleon). By S. G. Tallentyre. Longmans.

"Noble Women of our Time" (twelve biographical studies). By F. D. How. Isbister.

"Robert Browning." By the Rev. Stopford Brooke. Isbister.

"Robert Louis Stevenson." By Graham Balfour. Methuen.

"The Life and Times of George Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer, of Leipzig, 1752-1829." By his grandson, Viscount Goschen. Murray.

"Felicia Skene, of Oxford." By Miss E. C. Richards. Murray.

"The Autobiography of Sir Harry Smith, of Aliwal." Edited by G. C. Moore Smith. Murray.

Mr. Thomas Wright of Olney—Cowper's biographer—is now busy writing "The Life of Edward FitzGerald." He has a large quantity of unpublished material relating to FitzGerald and his circle. Mr. Wright has, we understand, ascertained many new facts from Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire people who knew FitzGerald and his friends personally. Mr. Wright's large edition of "The Letters of William Cowper" will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It will contain practically two hundred more letters than Southey's edition. An edition of "The Letters of Daniel Defoe" are promised by the same author.

One of the most important books of the autumn season, so far as Messrs. Swan Sönnenschein are concerned, will be a "Victorian Anthology" under the editorship of Sir Mount Stuart Grant Duff, whose voluminous "Notes from a Diary" abound in personal references to the principal poets of the Victorian era. The coming volume will include a large collection of poetry, limited, however, to examples which Sir Grant Duff considers really representative. Where necessary there will be introductions to the different selections by the editor, who also contributes a general introduction to the volume, besides personal and descriptive notes. The living poets, as well as the dead, will be represented.

Mr. Walter Skeat, sometime scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge, and late of the Federated Malay States Service, will follow up "Malay Magic" (Macmillan), published last year, with a volume of translations entitled "Fables and Folk Tales from an Eastern Forest." The Cambridge University Press will publish it during the autumn, with illustrations by Mr. F. H. Townsend. The tales were taken down from the lips of the Malay peasantry during the Cambridge Expedition of 1899, through the remoter States of the Malay Peninsula.

Military books again promise to play a prominent part in the autumn publishing season. One announced by Messrs. Longmans—"Historical Record of the 14th (King's) Hussars"—takes us from 1715 to the present South African War, for which the regiment embarked at the end of 1899. The author is Colonel Henry Blackburn Hamilton, who served in the Afghan war as aide-de-camp to Sir Samuel Browne, and with his regiment in the Boer war of 1881, and now commands at Ventersdorp with the local rank of brigadier-general. "The War of

Murray by Colonel John Biddulph, was not only the fa the Indian Army, but the man who first recognised the genius of Clive. Clive served under him at the cap Devicota in Tanjore in 1749, and it was on this occasi the friendship began which lasted between them throug Lawrence dying in London in 1775 very shortly after death. Hannah More wrote the epitaph on his tomb village church of Dunchideock, near Exeter, erected by t Family, who also set up the tall monument to his me Haldon Hill not far away. The monument in West Abbey—erected by the East India Company and surmou a bust of Lawrence by Taylor—bears the inscription:— Discipline established, Fortresses protected, Sett extended, French and Indian Armies defeated and restored in the Carnatic." A few letters of Lawre included in the British Museum Addit. MSS.

Our congratulations to Mr. Anstey on the hap performance of his *Man from Blankley's* at the Prince of W It is probably owing to the success of the dramatized that Messrs. Longmans have just announced a new and edition of Mr. Anstey's book, "The Man from Blankle Other Sketches," with the illustrations, by Mr. Partridge, which must have simplified the task of putt piece on the stage. The work originally appeared in *Pun* was republished in book form eight years ago.

Mr. Herbert A. Farley will, in future, represent Sir Pitman and Sons, Ltd., in the provinces, and will tra commercial, shorthand, and elementary school publications firm in succession to the late Mr. E. W. Tyrrell, w suddenly in June last. The leading feature of the sh publications next autumn will be the revised edition "Instructor" ready in September next.

"A Short History of the Hebrews to the Roman P by the Rev. R. L. Ottley, will be published on the 20th i the Cambridge University Press. In dealing with the patr and nomadic times the author has followed the plan of K his "History of the Hebrews." Seven maps are include

Helen Mathers is issuing immediately her novel, Wildfire," at 1s., paper, type, and number of page identical with the 6s. edition, the only difference being cover, which is of cardinal red paper.

Messrs. Longmans' new list is peculiarly strong in b psychical research. Beside the long-expected work i volumes on "Human Personality, and its Survival after D by the late Frederic Myers, they announce a book b Horace G. Hutchinson on "Dreams and their Meani which he reviews the various theories and speculatio dreams, and a volume on "Intuitive Suggestion," by Thomas, author of "Spiritual Law in the Natural World."

Among the other new books announced by Longmans are "The Epistles of Erasmus, from his E Letters to his Fifty-second Year, Arranged in Order of Time English translations being printed with a commentary con the chronological arrangement and supplying furthe graphical matter—by Francis Morgan Nichols; two v by the late Dr. Creighton, "The Church and the Natio a reprint of a memoir of Sir George Grey, privately pri 1884, with the memorial sermon preached by Dr. Creig Embleton Church, Northumberland, on December 23, 18 an introduction by Sir Edward Grey; "The Old Pal Whitehall" by Dr. Edgar Sheppard; "Leisurable St by the Rev. T. H. Passmore; "The Ministry of Grac the Bishop of Salisbury; "Ordination Addresses," by t

Books to look out for at once.

"American Diplomatic Questions." By J. B. Henderson. Macmillan. 14s. net.
[Deals with the dispute over the Fur Seals and Behring Sea Award; the Inter-Oceanic Canal Problem; the relations of the United States and Samoa; the Monroe Doctrine and the question of the North-east Coast Fisheries.]

"The Origin of Thought." By D. Nickerson. Paul. 6s. net.

"Fortune's Darling." By Walter Raymond. Methuen. 6s.

"A Prose and a Dreamer." By Nelson Lloyd. Heinemann. 6s.

"Episode of a Desert Island." By Author of "Miss Molly." J. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL.

ROMAN PUBLIC LIFE. By A. H. J. Greenidge. 8 × 5¼. 683 pp. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

ART.

ANIMAL STUDIES. No. I. By C. Reid Wishaw. 7½ × 9½. Stewart. 1s.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE SAINTS AND MISSIONARIES OF THE ANGLO-SAXON ERA. Second Series. By the Rev. D. C. O. Adams. 7½ × 5. 431 pp. Mowbray. 6s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

EUCLID'S ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY. Books I.-V., VI. and XI. Ed. by C. Smith and Sophie Bryant. 7 × 4¾. 460 pp. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION AT HOME AND ABROAD. By F. Heorer and J. Graham. 7½ × 5. 267 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

FICTION.

THE STORY OF EVA. By Will Payne. 7¾ × 5¼. 378 pp. Constable. 6s.

THE WOOING OF SHEILA. By Grace Rhys. 7¾ × 5. 301 pp. Methuen. 6s.

THE COWARD. By R. L. Jefferson. 8 × 5¼. 296 pp. Ward Lock. 6s.
[A novel of [illegible] by the author of "Across Siberia on a Bicycle."]

ZYLGRAHOF and Other Stories. By J. C. Shannon. 7¾ × 6. 161 pp. Simpkin Marshall. 2s. 6d.

ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES. By M. Thompson. 7¾ × 5¼. 419 pp. Cassell. 6s.
[A novel that has sold largely in the United States. It deals with the capture of Vincennes by Colonel George Clark during the American Revolution.]

THE SKIRTS OF HAPPY CHANCE. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 7¾ × 5¼. 325 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[A story of modern times full of whimsical adventure.]

HISTORY.

THE TRANSIT OF CIVILIZATION FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By E. Eggleston. 8½ × 5½. 344 pp. Hirschfeld.
[Contains an examination into the civilization of the seventeenth century, the mental outfit of the early colonists of America, and other kindred subjects.]

PRIMITIVE MAN. By Dr. M. Hoernes. (Temple Primers.) 6 × 4. 135 pp. Dent. 1s. n.
[A translation by Mr. James Loewe from the German of Professor Moriz Hoernes.]

LITERARY.

A COMMENTARY ON TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM." By A. C. Bradley, LL.D. 7¾ × 5¼. 223 pp. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. n.

ROBERT BROWNING AS A RELIGIOUS PREACHER. By A. C. Pigou. 7¾ × 5¼. 132 pp. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. n.

MEDICAL.

A MANUAL OF MEDICINE. Vol. III. Ed. by W. H. Allchin, M.D., &c. 8 × 5¼. 617 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CRANKISMS. By Lisle de Vaux Matthewman. 6½ × 5. 100 pp. Philadelphia: Clarke. $1.00.

NATURAL HISTORY.

FAMILIAR BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS. By W. F. Kirby, F.L.S., F.E.S. 9¼ × 7½. 144 pp. Cassell. 6s.
[A popular account of the more interesting British butterflies and moths, profusely illustrated with coloured plates.]

A JOURNEY TO NATURE. By J. P. Murray. 6½ × 5. 315 pp. Constable. 7s. 6d. n.

POETRY.

STRAY VERSES. By C. B. Doughty. 7 × 4¾. 80 pp. H. Marshall. 2s.
[A volume of verses by a clergyman on religious subjects.]

THE LAST MUSTER and other Poems. By J. S. Arkwright. (The Breviary Series.) 5 × 3½. 67 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. n.

GRANUAILE, A QUEEN OF THE WEST. By C. E. Pascoe. 7 × 5. 203 pp. Jarrold. 5s.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

MENASSEH BEN ISRAEL'S MISSION TO OLIVER CROMWELL, 1649-1655. Ed. by Lucian Wolf. 10½ × 7¼. 191 pp. Macmillan. 21s.

KENILWORTH. (School Ed. of Scott's Works.) 7½ × 5. 466 pp. Black. 1s. 6d.

THE STORY OF THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH. THE STORY OF ROB ROY. (Scott Readers for Young People.) 6¼ × 5. 87-86 pp. Black. 6d. each.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": Literature, Printing Hous

PROBLEM No. 208, by OTMAR NEMO, Vienna.

BLACK. 8 pieces.

WHITE. 8 pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. CARL KO

BLACK

WHITE.

White t

Problem No. 208, by Alfred de Musset.— — K at K Kt 8; R at K R 7; Kts at K 5 and (2 pieces)—K at K sq; Kt at Q Kt sq. Three

Problem No. 209, by W. A. Shinkman.— K at K B 3; Q at Q Kt 5; R at Q 6. Blac Q B 7; B at Q B 8; pawn at Q B 6. White

Problem No. 210, by W. A. Shinkman. K at K 2; Q at K R 6; R at K Kt 7; bishops at at Q B 6. Black (2 pieces) K at Q 4; pawn at

Solutions.—Problem 189, Jespersen (3 followed by Q–B 8, &c. No. 190, Lissner (191, L. Müller (3), key P–B 8 Kt. Thus: P×P; 2. R–Kt 4, &c. Key threatens 2. Q 3. R–Kt 4, mate. No. 192, Troitzky White R–K 5; 2. K–B 5, &c. No. 193, Warde No. 194, Obermann (3), 1. Q–R 2, P×R; 2. P Q–R 2. B–Kt 8; 2. Q–R 3, &c. Or 1. &c.; 2. P×P ch, &c. Near tries by Q– No. 195, *Stratégie*—White draws by 1. 2. Kt–Kt 6 ch, P×Kt; 3. R–R sq ch, is pat (stalemate). Other variations. No. Q–Q Kt sq. No. 197, Karstedt (3), key generally by 2. Q–Q 6 ch, P×Q; 3. B Reichelm—White wins by R–Q R 7, &c. "Vexillum," key Kt–K 6, threatening 2. Q

Correct solutions as follows:—M. L. Br 189, 193, 197; L. G. Hunt (Liverpool), 195, (Grand Rapids), 176, 177, 179 to 181, 183, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), 193, 194, 196, 197; Ar 179, 182, 184, 191, 193; R. L. Antrobus, A. C. W. (Bromley), 175, 189 to 199; White P 175; W. M. Seely, 191.

Notes by Correspondents.—A. C. W. sends the follow 193, Reichelm.—1. R–Q R 7, R–K 3 (best); 2. K–B 5, R–K R 4. K–K 6, R–K 8 ch; 5. K–B 7, R–Q R 8 (?), 6. R–K 7 R–K 8 (best); 7. Kt–K 4, R–K Kt 8; 8. K–B 6, R–K 10. Kt–Kt 5 ch, K–R sq; 11. Kt–B 7 ch, K moves; R–R 8 mate. At move 8 it looks as if White could win the R 8. K–B 2; 9. Kt–R 6 ch, K–R 3; 10. R–R 8 ch, K–Kt 4; and draw. If Black Rook avoids K R 3, the following is the line 2. R–Q B 7, R–Q R 3; 4. R–Q Kt 7, R–Q B 3; 5. Kt–K B 6 K–Kt 2, 7. Kt–K 8 ch, &c. Of course, if Black Rook check follows and White wins easily. This is a very fascinating numerous chances of playing for stalemate. A complete analy but I think I have indicated the correct play in some of the che

Game No. XCI. Played at Jönköping:—

White. W. Klein.	Black. M. Andersson.	White. W. Klein.
1 P–K 4	P–K 4	22. B–B 3
2 Kt–K B 3	Kt–K B 3	23. Kt–B sq
3 Kt–P	P–Q 4	24. Kt–Q 5
4 K Kt–R 3	Kt–P	25. Q–B 2
5 P–Q 4	P–Q 4	26. Kt–K 6

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish on page 123 a special article on Carlyle and his work, with illustrations. On page 134 Mr. Arthur Waugh continues his series of articles on Victorian poetry with a paper on "The Poetry of Reflection and Doubt." Next week we shall publish a special illustrated Ibsen number, with a reproduction of Mr. R. Bryden's wood-cut portrait of Ibsen.

* * * *

On page 132 we publish an article on Welsh Literature *à propos* of the National Eisteddfod of Wales, held this week at Merthyr Tydvil. This curious institution still shows signs of much vitality after a chequered career of some seven centuries. The first Eisteddfod—the word means originally "session"—of which we have definite information was held at Caermarthen in 1451, but it is pretty certain that the meetings took place at least as early as the thirteenth century, and tradition boldly carries them back to the sixth. The existence of the Eisteddfod to-day is a standing witness of the intense patriotic enthusiasm of the Welsh. It is supported chiefly by the working classes; it depends upon no great organization, and it possesses no permanent endowment. And the poets whose verses are recited are sprung almost entirely

articles are contributed to an encyclopædia. Mr. (
written for the defendants' "Encyclopædia of Spo
articles on "Coarse Fish," "Pike," and "Trout," wh
republished subsequently without his consent or th
Affalo, the editor, in a book called "The Young Sp
Mr. Justice Joyce gave an injunction, holding that
right in the articles did not belong to the publish
absence of any special agreement, and an inquiry was o
be made as to damages.

* * * *

Books to read recently published :—

"Tristram of Blent." By Anthony Hope. (Murr

"Asia and Europe." By Meredith Townsend. (C

"Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Lit
Vol. V. By George Brandes. (Heinemann.)

"A Daughter of the Veldt." By Mr. Basil
(Heinemann.)

* * * *

The resuscitation, in the current number of th
Magazine, of that popular favourite Sherlock Holmes o
question of literary ethics of some interest. Has
the right to revive a character whom he has once del
done to death? From the point of view of literary pr
has, of course, every right; he can do what he pleases
own creation. But Dr. Conan Doyle's action in the c
famous detective is somewhat disquieting. We shall ne
now, so to speak, when we are safe; and fascinating ch
long since comfortably buried in the pages of some
novel, may spring up to confound us on every side. W
for instance, that Mr. Guy Boothby is now giving us "
Farewell" in the pages of a contemporary. But hav
guarantee that the mysterious doctor, whose fathom
and black cat used to stare at us some time since fro
hoarding, is really going to bid us farewell in earnest?
he will appear again, to undergo a fresh series of adventu
fact is, a popular character study is now so profitable
that few authors can afford to let him rest quietly in the

* * * *

"The Hound of the Baskervilles," in which the
detective appears once more, is not the usual type of
Holmes story. It is on a larger scale altogether,
August number of the *Strand* does not carry us very far
mystery. But the opening is gruesome enough to p
lovers of the weird and terrible. Dr. Watson drops qu
again into his accustomed attitude as the admiring ch
But the story at present looks more like developi
direction of psychical research than of the ordinary
mundane detective work.

question their taste, but you must not quarrel with their details. When a critic of "The Story of an African Farm" complained that there were no lions in it, the South African author could retort that that kind of African romance was best written in Piccadilly, and be sure that the laugh would be on her side. The fashion, however, was not always so. Time was when imagination was opposed to knowledge and preferred. While a romantic world was full of Hugo's "Les Orientales," it took an Oriental professor to object that making Oriental poetry without knowing the East was like making rabbit pie without the rabbit. And when Tom Moore complacently recorded the compliments he received for his description of Cashmere in "Lalla Rookh," the very point he was proud of was that he had never set foot in the country. It is quite in this old-fashioned spirit that Mr. Shorthouse seems to be complimented now.

* * * *

A SONG.

I.

Along the liquid sand she came,
Beneath the azure skies;
With tripping feet all rosy-pink
Between the seaweed and the brink—
A maiden with a lovely name
And lovely, lovely eyes.

II.

The salt-spray 'neath the sunny south
Flashed in her wind-blown hair;
And on her cheeks a blush was born—
The blush Aurora brought at morn,
When, softly kissing face and mouth,
She left her roses there.

III.

And from her parted lips a song
Came blowing on the breeze;
Waking the wond'ring world to hear
A message from the Golden Year—
How "Life is sweet and love is strong"—
In merry words like these:—
"Song of the ocean swell,
Rain of the silver-spray;
Fairy-forests under the wave,
Emerald-isle and coral-cave;
Pebble and pearl and lilac shell
Strewn on the golden bay.
Song of the sapphire deep,
Song and silence and sigh;
Tides that ebb and tides that flow,
Waves that wake and winds that blow;
Give me a heart that pure shall keep—
Love that will never die."

H. J. S.

* * * *

A bust of Arthur Rimbaud has been unveiled at Charleville. It is the work of M. Paterne Berrichon, who wrote a curious study of Verlaine's friend. Rimbaud was a sort of Villon, a vagabond of genius, who led the most miserable of existences, and has left one fine poem, "Le Bateau Ivre." He was the inventor of the theory of the colour of the vowels. If all the candidates for a single compartment in the national anthologies of the ordinary issue becomes XXVI.A of the p
and the pages are also differentiated by t
initial letters. Thus the number of pages in
appears, to the casual observer, to be the same,
chapter must be hunted some time before it
When it is found, the careful reader of "Sister T
is a book that must be read with head or lef
inclined to think that its omission from the lar
merely because it was thought to be inessential
story of Evelyn Innes' soul no jot further. The
a paragraph at the end which perhaps gives some
the subject of Sister Mary John's attitude toward
as a whole the chapter is rather for the bibliom
not too harsh a word for the collector of literary
the lover of the art of fiction.

A well-known Bulgarian writer and poe
Schopow, has been sentenced to three years' im
refusing to perform compulsory military service.

Mr. Carnegie has offered to provide money f
of a free library at Montrose on condition
Libraries Act is adopted and a suitable site prov

It is reported from New York that Mr. Carne
offered $150,000 to the City of Montreal for a
provided that the city authorities guarantee a
annually for its support.

Mr. Andrew Lang has written to contradict the
was engaged upon two books dealing with the late

The Archbishop of Canterbury will preach th
special service to be held in Winchester Cathe
of the commemoration of King Alfred the Great.

The new Rector of the Edinburgh Academy i
Hawksworth, of Clifton and Queen's College,
been for seven years an assistant master at Rugb

Mr. C. A. Pearson, it is stated, has purcha
paper, and intends bringing out next week the N
be run on the same lines as the *Daily Express*, but

Dean Farrar attained the age of seventy on
It is forty-three years since "Erle, or Little
first of his numerous works, was published.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, we read, is at wor
having for its subject Joan of Arc.

The *Westminster Gazette* has submitted a
Visits of Elizabeth" to a working man, with
candid review. The result appeared in the W
about three-quarters of a column of very depreci

"The Book of Beauty" in *Punch* this w
upon the style of Mr. Henry Harland. There is
"Literary" column for a ladies' paper.

M. Edmond Rostand, in spite of being fo
by his doctor, is said to be engaged upon a nove
regard the writing of prose as coming under the

It is said that Yvette Guilbert is writing

The Purity of the Language.

Mr. Asquith, in his address delivered the other day to the University Extension students at Oxford, took occasion to say a few words as to form and expression, and that indefinable quality, on which so many professors have written so many widely differing opinions—style. He lamented that we were starting the twentieth century with so few to guide us in the right path. The great masters of style—Tennyson, Froude, Matthew Arnold, Stevenson—are dead, and to all appearance there is no one to take their place. In the meanwhile he suggested that each of his hearers might, in his humble degree, do something to maintain the purity and to prevent the debasement of our language. He added that never had the need for such a task been more patent or more urgent. The mistakes of the ignorant are hard to endure, but the strange terminology of the scientist is almost equally afflicting. "The uncouth and pseudo-classical terminology of the men of science," the "tortuous and nebulous phrases" of the philosophers, the "pretentious conventionalities" of the art critic, and the "slipshod slapdash of the newest school of journalists"—these are all equally repugnant to the educated man. It was not amiss that Mr. Asquith should put in a plea for clearness, simplicity, and naturalness of expression; and, in that connexion, that he should say a word or two in favour of the study of Greek. But it is an open question whether the assimilation of any amount of Greek would produce any appreciable effect upon the purity of the English language. In all ages men of culture have been apt to pin their faith upon some master of style, dead or living, and to lament any deviation from the strait path that was sufficient for him. Some purists even at the present day would have us use no word that was not sanctioned by the authority and example of John Dryden. It does not matter whom we select as our model; the result of any hard-and-fast rule of this kind must always be to cramp the language rather than to purify it, and to substitute for freedom and a necessary growth an affectation of archaicism. We have nothing much to say against the little experiments in measured diction, such as Mr. Vivian's revival of the *Rambler*, which serve now and again to recall pleasantly enough the style and manner of a bygone age. They have, if not their use, at any rate their archeological interest. But the "purity of the language"—that much-abused term—is not to be safeguarded by any amount of scholarship. In fact, it is not to be safeguarded at all. So long as English is a living language, just so long will it continue to grow, and to develop, and to add to its resources; and the most that the scholar can do is to put a drag upon the wheels of its progress. After all, the "slipshod slapdash journalist" has also his useful function to perform. He is the advance guard; his lively fancy (which may sometimes, we admit, be too lively for the taste of some of us) invents the store of new expressions from which our language by degrees selects the fittest and adopts them for her own. We may speak of slang and of barbarous locutions, but what is slang to-day may in a few years have become a classic phrase. It would not be easy to point to a single man of genius, from the days of Shakespeare downwards, who has not been accused in his time of designs against the purity of the language. Turn to the letter from Sterling to Carlyle, which is quoted at length in the next article, and note how many of the words condemned there have now become usual enough in good literature. It is the man of genius who picks up the disregarded gold from the rubbish-heap of contemporary conversation and issues it stamped with

Literature Portraits.—XIV

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle has been more written about, a widely different aspects, than almost any human be last century. Lives, memoirs, reminiscences, and app to the number of two thousand, more or less, concerni man and his work, afford at all events some indica influence that he has exerted upon the mind of the Vic The consequence of this mass of still accumulating l that few readers of books, whether in the British E America, have not some superficial acquaintance wit facts of Carlyle's life. They know probably that Scottish birth; they connect with him, rather lo barbarous-sounding names as Ecclefechan and Craig they have a vague idea that he studied in Edinburgh, lady whom he shamefully ill-treated, came to London the "French Revolution" in such spare hours as

[From the "Carlyle's House Catalogue," by permission of Mr. George

devoted to dyspepsia and quarrelling with his n Thanks to Mr. Froude, and to the controversies that h over the publication of his "Life" and "Remini Carlyle has become indubitably the best-known literary his day. And, whatever may be the ultimate fate of hi those books that preached the Gospel of Silence at su and with so many passages of heart-stirring eloquence— of the man himself will always remain one of the most fa and absorbing in the history of English literature. His for success was as long and as bitter as that of John

(about which the curious may read in the interesting "Carlyle's House Catalogue" published by the Carlyle's House Memorial Trust), was purchased by the committee of the said trust in May, 1895, and has since then been open to visitors as a sort of Carlyle Museum. It is rather curious to look back now, even at this modest distance of time, and to note the difficulties which beset Mr. George Lumsden, the moving spirit in this enterprise, in the execution of his very laudable resolve. For some reason or other, almost every newspaper in the kingdom threw cold water upon the project, refused to notice it at all, or damned it with faint praise. It was left for the *Speaker*, almost alone among the more important papers, to come forward with an article of generous and eloquent approval. It is perhaps hardly worth while, now that the whole matter is a thing of the past, to resuscitate the arguments that were used on either side in this forgotten controversy, but it may be as well to quote here Carlyle's own opinions on the subject of memorial houses, as given by Mr. Reginald Blunt in his excellent little book on "The Carlyle's Chelsea Home." These are a few of the disjointed records of his visits to the homes of Luther, Goethe, and Schiller:—"Goethe's House;—were in Goethe's room; a little

[From the "Carlyle's House Catalogue," by permission of Mr. G. Lumsden.]

garret not much bigger than my dressing-room—and wrote our names in silence." "Eisenach with its Wartburg where Luther lay concealed translating the Bible; there I spent one of the most interesting forenoons I ever got by travelling. . . . They open a door, you enter a little apartment, a very poor low room with an old leading lattice window, to see the most venerable of

hours and more, Schiller's for one. . . . Sch
still more affecting; the room where he wrot
exactly like the model, the bed where he died, a
his dead face. A poor man's house, and a brave
at his post there." Elsewhere, too, Carlyle has
keen appreciation, the visits he paid to the
speare, Johnson, Newton, Smollett, Burns, a
pictures of the dwellings of Steele, of Elizabet
of Sterling, as we'l as of those of Goethe, Schille
hung upon his own walls at Cheyne-row.

Carlyle's Parentage.

But for the present we may leave the Cl
retrace in a few words the less-known history o
life. He was born on December 4, 1795, "in a
of a room, 9ft. by 5ft., over the arch at Ecc
father was a stonemason, who had become a sm
mother, whose maiden name was Janet Aitk
domestic servant. His kindred were Annandal
In the fifteenth century there had been a
Torthorwald, from whom, in later years, a Du
traced Thomas Carlyle's descent with apparen
document caused much amusement when it v
Cheyne-row, but Carlyle himself—no mean g
inclined to believe in the correctness of this f
was not the man to lay any stress upon it, corr
him it was sufficient that in his mother he had "
fairest descent—that of the pious, the just, and
that his father was a man who walked "as in t
of heaven, and hell, and the judgment," although
he had a predilection for the society of the tw
his mother he learned to read, with his father he
of arithmetic at the age of five. From him, t
still more valuable lesson—the importance of t
of conscientious work. There are few passages in
touching than those in his "Reminiscences of J
Ecclefechan, Mason," where he speaks of the so
his father accomplished in his own sphere of acti

> The force that had been lent my father
> expended in manful well-doing. A portion of t
> beneficent traces of his strong hand and stron
> that he undertook but he did it faithfully and
> I shall look on the houses he built with a cer
> rest. They stand firm and sound to the heart a
> district. No one that comes after him will
> was the finger of a hollow eye-servant. They
> for me of the gospel of man's free will.

It is easy to see from what source Carlyl
seated hatred of all scamped work, of shams, and
sion of the "eternal verities." In his own w
he was always steadfast in his refusal to write t
to make any concessions to the supposed taste of
believed himself, says Mr. Froude, to have
capability for literature than for any other occu
did not on this account take his profession any th
When matters were almost at their worst, and
offer of employment on *The Times*, through
ling, he refused solely from a fear that he mi
associated with sentiments that were at varian
It was impossible for him to wear harness—"
light as was required by booksellers and edit
from Mr. Froude:—

And it was not industry and exactness alone that he learned from his father's example; some of his marvellous command of words came also from the same source. Edward Irving, after a conversation with James Carlyle on one occasion, turned to the son and said:—"I have often wondered where you acquired that peculiar, original, and forcible manner of expressing your ideas. I have discovered that it is an inheritance from your father."

Education.

Carlyle's education was continued for a short time at the village school, then by Mr. Johnstone (the "burgher minister") and his son, and afterwards at the Annan Grammar School. It was clear enough by this time that he was no ordinary boy, and it was decided to send him to the University with a view to his ordination to the ministry—the common goal of a promising son even in the poorest Scottish household. Accordingly, he walked to Edinburgh—a distance of some eighty miles or more—to attend the classes there. The November term of 1809 saw him arrive, a boy of not quite fourteen years; as an old man of seventy he referred to this early journey in his inaugural address, on being installed as Rector of the University. Young as he was, he

MISS WELSH.
(From the Miniature by Macleay, 1828.)
(From the "Carlyle's House Catalogue," by permission of Mr. G. Clay.)

formed friends at Edinburgh who were ready to believe in his future. Character and intellect alike were far above the level of the ordinary undergraduate. He read widely, and "Tristram Shandy" is said to have been his favourite book about this time. He contemplated an epic. To fill up the time before his ordination, as well as to earn some much-needed money, he started school-teaching, and returned for a while to Annan as first mathematical tutor, at about £70 a year. The projected ordination was never to take place, but in 1814 he went so far as to deliver an exercise—a "weak, flowery, sentimental" sermon in English—and at Christmas, 1815, he composed a Latin discourse on the question *Num detur religio naturalis.*

able as further evidence of the faith that his friends already had in the future of the struggling schoolmaster. Already, she said, his abilities were beheld by his acquaintance "with wonder and delight," and in time they must be known to the world. "Genius will render you great" were her final words; "may virtue render you beloved!" Something, no doubt, must be allowed for a natural tendency to gild a refusal of this kind with ornament, but the prediction remains a remarkable one from a young lady concerning a man who was as yet wholly unknown to fame.

Edinburgh and Craigenputtock.

In September, 1818, Carlyle returned to Edinb had saved £90 by his interlude of scholastic life, an now to qualify for the Bar. Here he obtained his fi work, being employed by Sir David Brewster to articles to the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia." Throu agency he obtained a tutorship with the Bullers at £ —money which he expended, with characteristic ge supporting his brother John as a medical student and a farm for his brother Alexander. He translated Meister" and a less interesting task—Legendre's "G for which last work he received £50. Irving, now recommended him to Mr. Taylor, proprietor of th *Magazine*, who employed him to do a series of "Portra of Genius and Character." He was now fairly sta literary career; his marriage, over the sequel of whic unnecessary ink has been spilled, was soon to take October 17, 1826, he married, at Templand, the la forward known as Jane Welsh Carlyle, and the pair se in their first home (after a considerable amount of arg the bride's mother) at Comely Bank, an Edinburgh sub next four years he spent there and at Craigenputtock wrote most of the "Miscellanies." Jeffrey, founder of the *Edinburgh Review*, made his acquaintance and t with great consideration, obtaining for his brother was now a qualified doctor, the post of travelling ph the Countess of Clare. From Jeffrey, too, he borrowe with which, the MS. of "Sartor" in his bag, he first descent upon London.

"Sartor Resartus."

Begun about the October of 1830, and intended for a magazine article, "Sartor Resartus" (as it was called) was not the best imaginable introduction t London publishers. However, it had been finished i of July, 1831; Mrs. Carlyle had pronounced it "a genius," and she was a less partial critic than are mo literary men. Carlyle set out with it to try his fort interesting bibliographical note by Mr. A. W. P Macmillan's new editio graphic description of the he met with at every turn with whom the book had at first, was worried with troubles, his literary adv out of town, and he ret manuscript confessing th not been able to read i

THOMAS CARLYLE, AGED 58.
[From "The Carlyle's Chelsea House" (Bell), by permission of Mr. Reginald Blunt.]

hundred to one." They did decline. In the meantime, however, Jeffrey's influence had been exerted with Murray, and Carlyle received an offer to print an edition of 750 copies on the half-profit system. It seems that Carlyle understood that Murray wished him to try elsewhere first, and accordingly he took the book to Colburn and Bentley before coming to a definite agreement—a fact which caused Murray to withdraw his offer unless he could first "get it read by some literary friend." The report of the "taster" in question is that which Carlyle appended to later editions of the work; it was "slightingly prefixed" to the edition of 1838, and temporarily withdrawn twenty years later. The opinion, well-known as it is, is possibly worth quoting once more:—

> The author of "Teufelsdröckh" is a person of talent; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge; but whether or not it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *jeu d'esprit* of that kind it is too long; it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The author has no great tact; his wit is frequently heavy, and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. *Is* the work a translation?

The Reform Bill was then lying heavy upon the minds of men, and books were not easy to sell. In May, 1833, Carlyle wrote again to Fraser, proposing to cut the book up into strips and publish it in his magazine, and the offer, after some doubt,

(£82 1s. in all), but declined to republish in bo
ever, some sixty copies were made up by the m
and thus as "a readable pamphlet of 107 pa
without break," it did actually appear, bearing
the words "Reprinted for Friends." It was not
a real English edition was produced, 500 copies b
Messrs. Saunders and Ottley on the half-profi
did the "beast" (as Mrs. Carlyle was wont to
abused work) at last "get itself published,"
pronounced by the author dingy and ill-managed
or nearly correct, as to printing."

It has been said, not altogether withou
"Sartor Resartus" is a rare example of a prose
from its want of metrical form. Carlyle was ind
but he was a poet without the gift of song, and
thoughts and images scattered in such profus
pages missed their mark at first, and are, perha
so fully appreciated as they should be, for th
that there has always been a scarcity of re
appreciating fine prose. "Sartor Resartus"
fine thought and noble diction, but they lie th
part unknown, or known only to the few. Ta
the passage at the close of Book III., chapte
believe was the one selected by the late Sir J
his most memorable utterance. We have only
the last paragraph:—

> So has it been from the beginning, so will
> Generation after generation takes to itself
> Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Ni
> mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in e
> one grinding in the mill of Industry;
> climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Scie
> dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war w
> and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his
> falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a v
> Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering t
> Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND th
> in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, thro
> Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathin
> emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully acros
> Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. E

are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped-in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!"

And, in rounding his own noble prose with these lines from Shakespeare, it is difficult to avoid thinking that Carlyle felt the inadequacy of his own vehicle for the thought he had to utter.

The Question of Style.

We have devoted so much space to this one book because in a sense it is the most characteristic of all Carlyle's works. It exemplifies, in full measure, his most admired virtues and his most abused faults; it contains many passages of noble eloquence and deep thought, and also much that the most devoted student of Carlyle may be excused for finding somewhat wearisome. He was saturated with German literature, which he had been one of the first to introduce into England, and his own account of Richter would serve well enough as a description of "Sartor." "The style and structure of the book appear alike incomprehensible. The narrative is every now and then suspended to make way for some 'Extra-Leaf,' some wild digression upon any subject but the one in hand; the language groans with indescribable metaphors and allusions to all things human and divine; flowing onward, not like a river, but like an inundation. . . ." This would be true enough of Carlyle's own book. He notes elsewhere that, for the benefit of Richter's own countrymen, there was published before his death "K. Reinhold's Lexicon for Jean Paul's Works." There has not been, to our knowledge, a Carlyle Lexicon for English use, but others besides his early reviewers have no doubt wondered what the writer meant by "Baphometic fire-baptism."

There are possibly still many who regard Carlyle's style as a mass of affectation who seriously think that the man whose literary conscience forbade him to write a word that he did not feel, even in those days at Chelsea when money was urgently needed, had deliberately adopted an uncouth manner for the sake of attracting the attention of the public. As a fact, few men have ever written more naturally. His offence lay in using his own natural voice instead of the conventional manner of the age. He spoke very nearly as he wrote, and his private letters are to the full as "mannered" as his books. It is interesting to look back now and read Sterling's letter, published in the "Life of John Sterling," and to notice how many words and phrases which he condemns there as novelties have become part and parcel of our language. Carlyle, after all, was a Scot by birth; he had read widely in German literature; and it is not surprising that a man with his training, and with his passion for getting to the heart of any matter he wrote upon, should chance now and then upon a strange locution. "Sartor" is naturally, considering its subject, written more in the German manner than his other works. It was ostensibly a translation, with comments and excursions by the translator, and it could not well have been other than German in character. Written

repaying by their value the disadvantage of novelty
must be added new and erroneous locutions; "wh
tissues" for *all the other*, and similar uses of the w
"orients" for *pearls*; "lucid" and "lucent"
as if they were different in meaning; "hulls" p
for *coverings*, it being a word hardly used, and then
the husk of a nut; "to insure a man of misappreh
"talented," a mere newspaper and hustings word,
I believe, by O'Connell.

I must also mention the constant recurrence of s
in a quaint and queer connexion, which gives a
and somewhat repulsive mannerism to many sent
these the commonest offender is "quite"; which

[From "Sartor Resartus," illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. By permission of Messrs. George Bell].

almost every page, and gives at first a droll kind of e
but soon becomes wearisome. "Nay," "manifold," "
enough significance," "faculty" (meaning a man's
or moral power), "special," "not without," haunt t
as if in some uneasy dream which does not rise to th

John Sterling, fervent admirer of Carlyle as he was, was still a citizen of his age, a contemporary of Lamb and Hazlitt and other upholders of the traditional English prose. But, unlike most of the other critics, the spirit touched him in spite of the "barbarous language." The style of the "French Revolution" troubled John Carlyle almost as much as that of "Sartor" had troubled Sterling. There "actually was some profit" in these admonitions, wrote the author. They reminded him at any rate that there were always two parties to a good style—the contented writer and the contented reader.

Carlyle's Humour.

Humour is undoubtedly the conspicuous quality in all Carlyle's writings—but it is a humour of a different type from any that had previously appeared in English literature. It resembles that of Jean Paul rather than that of Sterne. It has his depth, and his light-flashing unexpectedness; it has also, in full measure, that fine tenderness and sympathy which is inseparable from all true humour. In certain of its qualities it bears some resemblance to that of Swift. It has the same element of simplification—of reducing everything to its lowest terms—of stripping off all occasional and unnecessary trappings and displaying the essential facts. But although he had sometimes a touch of Swift's savagery, he had none of his coarseness. His humour, as he says of Richter's, is the product "not of contempt, but of love, not of superficial distortion of natural forms, but of deep sympathy with all forms of nature." Leigh Hunt, who was one of Carlyle's earliest London acquaintances when he came to Cheyne-row, was keen-sighted enough to perceive his deep underlying tenderness. "I believe," he wrote, "that what Mr. Carlyle loves better than his fault-finding is the face of any human being that looks suffering, and loving, and

AN INTERIOR AT CHELSEA

[From the picture by Mr. Tait, reproduced from "The Carlyle's Chelsea Home," by permission of Mr. Reginald Blunt.]

London and its Inhabitant

It was on June 10, 1834, that the Carlyles London, in the Chelsea home at 24, Cheyne-r numbered 5—which is indissolubly associated readers of the "Life" and "Reminiscences. to London, it has been said, at a time when the nineteenth century was about at its Shelley and Byron and Keats were dead; decadence; Wordsworth was living far off solitary among his mountains. It would be mo perhaps, that the chief surviving names in Eng hopelessly alien from Carlyle's school of thoug hesitate to put into plain language his opinions in and out of season, and his opinions were exp extraordinary power of getting to the roo which makes his descriptive flashes the most portraiture that literary history affords. It is that when he went into society "at the Bull Austins', and in a gradually increasing "stared at as if he were a strange Suddenly, into a London filled with eleg this Dioge tern seekin "His conve to quote or Froude, "w His unspa singular in one who c with him, startling t was unobt asked for h it in his m and when contemptu ing, 'too young a m by far for t whom he literary L Blessington priestess, expected t pathetic we Ishmaelite, giance was

Carlyle' of seizing t was never displayed t

descriptions of celebrities whom he met—some in his diary, sometimes in his correspondence, respect admirable—incisive, humorous, and bea stamp of truth. They bring the man before than reams of wordy analysis. Take this of We can:—"I will warrant him one of the stiffest Parliamentary athletes anywhere to be met wit present—a grim, tall, broad-bottomed, yellow-s brows like precipitous cliffs, and huge, black, unweariable-looking eyes under them; amor nose, and the angriest shut mouth I have an

formation of the London Library, and the eminent mathematician had failed to display any interest in the scheme. "Did you ever see him?" he writes to his brother; "a mixture of craven terror and venemous-looking vehemence; with no chin, too—a cross between a frog and a viper, as somebody called him."

Some Literary Judgments.

The inside of a man—his solid worth or his lack of it—was equally patent to this keen vision. He has several allusions to

[From the "Carlyle's House Catalogue," by permission of Mr. G. Lumsden.]

The Study.

Macaulay, and from these we can form, on the whole, an admirably just opinion of the rising star of literary England of that day. "Of Macaulay I hear nothing very good—a sophistical, rhetorical, ambitious young man of talent." A later impression is less unkind, or more softly phrased:—"An emphatic, hottish, really forcible person, but unhappily without divine idea." And another is substantially the same:—"He has more force and emphasis in him than any other of my British coevals. Wants the root of belief, however. May fall to accomplish much. Let us hope for better things." Considering that these two men stood back to back, so to speak, surveying opposite poles of thought, these criticisms display almost more than Carlyle's customary insight into character. The two men rarely met, but one occasion is thus noted in the Journal:—

> March 11, 1848.—Friday last at Lord Mahon's to breakfast; Macaulay, Lord and Lady Ashley there, &c. Niagara of eloquent commonplace talk from Macaulay. Very good-natured man; man cased in official mail of proof; stood my impatient fire-explosions with much patience, merely hissing a little steam up, and continued his Niagara—supply and demand; power ruinous to powerful himself; impossibility of Government doing more than keep the peace; suicidal distraction of new French Republic, &c. Essentially irremediable, commonplace nature of the man; all that was in him now gone to the tongue; a squat, thickset, low-browed, short, grizzled little man of fifty. These be thy gods, oh Israel!

It is tempting to go through the whole gallery of portraits—Bulwer Lytton, the "dandiacal philosophist"—"intrinsically a poor creature this Bulwer; has a bustling whisking agility and restlessness which may support him in a certain degree of

of men who had no facts to tell him, or who packed up matter "into epigrammatic contrasts, startling exagg claptraps that will get a plaudit from the galleries Coleridge, too, sunk into dim nebulous obscurity at I no facts were to be got, but merely misty theories. ment of Coleridge—"that mass of richest spices putr a dunghill"—was expressed at greater length in his on "Table Talk":—

> . . . A great possibility that has not realized itsel did I see such apparatus got ready for thinking, an thought. He mounts scaffolding, pulleys, and tackle all the tools in the neighbourhood with labour, wi demonstration, precept, abuse, and sets—three bricks. honour the man. I pity him (with the opposite of co sees in him one glorious up-struggling ray (as it we perished, all but ineffectual, in a lax, languid, character. This is my theory of Coleridge—very from that of his admirers here. . . .

but not so very different, we imagine, from that of mo now, and certainly more illuminating than many longer careful dissertations.

Carlyle as an Historian.

The writing of the history of the French Revolu long been in Carlyle's mind before the scheme actu definite shape. He had, as Mr. Froude says, "written subject, on Voltaire, on Diderot, and on Cagliostro," a by him, still unpublished, his account of the episo Diamond Necklace, which contains one of the most elo poetical passages he ever wrote. He settled down det the work within a few months of his arrival in London first book (the original first volume) was completed ary 7, 1835. The story of its destruction in Mill's hou bringing of the news, and of Carlyle's words as t closed on the distracted philosopher after a stay two hours, is too well-known to need repetition he book had to be begun again, and, what was we

MRS. CARLYLE.
[From "The Carlyle's Chelsea Home," by permission of Mr. Reginald Blunt.]

have left him), and with a certain amount of not unnatural complaining. The fact was, the practice of literature was always distasteful to Carlyle; he was the most conscientious of men; and the writing of history (in which a conscientious man can barely hope ever absolutely to satisfy himself of the truth) was the most laborious form of literature that he could well have undertaken. He searched "dry-as-dust" records until his patience exploded in fiery denunciation of the compilers of rubbish-heaps; he seemed to make no progress towards the goal; he saw himself swimming *in vacuo*; and now and again, in despair, he turned the key upon his unfinished manuscript and strove to banish it from his mind. It was finished on January 12, 1837, "on a damp evening, just as light was failing. Carlyle gave the MSS. to his wife to read, and went out to walk. Before leaving the house he said to her:—'I know not whether this book is worth anything, nor what the world will do with it, or misdo, or entirely forbear to do, as is likeliest; but this I could tell the world—You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man.'" Here is the secret of the book's vitality. It was a history written in contempt of all form and precedent, unlike any history that had ever been written before. It was a man talking about real men and women, not about pasteboard figures in Royal trappings. Carlyle formed his own conception of each and all of the actors in that dramatic epoch, and projected them vividly upon the pages of his book. Some of his conceptions may have been wrong, but they were all most eminently life-like. And, whatever may be the faults of the "French Revolution" as an historical work, it will live for this reason. It is filled with humanity; it is not a

in fact, with each succeeding work Carlyle fe
more acutely—and finally it resolved itself int
letters, with more or less voluminous comments
In fact, the book completed itself without his k
book so completed can seldom be entirely sa
different way, the monumental "Frederick," in
is hardly a model of arrangement. Conscientic
may be carried too far, and it is something of a
reader to find, in Book II., a sudden plunge bac
misty antiquity of Brandenburg and Henry th
thorough, but is it necessary? "Frederick
painfully produced of all his works, veritably,
far the most heartrending enterprise he had e
contains as fine a gallery of portraits as any of
the very massiveness of its scheme must prev
widely read. Yet Emerson could say of it tha
was the wittiest book that was ever written;
would think the English people would rise up in
the author for by cordial acclamation, and sign
him with oak leaves, their joy that such a hea
them." Most of us to-day are content to take s
on trust, and allow it to rest quietly enough a
stone to the author's reputation.

Some Remarks on Philosophy

And what, in fine, of Carlyle's philosoph
apt to judge a writer of this sort, after a laps
persistence of his opinions in the world; and, h
views on slavery and some of his more extrava
on the right of the strong to command obedienc
sway thought at the present day, they cheerfull
false guide. The value of Carlyle's philos
philosophies, is not to be reckoned by the abstra
random precepts. He was a great moral force,
genius," said Emerson, "is his moral sense, his
solo importance of truth and justice." He brus
finespun webs of the Radical school, the elabor
Mill and Bentham, and pierced down to
immutable laws. To quote from an essay pub
ago in the *Daily News*, by Mr. G. K. Chester
men to study less the truth of their reasoni
truth of the assumptions upon which they reas
views, even when unsound, were generally a
wholesome antidote to the commonly receiv
day. No man ever has formulated, and no
formulate, a scheme of philosophy that shall s
through the ages. What was true in Carly
become part of th
thought; what was
or is perishing. "Si
and similar rhaps

seriously now by no living man; we do not believe, at the opening of the twentieth century, in the divine right of the strong to rule the weak; but we do recognize, through his teaching, the value of a regard for realities, of reverence for human worth, and justice, and truth, and of sound and conscientious work. And, as happens with but few writers, the life of the man is a faithful exposition of the cardinal principles that he preached.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

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CARLYLE AS SCHOOLMASTER.

It is doubtful whether any of Carlyle's Kirkcaldy [illegible] now alive, but till within comparatively recent [illegible] were old men who remembered him and the flogging [illegible] boys, they received from him. It was a curious pie[illegible] that Carlyle should have been chosen for the school [illegible] started or revived as a rival to that presided over [illegible] Irving. For one of the chief objections to Irving, if n[illegible] the chief, was his severity; while Carlyle, it appears [illegible] whit less severe. One of Carlyle's pupils became in ti[illegible] of Kirkcaldy, and throughout life was his firm fri[illegible] Carlyle made few friends during the two years he l[illegible] town; in fact, it is questionable if he ever had any t[illegible] from Provost Swan. He wrote of the people of th[illegible] "a pleasant, honest kind of fellow-mortals, som[illegible] quietly fruitful, of good old Scotch in their works [illegible] more vernacular, peaceable, fixed, and almost geni[illegible] mode of life than I had been used to in the Bord[illegible] reason why he made no friends among them is indica[illegible] plainly by himself:—"I always rather liked the peop[illegible] *from a distance chiefly*, chagrined and discouraged by [illegible] one had." He was "moody and retiring," and Irv[illegible] to have been his sole companion. The two often [illegible] rambles together in Fifeshire. In the space of two y[illegible] however, "got tired of schoolmastering," an occupat[illegible] was congenial to neither, but was especially dist[illegible] Carlyle.

It is a long time now since the movement for an [illegible]

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM CARLYLE.

Mr. A. Edmund Spender, of the *Western Morning News*, has sent us a copy of the following letter, written by Carlyle *à propos* of his work on Cromwell. It is from a private collection of autographs in the possession of Miss Champernowne, Wood Manor, Totnes, and has never before been published. The name of the recipient does not appear, but he was evidently the author of a history of wages about the year 1844:—

Chelsea, March 23, 1844.

My Dear Sir,—Thanks for your newspapers and news. I was afraid you had abandoned your project of a history of wages, in which, I suppose, some labour is already invested. It is always good for a man to have some main *current* running through his field of speculation; it wholesomely draws off so many things, and yields some good issues far better than one expected, at last. I am so far from having done with Oliver Cromwell, it is yet odds with him whether I have got him fairly begun! No business ever fell to my hand a hundredth part so difficult.

It is like the summing up of the general stupidity of England for two centuries past, this state in which I find the hero Oliver. All books ever written upon him are torpedo monsters and belong to the realm of Nox and Erebus; how to write one now that shall belong to the other realm is not easy!

This book of the Chatham Society is what causes me to write to-day. If it be such a volume as I hope, it may save me many a headache in the British Museum.

Lancashire, Ashton, Stanley Brereton, &c., &c., especially Latham House and Chester, and the siege of Manchester, and massacre of Bolton, these are things I do not wish to omit—and they lie among the Museum "Pamphlets on the Civil War," some 40,000 or so in number!

Can you send me a correct table of contents of this Chatham volume: then the price of it if it is to be sold, or the way to borrow it, beg it, or do all to steal it, if it prove suitable and *not* saleable!

Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER FROM CARLYLE TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, APRIL, 1831.

My Scripture were still lies in the scales, which way inclining I cannot say, except in the spirit of a Prophet that ever prophecyeth evil. On Saturday I shall perhaps know more. Meanwhile, as ever, it is our part to defy the Devil, whether he come in the shape of Bookseller or another. I shall to say always: A fig for thee Nicholas!

Your letter to Wilkie I shall with my

WELSH LITERATURE OF THE V ERA.

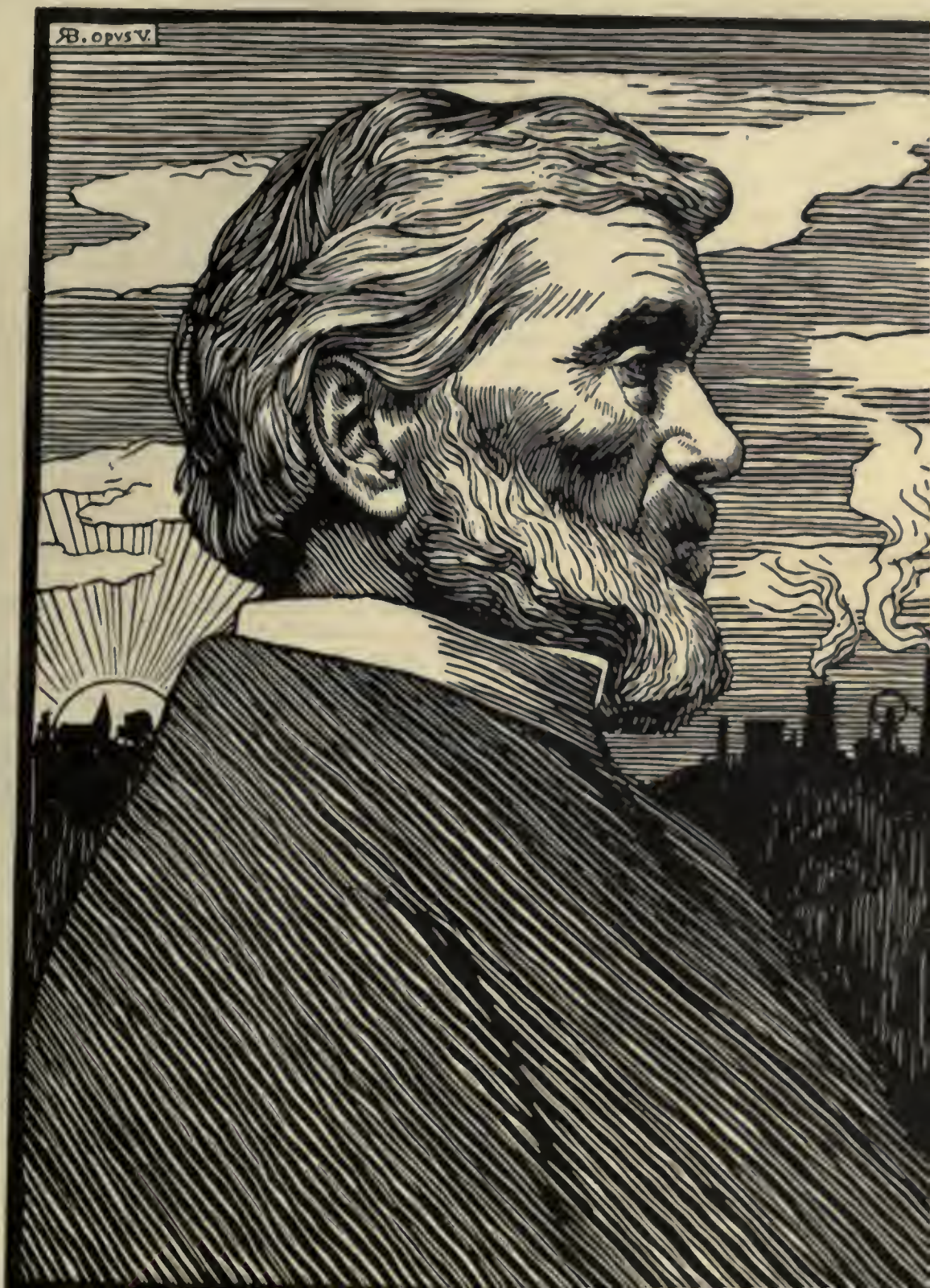
A "Personal View"

By T. RHYS JONES.

The Welsh National Eisteddfod held this we the century naturally directs the thoughts to a survey of their literature in the recent in common with other units of this heteroge has caught the inspiration of the period which with the passing of our beloved Sovereign, a extreme conservatism, has felt in the isolation of i the quickening influence of the intellectual activi powerful neighbour. Still, this external impetu and thought is confined mainly to the latter century. The privileges of higher education hav been extended to the Principality, and, while t gifts of other nations have been fostered and di Universities, the genius of the Welsh people h solely by its own primitive and imperfect ins atmosphere created by the Eisteddfod and the st of Welsh religious life have not been conducive growth and cosmopolitan character of the lite Celtic neighbours. Its prose has suffered from limitations of its religious prejudices, while the r alliterative measures have sadly fettered the muse gift of the Welsh nation, however, has attai standard of excellence in the whole range of its hi ing from the time of Aneurin and Taliessin in the than that of the period under our notice.

The literature of a nation is a true reflection thought, and the most cursory examination of Welsh writers during the la reveals that theology is pre dominant factor of the pe prejudicial it may have prov ing the intellectual outlook people, it has been the one inspiration to its prose and Its wealth of hymnology, wh come of its religious reviva greater influence over the of the people than all the fam woven alliterative poetry of Even the product of the Eis is a purely national instit meated with the same spirit of its most successful efforts almost invariably sacred; has produced very little of a character during the last has a claim to permanency.

Towards the beginning


B. OPVS V.

healthier tone to Welsh religious thought, and prepared the ground for the next phase in the development of its literature, of which Dr. Lewis Edwards was the directing genius. The publication of his essays in the "Traethodydd" gave to Welsh prose the much-needed impulse of a vigorous and cultured mind, and his literary and theological contributions are among the most precious legacies of the last century to Welsh literature. The philosophical and many-sided character of his writings directed the literary instincts of his countrymen from the mere rut of religious controversy to the broader and richer pastures of international thought, and Welsh peasant folk were made acquainted for the first time with the glories of Shakespeare and Goethe.

A still more interesting feature in the further development of Welsh prose was the acknowledgment of fiction as an accepted factor in its literature, with which innovation the name of Daniel Owen is indissolubly associated. Though not the pioneer in works of this kind, he was the first to succeed in overcoming the strong religious bias which then existed in the Principality towards light literature. Calvinism has had a most depressing influence upon the lighter aspects of Welsh life and thought. "Anything approaching the novel," as one writer justly remarked, "met with the stern and uncompromising censorship of the Church, yet right from the heart of this intolerant and colourless Puritanism, that viewed all traces of mirth and gaiety with suspicion, arose this prince of Welsh humourists. It was the dawn of a new era in Welsh literature, and had come as a godsend to lend hue and colour to the oppressive sadness of Welsh religious thought." As an interpretation of Welsh character his works deserve to rank with those of Barrie and Ian Maclaren in Scotland, and no better tribute could we pay to his art and genius, and the influence they have exerted over local prejudices, than the fact that there is scarcely a Welsh home but where "Rhys Lewis" figures as prominently as the essential family Bible or the hymn poems of Williams Pantycelyn.

In addition to the prose works which were the immediate outcome of the religious movement in Wales, the Eisteddfod has been productive in works of a more national and literary character. For centuries it has been the nursery of the literary gift of the people. In the absence of academic honours as an incentive to intellectual effort, the Eisteddfod has served as the people's university, whose prizes constituted a popular method of rewarding merit; a rough-and-ready degree of the people that gave a certain *status* to talent and learning. Such conditions, though invaluable as a stimulus, have not been conducive to high-class literature, and fragmentary and immature productions are the natural result of what oftentimes prove to be uncongenial themes with insufficient time allotted to their treatment. Still if it has not given birth to a literary prodigy, or led to new avenues of intellectual activity, it has produced, on the whole, much good literature, and accumulated a mass of material which will be of the utmost service to future historians and litterateurs. Until quite recently we had to thank the Eisteddfod for the only work which lays any pretence to a complete and

all the finer [illegible] of the human heart. It [illegible] eminently becoming the religious movement th[illegible] thoroughly leavened Welsh national life, and [illegible] prelude to the renaissance of letters in the P[illegible] Other contemporaries scarcely less gifted further [illegible] this period of promise, and the names of Eben Fa[illegible] Hiraethog, and a host of others are as familiar to [illegible] as Byron and Tennyson are to lovers of English [illegible] Thus far it was the majestic strain of ode and epic [illegible] the most prominent feature of Welsh poetry, but the [illegible] people, who revelled in the hymn tunes of "Pantyce[illegible] more or less indifferent to these laboured product[illegible] master singers. It was the lyric muse of John Ceir[illegible] that stirred the heart of the nation to an app[illegible] secular poetry in Wales, by his inimitable love songs [illegible] pastorals. He touched a chord that had lain dormant [illegible] days of Dafydd ap Gwilym, and his message affords [illegible] first indications of the Welsh muse outgrowing th[illegible] clothes of its provincial conservatism, and frater[illegible] kindred spirits of other nations. His "Myfanwy" [illegible] very forcibly of the love rhapsodies of Burns and Mo[illegible]

> * O Love! in the violet and rose,
> I see but thy beauty and grace;
> Morn's splendour and night's starry eyes,
> But mirror the light of thy face;
> When the star of the morning grows bright,
> Hangs clear 'twixt the sky and the sea,
> All nature is blessed in her light;
> To this soul, O my love, thou art fairer, O swe[illegible]
> A thousand times purer to me.

"To the Welsh muse, heart is more than mind," rem[illegible] truly one Welsh writer recently, and Ceiriog's mess[illegible] eminently such as appeals to the heart. By his genu[illegible] of nature his poetry finds a ready response in the [illegible] illiterate peasant folk, whose humble life he has ha[illegible] the glamour of his muse.

Natur oedd ei gân drwyddi.

The charm of flower and stream and the haunti[illegible] tion of home and childhood were the themes he m[illegible] dwell upon. A greater contrast to Ceiriog's playful [illegible] not be imagined than that of the mystic muse of Islw[illegible] inherited Ceiriog's love of nature, but with an infini[illegible] insight into the heart of things. His poetry is absorb[illegible] deep religiousness which pervades Welsh poetry [illegible] century, but the spiritual element that is woven into [illegible] of his poetry finds expression, not in mere narrat[illegible] a deeper interpretation of life and nature. In his m[illegible] musings he has much in common with Wordsworth, [illegible] reminded in the following of the latter's ch[illegible] mysticism.

> * Are the stars o'erhead
> Things as divine and glorious as pussy
> Is wont to sing? Is't not some power in us,
> Some memory of a yet diviner world,
> And things illumined by the light of God,
> That dowers the stars with beauty, gives them
> And grandeur? 'Tis in us the stars have bei[illegible]
> And pussy's self is but the memory

* These range from an admirable encyclopædia, known locally as the "Gwyddoniadur," of which a second edition was published in 1893 in ten massive volumes containing 10,000 articles, and in the production of which £20,000 had been expended, to publications of the magazine type. Nor is the love of reading among the Welsh public on the wane, for quite recently no less than 20,000 copies of a 3s. 6d. Welsh book were sold, which is a remarkable sale for a miniature nation like the Welsh. The chequered history of its periodicals is not the least interesting phase of its literature. The limited circulation, which is further contracted by the various sectarian interests, is mainly responsible for the unstable character of its journalistic enterprises. Towards the end of our period it had gained greater stability, and there were published in the vernacular two quarterlies, two bi-monthlies, 28 monthlies, and 25 weeklies, making a total of 32 magazines and 25 newspapers. In addition to these there were 11 dailies and 79 weeklies published in English. The majority of Welsh magazines are connected with the various religious denominations, and its newspapers likewise generally represent some sect or industry.

The religious awakening that has so deeply influenced the literary productions of the Welsh people in the past is being gradually superseded by the educational movement. The former has inspired Welsh poetry with a grand moral sublimity, and quickened not merely the moral sensibilities, but the intellectual powers of the people. Still it has not been an unmixed blessing. Welsh Puritanism has proved a stern parent, and the effects of its well-intended restraints are only too apparent in the stunted growth of every phase of Welsh life and thought. In its relation to literature its bias and intolerance have seriously retarded its natural growth and development, and it is only the genius of a rare spirit such as Daniel Owen or Ceiriog that has succeeded in overcoming its set prejudices. The admirable system of higher education to which we have already alluded is gradually leavening the literary instincts of the people, and the broadening influence of English and other literatures is becoming more pronounced in the current productions of Welsh writers. Under the fostering care of education, with its added privileges and wider sympathies, the literary propensities of this undeniably gifted people will find a fuller exercise, and its immature peasant literature will become an important factor in the European literature of this century. Signs are not wanting of this cosmopolitan tendency. In Elved we have a representative exponent of the modern spirit in Welsh poetry, and a still more remarkable instance of this may be found in a charming collection of lyrics just published, which bear ample traces of their author's acquaintance with the trend of German as well as English thought. Another outcome of this educational movement is the tendency to adopt more generally the English language in the expression of its literary gift, a departure which has been so worthily anticipated by Sir Lewis Morris in poetry, Mr. George Meredith in fiction, and Mr. Ernest Rhys in the fields of criticism. The recent publication of "The Welsh People," which has already been reviewed in these

SOME MOVEMENTS IN VICTORIA

III.—THE POETRY OF REFLECTION A

The intellectual and poetic movement which consider is of peculiar interest, since it differ and essential respect from almost all the other d the period. Movements, whether political or li rule, it seems almost unnecessary to say, in common enthusiasm either constructive or destr directed towards the achievement of some posit support of some definite and stimulating ideal. not only of movements of advance, but also retreat; reaction itself is addressed to the ameli fixed and appreciated wrong, and it is as easy to upon which the retreat is based as that to whic advance was directed. But the intellectual an ment which now comes under our consideration i action nor of reaction; its attitude is essentially undefined. It stands midway between spiritua the one hand, and scepticism or resignation, or resigns much, without resigning all, and it is its own bearings, halting between two opini doubtful.

And its interest and importance are very mu the fact that, while it is representative of tendency very wide-spread and penetrating, th that tendency is confined, and inevitably con narrow area indeed. The tendency, we say, because the natural attitude of the reflectiv current enthusiasms is one of hesitancy and diss on the other hand, the expression of such hesitan or at any rate in poetry, is rare; since th expression invites enthusiasms, and prosper influence, while it withers and desiccates und indecision. In the present movement, which we of Reflection and Doubt, two names only stan ously, representing two attitudes, divergent but the spiritual aspirations of their day; and i Matthew Arnold and Arthur Hugh Clough we quintessence of an intellectual movement whi spreading at the present time far more widely th their own, and which is continually re-echoed helpful addition, in the "minor" verse of the y tion. This movement has, therefore, an unus the student of tendencies, since it is inextri with the advance of culture during the last fifty the influence of that reverend University, whose to go out into all lands, as her sons increase achievement. This is, indeed, the Oxford moven and it follows, no less certainly than it reacts fr great Oxford movement, whose beautiful influence to-day testifies to the integrity an which it was founded.

"There were voices in the air when I was a Arnold, and they were voices of great persuasive It is only when we consider the apathy into whi of the Church had fallen towards the close of century, when we recall the divorce from lea extended itself throughout the forms of publ we can form any idea of the sudden access of war which that movement instilled into the religion Nor was the revival one of form alone, or eve first place. The outward symbols of beauty, re

Newman and Pusey, voices of decision and energy like those of Hurrell Froude and W. G. Ward, and it is not surprising that they carried men along with them. Still, even from such beneficent and spiritual influences there could not but be reaction; and when it followed that opposition and dissension split the ranks and separated the brotherhood, it was inevitable that questionings and hesitancies should arise. Newman was lost to the Anglican fraternity, and with his secession the whole movement was exposed to misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Storms began to beat against the citadel, and in the minds of the reflective the natural question formed itself, unanswered at least to their satisfaction—"You talk to us of authority, but where is your authority grounded? Even yourselves, it seems, are divided upon its claims. Is there, after all, *any* authority that is impregnable?"

Then again, and with a different import, there were voices in the air at Oxford, voices of "men contention-tost." Arthur Hugh Clough, who had at first followed the Tractarians, "like a straw," as he himself said, drawn by the wind, was among the first to break with their influence. But their parting was a parting of friends. There is nothing of revolt or of violent separation in that breaking up of association which inspired the Oxford poetic movement; and, in bidding farewell to his friend Ward, Clough did so with a breadth of outlook full of hope in the future.

> But O blithe breeze; and O great seas,
> Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
> On your wide plain they join again,
> Together lead them home at last.
>
> One port, methought, alike they sought,
> One purpose hold, where'er they fare,—
> O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
> At last, at last unite them there!

This is certainly not the poetry of scepticism, and Clough's position with regard to the central movement of spiritual ideas has been often misjudged by the thoughtless. His nature was, in fact, one of singular candour, "of Homeric simplicity," as Arnold described it, and he could tolerate in himself no compromise with insincerity. No "light half-believer of a casual creed," he was unable to reconcile himself to the authority of religion, but it was no part of his intention to wage war on that account against those who could. His whole attitude to life was warm and genial. He loved the open air and the healthy life; he was rich in enthusiasm for the aspirations of his fellow-men, and if he chose to be a law to himself, he was at any rate content to keep that law in strenuous and virile obedience.

> Come back again, my olden heart
> I said, Behold, I perish quite,
> Unless to give me strength to start,
> I make myself my rule of right:
> It must be, if I act at all,
> To save my shame I have at call
> The plea of all men understood,—
> Because I willed it, it is good.
>
> Come back again, old heart! Ah me!
> Methinks in those thy coward fears
> There might, perchance, a courage be,
> That fails in these the manlier years;
> Courage to let the courage sink,
> Itself a coward base to think,
> Rather than not for heavenly light,
> Wait on to show the truly right.

sincere and manly isolation from that current spiritual which, could he have gone with it, he would have hime fully adorned. His abnegation of it is remote from trick of singularity; it is centred in a spirit that is itself and open to the world, leading a fresh and empha ing to Tennyson's familiar and often perverted sentim

> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.

When we turn to Arnold we find ourselves face to very different temperament and a different art. technique Arnold possessed almost all the qualities whi lacked, and his workmanship—deliberate and exquisite highest order of literary finish. His detractors, in sa worst, could only say that he is an academic poet to his admirers, a body which probably now includes all who fitted to judge of poetic excellence at all, would justly that the classic spirit which Oxford lives to keep alight taken to itself fresh fuel, and combined classicism with "on one far height in one far shining fire." The litt he said against Arnold's method may be said in very f It is perhaps arguable that the classic convention occasion into over-elaborate assumption of the poetic Some of the similes in his longer poems are beaten o the limits of similitude, and present the appearance excrescences than of illustrations. There was, furthe tendency to overwork the dignity of classic allusion: that fine picture of the Sicilian shepherds in "Thyrsis suggestion upon suggestion until the poem was only culty drawn back to its English atmosphere, and the v to the main theme was affected with a sense of violent These trifling foibles gave his work an occasion mannerism, to which some critics, unacquainted, per the source of the illustrations and the traditions sought to maintain, have not been slow to take But this said, and said with all due reser remains nothing but admiration for Arnold's manner, and for the delicate felicity with which rates and contrasts effects, whether pictorial or in language which seems almost infallibly at his com sustains the highest traditions of reflective and analyt and adds to the tradition just enough of modern use to make his medium recognizable as his own.

In all this he is entirely different from Clou differs from him just as radically in temperament. vigour, the modulated optimism, springing like a Clough against the intervention of depression, the part in Arnold's composition.

> Say not the struggle naught availeth,

cries the one; but to the other the struggle, na determinedly as it is undertaken, seems always to be l failure and oblivion. "Thou waitest," he says to his sel

> Thou waitest for the spark from heaven! a
> Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
> Who never deeply felt, or clearly willed,
> Whose insight never has borne fruit in dee
> Whose vague resolves never have been fulf
> For whom each year we see
> Breeds new beginnings, disappointments ne
> Who hesitate and falter life away,
> And lose to-morrow the ground won to-da
> Ah! do not we, wanderer! await it too?
>
> Yes we await it!—but it still delays,

and effectual to ourselves, but look at the majority of our fellow-creatures. What does all our intellectual effort do for them?"

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing.

And then, to console themselves for a purposeless and effortless existence here, they promise themselves every form of material and spiritual satisfaction, "hereafter in a better world than this." This was the self-satisfied, smug doctrine of compensation which Arnold could not away with.

Foil'd by our fellowmen, depressed, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And, *Patience; in another life*, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne.

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor, routed leavings? or will they,
Who failed under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?

No, no! The energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

The mere recital of that noble sonnet would serve to remind us, if indeed we needed such reminder, that Arnold's dissatisfaction with existing conditions of life and faith would by no means lose the name of action. His melancholy, of which perhaps criticism has always made enough and to spare, was no anæmic plaint of a spoilt child of fortune; and in purpose, if not in expression of purpose, he and Clough were close-knit brothers. The difference was that each saw, as it were, one aspect of the disease of life, and each prescribed one remedy. To Clough the compensating joy lay in the life of humanity; to Arnold the anodyne was the life of ideas.

Sit, if ye will, sit down upon the ground,

says Clough,

Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around
Whate'er befell,
Earth is not hell;
Now, too, as when it first began,
Life is yet life, and man is man.
For all that breathe beneath the Heaven's high cope,
Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope.
Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief;
Or at least faith unbelief.
Though dead, not dead,
Not gone, though fled;
Not lost, though vanished.
In the great gospel and true creed,
He is yet risen indeed;
Christ is yet risen.

He sees the consolation of life in the common emotions of mankind, while Arnold avoids them, to live for cultivation of the beneficent idea alone.

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,

So do these twin-brethren of the Oxford spiri supplement one another, until in combination th perfect stature of the Gentle Mother's strenuous son. The ideals for which they stood, and the po they would have steeped life, did not immediat acquiescence. Clough's reputation was chiefly po for years Arnold's favourite depreciation of himse popular author "had more than a rhetorical sign in the ideals which they established we seem to of that spirit which Oxford is diffusing more wide and if it is to the spirit of Clough that we ov University activity against the miseries of t Arnold's example that informs the thought of O and abroad with a certain reserve towards u ecstatic enthusiasms, but also with a perpetu faith in the permanence of the idea, and in the of the life that sets itself some high ideal, and s it without remission—

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade.'

And this movement, which was at first a rea ecclesiastical movement which preceded it at actually come, with the process of time, to work with its old dissentient; so that even those who and Arnold just that stimulus of spiritual aspirati find in Tennyson and Browning find in them still counterpart in that intellectual aspiration fro religion can never be divorced. In Arnold's ov are all seekers still," and the surest consolations are found in those few and dauntless spirits, wh strong infection of our mental strife," "keep nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to beauty, in a word, which is only Truth see side."

ARTHU

CURRENT LITERATU

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS.

The Diamond Necklace.

A book on Marie Antoinette is always wele so when, like L'AFFAIRE DU COLLIER, d'après Documents, by Frantz Funck-Brentano (Paris: Ha it is written by the erudite historian of the E "Drame des Poisons," and contains entirely ne When the mass of perverted or invented facts, pa and legendary accretions, is removed, the famous in the light of a clever swindle, important only rank of some of the personages involved in it. swindle was the work of a woman of noble orig life, pretty Madame de la Motte, an authentic de Valois Kings, with something in her blood of intrigue, whose adventures, when thrown out in the searchlight of history, make us think of Beck wriggling into a front seat in the ever-thronged To complete the likeness with Thackeray's hero along with her an officer of broken fortunes, featured, M. de la Motte. Nothing is wanting i picture where splendour mingles with unpaid bills the Mont-de-Piété the pawnbroker's shop q

the *fleurs-de-lys* in the Atlantic. But for the last hundred years the nobility has been sadly deteriorating; this latest scion of a noble house is an effeminate prelate, indulging in all the freaks of fashion, and accepting without a protest of common sense the prodigious impostures of Cagliostro. A certain Mlle. de la Tour, whom later impostors would have called a medium, was once made to see Marie Antoinette in a crystal globe containing pure water:—

> "Il lui demanda ensuite,", proceeds the report of the girl's examination before the judges, "si elle ne voyait pas un vieux bonhomme vêtu de blanc, qui se promenait dans le jardin, qui venait pour l'embrasser; elle dit qu'elle le voyait. . . . Puis Cagliostro l'avertit qu'elle allait voir le Cardinal à genoux, tenant en main une tabatière dans laquelle il y aurait un petit écu. . . la jeune fille dit qu'elle voyait effectivement le Cardinal. . . . Alors le Cardinal, très ému, dit que c'était incroyable, extraordinaire. . . . Il avait l'air pénétré de joie et de satisfaction."

As a *chansonnier* put it:

> Mais le Pape, moins honnête,
> Pourrait dire à ce nigaud:
> Prince, à qui n'a point de tête
> Il ne faut point de chapeau!

The Cardinal's credulity is diverting, no doubt, but it is none the less distressing to think that the fate not only of a dynasty, but of a great country, was in such incapable hands.

Louis de Rohan, for reasons which it would be too long to explain here, was not in favour with the Queen; this Madame de la Motte knew, and she soon made the Cardinal believe that the disfavour was due to a misunderstanding that Marie Antoinette was anxious to dispel. A forged correspondence was then established and led to an interview in the Park of Versailles between the Cardinal and the Queen, whose part was played by one of Madame de la Motte's accomplices. Finally the Queen was supposed to have commissioned her forgiven liege to purchase a costly necklace, made for the notorious Du Barry, which the old King's untimely death had prevented her having. Once in possession of the jewel, Madame de la Motte broke it up and began disposing of the diamonds, some of them being sold even in London. When the bills fell due, at "the quart d' heure de Rabelais," as the French say, the whole swindle came to light. Rohan was arrested on the charge of forgery and lodged in the Bastile. After a protracted judicial inquiry, the Cardinal was acquitted, and Mme. de la Motte sentenced to be whipped, branded, and imprisoned for life.

M. Funck-Brentano's book is a plea, not only for the Queen, over whom suspicions long hung, but for the Cardinal, generally looked upon as an accomplice. The reader will, no doubt, be convinced that the author is quite right, and readily acquit the Cardinal on the score of weak-mindedness; as to the Queen, she needs no justification, after the eloquent vindication which M. Labori—ere long destined to play a foremost part in a judicial affair as momentous in its consequences in the nineteenth century as was the *Affaire du Collier* in the eighteenth—some years ago enthusiastically undertook. Of course the Queen was the only real victim of this unfortunate affair. During the long months pending the trial, pamphleteers assiduously bespattered her with calumnies; and in true heartless Parisian way, the people applauded every insult heaped upon her, whom they envied for her beauty, her happiness, her high rank. The shortsightedness of her natural protector, the King, is not astonishing in one of such shallow capacities, who, instead of

instances will suffice; he has been patient enough t
by inferences drawn from forgotten deeds, Madame de
drawing-room at the apogee of her chequered career
the help of a Paris jeweller, to reconstitute the famous
a photograph of which is inserted in the work and
below. English readers will learn with interest
Funck-Brentano is preparing as a sequel to this work
the death of the Queen; a fact which perhaps accou
inadequate *dénouement* of the story. We learn what
the jewellers who made the necklace and of some of
plices in the swindle, but Madame de la Motte
weeping but not repentant, in a cell at the Salpêtrière

Victor Hugo's Love Letters.

It is a difficult question to determine how far it is
to disclose a writer's private life. Perhaps the right
said by Matthew Arnold when our conception of
man was shattered by the publication of the poet's le
in that case something might have been said for publica

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.
[From "L'Affaire du Collier," by permission of MM. Hachette

the letters existed every one knew, and misgivings
contents roused curiosity. An idealist poet leading a
life might prove an interesting study, if it did not
light on the poet's work. We can also conceive
of a private correspondence revealing a character wh
from us, that of Virgil, for instance, whom some s
withstanding his tender lines, to have been
Alexandrine.

family being related to a Foucher family, Victor often met Adèle Foucher; he was seventeen, she a year younger. On April 26th, 1819, they declared their love, and forthwith, like the most ordinary pair of lovers, wrote lyrical effusions to each other. After three years' courtship, the usual difficulties of dissatisfied father and heart-broken mother and meagre resources being overcome, Victor and Adèle were married on October 12th, 1822. The only tragic incident is the death of the poet's mother, one of the chief obstacles, be it said, in the way of the pair. The comic element is afforded by General Hugo, the poet's father, whose readiness to give the consent required by the French law is explained by his own desire to have his son's forgiveness for having married again, in an almost clandestine manner, three weeks after his first wife's death.

The letters do not shed a single ray of new light on Victor Hugo's character. They are chiefly made up of the namby-pamby sentences that an ordinary youth, with a turn for literature, dashes off with a vast amount of self-satisfaction. Between the lines appears a pretty, intelligent girl, a little arch, perhaps, in spite of a great display of shyness, as befits a young lady brought up in strict bourgeois and Catholic principles. Theirs, after all, is the story of a very commonplace Luxemburg garden idyll.

Strange to say, Hugo speaks little of his work, of his future plans, of his assurance of glory—an evident proof, of course, that these letters were never intended for publication. However, he commits himself twice to a definition of poetry that seems to have startled Adèle, brought up in classical literary principles.

> En deux mots, la poésie, Adèle, c'est l'expression de la vertu; une belle âme et un beau talent poétique sont presque toujours inséparables. Tu vois donc que tu dois comprendre la poésie; elle ne vient que de l'âme et peut se manifester aussi bien par une belle action que par un beau vers.

The opinions even of Victor Hugo at seventeen are not very interesting.

Having conscientiously read this latest of Victor Hugo's posthumous publications, we must record our impression of its absolute worthlessness. There was only one person who could read these letters over with interest—she to whom they were addressed. Madame Hugo had carefully hidden them away, and it has been a most unwarranted sacrilege to remove them. No doubt when young Victor penned them in the Rue des Petits-Augustins, with his head all in a ferment about grandiloquent dramas and odes and ballads, he was, as Chateaubriand called him—by the way, more for party purposes than from solid conviction—an *enfant sublime*; but, after all, he was only an *enfant*, and he spoke and wrote like an *enfant*.

A Modern Bachaumont.

The fifth series of the biographical sketches and interviews which the son-in-law of M. Sarcey, M. Adolphe Brisson, has been publishing annually has just come out in Paris, under the now well-known title PORTRAITS INTIMES (Colin). M. Brisson is a sort of modern Bachaumont, the famous author of the indispensable "Mémoires Secrets." As a matter of fact, nothing could be less secret than the revelations of M. Brisson; he has all the audacities of the modern interviewer, but happily so much good humour and so wide a knowledge of men and things that he never gives offence. His curiosity ranges from Thérésa to Eusapia Palladino, and from Mr. Kruger to M. Bourget. During his visits to the members of this motley throng he almost always succeeds in making them say many things worth hearing, placing them the while in characteristic surroundings. A general

D'EXERCICE DANS L'ANCIENNE FRANCE. A study
air amusements of Frenchmen is the last t
that was to be expected from the very le
bookish, historian of "The Novel in Shakesp
and of "Shakespeare in France Under the
But in his breezy picture of the wayfaring
land in the fourteenth century there were
pages proving that such a subject as that of sp
France would not be uncongenial to M. Jus
can be no doubt that the book is original an
Moreover, it is pre-eminently timely. It may
described as a legitimate way of being a French

Most of the sports revived in France of
certain spirit of Anglomaniac snobbishness ar
French games transported to England, and, for
Jusserand usually explains, temporarily forgotten
their origin. The very word *sport*, now used i
reality, an old French word to be found in Ra
the purists need not hesitate to use this word
being too English. The ancient form of the F
desport, or *desporter*. M. Jusserand takes u
games which most resembled war; the tourn
which, in the sixteenth century, had almost e
the tourney, the *pas d'armes*, a picturesque exer
in the defence or attack of a passage, a bridg
city gate-way. On all these violent and really d
ments, M. Jusserand is the most complete and
historians, while his publishers have contrib
illustrations. One of his most interesting chapte
with the privileged and sacred animals, the dog
But, it is not only the violent, open-air sports
attention. One long chapter deals with the "
the game of "soule," and of "crosse," the Fren
cricket, and, no doubt, of the Indian variet
United States as an importation from Canada, and
crosse." "Pall mall" preserves the name of
former "jeu de mail," which was a game m
England when the Stuarts affected French manne
and this game, which the doctors of Montpellie
as a panacea for all maladies, is but a vari
"crosse." Few of us are aware, no doubt,
"chicane," which is almost as English as it is
name of the "jeu de mail" as played amidst
and difficulties of the open country, and comes f
rather Persian word τζυκανίον (tchaugan) designa
Byzantine Emperors, a sort of polo, which the
from the East, and which the Crusaders fou
Constantinople. There are long chapters, all
short, on sport in the sixteenth century, sport un
and sport in the eighteenth century, leading up
ing "epilogue" in which M. Jusserand sums
conclusions after his long and fascinating inqui
clusion very favourable to French capacity for sp
achievements of French automobilists and ball
have weakened M. Jusserand's arguments.

French Military Genius.

M. Théodore Duret, the art critic, the hist
from 1870 to 1873, the collector, moreover, of the
Japanese illustrated books sold recently to the N
has published a brilliant little book entitled Es
DE L'HISTOIRE MILITAIRE DES GAULOIS ET DES FR
de la Revue Blanche). The task he sets himself

the Germans, who have always waged war to obtain land, the French crusaders as well as Napoleon's Republican troops have launched forth on adventurous quests with vigour and dash, winning victories of which they were utterly unable, owing to their temperament, to reap the benefits, and which they have rarely put to any practical end. The thesis is not an absolutely new one, but the originality of M. Duret's book consists in the closeness of the demonstration, and he must be considered to have proved his point.

"Gazouiller un patois d'hirondelle barbare."

Such is the ambition of Mary Duclaux—Madame James Darmesteter—the writer of GRANDS ÉCRIVAINS D'OUTRE-MANCHE (Calmann Lévy, 3f. 50c.), and the "patois" is excellent French, with now and then some charming metaphor savouring more of Ruskin's mother-tongue than of Voltaire's crisp diction. There is an unmistakable foreign ring in the following sentences, faultless though their construction may be:—"Le Mené, Théoel, Pharés du surmenage cérébral est écrit sur presque toutes les tombes des Rossetti"; "cet homme paresseux, qui n'a jamais cessé de clamer le *mea culpa* de sa paresse, a laissé une œuvre considérable." Yet the fact that such sentences appear in the *Revue de Paris* before being published in book form is sufficient proof of the unceasing disrespect shown in France for time-honoured Academical formulas of style. The subject-matter of the book is no less new to French readers than the style. The four articles on the Sisters Brontë, Thackeray, Robert Browning and E. B. Browning, and Rossetti are not critical articles for readers acquainted with the writers criticized, but introductions to the study of their works. Perhaps the first essay, that on the Sisters Brontë, is the most successful. Of course the author knows her subject thoroughly, and she uses entirely new material—Charlotte Brontë's letters to Miss Nussey, recently published by Mr. Shorter in his "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle," which were not accessible to her when she wrote Emily's life in the "Eminent Women Series." Through the essay on the Sisters Brontë blows the bracing wind of Yorkshire Moors, some of which is sadly needed among the crowd of Paris men of letters cramped up in stuffy little *cénacles* where the germs of an alarming psittacism are so prone to develop. To think and to write according to the bent of individual talent once the threshold of school and University has been left is an ideal far removed from the present French reality. The signs are many of the breaking-up of the old seventeenth-century constitution according to which the Republic of Letters in France is still governed. Shakespeare, out of the precincts of the reviews that M. Brunetière edits or inspires, is no longer looked upon as a barbarian. Foremost in the work of emancipation has shone the *Revue de Paris*, giving hospitality to all forms of art, from Tolstoi and d'Annunzio to Rudyard Kipling.

The French Revolution.

M. Aulard, Professor at the University of Paris, has comprised the results of his studies of a quarter of a century in the HISTOIRE POLITIQUE DE LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE. This book is the precise narrative of the efforts to apply from 1789 to 1804 in French institutions the principles of the Declaration of Rights. To produce this volume M. Aulard has chosen for study merely the political facts, a limitation of his task which has already swollen his book to the dimensions of an encyclopedia. For twenty years M. Aulard has been doing naught else but re-reading the laws of the Revolution, the newspapers, the speeches, the election programmes, the biographies of the persons who played a *rôle* in it. The result is this monumental

great mistake to say "the Revolution did or did not that thing," the truth being that the Revolution was ideal which Frenchmen tried to realize partially, a since then, certain writers have sought to confound, the often incoherent application of it, or with event by its very enemies with a view to destroying it. M. Aulard seek to stem the vogue of M. Clémenceau word, *le bloc*.

DR. WESTCOTT'S LAST BOOK.

LESSONS FROM WORK. By BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT D.C.L., Bishop of Durham. (Macmillan. 6

A doubly pathetic interest attaches to this book. I cated to the memory of Dr. Westcott's wife, "for years my unfailing counsellor and stay." It was publi a month of its eminent author's end of life on earth. In spirit will it be accepted, we feel sure, by admirers of t genius and lofty character. But it needs no apo driftwood, as it were, of the last twenty years of strenuous life, it has the notable marks that belong to of old men's experience. It is a summary of much been long taught. It is none the less inspired by vis future. As a young man Brooke Foss Westcott, as he and he repeats it in his "Lessons from Work"—saw his old age he dreamed dreams, but dreams that were remote from the world in which he lived.

The papers of which this book is made up, essays speeches, are not, we are told, selected with any de but "they are bound together by one underlying th each case (wrote the Bishop) I approached my sub light of the Incarnation; and I have endeavoured to first to last how this central fact of history—the life illuminates the problems which meet us alike in work and in our boldest speculations." The central Christianity was indeed, to the last, the golden thre ing all Dr. Westcott's life and work. There is so autobiography in the book, in the charge with which it in the sermon preached at the commemoration of B at Trinity College, Cambridge, last December—two years after the same preacher had preached in the on the same subject—and "at the end" the Bishop's out with a special distinctness. The words which seem to us especially characteristic:—

> At the close of life, when we look back over ence, the conflicts and controversies which we hav assume new proportions. We can discern more cl before the essential questions which they involve an the disturbing exaggerations caused by the secondary become conscious of the illusoriness of partial v learn to distrust speedy results. And if we are tempt for less in the near future, our confident expe "the times of restoration of all things" is strengthe vision of a continuous movement in the affairs of clearer sense of its direction. At the same time which we have long dwelt, which we have often l express, which we have tested in the stress of life, us with irresistible force.

There is much that is familiar in the book—devotion to the detailed study of the Scriptural text, keen and enthusiastic advocacy of Christian missio

Physical Science. Two generations ago the conflict between them was a commonplace of controversy. Now that both of them are better understood it is felt that a conflict between them is impossible." There is a fine restatement of the principles on which the Bishop's work for Biblical study and criticism has been based. This and much more that is suggestive and interesting will be found in "Lessons from Work." It is a book which very fitly sums up a life of devotion to duty. It is one which will be read with deep interest by those whose interests are as wide as those of its author, and rise from social difficulties to their solution in the light of Christian principles.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Protecting our Protectors.

Although not literary in subject the monograph on TYPHOID THE DESTROYER OF ARMIES AND ITS ABOLITION (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox, 1s. n.), by Dr. Leigh Canney, M.D.Lond., is of wide general interest, and merits the attention of those engaged upon Army reform or that still wider public who are desirous for the protection of humanity from disease. Dr. Canney has shown clearly that there was no escape in any war during the past century from the most severe penalties consequent on water-borne typhoid. This he attributes very largely to the absence of effective protection or purification of all drinking water in war. He shows how in all European countries, and even in Egypt, epidemics entirely cease with protected water. The Army alone among large bodies of men, he says, continues on active service without full protection, and hence the enormous casualty lists from South Africa. He believes, and it seems with reason, flies and dust to be very weak media for conveyance of typhoid, and that if an army starts free from typhoid, it will remain so in all probability until the germs are taken in by unprotected water. He therefore insists upon the need of a Royal Water Corps Section of the R.A.M.C. charged with the responsibility of preventing typhoid, dysentery, and cholera in war and in peace. The method suggested, that of boiling, is simple, rapid, and, it would seem, effective in the hands of such a corps as is proposed. According to his plan the fuel adds 1-750th to the daily transport only. If Dr. Canney can prove, as we understand from a note is his intention, that in camps using nothing but boiled or protected water for drinking purposes, flies and dust are powerless to originate an epidemic, then there can be no doubt that it is urgent Thomas Atkins should be made acquainted, as speedily as possible, with the action, methods, and purposes of a Royal Water Corps, to be backed by the whole disciplinary strength of the Army such as is suggested. The divergent views at present held of "air-borne" and "water-borne" typhoid seem to hint that it would be of great value to humanity if the medical profession, in conjunction with representatives of the R.A.M.C., should appoint a committee to enquire into the precise facts upon which the "air-borne" theory is or may be based. Although Dr. Canney's subject is a highly technical one, his views on preventable disease are set forth in a manner which will interest all readers who desire to inform themselves upon a point of poignant interest to thousands of Englishmen at the present moment.

The Author of "The Peep of Day."

Even to some of those who have outlived the theology of

twenty-sixth year, and she was two or three years when she became intimate with no less remarkabl H. E. Manning, the future Cardinal. This s friends argued and corresponded *ad libitum*, Miss Bevan's surprise, Manning either thoug already "converted," or believed her unable to that in 1832, "by her mother's desire, Miss B correspondence with Mr. Manning." Perfect sa been said, is not incompatible with the lack of a se In after life, when "chaffed" by the *Quarter* Mortimer wrote "Let me be foolish, for Chri eyes of the world"; and it is to be feared times had the prayer, as she would have said But she belonged to a section of English soc transmitted to its descendants a moral fibre of in the root of which cannot have been nourished by It is unfortunate that the simple annals of Mrs. should have been narrated so baldly as they are for surely the narrowest career in the religious brought to a woman so gentle and so refine experiences capable of being recorded in a ma even those "worldly" persons of whom her niece evidently believes the population of Great Brital composed. For instance, we suspect the Rev. T of having been something much more human preaching automaton depicted in these pages.

Nottingham Records.

NOTES ON ST. MARY'S PARISH REGISTER 1566-1812, by John T. Godfrey (Nottingham: consists of a series of extracts, with annotations, of the principal old parish church of Nottingha much biographical matter relative to old Nott and is sure to be appreciated in the district. of quaint details or illustrations of the social will not find much to gratify their tastes. Perhaps notice is that which tells of the habits of Ha an eccentric widow of good property, who died the High Pavement, aged seventy-nine, in 1775. A liarities she entertained the idea that the Ch ought to be observed on the Saturday. By way her belief the good lady insisted, with the grea in going to church at St. Mary's every Saturday best apparel, and would do no kind of work that d she attended worship, but in her ordinary cloth secular occupations for the rest of the day.

FICTION.

ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW BO

Anxious admirers of Anthony Hope's earlier forward eagerly to each new novel of his in the thrilling romance like "The Prisoner of Zenda" may possibly heave a sigh or two of modified reg ing a chapter or two of THISTRAM OF BLENT (Mur will probably, however, become reconciled to th they have finished the book. Indeed, Anthony seldom dull. As it was said of David Garric envy, that he could act on a gridiron—some vers give "act a gridiron," possibly an even hard doubt, could Mr. Hawkins write agreeably about

best piece of work, the most artistic, that the author has yet done. The Tristrams are well in the centre of the composition, so to speak; they hold our attention from the first, and dominate the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, as is right and fitting. Mother, son, and wife—all three are finely imagined, original, and, above all, singularly interesting studies. They surprise us with a hundred unexpected turns, but they are always true to themselves—to their own very remarkable Tristram nature. And every single one of the large and varied group of people whose fortunes are mixed up in theirs—Mina and her uncle, Neeld, the respectable barrister whose editorial proclivities make him a confused participant in the great secret; Sloyd, the estate agent with irreproachable dress and hat of preternatural glossiness—they are one and all sketched in with the deftest of hands and the keenest observation. It is a great deal to have accumulated so excellent a gallery of living and lovable men and women. For it is perhaps not the least charm in Anthony Hope's latest novel that there is not one of his characters but has something amiable in it. "Tristram of Blent" is a novel without a villain. Even Major Duplay, whom the hardened novel-reader will be disposed to mistrust at first sight, develops ultimately into a gentleman not without his good points.

The book is excellently well written. That, of course, goes without saying. There are some dramatic moments in it which remain in the memory; we might instance the meeting of Tristram and Mina on the bridge, and again, perhaps, the appearance of Mr. Disney at the critical moment of the interview with Lord Southend and Lady Evenswood. But the real interest of the book lies in the unexpected turns which the remarkable blend of stubbornness and pride in the Tristram character gives to a not uncommon plot. Another man, or woman, would have taken this idea and made nothing of it: Mr. Hawkins has worked it into a story that will stand as one of his best. It is a thoroughly good piece of workmanship from start to finish.

An Ex-Bookmaker.

Mr. Percy White has cleverness enough and to spare. There are not many writers—even in an age when everybody writes—who have so completely mastered the art of delicate innuendo as he, who can convey so much in so few words, or so deftly conceal a sting in the end of a sentence. THE GRIP OF THE BOOKMAKER (Hutchinson, 6s.) is probably as clever as any of his novels, and this is no light praise. But it fails to get hold of the reader; the grip of Alf Harris, *alias* Mortimer Gordon, the bookmaker who so judiciously invested his winnings on the Turf, lies stronger upon his son than upon us. Here is a character out of the common run, admirably executed, and yet there is something lacking in it. The fact is, Mr. Percy White can draw manners *à merveille*—better than he can draw men and women. His characters are deftly painted; they act and speak naturally; you cannot lay your finger upon any error in the novelist's judgment; but you suspect him of some lack of humanity. He manifests no sympathy with them, and in consequence they fail to arouse sympathy in us; we feel that he is regarding them, with a sub-cynical smile, as amiable and on the whole quite interesting puppets. They are—and it may be added that they get through their parts excellently well. And the book is a good piece of work, skilfully executed; of which the sole fault is that it fails to touch the heart.

The Wisdom of the Simple.

Books about company-promoters and their kind have been son, make a pleasant group, drawn with insight and ju of harmless malice—a family raised suddenly from means to great wealth. And Clara Lett is a creation of novelist might be proud. But we are not prepared to any one of Mr. Constable's figures is thoroughly life-l bulk of them are something more: they convince in o caricaturist's touch, which is a pretty sure sign that t has the right stuff in him. And they are all amiab least they all have their good points—even Mrs. Sturro and the man Cockshott. The financial part of Marrable ficent idea may or may not be sound, but the moral by Mr. Constable are unexceptionable. Simplicity throughout—which is all as it should be, although b perhaps we are not very close to the realities of life. exceptionally interesting novel, and we were as sorry to bye to Walter Semple, that sanguine but simple enth the author himself.

An American Novel.

The third issue of Mr. Heinemann's Dollar Library to give us the fruit of the American "graft on t English literature," is entitled HER MOUNTAIN LOVER, in Mr. Hamlin Garland's well-known, cheery, cos style how Jim Matterson, "the real thing—cowbo trailer," is sent by his partner in a mine, "Doc" Ra London to effect a deal. First, however, the doc an "switched him on," as they say in the Dollar Library pretty and familiar type of frank and free young Yanke Bessie Blake. Jim in London is a wonderful figure, a a serious flirtation in England. But it seems afte "the girl was only foolin'," Bessie, however, has to ha explained and has to explain a little affair of her own only foolin', too; and so Bessie and Jim each belo other and Mr. Garland has furnished a simple, quite story.

SALE AT MESSRS. SOTHEBY'S.

The last important book sale of the season tool Sotheby's last week. The rare Caxton was of e interest, while the profusely-illustrated volumes on t which belonged to the late Mr. Augustin Daly afforded of the art of extra-illustrating carried to excess. The were among the principal books sold:—

Symonds. "The Renaissance in Italy." 7 vols. First e
Aiken. "The National Sports of Great Britain," 182 First ed., with the coloured plates in perfe condition ... ...
Hawkins. "Life of Edmund Kean," 1869-1887. 2 vol extended to 3 vols. by the insertion of many po traits and views ... ...
Shakespeare. "Works." Boydell's ed. 9 vols. "Pericles," "Poems," "Biography" by Knight and "Portraits" by Norris; the 13 vols. extende to 44 vols. by the insertion of some 10,000 plate play-bills, &c. ... ...
Genesta. "Some Account of the English Stage, 1660 t 1830." 10 vols. extra illustrated and enlarged t 28 vols. by the insertion of many hundreds of por traits, play-bills, &c. ... ...
Montaigne. "Essayes," 1603. First ed. ... ...
Shakespeare. "Poems," 1640 (imperfect) ... ...
Spenser. "The Shepheard's Calender," 1597; "Colin Clout," 1595; "Fowre Hymnes," 1596, in 1 vol.

	£	s.	d.
Bergomensis. "De Plurimis Claris Mulieribus." Ferrara, 1497. With the plates in excellent condition	28	10	0
"Promtorius Puerorum." Pynson's print of 1499. A good copy of this very rare first ed. of the first English and Latin Dictionary	205	0	0
Shakespeare. "The Second Folio." A perfect copy, though somewhat stained, and measuring 335mm. by 218mm.	136	0	0
Caxton. "The Royal Book," 1487-88. A fine and perfect copy. The appearance of this book in the auction-room is an excessively rare occurrence. Only five perfect copies are known to exist, and the other four are in public libraries. The last perfect copy sold at auction was in 1829, when it was bought by Lord Spencer for £61 19s. In 1889 a slightly imperfect copy was sold for £365	1,550	0	0

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—II.

The *National Review* is chiefly remarkable this month for Mr. A. P. Sinnett's article called "New Light on Shakespeare." The Baconian theory of Shakespeare's plays crops up so regularly about this time of the year that many will probably pass this paper by without a second thought, preferring not to plunge again into so hackneyed a controversy. But Mr. Sinnett tackles the subject from a new point of view. His theory, or rather the theory of Mrs. E. W. Gallup, explains the cipher more intelligibly than any previous writer has done. It is, in short, a biliteral cipher which is not a cryptograph of the kind that the user must have in his mind all the time he is composing, but one that could easily be arranged subsequently, while, for example, correcting the proof-sheets. And this, of course, may mean that the cipher was not necessarily the writer's work at all. Mr. Austin Dobson has in the same number one of his charming essays on Old London, "St. James's Park" being the subject selected for his paper. Other interesting articles are "A Plea for Re-opening the Rand," by Mr. P. J. MacDonell, and on "The Execution of Marshal Ney," by Sir Rowland Blennerhassett.

"How America really feels towards England" is the subject of an article in the *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. S. E. Moffett, of the *New York Journal*, which is deserving of some study as a sufficiently candid expression of the way in which the bulk of the people regard us. "Four years ago," says the writer, "America's attitude would have been one of sympathy for the Boers, intensified by hostility towards England. Now it is one of sympathy for the Boers, checked by friendship for England." But the friendship, Mr. Moffett is careful to point out, is based solely on self-interest, and will last only so long as the policies of the two Governments are consistent. In the same number Mr. Sidney Low criticizes the War Office Report, and calls attention to the danger that may come with reform. Mr. Henniker Heaton takes up again with zest the congenial task of belabouring the Post Office, in an article termed "Postal Pettifogging," and Mr. T. A. Brassey calls attention to the difficulty of carrying on the business of the Empire in the House of Commons, and suggests local legislatures for England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, together with an Imperial Parliament.

The *Fortnightly* contains some reflections by Miss E. L. Banks on the published love-letters of Victor Hugo and Bismarck. Certainly the latter never intended the publication to take

had left to take part in the relief of Kimber
Howard, "Henry VIII.'s Lord High Admiral,"
another informative article by Mr. Percy Cross
Mr. Carr Laughton throws further light upo
English ships at the attack at Trafalgar.

"On the Monks' Island," in the *Gentl*
is an account of St. Honorat, off Cannes
to a branch of Cistercians who follow
Trappist rule. Dr. A. H. Japp contribute
"Study of Nightjars," at home and abroad,
Hills has a paper on "The fight at Bow,
1648," which, with the exception of the siege of
the last struggle of the Royalists against t
forces. "The Evolution of the Modern G
title of a scholarly article from Mr. Daniel Joh

Mr. William Orpen is the subject of an ap
Artist from the pen of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell,
reproductions of some of the author's best
"The Fracture" and "A Lady in Black," le
year. And in a second article on "Modern F
Hans Baluschek's work is analysed, and there are
on amateur photography and on furnishing at

Mr. Arthur Tomson writes pleasantly in t
the ancient town of Dorchester, and illustrate
some picturesque drawings. "Caravaggio and
—the Pietà of the Vatican—is the title of a s
by Mr. John Ayscough, while Mr. Francis Ja
artist selected for treatment. In the *Magazin*
Sinding, a Danish sculptor, and Mr. Walt
painter, are discussed—the latter by the sa
who treats of Mr. Francis James in the above
tion.

The *Badminton* of this month has so
coloured plates. The pictures in this popul
steadily improving in number and quality, bu
is hardly so strong as usual. The *Century* is
good number, both in matter and illustration.

The article of most general interest
Review is by Mr. W. W. Glenny, on "T
Thames."

We have also received *Cassell's Magazin*
Idler (Midsummer Fiction Number), and the *L*

Correspondence

THE APPIN MURDER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I note that in your issue of the
reference to Stevenson's "Kidnapped," you t
problem—namely, "Who was the real murder
Glenure?" Perhaps the most prevalent
suggested by the novelist, too) is that the
Cameron of Mamore. I have thought, then, t
some interest to let you know that last year
old and very full report of the trial of Jam
almost compels one to think that "the man wh
was neither a Cameron nor James Stewart
latter's son. So clearly indeed is this conclusi

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Carlyle's "French Revolution," edited by Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and "Oliver Cromwell," with an introduction by C. H. Firth, and notes and appendices by Mrs. Lomas, are to appear in three volumes each in Methuen's Standard Library. The latter includes numerous new letters of Cromwell. Messrs. Ward, Lock have also arranged to bring these two works out in one-volume form in the new series of the Minerva Library—a series which has just included "Sartor Resartus," "Past and Present," and "Heroes and Hero-Worship" in one volume. All these books, by the way, appear in Messrs. Ward, Lock's series of "Nineteenth Century Classics," edited by Mr. Clement Shorter. The finest edition of Carlyle's works, of course, is the Centenary Edition, edited by H. D. Traill, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Mr. C. H. Firth is also the author of a volume on "Cromwell's Army" for Messrs. Methuen.

Other works announced by Messrs. Methuen are "A History of Russia from Peter the Great to Alexander II.," by W. R. Morfill; "A History of the British in India," by A. D. Innes; "A History of English Literature: From its Beginnings to Tennyson"—a translation from the German of L. Engel, by J. H. Freese; "A History of the Police in England," by Captain Melville Lee; "A History of the Old Testament," by G. W. Wade; and "Regnum Dei: The Bampton Lectures of 1901," by Dr. Robertson, the principal of King's College, London.

Mr. Gosse and Mr. Heinemann have already done much to acquaint the monoglot English reader with contemporary Continental fiction by their "International Library" of "Spiritual Baedekers." They have now another series in hand to be called "A Century of French Romance." It is to consist of twelve selected novels to illustrate successive phases in the evolution of modern French fiction. The volumes will have the advantage of fine paper and print, and will be illustrated with coloured plates by living French artists. Each will have an introduction by a well-known critic, a biographical note by the editor, and a bibliographical appendix on the portraits by M. Octave Uzanne. The series will contain "La Chartreuse de Parme," by Stendhal; "Les Deux Jeunes Mariées," by Balzac; "La Tulipe Noire," by Dumas père; "Mauprat," by George Sand; "Carmen" and "Colomba," by Mérimée; "Notre Dame," by Hugo; "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," by Feuillet; "La Dame aux Camélias," by Dumas fils; "Madame Bovary," by Flaubert; "Le Nabab," by Daudet; "Renée Mauperin," by the Goncourts; and "Pierre et Jean," by Maupassant. Stendhal's "introducer" will be Mr. Maurice Hewlett; Balzac's, Mr. George Moore; Dumas père's, Dr. Garnett; George Sand's, Mrs. Craigie; Mérimée's, Mr. Arthur Symons; Hugo's, Mr. Lang; Feuillet's, Mr. Henry Harland; Dumas fils', Mr. Gosse; Flaubert's, Mr. Henry James; Daudet's, Professor Trent; the Goncourts', Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly; and Maupassant's, Lord Crewe.

The selection is a good one so far as it goes, but it is not possible to exhibit the French fiction of the period adequately in a dozen volumes. It would take the whole dozen to exhibit Balzac alone on anything like an adequate scale. Even Stendhal is not fairly represented without "Le Rouge et le Noir" to supplement "La Chartreuse de Parme," which is, nevertheless, the best single choice. Then two phases of George Sand, the first and best known and the last and most faultless, are not illustrated by "Mauprat." Moreover, Maupassant's essential virtue is best shown in his short stories. However, for what we are about to receive, we ought, no doubt, to be truly thankful, and there is a welcome infusion of new blood in the introducers. Mr. Maurice Hewlett ought to find himself particularly well suited with "La Chartreuse de Parme," and Mr. Harland with Feuillet's light and graceful work.

Mr. W. E. Henley's new volume of verse, which Mr. Nutt

bulk of Mr. Henley's poetical work as definitely revise
Mr. Nutt will also publish a volume of "Views and H
by Mr. Henley, to form a companion to the "Essays o
ture" which originally appeared in 1890. The ne
collection comprises the appreciations contributed
Henley to the memorial catalogues of the Glasgow and E
Exhibitions of 1886 and 1888 (including the hi
Romanticism in painting in the Nineteenth Century);
tion from the Raeburn of 1890, from the Dowdeswell e
of French and Dutch Romanticists, 1889, and from the
contributed to the *Magazine of Art*, the *National Obse*
the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Mr. Nutt also announces an edition of Sheridan
first printed from his MSS., with a fragment of his
comedy, *A Journey to Bath*. The new edition is e
Mr. W. Fraser Rae—whose life of Sheridan appeared t
ago—with an introduction by Sheridan's grandson, the
of Dufferin and Ava. The same publisher has an h
volume in hand on "Shakespeare and Music," by Louis
who gives a collection of the chief musical allusions in
of Shakespeare, with an attempt at their explana
derivation, together with much of the original music.
number of Mr. Nutt's series of "Arthurian Romances
sented in Malory," will be "Morien," translated fo
time from the original Dutch by Jessie L. Weston. "
forms an episode in the vast thirteenth century compilati
as the Dutch Lancelot, which has preserved a number of A
romances, the French originals of which have disappe
all, save the few students who have glanced at the 80
of the thirteenth century Dutch original, "Morien" is p
unknown. Uniform with the series of "Arthurian
unrepresented in Malory" will come a collection of "
Lais of Marie de France," translated into English fo
time, with notes and an introduction, by Edith
Another of Mr. Nutt's announcements is that of a repri
first English version of "The Pleasaunt Historie of La
Tormes, a Spaniarde, wherein is contained his marvellou
and Life, drawen out of Spanish by David Rowland of A
London, 1586. Lazarillo de Tormes is the origina
Picaresque novels.

Mr. Clement Shorter was recently taken to
prophesying a great revival of Dickens. He has not
to wait for his revenge. The other day we annou
"Imperial Edition" of Dickens, to be issued by the
Publishing Company with Mr. Gissing's "Character
Now we understand that the Oxford University P
arranged with Messrs. Chapman and Hall for a complete
of Dickens to be printed on the famous Oxford India pa
Oxford Dickens will be in seventeen volumes—boun
cloth and leather—and will include all the original illus
The publication will begin in the autumn.

"John Henry Newman," in the Westminster Bio
will be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul in the early
The life has been written by Mr. A. R. Waller—who
the new Hazlitt for Messrs. Dent in collaboration
Arnold Glover—and Mr. G. H. S. Burrow.

Messrs. Sampson Low are inviting subscriptions
History of the Meynell Hounds and Country, 1780 to 1
J. L. Randall, illustrated with forty full-page phot
plates of portraits, hunting scenes, and maps of run
published in two volumes, uniform with "The Ann
Warwickshire Hunt."

"The Universal Obligation of Tithes," written b
known barrister, dealing with the subject among al
and from the earliest times, will be published immedi
Mr. Elliot Stock.

Mr. W. B. Clive has removed to 157, Drury-lane, W

Books to look out for at once.

"The Children of the Nations." A Study of Colonizatio
Problems. By P. Bigelow. Heinemann. 10s. 6.

"Rotticelli." By E. Steinmann. (Monographs on Artists.) Grevel. 1s. n.
"The City Temple Pulpit Sermons." Vol. 5. By John Parker. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d. n.
"Essays from the *Guardian*." By Walter Pater. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.
"De Omnibus." By Barry Pain. Fisher Unwin. 1s. and 2s.
[The life and philosophy of the omnibus conductor as told by himself.]
"The Eternal City." By Hall Caine. Heinemann. 6s.
"Souls of Passage." By A. E. Barr. Unwin. 6s.
"By Rock and Pool and Other Stories." By Louis Becke. Unwin. 6s.
[A collection of reminiscences and recollections of fishing and natural history in Australia and the South Seas.]
"The Striking Hours." By Eden Phillpotts. Methuen. 6s.
"The Devastators." By Ada Cambridge. Methuen. 6s.
"Four Leaved Clover: an Everyday Romance." By "Gray Maxwell." Heinemann. 6s.
"Sir Hector: the Story of a Scots Gentleman." By Robert Machray Constable. 6s.
"The Skipper of Barncraig." By Gabriel Setoun. Constable. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

DRAMA.

APHRODITE AGAINST ARTEMIS. By T. Sturge Moore. 7½×5½. Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. n.
[A drama after the Greek fashion and in blank verse.]
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR. By R. Marshall. 7×5. 152 pp. Heinemann. 1s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION AND RURAL EXODUS. By C. C. Rogers. 7×5. 67 pp. Humphreys. 6d.
ELEMENTARY GEOMETRY PLANE AND SOLID. By T. F. Holgate. 7½×5. 440 pp. The Macmillan Company. 6s.
HENRY V. (School Shakespeare.) Ed. by R. Brimley Johnson. 7×5¼. 206 pp. Blackwood. 1s.

FICTION.

JOHN HENRY. By Hugh McHugh. 6¾×4. 96 pp. Heinemann. 1s.
SISTER CARRIE. By T. Dreiser. (The Dollar Library). 7½×5. 357 pp. Heinemann. 4s.
[The adventures of a country girl in Chicago.]
TOM FLAHERTY'S GHOST and Other Tales. By Major J. Short. 7½×5. 295 pp. Simpkin.
FOR ALL TIME. By C. R. Fenn. 7¾×5¼. 369 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
A MODERN SLAVE DEALER. By A. P. Crouch. 7¾×5¼. 308 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
THE CONTINENTAL DRAGOON. By R. N. Stephens. 7¾×5¼. 299 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.

HISTORY.

TIME TABLE OF MODERN HISTORY, A.D. 400-1870. By M. Morison. 12×15. 188 pp. Constable. 12s. 6d. n.
[Contemporary events in different countries arranged in separate columns, opposite their respective dates.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY. Vol. V., Part II. 9×7. Bladon, East, and Bladon.
THE FEEDING OF ANIMALS. By W. H. Jordan. FARM POULTRY. By G. C. Watson. (Rural Science Series.) 7¼×4¾. 450+341 pp. The Macmillan Company. 5s. n. each.
A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH AND WELSH SURNAMES, With American Instances. By C. W. Bardsley. 8½×7. 637 pp. Frowde. 21s. n.
[With a preface by his brother, the Bishop of Carlisle.]

PHILOSOPHY.

THE THERMAL MEASUREMENT OF ENERGY. By E. H. Griffiths. 7½×5. 135 pp. Cambridge University Press.

POETRY.

A BOOK OF VERSES. By Mr. J. G. Wilson. 7½×5¼. 76 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d.

POLITICAL.

AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC QUESTIONS. By J. B. Henderson, Junr. 9×6. 529 pp. The Macmillan Company. 14s. n.
RECONSTRUCTION IN MISSISSIPPI. By J. W. Garner. 8½×5½. 422 pp. The Macmillan Company. 12s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

RAM WILDFIRE. By Helen Mathers. 7×5. 460 pp. Simpkin. 1s.
A HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE. Third Ed. Vols. I. and II. By T. H. Dyer and A. Hassall. 7¾×9¼. 470+481 pp. Bell.

SCIENCE.

ORIGINAL PAPERS. By the late J. Hopkinson. Two vols. Ed. by B. Hopkinson. 9×6. 294+393 pp. Cambridge University Press. 21s. n.
[Technical and scientific papers chiefly on electrical subjects.]

THEOLOGY.

JUDGES AND RUTH. Handbooks to the Bible and Prayer-book. By Rev. G. H. S. Walpole. 7½×5. 200 pp. Rivingtons. 2s. 6d.
ROMANS. (The Century Bible.) Ed. by A. E. Garvie. 6½×4½. 322 pp. Edinburgh:

CHESS.

Address "Chess": Literature, Printing House

PROBLEM No. 211. by A. CORRIAS, Italy.

BLACK. 8 pieces

WHITE. 7 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLE
OTMAR N

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play an

GAME No. XCII.—A P – K B 4 game at A

White. W. Schwann.	Black. A. E. van Foreest.	White. W. Schwann.
1. P – K B 4	P – Q 4	15. Q – R 5 ch
2. P – K 3	P – K 3	16. Q – R 3
3. Kt – K B 3	Kt – K B 3	17. K P × P
4. P – Q B 3	P – Q B 4	18. Q × Kt P
5. B – Q 3	Kt – Q R 3	19. P × P
6. B – B 2	B – K 2	20. B – Q 2
7. P – Q 4	P – Q Kt 3	21. Q R – Q B sq
8. Castles	Kt – K 5	22. B – B 3
9. Q Kt – Q 2	P – K B 4	23. R – K 2
10. B – R 4	B – Q 2	24. Q – R 3
11. Kt × Kt	B P × Kt	25. R – K 3
12. B × Kt	P × Kt	26. B – Q 2
13. B × B	P × Kt P	27. Q – Kt 3
14. R – B 2	Q × B	White resigns.

GAME No. XCIII., played in the Monte C

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

White. Tschigorin.	Black. Mieses.	White. Tschigorin.
1. P – K 4	P – Q B 4	40. R – Q B sq
2. Q Kt – B 3	P – K 3	41. K – K 2
3. Kt – B 3	Q Kt – B 3	42. Kt – Kt sq
4. P – Q 4	P × P	43. Q – K 5 ch
5. Kt × P	K Kt – B 3	44. P × Q
6. K Kt – Kt 5	B – Kt 5	45. K – Kt sq
7. P – Q R 3	B × Kt ch	46. K – K 2
8. Kt × B	P – Q 4	47. Kt – Q 2
9. P × P	P × P	48. R – B 7
10. B – Q 3	B – Kt 5	49. R – B 6 ch
11. P – K B 3	B – R 4	50. P – Kt 3
12. Castles	Castles	51. R – B 6
13. R – K Kt 5!	Q – Kt 3 ch (a)	52. R – Kt 8 ch
14. K – R sq	Kt – K 2 (b)	53. Kt – B 4
15. R – K sq	Q – Q 3 (c)	54. K – K 2
16. Q – Q 2	B – Kt 3	55. P × P
17. Kt – Kt 5	Q – Q 2	56. Kt – Q 6
18. Kt – Q 4	Kt – B 3	57. R – Q R 8
19. B × Kt (d)	P × B	58. R – Q Kt 8
20. Kt – K 2	Kt – K 4	59. K – K 3
21. Kt – Kt 3	Kt × B	60. K – K 2
22. P × Kt	Q – Kt 4	61. Kt – P ch
23. Q R – Q sq	K R – K sq (e)	62. Kt – Q 6
24. R – K B sq	Q R – B sq	63. K – Q 2
25. P – B 4	P – B 4 (f)	64. K – B 3
26. R – Q B sq	Q – B 3	65. R – Kt 6
27. Kt – K 2 (g)	K R – Q B sq	66. K – Q 3
28. Kt – Q B 3	Q – Kt 5 (h)	67. Kt – K 8 ch
29. P – Q 4	P – Q Kt 4	68. Kt – Q 6 ch
30. Kt – K 2 (i)	R – B 7	69. Kt – K 4
31. Q – Kt 4	Q – K 6	70. K – Q 4
32. R × B	R × R	71. Kt – B 3
33. Kt – B 3	Q – Q 7	72. R – Kt 8 ch
34. R – K Kt sq	R × P	73. R – Kt 7 ch
35. Q – R 5	K – Kt 2	74. P – R 4
36. Q – R 7	Q × Q P	75. R – Kt 6
37. Kt × Q P !	R – Q 7 (j)	76. K – Q 3
38. Kt – B 3	P – Q B 3 (k)	77. K – Q 4
39. P – R 3	B – Q 6	78. R × P

and White resigned on the 85th move (m) (

BLACK. MIESES

(a) This proves
dare not take the
(b) If 14 Q × P,
Q – Q 2, 16. Q – K
Q – Q sq, 18. R × P.
(c) Most careful
stead 15. K R – K
R × R, 17. B × Kt,
(d) It is probab
little better at this
(e) After defend
accuracy, Black
ground lost by his
(f) An
to his sup for pos
Black is bis to

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 200. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish on page 147 a special article on Ibsen and his work, with illustrations, followed by a "Personal View," entitled "Ibsen in England," by Mr. A. B. Walkley. On page 155 Mr. Arthur Waugh continues his series of articles on Victorian poetry with a paper on "The Poetry of Emotion." Next week we shall publish a special illustrated Ruskin number, with a reproduction of Mr. R. Bryden's wood-cut portrait of Ruskin, and Mr. Waugh will carry on his series with a paper on "The Poetry of Reaction and Artifice."

* * * *

Authors and artists alike are notoriously unbusinesslike people, and perhaps it is as well that the question of copyright has been taken up so diligently on their behalf by others. The International Congress on this subject which has been sitting at Vevey got through quite a lot of work on Monday. Among other things a resolution was voted for the repression of false signatures to works of literature and art—by which we understand that the Congress proposes to make the offence a matter of criminal instead of civil law. All non-authorized execution or reproduction of works by telephones, phonographs, or similar machines was declared to be illegal. A discussion was then held

at Oxford the other day, in his course of lectures Extension students on "The Making of England." glad to notice that the lecturer put in a kindly word of t for the famous story of the cakes. The tale was apparently, within a century of Alfred's death; it i itself particularly improbable; it is told of no other history; and there is no apparent reason why it shou been invented. The spirit in which a story of this acceptest as possible because it is pretty and not al ineredible is none too common among historians, w generally only too apt to exert all their energies in ove ing some harmless legend. After all, it is these sto make history human, and that help to keep the more im facts fixed in the memory. Without the burnt cakes a children would remember much of Alfred's history.

* * * *

Books to read, recently published:—

"Two Moods of a Man." By Violet Fane. (Nimmo.)

"Bush-Whacking and Other Sketches." By Hugh C.M.G. (Blackwood.)

"A Book of Brittany." By S. Baring Gould. (Methu

"From Squire to Prince." By W. Phelps Dodge. (Un

* * * *

The proposal to carry a light railway up Yarrow likely to meet with vigorous opposition. Sir Walte "The Ettrick Shepherd," Wordsworth, "Christopher and others have in a sense hallowed its fairy-haunted Readers of "Marmion" are familiar with the countr vicinity of St. Mary's Loch and Newark Tower, and the "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is also in the Yarrow Norman Macleod declared his highest idea of earthl ness to be a long summer's day spent with a few choice in Yarrow, and Wordsworth wrote—

> "Where'er I go,
> Thy genuine image, Yarrow,
> Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
> And cheer my mind in sorrow."

* * * *

The Dramatic Artists' Association of France received a considerable windfall under rather stran cumstances. A ticket, carrying with it a prize of £1, lottery, could not be traced although its legitimate ow widely advertised for. At last it was discovered t missing ticket was included in a packet of some thou others which had been purchased by the banking firm of Rothschild and which had hitherto been unaccountab looked. On drawing the money, Messrs. Rothschild ge presented it to M. Coquelin on behalf of the associatio

Claretie has just published a curious letter from Bulwer Lytton proving that there was a time when Paul de Kock had a vogue even among men of letters. The document, which M. Claretie bought at one of Charavay's sales, dates from 1836, about the period of "Oliver Twist" and "Mr. Pickwick":—

> Dear Sir,—Allow me to express to you my sentiments for the honour you have done me by the letter handed me by my friend Comte d'Orsay. I am charmed to see that my opinion on the tendencies of your works is such as you would wish. Perhaps, and to speak frankly, might I regret that this tendency of a rich imagination should go beyond the bounds of morals and serve as a means of leading the vulgar into error, and that in particular your opinions on morality between the sexes should be utterly different from that which is generally accepted in this country—where it is the only morality current. I do not say this to you as a reproach, but it is because I have found it somewhat difficult to obtain a just appreciation of your merits. The most striking is that fine kindness of heart and the profound and often seductive philosophy that form the real essential of a comic vein which is more vigorous and more powerful than that of any author that I know. In the *Edinburgh Review* of January next I shall try to give body to my opinions on your talent, in a way agreeable to you. If there are any restrictions it will be the fault of my editor, not mine; but I hope that there will be no restrictions. Genius was given to man as a compensation for his inevitable misfortunes and torments—and your work regards life in so amiable and indulgent a way that I see well enough that it is the reflection of a joyous character and of a satisfied heart. Excuse me for writing this letter in English, but I do not know your language well enough to express to you in French my enthusiastic admiration and my profound respect. I am, dear Sir, your obliged and devoted, E. Lytton Bulwer.

M. Claretie recalls several *mots* of Paul de Kock. One day the novelist said to him:—"I am accused of being read only by the kitchen-maids. *Mon Dieu*, I should be enchanted to be read by the chimney-sweeps. That would prove that the chimney-sweeps know how to read." Bulwer Lytton was not a kitchen-maid nor a chimney-sweep. We find it a little difficult, perhaps, to understand to-day how the author of the *Quo Vadis* of his time could have felt for Paul de Kock so naïve an admiration.

* * * *

THE HAUNTED GARDEN.

Along the desolate terrace once arrayed
  In stateliest bloom, frail bramble-roses blow,
  Peering from vagrant sprays, forlornly low,
Through the grey ruins of the balustrade.
O'er the rank grasses of the laurel glade,
  Blithe trysting-place of lovers long ago,
  A bodeful sadness hovers, by the glow
Of sunset only the intenser made.
As twilight musters, with its shadows sere
  And awesome soundlessness, across the brain
There creeps a formless, indefinable fear,
  A sense of shapes phantasmal, fraught with bane,
Of furtive footfalls suddenly gliding near,
  And stifled murmurs that to meaning wane.

WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

* * * *

students, we are sure to find either lawless nothing effeminate namby-pamby weaklings."

* * *

Several interesting manuscripts of songs, the Scottish National Bard have been acquire of the Burns' Cottage and Museum and Monu Among these is the Gibson-Craig copy of "T which a sum of 210 guineas was paid in 1887. purchased by the trustees for £100. It is writt of a large folio double sheet, and bears two i ink of the Excise stamp. The other manuscrip of "Holy Willie's Prayer," for which the t £200. For the whole of the remaining MSS., s price paid was £100.

It is proposed to secure the erection of a to the late Robert Buchanan at Southend. Th sented to act as treasurer of the fund, and sub be forwarded to him.

Professor Baron von Nordenskjold, the w explorer and author, died on Monday evening. of Helsingfors, and was created Baron by the K his return from discovering the North-West pas

Owing to want of space at the Bodleian, are considering the question of ceasing to clai tions, such as tracts and Christmas cards, und Act. Last year the various items acquired nu

A Cromwell library of 114 volumes has b parish of Naseby.

A society has been organized in France of the "Arouetistes," for the purpose of holdi in honour of Voltaire.

Madame Durand and her staff on *La Fr* paper, are proposing to undertake a theatrical provinces of France.

Count Leo Tolstoy, who has now complete his recent illness, has just finished his new pamp question, which is called "The Only Way. hundred pages long.

A prize of £1,500 has been offered for on "What do we learn from the principles of the in reference to the internal political developme of States?" The essays must be written in reach Professor Haeckel, of Jena, by Dec. 1, 1

The name of the late Sir Walter Besant's to be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, to "No Other Way," the previous title " having been recently used by another novelist.

Messrs. George Newnes have issued a pr quarterly, the *Ideal*, which is to be issued, to at ten guineas a number, or at thirty-eight g will contain forty pages of text with illustra photogravure, and at least eight full page etc or other fine art reproductions.

Journalism in France.

In our insular fashion, we have been accustomed now for many years to regard the French newspapers as hardly worthy of serious comparison with even the lightest and most flippant of our English dailies. The few who make a practice of reading them are no doubt wiser, but the majority take their opinion from the scraps of abuse and absurdity which they see from time to time quoted in their own particular morning paper. To these we commend an article, in the current number of the *Cornhill*, on "The French Press," written by one who evidently knows his subject well, and has several illuminating comments to make on the nature and methods of Parisian journalism. Among other things, he points out that the licence, against which we are so fond of declaiming on this side of the Channel, is there possibly necessary to the welfare of the State. The community in France is, in fact, so highly organized; the machinery of Government so vast and complicated an affair, that an outspoken and disrespectful Press makes, perhaps, the best form of social safety-valve. Violent personalities and scandal-mongering have their use; as in the case of the famous Panama scandals they may sometimes be, in a community so organically centralized, the only means of calling attention to grave abuses threatening the welfare of the State. The trouble is, that the habit of reckless and forcible language, when once acquired, is by no means easy to throw off. This accounts very largely for the length and virulence of certain "campaigns" against this and other countries, arising often from quite trivial causes. The slightest initial impulse may set the pens going, and the wave of hostile sentiment once propagated does not readily die out. And the power of such organs of opinion as the *Petit Journal*, for example, from which the majority of the lower middle class take their political views ready made, is not easy to realize in this country. The French journalist is eminently persuasive. He is no mere purveyor of news, but a rhetorician, an artist, who cares as much for the arrangement of his thought as for the thought itself. Until quite recently, with readers and writers alike, it is not too much to say that form and style have been everything, while accuracy and freshness of information have been almost totally disregarded. A thing well said, an article well composed—these are what his audience still look for rather than laborious research for the truth, and these are what make the success of a writer or a journal. The majority of the Parisian papers are organs of a small set, with well-defined opinions, and the whole theory of their writers is to supply their *clientèle* daily with such matter as they have been accustomed to digest, arranged as wittily and forcibly as may be. But together with these exists a small band of more important journals, such as the *Temps*, the *Matin*, and one or two others, that display unmistakably the influence of broader-minded ideals. American and British methods of journalism—we may flatter ourselves—are at length finding imitators. There is now growing in France a sense of the need of obtaining accurate information, and the action of the *Matin*, in sending M. Stéphane Lauzanne to London, under a special arrangement with *The Times*, is a striking instance of this. The traditional qualities that used to make all French journals good reading are not dead, but a wholesome desire for obtaining accurate information has been grafted on to them. The French Press is still the most literary Press in the world, but it no longer aims solely at producing brilliant "copy." It has acquired, at all events in some instances, a healthy appetite for solid fact. And this revolution is not only making the French Press daily more worthy of its mission, but must tend in time to the establishment of more cordial and

Literature Portraits.—XV.

HENRIK IBSEN.

The Reformer and the Critics.

Mr. Gladstone vehemently protested against t
Gladstonian, and if Dr. Ibsen has not actually claimed
not an Ibsenite he has done the same sort of thing,
to have laughed a good deal at those who have made
of his works into an aeromatic cult. There have, ind
times when he has had some cause to cry out a
irresponsible enthusiasm of highly excited friends
against the neglect of cultured persons. But when
most original if not most brilliant, intellects of our t
the drama as his medium, when a serious and powerf
and stern reformer chooses, in our day, the stage as h
hall and actors and actresses as his means of grace,
anticipate that his appeal will primarily fall upon the
somewhat feverish and emotional people. To read
old controversies which raged about the productio
play as, for example, *Ghosts*, in London, is to plun
atmosphere of passion and venom such as our ne
Press has rarely known. In the last ten years of the
century his name was a war cry. As one looks over th
of the early Ibsen plays given in London, one is shock
the wise men of the dramatic world reduced to th
philosophic utterances and vituperation such as are
rather with the consideration of vestry politics
criticism of art. When the play we have mentioned
by the Independent Theatre, the exhibition of mode
part of the Press, to any who had watched its va
hundred interesting situations, was really remarkabl
who had blessed a thousand and one nights of Gaiety
blushed like a Worcestershire orchard before harvest
the severe, educational, and powerful play of *Gho*
strenuous exposure of false ideals and biting sta
usually unwelcome truth must indeed have appear
timid and unthinking as a peculiarly subversive a
piece of work. Imagine the man who had sat through
twenty years of first nights of the London play; th
sentimentalism, the external patchwork, the artifi
folly and vulgarity that made up the plays that came
overlapped the Robertson period. Think of the nig
Taylor, of Boucicault, of Byron, and a dozen of t
Picture the vitiated, satiated critic; the bored, the
the believer in a host of ready-made rules and convent
practised conjurer with a bag-full of *clichés*; conceive
one face to face for the first time with the intellec
the reformer, and one can readily perceive that
situation is created. The Mrs. Gummidges of the Pre
the day before yesterday with passionate regret, the
world beware of this Norwegian, who, they asserted
dangerous and dull—an impossible combination. In
most interesting monographs on this dramatist's wo
Quintessence of Ibsenism," Mr. G. Bernard Shaw quot
informatory collection of adverse criticisms from
by Mr. Archer entitled "Ghosts and Gibberings,"
latter writer has also given in his introduction to
edition of *Ghosts*. Although it is even more dam
the reputation of those who attacked Ibsen now

and in Scandinavia, as an utterly despicable writer, but time proves, as Disraeli once wrote, that worthless people are often merely people worth knowing.

An Indirect Influence.

Without any intention or wish to "sedulously ape" Ibsen many European playwrights, including our own, have been, perhaps unknowingly, influenced by his work. The most unlikely people in the world have been touched by his far-reaching genius. Just as, in a sense, Wagner was the direct descendant of Mozart, and Ibsen of Scribe, so from these reformers have sprung schools whose methods are totally different but whose spirit is traceable to the once abused qualities of now accepted masters. The life of art is like that: fastidious classicism begets the large and independent spirit of the reformer and the reformer passes on his work to a race who water down, polish, cut, re-set, exploit his principles, and make them possible for the service of an always conservative majority. One must remember that the advocate of new spiritual modes of life, who employs, as his method of regeneration, so conventional a form of art as that of

From a Photograph presented to Mr. W. Heinemann.
[Reproduced in Mr. W. Archer's translation of *Little Eyolf* (Heinemann).]

the dramatist, is at a great disadvantage; the more so if, like Ibsen, he is obviously angry with the world at large and the ways of men, and unhesitatingly insults and belabours those whose best interests he has at heart. Darwin desired to popularize a theory which the vanity of humanity made very unwelcome, but he approached the world in so agreeable a spirit that converts to his creed were abundant. Ibsen, whose task has been infinitely

avoided, and the world insists on advance desp
warnings of the easily pleased. Although bu
acknowledged a reform in playwriting has ta
dramatists have drunken of the Ibsen fount
deep; the result has been seen in many pl
by some who once considered the master li
an egoist and a bungler, a gloomy sort of
cranky being, and even a "Norwegian pes
whatever that may mean. Those who can
in plays which, perhaps faintly, but still
the broadening and invigorating influence
been won to his side without being aware of the
of the Norwegian dramatist has induced a gen
ment of ideas and an impetus towards a consi
hitherto foreign to our stage. As Mr. Shaw ha

> There can be no question as to the
> produced on an individual by his conv
> ordinary acceptance of current ideals as
> conduct to the vigilant open-mindedness of
> at once greatly deepen the sense of mor
> Before conversion the individual anticipates
> the way of examination at the judgment bar
> than such questions as, Have you kept the
> Have you obeyed the law? Have you
> regularly; paid your rates and taxes to
> tributed, in reason, to charitable institut
> hard to do all these things; but still harde
> as our ninety-nine moral cowards in the h
> . . . . Substitute for such a technical ex
> which the whole point to be settled is, Guilty
> one in which there is no more and no less res
> than for incontinence, for subordination than
> legality than for illegality, for piety than
> short, for the standard virtues than for th
> and immediately, instead of lowering the m
> relaxing the tests of worth you raise it by
> stringency to a point at which no mere Ph
> cowardice can pass them. . . . What Ibsen insis
> is no golden rule—that conduct must justify
> upon happiness, and not by its conformity to
> And since happiness consists in the fulfil
> which is constantly growing, and cannot
> under the conditions which secured its fult
> he claims afresh the old Protestant right of
> in questions of conduct as against all in
> called Protestant Churches themselves inclu

What Meredith accomplished in fiction, what
portraiture, Rodin for sculpture, Ibsen has
drama. But it has come as rather a disap
public of the 'nineties to find that the men who
at last by them as regenerators, saviours of
of art had been in their midst these many d
epoch-making picture of Valparaiso Bay dat
"Richard Feverel" first appear in 1859, and
already writing in 1850? Among workers in
art these men are acknowledged masters, but the
indirectly influenced, is not admittedly convinc
as takes place is slow and in the meantime man
be faced. Ibsen has been spoken of as a passi
individual liberty who strives to arouse men
hension of themselves (that, in itself, may be a s
one who is an uncompromising moral reformer w

Done Into English.

The translations have not always given perfect satisfaction; in the early days the characters of the social dramas produced on the London stage appeared often to speak English with a foreign idiom and to express their, to the unaccustomed ear, far-reaching sentiments in halting and unconvincing words. Mr. Archer has tested the thousand difficulties of the translator in his admirable work of preparing so many of Ibsen's plays for English readers. For example, in one of the prefatory notes, he tells us that the Norwegian title of *Ghosts* is *Gengangere*, literally *Again-goers*, or, in French, *Revenants*, and what is true of this one word applies with equal weight to hundreds of others. The perplexities we mention are, however, removable like most other difficulties by the use of infinite care, as is demonstrated by a comparison of the first editions of Mr. Archer's translations with the later one recently issued. "Nothing would have been easier," the editor of the first edition of the plays wrote, "than to make the translation read smoothly by the simple process of ignoring difficulties."

> "Let me," he adds, "give a trifling instance of my meaning. A friend who has been good enough to read the proofs of *Hedda Gabler* objects to Miss Tesman's first speech in the last Act: 'Here you see me in the garb of woe,' asking 'Why not simply, Here you see me in mourning?' My reply is that in the original Miss Tesman uses a slightly stilted and formal, I might almost say romantic, phrase (Her kommer jeg i *sorgens farver*), and that, rightly or wrongly, I hold myself bound to indicate this. Very likely 'the garb of woe,' may not be the phrase best adapted for the purpose; but the mere word 'mourning' gives no hint of a verbal nicety which Ibsen certainly introduced with a deliberate intention as befitting the character of 'Tante Julle.'"

This remark strikes at a characteristic in many of Ibsen's plays—his use of highly "romantic" language at one moment and of absolutely "realistic" phraseology at another with a well considered effect. Mr. Archer, who has long spread the evangel of Ibsen's teaching far and wide, has said that so far as he knows Ibsen is the first writer of modern and (so-called) realistic plays whose works have been completely and faithfully rendered into English. Among the translators and editors of these are Mr. Gosse, Mr. Charles Archer, the late Mrs. Marx Aveling, Mr. L. N. Parker, Mr. Havelock Ellis, and others. But Mr. William Archer has borne the burden of the day and far out-run the rest in his attempt to make Ibsen widely known. In a preface to the plays he says:—

> My fellow workers and I have done all that lay in our power to represent, as literally as difference of idiom would allow, every finest shade of the poet's meaning. I dwell on the fact that this is the first enterprise of its kind in English, in order to remind any reader who may be dissatisfied with the result that we had no precedent to guide us, and that he has no standard with which to compare our efforts.

The compliment paid to Ibsen by this series of translations is as high as it is deserved and as valuable to society at large as to all those interested in the narrower world of stagecraft. The following plays have been translated into English and published here from time to time:—

Lady Inger of Ostraat.	*Rosmersholm.*
The Vikings at Helgeland.	*Pillars of Society.*
Love's Comedy.	*Hedda Gabler.*
The Pretenders.	*The Wild Duck.*
Brand.	*The Master Builder.*

St. John's Night, *The Feast at Solhaug*, and *Olaf Lil* his well-known dramas will have been named.

Poetry.

The poetic feeling of Henrik Ibsen is shown in al His dramas in verse have been greatly admired, but o suppose that the translations with which one is famil a poor idea of the originals. Those fragments of plays which Mr. Edmund Gosse has done into Englis Norwegian for Mr. Jaeger's volume do not give sense of beauty or the lyric spirit, but, on the other Gosse's translations which appeared in his collecti "On Viol and Flute," and published as long ago as no small interest, although, as the translator has said

> . . . verses lie like gems that hide
> In coffers sealed from English eyes.

As they are not very generally known at the pres quote from them here.

ILLE.

> Agnes, my exquisite butterfly
> I will catch you sporting and winging
> I am weaving a net with meshes small,
> And the meshes are my singing.

HEC.

> If I am a butterfly, tender and small,
> From the heather-bells do not snatch
> But since you are a boy, and are fond of a
> You may hunt, though you must not c

ILLE.

> Agnes, my exquisite butterfly,
> The meshes are all spun ready;
> It will help you nothing to flutter and flap
> You are caught in the net already.

HEC.

> That I am a butterfly, bright and young,
> A swinging butterfly, say you?
> Then, ah! if you catch me under your net
> Don't crush my wings, I pray you.

ILLE.

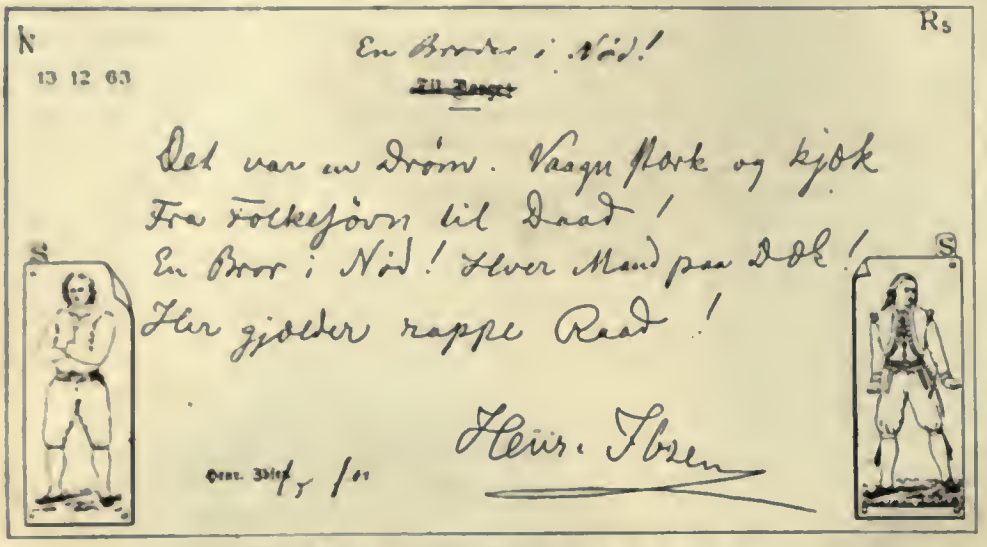
> No! I will dalntily lift you up,
> And shut you in my breast;
> There you may shelter the whole of your l
> Or play as you love best.

This song may have lost something of the l translation, but the second has a more unusual charm

> In the sunny orchard-closes,
> While the warblers sing and swing,
> Care not whether blustering Autumn
> Break the promises of Spring;
> Rose and white the apple-blossom
> Hides you from the sultry sky;
> Let it flutter, blown and scattered,
> On the meadows by and by.
>
> Will you ask about the fruitage
> In the season of the flowers?
> Will you murmur, will you question,
> Count the run of weary hours?
> Will you let the scarecrow clapping
> Drown all happy sounds and words?

With my living, with my singing,
I will tear the hedges down !
Sweep the grass, and heap the blossom,
Let it shrivel, pale and brown !
Swing the wicket ! Sheep and cattle,
Let them graze among the best !
I broke off the flowers ; what matter
Who may revel with the rest !

Work then in patience, till you see
The confines of your Holy Land
That Palestine of poesy,
Where Agnes waits for you, and
Pull on with strenuous arm and oar
The sandy bar will soon be pas
And grassy odours from the shore
Proclaim you home at last !



SPECIMEN OF HANDWRITING AT THE AGE OF 35.
The Figures at the side are Sketches of Theatrical Costumes made by Ibsen when Manager of a Theatre.
[Reproduced from *Julaftten*, 1894.]

This was said nea
ago, and Ibsen has l
Mr. Gosse's prognos
confines of his Holy
far distant.

Before Ibsen's
written he had penn
amount of verse—
German war, a ques
him deeply, and in
which he greatly bl
—and a poem to Hu
out his long career
turned from the wri
the production of
he tells us, found
exercise refreshme
increase of hope.

The Master T

If art be order,
nious results, obtai
powerful principles
thought to be the e

Mr. Gosse, however, is in much better vein later in his book when he addresses the poet in Dresden. The stanzas are very pleasant which begin :—

And while I wait for your new song
To waft its fragrance o'er the sea,
I hold the memories that belong
To you, to Norway, and to me ;
I wander where the wild swan calls,
And where the dark lake lies and shines,
And watch sonorous waterfalls
Rush whitening, through the pines.

You in the city of sweet names,
Where Raffaelle and Correggio meet,—
I by the dismal-tided Thames,
In dreary square and sultry street,—
Both, by one magnet drawn, extend
Our thoughts across the northern deep,
Till both our beings mix and blend
Where jarls and vikings sleep.

And later on he expresses a desire which has been fulfilled to some extent when he sings :—

But oh ! to win my people's eyes
To stand with me—to gaze, admire,
To praise the statue's form and size,
That is the goal of my desire ;
But, friend, you dream not of the weight
Of insular phlegmatic pride,
The sturdy self-sufficient hate

no doubt as to Ibsen being an artist. It is his to wake the soul by tender strokes of skill, but rather to arouse the intelligen clear light of his horrific but splendid an motive and the weight and strength of h life as it is. To do this he was b technician of the highest accomplishment ; ment of a strong case has been the death His plays show the all-pervading magic of in the school of great endeavour. Whe literary monument of the revolutionary fore was given to the world in 1850, and writt under the pseudonym of Brynjolf Bjarme, twenty-two years of age, and from that present day, when he is in his seventy- connexion with the stage has been of the The number of his plays is legion, but mainly of interest to English people are

Dette er min h
skrift nu for tiden.
Kristiania, den 4 Septe
Henrik Ibs

remarkable exception to the general laws of development, to which all else in living nature and in the intellectual world is subject; but in fact these laws admit of no exception. One of these laws is that a faculty is developed by using, but is dormant or degenerates if it is left idle. This law is as inevitably true of dramatic inventiveness as of any other faculty. If it were put to the test, it is probably more true of this than of any other branch of literary work, since skill and technical practice are of greater moment in dramatic writing than in any other class of literary art. . . . The importance of the fact that Henrik Ibsen became intimately connected with the stage at an early age cannot be too much insisted on. But for this connexion he never would have acquired that mastery of dramatic technique which is so justly admired in his plays. He continued to direct various theatres in the North for ten years, and rehearsed above a hundred plays. He could have had no better school. Of course, they were a very various series of pieces with which he thus became practically acquainted; Shakespeare and Holberg, Oehlenschlæger and Heiberg, his own and Björnson's youthful plays were represented; but, above all, he was influenced by the constructive art of the French dramatic writers of the day, especially that of Scribe, though from the literary point of view Scribe's pieces did not greatly appeal to him. At the same time he did not particularly devote himself to study theoretical works on the drama. He read Heiberg's prose writings, especially the well-known essay on the *Vaudeville*; and during his tour abroad Herman Hettner's book *Das Moderne Drama*, then just published, fell in his way, but this was the whole extent of his theoretical reading." In Christiania he had had the opportunity of seeing a sound, though not very brilliant, school of acting. This was at the Danish theatre which was closely connected with the once flourishing period of the Danish stage, whose admirable qualities were no doubt advantageous to a young writer. But it was Ibsen's experiences, sometimes of a painful and disappointing character, as director of the Norwegian theatre at Christiania following upon his five years of apprenticeship at Bergen that, one apprehends, formed the sound basis of his dramatic skill and originality of presentation. In England, at least, whether rightly or wrongly, we are inclined to judge Ibsen only by his modern plays, and, viewed as a technician alone no doubt he will be ready to stand or fall by that series which has been translated into our language. The whole mass of his historical dramas and the romantic plays is, from the point of view of stagecraft, one long and highly interesting preparation for the plays of modern life with which we are familiar.

An Actor's Playwright.

In stageland, in the world the other side of the curtain, they have a way of saying that such and such a part is "actor-proof." Hamlet, it is pointed out, cannot be spoilt by any actor, it plays itself. When this can be said of any *rôle* it is a high compliment to the dramatist who has imagined the character, and, although it does not absolutely apply to the men and women of those of Ibsen's plays produced in London, it is true of them in a very remarkable degree. Here, new actors have made their early fame in his dramas, and men and women of long standing, sunken, as we thought, in convention and over-loaded with the artificiality of long experience, which is at once so effective and so intolerable, have redipped, as it were, in the fountains of artistic youth and astonished and held spellbound an audience of critics by their renewed vivacity and freshness, their sincerity and again grasped the opportunity of giving us a taste qualities in an Ibsen play. It is at present recognis the public does not desire to patronize such dramas as *Duck* or *John Gabriel Borkman*, but all the artists of who have seen a play or two by this author are found and willing to undertake one of his greatest *rôles*, and w have done so the result has often been a remarkable r of unsuspected talent. Without, we trust, being invid remembers in this connexion the remarkable performance Kate Phillips in *The Wild Duck*. Here was a lady reputation of long standing as a spirited soubrette conventional stage type who showed to wonderful adva a powerful character actress in a part written by Ibse Mr. James Welch as the hero of, say, *In the Soup*, and recall his Vilhelm Foldal in *John Gabriel Borkman*, is t the extraordinary skill of Ibsen and the possibilities and pathos that may lie hidden in a popular comedian last-named play (one, by the way, which was p prolific even for one of Ibsen's dramas in the developme talents of actors) Mrs. Beerbohm Tree was seen advantage as Mrs. Wilton, whose famous exit, "Oh, know what to do, I assure you," will be remembered, tha other part played by this gifted and versatile lady. T

CORNER OF IBSEN'S STUDY
When Living in Viktoria Terrasse, Christiania.
[From *Julaften*, 1894.]

might easily be extended. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was p play a comparatively small part in *Little Eyolf*, as well one, for all parts in Ibsen's plays are important; Mr. produced *An Enemy of the People*, and, as we ha all actors who have once seen one of Ibsen's dr desirous to play in them. This is not because Ibsen is a a revolutionist of art, a poet and speculative philosop because these ladies and gentlemen know at a glance t parts as Dr. Stockmann, Gina Ekdal, or Ulrik Bre wrought by a master hand, and, notwithstanding the pathetic attitude of the public towards the plays, unsympathetic attitude of their author towards the pu

nobler ones is not very much sought after by the average playgoer. The plays of Dr. Ibsen have had therefore to be thrust before the public by a number of unusual contrivances. Mr. Grein's idea of the Independent Theatre has been a powerful agent, but the private enterprise of such artists as Mr. Vernon, Miss Achurch and Mr. Charrington, Miss Farr, Miss Elizabeth Robins and Miss Lea, has also done much to hand on the light. *A Doll's House* showed the public that a new power in the dramatic world had arisen, and *Ghosts*, which, in a certain way, completes and supplements the theory of the earlier play, showed that it was intended to use that power without mercy in the cause believed to be true. The old use of the playhouse as a place of entertainment was called in question; that the stage should be used as ground on which reforms might be suggested and a cure for life's *malaise* thought out or discovered, shocked the easy-going patrons of the drama who, on account of an unfortunate epigram of long ago, are supposed to have the right to give the drama's laws, and they considered this forcing of the realities of existence upon the stage an inexcusable piece of bad taste. By the time these two plays had done their work an Ibsen audience had been pronounced immoral, and a play by Ibsen, the protagonist of a new and stern morality, decreed anathema. Thus the undeserving, the trivial, and the partially endowed among playgoers were frightened away from the study of Ibsen, and it was not until Miss Robins' adventure at the Vaudeville Theatre with the careful and skilful production of *Hedda Gabler* that the world of English letters began to awake to the fact that the clouds of vituperation which at one time obscured the sun of the Norwegian dramatist were clearing off, and that now, at last, his work might have some chance of being judged without prejudice. The caste of *Hedda* was an excellent one, and all who valued the art of acting were satisfied on that score, and soon able to view even an Ibsen drama with some inclination to fairness.

For a while, indeed, his works were almost in vogue; one heard phrases quoted from his plays in general conversation, and even the newspapers knew something of his ideas, and could speak of "the law of change" and "the younger generation knocking at the doors," or at least owned that Ibsen could be "frightfully thrilling." All the plays (except, perhaps, *Pillars of Society*, when it appeared first at a Gaiety matinée), *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, *Hedda Gabler*, *An Enemy of the People*, *The Lady from the Sea*, *Rosmersholm*, *The Wild Duck*, *The Master Builder*, *Little Eyolf*, the fourth act of *Brand*, *John Gabriel Borkman*, and *The League of Youth* have been produced with great care, and although by no means widely popular, delighted those who were able, while still seeing faults in his work, to appreciate Ibsen's fine purpose and enjoy his technical skill.

His Present Position.

"As the originator of the analytical modern drama," says Mr. Jæger, "Ibsen has now a high position in literature of the nineteenth century throughout the world; and the great attention which his later works have attracted, not only in Germany but in England and America, sufficiently proves that his importance is becoming recognized on both sides of the Atlantic. Since Holberg no Scandinavian writer has filled such a place in Germany as Ibsen now does; his work is actually marking a turning-point in German literature, for a whole crowd of young writers and critics have uplifted it as a banner round which they are rallying against the old school of German dramatic poetry. But the multitude have not as yet fully

ery of the protagonist, and that is a voice peen
misconception.

In Stockmann, the principal figure in *A*
People, indeed, one is tempted to see Dr. Ibsen
the Burgomaster is reasoning with him in re
closures he intends to make, and warns him that,
has no right to have any individual convicti
fact of Ibsen's attitude towards life starts into
with their easy-going morality and selfish views o
Stockmann, he flashes out, "It's I that have
the town at heart! I want to lay bare the evil
later, must come to light." . . . That is th
the author of *An Enemy of the People*, *The Wi*
Hedda Gabler, and the rest of the dramas as
known to the English stage and playgoing p
fine and arresting a cry it is. If, as an entertai
compare with the writers of a thousand co
humourist there is much to long for, does n
"spiritual distinction" make amends, and is th
a stage so catholic as ours for the reformer a
merry-andrew, for a picture of the tragedy an
the soul as well as of the comedy of bad manne
play of stage-land people performing hono
possible actions in an artificial atmosphere.
own, on looking back at the history of the En
so determined and hard a reformer as Ibsen does
chance of a welcome. We have seen a good
work and, as has been said, our playwrights
by many of the good qualities they possess.
public who are sufficiently interested in the que
this Norwegian taking so much trouble to refor
matter with the best of all possible worlds, an
hurting Dr. Ibsen? "Damn the Reform Bill,"
mouth of *Coningsby*. "If the Duke had not
Lord Grey on a coal committee, we should ne
Reform Bill," and the public wonder what "c
disagreement first caused the author of *An*
People to scarify society. This attitude is, no
appropriate, and the causes of the bent of a
always a fair and informing study. The "Life"
quoted will do much to satisfy these inquirers,
graphies, the mystery of the man is not made ap

Biographical.

Of recent years there have been severa
authors published, but in 1888 when "Henrik Ib
Et litercert Livsbillede," by Mr. Henrik Jæge
was considered a remarkable honour for a writ
among us and hale and hearty. This work
Copenhagen on his sixtieth birthday, and is t
biography which can claim to be authoritative
himself supplied the author with a great number
who would trace the working of his mind thro
struggles and later victories cannot do better t
volume which has been published here in an e
tion by Miss Clara Bell.

Born in 1828, Dr. Ibsen's early life is now
The struggles to which his circumstances and te
jected him until he had come to forty years colo
thought and method of work. Pessimists may
the unambitiously cheerful, but it is from such s
develop. Ibsen's forefathers were Danish se

About this time Ibsen adventured upon the world and became an apothecary's apprentice at Grimstad, where he found himself in that hostile attitude to his neighbours which he has continued with tolerable consistency in a wider world ever since. Here he began the study which led to his writing of his early work, *Catiline*. When this drama was published there were not many interested people ready to buy the firstling of a promising brain. Later, when Ibsen was living with a devoted fellow-student in Christiania they sold to a huckster the whole stock of copies, "the remainder," as the booksellers say, for what supplied them with the necessaries of life for a few days. The necessaries of life were very few and hardly come by in these and for many days. Such trials Ibsen bore with stoicism, for his nature was naturally strong and slow and his health at this and all times of that wonderful and God given quality that never knows a day's illness or an hour of pain. While at Grimstad he was said to go about like a "seven-sealed mystery," and there can be no doubt that with his mind busy with the "wild horror" of his poetry, his political enthusiasms, his dramatic intentions, and his studies for the examination at the University of Christiania, he made but a *distrait* and unsympathetic member of the small local society. In 1850 he arrived at Christiania with the intention of getting into the University; he was coached by Heltberg and had among his fellow-students his, afterwards, fellow-dramatist, Björnstjerne Björnson. Ibsen profited by the teaching of his excellent coach, but owing to the short time at his disposal he did not matriculate, but subsequently took the degree of Doctor of Philology *hon. causa*. The early years in Christiania were full of exciting artistic and political labours, but Ibsen's private affairs did not flourish. The dramatist, lyric poet, political satirist, critic, and journalist had, however, attracted some attention, and when a new theatre was established at Bergen the post of stage manager, with some such offices as poet and theatrical instructor thrown in, for £67 a year for five years was offered to and accepted by him.

At the end of this period he returned to Christiania as director of the Norwegian theatre, but revisiting Bergen in 1858 to be married. From 1858 to 1861 was a time of storm; his position at the theatre was a difficult one and some of his own plays produced there were intensely unpopular, especially *The Comedy of Love*, which may be considered the forerunner of that series of social dramas with which English readers are familiar. This play was quoted against him when he asked for a State bounty, but later, after some highly characteristic unpleasantness, the State Council granted him a sufficient sum, and in 1864 he left Christiania for Berlin, for Trieste, and, finally, for Rome. After this time his work continued to gain in power, and by slow degrees those plays which have become of more than European interest came into being. In 1866 and 1867 the lyric dramas *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* appeared, in 1873 *Emperor and Galilean*, in 1877 *Pillars of Society*, *A Doll's House* in 1879, *Ghosts*, 1881; *An Enemy of the People*, 1882; *The Wild Duck*, 1884; *Rosmersholm*, 1886; *The Lady from the Sea*, 1888; *Hedda Gabler*, 1890; *The Master Builder*, 1892; *Little Eyolf*, 1894; *John Gabriel Borkman*, a little later; and *When We Dead Awaken* last year. This list is the story of Ibsen's later life and is far more important and of fuller interest than anything one can know of his private affairs. His home life, it has been hinted, but not by his authenticated biographer, was not altogether a happy one. Perhaps it is hardly to be expected that a philosopher, who is at work arranging the happiness

The father and son have been said not to enjoy ea
society of late. Indeed, as far as one may judge from
that surrounds a great man's name, Dr. Ibsen appear
his own society to that of a circle of friends. One, at
the enterprising journalists who have attempted to
him gives a somewhat awful picture of his present
from what Mr. Jæger has to tell us, this side of Ibse
appears to have been exaggerated. At one time th
journals and literary magazines were full of articles u
his work, his message, and, above all, his meaning;
have proved of somewhat ephemeral interest, and the
chief value to the English student of his
the translations already mentioned. "The Quinte
Ibsenism," which is one of the most keenly
treatises on the author and his series of epoch-making pl
once, if one may incidentally adventure an opinion on
Mr. Bernard Shaw's most valuable addition to litera
articles on his plays by Mr. Archer and Mr. Walk

[Reproduced from the Frontispiece by Mr. Bernard Partridge to "Mr. Pu
Ibsen," by permission of Mr. Heinemann.]

may be found in their collected criticisms; Mr. Henri
"Life," which is especially valuable in regard to
days and work of Ibsen; Dr. Brandes' essays on "Ibse
volume published by Mr. Heinemann; a "Commenta

expressed in the lines from *Catiline* translated by Mr. Gosse, which begin :—

> If but for one brief moment I could flame
> And blaze through space, and be a falling star :
> If only once, and by one glorious deed,
> I could but knit the name of Catiline
> With glory and with deathless high renown,—
> Then should I blithely, in the hour of conquest,
> Leave all, and hie me to an alien shore,
> Press the keen dagger gaily to my heart,
> And die ; for then I should have lived indeed,

to make the poet attractive to the "general
has done a good deal to explain Ibsen to t
dramatist. "Had Ibsen died in 1867," he says,
another great poet, would have gone to his grave
ever rationally understood his own meaning.
year an intellectual expert—a commentator, as w
gone to Ibsen and offered him the explanation
he himself must have arrived at before he co
and *The Wild Duck*, he would, perhaps, have re
as much disgust as a maiden would feel if any
enough to give her the physiological *rationale*
meeting a fairy prince. It is only t
to the creative artist with absolut
receiving an answer to his 'What d
mean ?' That is the very question
own intellect, which had no part in t
the poem, may be asking him. And
the intellect—this restless life in it
ates it from dead machinery, and wh
lesser artists but little, is one of t
greater sort." Thus Mr. Shaw defi
his mind as to what Ibsen's plays me
the plots of the plays to illustrate th
real slavery of to-day is slavery to
and at the same time shows that th
"discoverable and perfectly defini
poet's work by no means depends on
ness of his own intellectual consci
This ambiguity in some of Ibsen's
subsidiary charm to many intellectual
who have exercised their skill in
meanings for occasionally obvious
imposing ingenious theories upon
statements. These commentators see
Professor Ruhek (of *When We Dead A*
"sadly and earnestly"—"There is so
behind everything you say," and t
some pet idea of their own at the a
Another class of writer has attem
amusing on the subject of Dr. Ibsen.
that although the Norwegian poet ca
to be a humorist, except of the bitter
character, he has been the cause of
amount of fun in others. English w
duced some amusing travesties of h
Mr. Anstey, who as a playwright mi
have learnt something of the art of di
author of *Little Eyolf*, has given us a v
collection entitled "Mr. Punch's Poe
to be the condensed, revised, and slig
edition of the master's best-known
benefit of the earnest student. *Rosme*
House, *Hedda Gabler*, *The Wild Duck*,
effort to continue *The Master Build*
his book, which is made funnier by
of Mr. Partridge, who has himself, i
rightly, played, very seriously, an
Mr. Anstey has said in his ironic wa
Ibsen" may well benefit the earnes
Norwegian dramatist.

The work of such a man as Ibsen
for parody ; if we can laugh at some

Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

Sole Lessee - - - Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.

SPECIAL MATINÉE

FOR THE FIRST TIME

December 7th, 1894,

AT 9 A.M.

LILLE EYOLF

SKUESPIL I TRE AKTER AF HENRIK IBSEN

PERSONERNE:

Alfred Allmers . . .	**Mr. H. L. Brækstad.**
Fru Rita Allmers . . .	**Miss Elizabeth Robins.**
Eyolf	**Mr. Wm. Heinemann.**
Froken Asta Allmers . .	**Mrs. H. L. Brækstad.**
Ingenior Borghejm . .	**Mr. Edmund Gosse.**
Rottejomfruen . . .	**Miss Brækstad.**

Handlingen foregaar paa Allmers's ejendom ude ved fjorden, et par mile fra byen.

Manager . . . . . Mr. Fred. Harrison.

ADMISSION—TWO GUINEAS.

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and sympathy, which only a small minority of the playgoing public at present possesses. To the rest the higher drama is as disagreeably perplexing as the game of chess is to a man who has barely enough capacity to understand skittles. Consequently, just as we have the chess club and the skittle alley prospering side by side, we shall have the theatre of Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, and Ibsen prospering alongside that of Henry Arthur Jones and Gilbert, of Sardou, Grundy, and Pinero, of Buchanan and Ohnet, as naturally as these already prosper alongside that of Pettit and Sims, which again does no more harm to the music-halls than the music-halls do to the waxworks or even the ratpit, although this last is dropping into the limbo of discarded brutalities by the same progressive movement that has led the intellectual playgoer to discard Sardou and take to Ibsen.

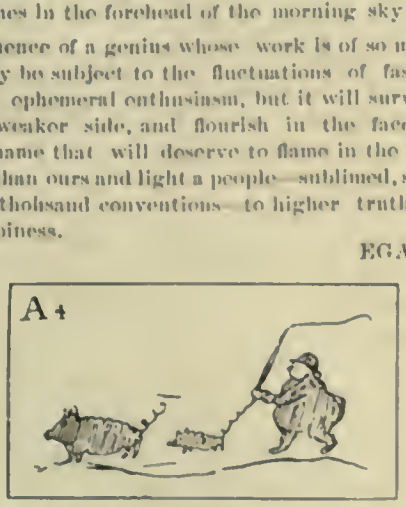
Here Mr. Shaw presents what he believed to be the position of the Ibsen play with unusual clearness, but by labelling it "intellectual" he has unintentionally helped the growth of that attitude of indifference which is at present shown towards Ibsen and his works. We may permit our neighbours without a sense of humour to call us many things, but to assert in so many words the intellectuality even of a tiny minority is to make that little knot of people blush and look the other way. Thus it happens that, while the spirit of Ibsenism has informed many of the more skilful and arresting plays during the last decade, the dramas of the master are rarely, far too rarely, seen on our stage.

But Ibsen will come again; his influence although widely felt is by no means universal, and if for a time he should suffer eclipse, we may be sure the law of change will work in his interest and that of society:—

> So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
> And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
> And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
> Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

The influence of a genius whose work is of so much value to humanity may be subject to the fluctuations of fashion and be the sport of ephemeral enthusiasm, but it will survive. It will outlive its weaker side, and flourish in the face of discord. Ibsen is a name that will deserve to flame in the forehead of a greater age than ours and light a people—sublimed, spiritualized, freed from a thousand conventions—to higher truths and more ethereal happiness.

EGAN MEW.



A Sketch by Ibsen of "Public Opinion under the Lash."
[From *Julaften*, 1894.]

Few tourists in the country would deny the invaluable assistance of the Ordnance map. The difficulty of obtaining them has often been remarked upon and the Government has been accused of lack of business capacity in that, having gone to great expense in providing a thoroughly good article, it has not taken any further trouble in putting it before the public. We

IBSEN IN ENGLAND.

A "Personal View"

By A. B. WALKLEY.

What is the history of Ibsen's influence in theatre? Is it another Decline and Fall? Or are a of it likely to survive as permanent additions to ou dramatic energy? One need not have been over-tim from speculations of this kind a few years ago. nineties the Ibsen quarrel was like the temper of gentleman in "Pickwick" who forbade his patient t —"worry fierce." It has calmed down now, and whether we are for or against, take Ibsen coolly. In ficially, it looks as though the question "What do y Ibsen?" might now be answered in the old Thacke "We don't think of him." How many Ibsen perform there been in London since the production of *John Gabr* in the summer of 1897? Is there a single theatre which includes a single Ibsen play in its repertory not Mr. William Archer recently had to admit th *Society* has been acted in Germany over twelve hu and in England exactly twice? Nevertheless, it is sign the admission is made in a new edition of Ibsen's Evidently Ibsen is still read. Nor is any serious dram in London that is not on all hands, overtly or tacitly reference to Ibsen's ideas and Ibsen's technique. do not see him "materialized" on the stage, his to be hovering in the air. He is like Napoleon in *L'* is absent in the flesh, but still, posthumously, trouble as the Napoleonic idea. In that sense, then, at any it is the most important sense—we may say, *petit le encore*.

He has certainly had an uphill game of it. anything surprising in that? The Ibsen drama, is imported drama. Just as Crummles was not so Ibsen—there is no getting away from the fac Englishman. Our ancient and inbred prejudice agains accompanies us to the playhouse, where we do not lea vestibule with our hats and coats. Dr. Johnson's frie that, so far as he could see, all foreigners were f intellectual ancestor of many a stalwart anti-Ibsenite a comparatively brief period in the last reign, our imported drama have made no very imposing show. after the Restoration we had plays of Molière. The imported to satisfy any popular demand. The Theatre was dependent on the Court or those wh tone from the Court, and the Court—we all know wh tone from France. At the outset of the last century a vogue—this time a popular vogue—for stage T Kotzebue "boomed." It was the time when the Mansfield-park rehearsed *Lovers' Vows* in Sir Thomas study, and Miss Fotheringay played Mrs. Haller in *T*

Scribe and Labiche and swallowed Sardou whole. But note that either there was nothing essentially "foreign" in the French plays we imported or we got rid of the foreign element in the process of adaptation. The serious French theatre of the period—the comedies of Augier and the thesis plays of Dumas *fils*, based on characteristically French notions of the family and of sexual relationship, regular or irregular—we left severely alone.

In other words, the foreign importations which the English playgoer has received without protest have been plays of amusement. You must, of course, understand amusement in its wider sense, including the "luxury of woe." And here you touch the *differentia* of Ibsen's case. Ibsen's plays (those, at any rate, which have been seen in this country) are not plays of amusement. They are plays of discipline and chastisement. Ibsen is a satirist. He "knocks" the orthodox conventions "endways." He "gives furiously to think," raises awkward questions, and spares nobody's ewe lamb. In a word, he makes you thoroughly uncomfortable. There is, I admit, a sense in which even this is "amusing." There is amusement of the keenest in seeing a piece of work thoroughly done; you have intellectual exhilaration and the pleasure of tasting irony of peculiar flavour and piquancy. But that is rather an esoteric form of amusement, the amusement of connoisseurs. In this sense the most austere work of art is amusing, an *Œdipus Tyrannus* or a *Paradise Lost*, and even works which are not of art when they are capable of being viewed æsthetically. Do not the surgeons talk of a lovely tumour and the mathematicians of an elegant demonstration? An excellent French critic, the late M. J. J. Weiss, remarked "C'est beau, un beau crime!" and before him De Quincey had discussed, not entirely in a vein of paradox, murder as one of the fine arts. If you are a true connoisseur you cannot help admiring the neatness and dexterity with which blows are delivered, though, as the recipient of them, you may be howling with pain. That is the case with Ibsen's blows. He hits us hard, but his "science" is delightful. "With such a being as man," however, "in such a world as the present," connoisseurship of this kind is not for the million. The average man is disinclined to receive with enthusiasm the candid friend who tells him plain truths for his good. Ibsen showed us the seamy side of our pleasant vices, the egoism of respectability, with many other ugly things in our inmost selves, and it was only natural for us not to like it.

In this respect the English opposition to Ibsen merely fell into line with the general opposition which he at first provoked in every theatre in Europe wherein his plays were performed. But obviously that is not the whole story. It will not account for the fact that Ibsen has been far less successful with us than with Continental playgoers; it will not account for Mr. Archer's typical instance of two English performances of *Pillars of Society* as against twelve hundred in Germany. If we have had our general human reasons for resisting Ibsen, we must also have had our special reasons for resisting him as True Born Englishmen. No doubt the opposition was largely factitious. Ibsen

old ladies in country villages to ise another na
to steal spoons. There is no need to cull e
English Press, which by this time, I feel sure, h
of its early blundering in the matter. Two A
(America proving in this respect a little u
England) will suffice. A leading lady in Wa
according to the New York *Critic* (cited by Mr.
to allow an Ibsen reading in her house on th
could lend no countenance to "that foul-mo
recognizes no law, human or divine." And in
can book, Mr. Ade's "Fables in Slang," I find
Lady Bountiful who, detected, "said she we
benevolent any more—so she joined an Ibsen
course, is meant as a joke; it represents,
vulgar notion that Ibsenism somehow covered a
revolt, of being "agin the Government."
found for this error in the untoward circumstan
taken up by the "cranks," the half-baked, a
After *A Doll's House* the Women's Righters, mi
for a propagandist, were riotous Ibsenites, an
certain brilliantly misleading opuscule by Mr.
fancy that for a moment the Socialists were
delusion that they had found a new prophet.

The important fact remains that there
Ibsen peculiarly unpalatable to the English t
Mr. Leslie Stephen has put it, there is a "gr
ness" in the average Englishman. Comprom
way, and the policy of "muddling through s
distrust of ideas and logic. Ibsen's people n
popular phrase, to go the whole hog, to be ex
if not logical. "Women," writes Lord Ches
his letters to his son, "are all so far Machia
are never either good or bad by halves; thei
strong, and their reason too weak, to do anyth
tion." Whether this be generally true or
true in regard to the conduct of many of Ibsen's
that conduct proceeds rather from a passiona
and idealism than from any weakness of reason.
is a poet as well as a satirist, and his poetry
the form of symbolism. Now, if symbolism h
little successes on the Continent it has had no
"drive at practice," stick to plain facts, and n
Hilda Wangel's "harps in the air" and the
"homes for happy human beings" and the
and the allegorical Wild Duck. Then, again,
people, more especially his womenkind, are und
We have no precise English analogues for them
what at a loss to "place" them. Nora Hel
easily enough and Hedda Gabler, but not Hi
wants her kingdom on the table, or Mrs. Solnes
dolls, or the child in the *The Wild Duck*, or
When We Dead Awaken. These may be Norweg
are certainly not English, and we feel *dépaysés*

lend ourselves to the process of "detachment" requisite for ignoring the queer, un-English side of Ibsen.

To sum up; while it is safe to assume that Ibsen will continue to be read, it is quite possible that there is no future for him as an acted dramatist in this country. But his indirect influence on our drama can hardly cease to be operative—until the next theatrical revolutionist appears. No one who has once become aware of Ibsen can ever again tolerate the pre-Ibsenian formulas. Our serious playwrights must, willy-nilly, go to him to learn their business. What one of them has already learnt from him will be plain to any playgoer who has seen *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*. Here Mr. Norman Hapgood, an able dramatic critic and author of a recent volume on "The Stage in America," hits the right nail on the head. "The neglect of the dress of beauty," he says, "is what makes some of Ibsen's plays rather technical experiments, instructive to playwrights, than forms precious to humanity." Just as there are poets' poets so there are dramatists' dramatists; and of these Ibsen is incontestably the greatest.

SOME MOVEMENTS IN VICTORIAN POETRY.

IV.—THE POETRY OF EMOTION.

The reader who has done me the compliment of following me so far will no doubt have been struck by one prevailing characteristic in which the poets we have been considering are related to one another—a characteristic which lies at the very root of their relation to their art itself. In their attitude to life and its problems they display wide differences of opinion and conviction, but in the method in which they apply their art to the consideration of life they are closely affiliated. And if we try to define this characteristic, we can perhaps best do so by saying that their object is to irradiate life by ideas, to test emotion by ideas, and in all distractions of mood and circumstance to let the idea measure the force of the instinctive sensation and stand as the final arbiter of its sincerity and value. Poetry, as we know, has been variously defined, and never quite satisfactorily; but it may perhaps be said without fear of grave contradiction that there are three principal aspects of poetry, in the right combination of which the highest form of poetic excellence will be found to consist; while their confusion results in partial and confined attainment, through the presentation of but one side of the poetic quality, or of the different sides insufficiently assimilated. Poetry may deal with three separate activities of the human mind; with ideas, with emotions, and with moods. When poetry is defined as "a criticism of life," the framer of the definition has in mind chiefly the poetry of ideas; when it is described as "emotion remembered in tranquillity," the description is directed chiefly to emotional poetry; and when we are told, as we often are nowadays, that the sincere reproduction of a moment's spiritual experience is the proper concern of the poetic art, this third and final definition applies almost exclusively to the poetry which seeks to reproduce the writer's mood without any reference to its truth or value.

Now, the highest order of poetry will be found, under analysis, to combine elements from each of these three classes, applicability to all human nature. For example, to moment to the poets whom we have already been Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and Browning's "Pra alike poems charged with acute personal emotion conformity of these emotions to a generalized ide universal applicability of their sentiment lift them out of purely emotional poetry into that of the poetry of give them a certain philosophical force of permanent i So long, we may say, as man regards with emotion, side, the death of a dear friend, and on the other, th of his own death, so long he will feel, under certai the idea, as these two poets have felt in these particu Here, therefore, the emotion is irradiated with the ide poetry is raised by it above the levels of circum occasion.

Emotion, then, is of the essence of poetry, bu necessary that the emotion should be, as it were, univ and for this process a certain remoteness from its influence is obligatory. The mind must be detache emotion before it can appreciate its significance; precisely what Wordsworth meant when he said tha "emotion remembered in tranquillity." The writ with a noble rage, smarting under wrong, ma poetry of great individual and historic interest, no immense topical influence, but he will scarcely g utterance to a permanent truth. Now, the poetry whi next to consider was poetry of this secondary order sort of reaction against academic calm and ev philosophic analysis. It was intensely human, si eager; and in its day it had a broad and humanizing infl it was not poetry of the highest ideal, because it was in a hurry, too keen to be proclaiming itself at on little remote from momentary sensation. Much never be read without a responding emotion in the very little of it has that high note of universal tru found only with the perfect co-operation of the transit with the permanent idea.

Of all the movements in Victorian poetry thi movement is the most clearly defined and tracea immediately referable to political and social cause strongly marked characteristics common to alm followers. It is therefore something of a paradox th considerable poet which it produced should stand rat the general movement, and should be distinguished by gifts of unusual breadth and vivacity. And yet consider the emotional poetry of the Victorian pe impossible to deny that it drew much of its eager chivalrous sympathy from the tender, womanly Elizabeth Barrett Browning. "Headlong" was th which her Italian master gave her in the schoolroom, long was the spirit of the movement of which she was conspicuous star. She had, indeed, an intellectual firmer and surer than any of her companions; but, the inspiration of the cave was upon her, she was and at times as incoherent, as ever the Delphic pries the example which she set in the neglect of form was far-reaching and insidious. Her character was so w attitude to life so sensitive and humane that thos naturally drawn to her were inevitably entangled in of her mannerism; and a worse model it would be choose. Her passion for fantastic and unnatural adje slipshod licence in the matter of false rhyme and ass

phrase, "humanly acceptive" and stimulating. She was moved less by the immediate interests of the hour than some of her contemporaries in the movement; but, like Sydney Dobell, she was passionately zealous in the cause of Italian freedom, and she shared with James Thomson a yearning sympathy with the suffering and restriction of the working classes. To this enthusiasm we owe "The Cry of the Children"—one of the most vigorous occasional poems in the language.

> They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
> And their looks are sad to see,
> For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
> Down the cheeks of infancy;
> "Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary";
> "Our young feet" they say, "are very weak;
> Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
> Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
> Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
> For the outside earth is cold,
> And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
> And the graves are for the old."

The eager sincerity of the feeling rings out above the jarring assonances and jolting metre; and it is this patent sincerity that gives a haunting charm to almost everything she wrote.

> What do we give to our beloved?
> A little faith all undisproved,
> A little dust to overweep,
> And bitter memories to make
> The whole earth blasted for our sake:
> He giveth His beloved sleep.

This wells up from a pure heart fervently; and the fountain of her verse, troubled as it generally is upon the surface, is often lucid and fresh at its depth.

> Say never, ye loved *once*:
> God is too near above, the grave beneath,
> And all our moments breathe
> Too quick in mysteries of life and death,
> For such a word. The eternities avenge
> Affections light of range.
> There comes no change to justify that change,
> Whatever comes—Loved once!

This is Mrs. Browning at her best, and here emotion is so nervously felt and expressed as almost to seem transferred into the region of pure ideas. But there is just a little too much protestation, just that rhetorical emphasis of the argument that dulls the edge of poetry. One is reminded of Coleridge's treatment of broken affection; and, setting the two passages over against one another, one feels in the earlier poet a certain wistful tenderness that rings more true than all Mrs. Browning's earnest eloquence.

> Alas! They had been friends in youth;
> But whispering tongues can poison truth;
> And constancy lives in realms above;
> And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
> And to be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain.

Perhaps the contrast which these two passages suggest indicates fairly justly the case against the poetry of emotion. Here, once again, "The lady doth protest too much"; and with a sincere over-emphasis which is nevertheless a violence to art.

This is, indeed, the differentiating characteristic of the emotional movement, which seems to sway with every phase of penetrating expression. But his very facility w
an abundant vocabulary led him into excesses of
his picture was apt to become a blurred mass of c

> O Love! I am unblest,
> With many doubts oppress
> I wander like a desert wind without a place of re
> Could I but win you for an hour from off that star
> The hunger of my soul were stilled, for Death ha
> Than the melancholy world doth know—things dee
> You could teach me, Barbara!

There is true emotion here, but the expre
And that was exactly the fault of so much of t
kind. Some of its insufficiency was no doubt due
to treat in poetry radically unpoetic subjects,
attention to the necessary art required. Thus
(B.V.), a poet of perfervid imagination, desired a
to be an emotional realist, as his own poetical cre

> Singing is sweet, but be sure of this,
> Lips only sing when they cannot kiss.
> Statues and pictures and verse may be g
> But they are not the Life for which they

The result, however, of emotional realism in p
couraging when it lands us in such barren pictures
stead Heath.

> Here we will sit, my darling,
> And dream an hour away;
> The donkeys are hurried and worrie
> But we are not donkeys to-day.

> Through all the weary week, dear,
> We toil in the work down there,
> Tied to a desk and a counter,
> A patient, stupid pair.

And the two Chartist poets, the two Joneses, Erne
become flatulent in political enthusiasm, and com
affections. Here, for instance, is a Chartist mar

> Sharpen the sickle; how full the ears!
> Our children are crying for bread!
> And the field has been watered with orpha
> And enriched with their fathers' dead.
> And hopes that are buried, and hearts tha
> Lie deep in the treasuring sod;
> Then sweep down the grain with a thunde
> In the name of humanity's God!

And here is a poem of the domestic affections:—

> A pleasant sail, my child, my wife,
> O'er a pleasant sea, to many is life;
> The wind blows warm, and they dread n
> And wherever they go, kind friends are

> But wife and child, the love, the love,
> That lifteth us to the saints above,
> Could only have grown where storms ha
> The truth and strength of the heart to p

Of these the former is turgidly conventiona
affectedly unimpressive, but they are perfectly fai
poetry of the movement. For when, as in the case o
the muse takes broader pinions, her flight is
fitful. Dobell had illimitable ambitions; in "
essayed the cause of Italian liberty, while i
sought to follow a human soul in its journey fro

The effect sought here is clear enough to divine, but the effect is far from attainment. Here, as elsewhere, there is quite insufficient consideration of the method which must underlie all artistic representation.

Enough has, perhaps, been said to indicate the nature and restriction of this broad stream of emotional poetry which flowed so turbulently and overpoweringly through the middle of the Victorian period. It found reinforcement from half the immeasured enthusiasms of the hour, and, being essentially topical in its tone and sentiment, it enjoyed no inconsiderable popularity. To the student of poetry to-day it is chiefly interesting historically. For in a fashion it carries on the Byronic movement, and is itself a symptom of that growing democratization of literature which some of us believe to be a dangerous menace to the future preservation of the literary spirit in England. Fortunately it has not been allowed to pass unchallenged, and the movement which we shall next have to consider vindicated so thoroughly the claim of form in poetry as almost to have obliterated the influence of formlessness from the verse of the present hour. While the emotional movement was at its height, English poetry, despite the unbroken example of Tennyson, was perilously threatened by a wave of lawlessness which, had it spread more widely, must unquestionably have played havoc with the taste and judgment of the younger generation. But literature is generally justified of her children; and the reaction which followed, a reaction of much art and a little artifice, has restored the balance. Nowadays, whatever the danger of poetry may be, it is at least not likely soon to revert to flaccid metre or sentimental excess.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE YOUTH WAGNER.

Wagner was not a youthful prodigy in music. No angry parents discovered him playing at midnight in a pitch-dark garret on a forbidden piano in his nightshirt. Nor, when he did play, would his listeners request him, as Mozart is said to have been requested, to remove his ring lest there should be magic in it. His sister Rosalie might rehearse her songs in peace, without any fear that he would snatch the music from her and play it forthwith, without any practice.

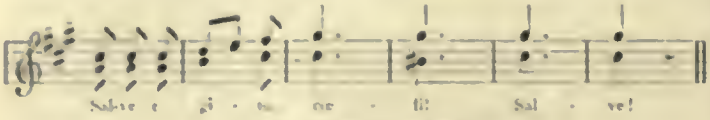
This is the first point that must strike the reader of Mr. Ashton Ellis' excellent translation of the opening volume of Herr Glasenapp's standard "Life of Wagner" (Kegan Paul). In the account of Wagner's boyhood there is little definite forecast of his great musical genius. There is, however, enough evidence of the overflowing spirit and energy combined with the acute sensibility of his artistic temperament. "I never could be angry with him," said his sister Cäcilie in after years, "for he either had his mouth so full of childish jokes that I was forced to laugh against my will, or his eyes so full of tears that I myself must cry." The glimpses which Herr Glasenapp gives us into the intimate life of the brother and sister in their childhood are the more pleasant to linger upon as one hears so much from old musicians of the abruptness and arrogance of Wagner's character. The German artist, Kietz, painted more than one pretty little incident of those early days. One picture shows Wagner in the brotherly act of sharing his footgear with his sister.

> Impatient to welcome back their mother, Cile and her brother have rushed off to the landing-stage one afternoon; comes out strongly. In later life he insisted on the pr his dog in the orchestra, till one day it took the mov the low of the double bass as a personal attack and banished. So at the age of nine Wagner insisted on and kissing the tired horses that took him on his journey from Dresden to Eisleben. But a story that his school days seems to us to be most of all characteris man.
>
> One day . . . a holiday was proclaimed to th work in school. Wild with excitement at the rare ev rushed out into the street, shouting and throwing the the air. On the impulse of the moment Richard caug these, and flung it right up to the roof of the sch Among his admiring schoolfellows there was one wh cheer, however the one who had lost his cap. As never bear to see anybody in tears, with his usual sw resolve young Wagner ran off to recover the missi into the building, upstairs to the cock-loft, out t ventilator, he emerged on the roof. The youngst below huzzaed, but held their breath when they intrepid urchin scrambling down the steep incline on Some hurried off to fetch the porter. When the man they crowded after him as he edged his ladder up th stairway. Meanwhile the climber had secured h crawled back in safety, and managed to creep back the airhole into the pitch-dark garret.

This was Wagner all over. Figuratively speaking all his life flinging a cap over the housetops. S pinnacles of misunderstanding for the perilous, slippe his boyish adventure, and we have a prophetic allego Richard (cœur-de-lion) who was never to be thwarted the obstacle that stood between him and his end. It is the intrepid revolutionist in music, poetry, philoso politics.

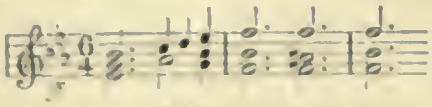
But in which of these spheres was he to make h fame? Was he to be poet, musician, philosopher, or po At the age of thirteen he translated twelve books of the out of school, and at fourteen he wrote an enormous based on *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. The excessive number forced him to reintroduce most of the characters as order to keep the last act going. Such bagatelles, in ad elaborate sketches for dramas on the Greek model, and study of classic mythology, were scarcely compatible musical education. Meanwhile, there were, of course, s of a love for music in the boy. *Der Freischütz* made an overwhelming impression. As Weber passed by the house at Dresden, on the way to conduct the opera, would whisper to his sister, Cäcilie, "My! that's the man alive! How great he is, you haven't the weenlest But which attracted him the more, the legend or the *Der Freischütz* it would be difficult to say. It was not ti seventeen and first heard Beethoven's symphonies perf Leipzig that he decided to be a musician. "I knew n really was intended for (he afterwards wrote in the "Pi to Beethoven"; and the Pilgrim here undoubtedly s Wagner himself); I only remember that one evening symphony of Beethoven's for the first time, that it se fever, I fell ill, and on my recovery had become a m But even then he does not seem really to have made up h His biographer has yet to tell us how, at the age of e in the midst of the excitement of his life as a University at Leipzig, "his people had great trouble with him

really be made. The music of the first period advances gradually into the second, and so forth. With Wagner it is quite different. There is little connexion between the composer of *Rienzi* and the composer of the *Nibelungen Ring*. But curiously enough a close examination of some of his quite early work, written before *Rienzi*, reveals a suggestion here and there of the composer of the *Tannhäuser* period. There is a remarkable passage, quoted in the life before us, from *Das Liebesverbot*, in which the



[By permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul.]

composer anticipates a well-known theme—that of the pardon motif in *Tannhäuser*:—



[By permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul.]

It was not until the performance of *Rienzi* that he met with any real measure of success. It followed upon ten years of comparative failure, culminating in the bitterness and penury of his two years' sojourn in Paris. The history of these struggles is admirably told by Herr Glasenapp. With his unrivalled knowledge of all that concerns his hero, his account of Wagner as conductor at Würzburg, Königsburg, Magdeburg, and Riga—before his journey to Paris—presents an intimate picture of the conventional opera house of the 'thirties. Wagner does not—as his later life would lead one to expect—make much battle against these conventions. *Rienzi* is sufficient evidence that his Muse was actually Italianized for the time. And Wagner the critic was at times as much unlike his later self as Wagner the composer. His youthful admiration for French and Italian composers is almost laughable when contrasted with his final views. He is "uplifted" and "ennobled" by Méhul's "Joseph," and contrasts the broad melodies of Bellini with the stiffness of German music. The revolution that he afterwards wrought in music was equally a revolution in his own ideas.

It is not, after all, to be wondered at if it took Wagner some time to reveal himself in his true colours. The music-drama which he was to create is the most complex form of art conceivable. It required a poet as well as a musician and

listening to Wagner's music we are carried
beauty of sound from the elaborate conceptions
dramatist at that moment we are not true
carry out his design a long literary trainin
necessary. His youthful vacillations between
were to serve their turn when the two arts were
poet-musician.

Whether Wagner really was a poet is a ve
cycle once remarked that he was a greater poet
But of his importance in the history of literat
no question. His "Ring"—as it is popularly
the old German epic, the *Nibelungenlied*, and th
before the eyes of the whole musical world.
imparted a new interest to the beautiful old leg
of the swan. In *Tristan und Isolde* he brought
to the German stage. *Tannhäuser* he discovere
It is through Wagner that the story has beco
the world in general. He took characters that
in the dust of old legends and made them hon
is as if an English composer were to unearth
Amoret from the neglected pages of our "Fac
instil them with actuality. "Characters" is
the term for many of Wagner's *dramatis pers*
apply it to Tannhäuser, to Frederic and Ort
even to Brunnhilde, when by reason of he

"WAHNFRIED"—WAGNER'S RESIDENCE AT BAYREUTH
[From "Wagner, Bayreuth, and The Festival Plays." (Jerrold.)]

humanity she loses her divinity. Tristan
intensely human; Hans Sachs and Beckmesse
designed and contrasted characters. But th
Wagner's largest work, the "Ring," is not, o
genial to the display of character. The
drama moves under the shadow of an inevi
essentially non-moral, a struggle for power,
Greek gods. The various groups—the Giants

CURRENT LITERATURE.

JOHN GOWER.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN GOWER. Edited from the MSS., with Introduction, Notes, and Glossaries, by G. C. MACAULAY, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vols. II. and III. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 32s.)

The first volume of this work, containing Gower's French Works, was published in 1899; and we then drew attention to the fact that the principal poem in that volume entitled "Miroir de l'Omme," or Mirror of Man, was in fact the long-lost Anglo-French poem by Gower, usually known by the title "Speculum Meditantis." It was discovered by the editor of the present volume, and was edited by him for the first time, in a manner which left little to be desired, and augured well for the new edition of the "Confessio Amantis" which was to follow, and has now appeared. And once more it is a pleasing duty to say that the editor has done his best, and has produced an edition which may very well be accepted as the standard one for a century or two to come.

Perhaps there has been no book of which the student of Middle English has, of late years, been in so much need as a new and trustworthy edition of Gower. We have long been dependent upon the well-known three-volume edition by Dr. Reinhold Pauli, published as long ago as 1857, a date when Middle English phonology had received little or no attention, so that the editor had no particular principles for his guidance. The worst feature of the book was the total absence of any sort of table of contents or index, so that the unhappy student had to construct both for himself. The estimation in which the study of English was held at that date may be gathered from a glance at what was pleasantly termed "a Glossary," which was carefully designed with a view of affording the least possible assistance to the reader, and was therefore conspicuous for having all references rigidly suppressed; and we were jocosely referred for "further information respecting the etymologies to Dr. Richardson's English Dictionary." We might there, for example, find the information that *abraide* is from the "A.S. *abredian*, arripere, deripere, to snatch or tear away"; with a cross-reference to *bray*, which is from "the French *brayer*, or *broyer*." Fortunately, our studies have made some advance since that date, and it is to be hoped that any future editor who attempts to supply us with "a glossary" without references will be sharply reminded of his negligence. The present edition gives us three references for "*abreide*, startest"; one for "*abreide*, to upbraid"; and one for the substantive "*abreid*, a start"; a sufficient proof that the editor well understands his business. And oh! the difference to us!

We regret, in fact, that it would take too much space to show how great is our gain from this new edition. By a careful and searching examination of a large number of MSS., the editor has actually recovered for us the orthography *of the author*, so that we can now consult the text of Gower, as we consult that of the Ormulum or of the Ayenbite of Inwyt, for exact information as to the meaning of the symbols employed. The text, in fact, is much surer than that of Chaucer; and the views of such a scholar as Gower as to the spelling of his time must be held to be of great weight and service.

We read, at p. xciv. of the introduction, as follows:—"The

of the "Confessio." In fact the MSS. exhibit t
in no less than six stages viz., the first recession, an
the same, in an intermediate stage; the same, revis
second recension, in two forms; and lastly, the third r
(p. cxxxviii.). It was assumed by Paull that "there
normal forms, one having a dedication to Richard I
beginning and a form of conclusion in which mention is
Chaucer, and the other with a dedication to Henry of I
and a conclusion in which Chaucer is not mentioned.
this assumption many highly imaginative deductions h
drawn, especially as to the relations between Chau
Gower; and there has been a tendency, of late years,
the date of the first edition further back, upon no
whatever, for the sake of developing various theor
these are now definitely ended by the discovery tha
recensions succeeded each other rapidly, and that the
the first recension bear the date 1390 (p. xxii.). This d
affords a great relief, as it sweeps away the supposed re
a quarrel having arisen between the poets, and exp
reference to Chaucer's "dales olde." In 1390 Chau
already fifty years old, an age deemed "old" at th
as we learn from Hoccleve, who was "ripe for death"
age of fifty-three (Dialogue, l. 246). It is now clear t
of the statements as to the relations between Cha
Gower must be revised.

Briefly, we have to thank the editor for a thorough
and sound text, exhibited in an orthography which
reason to believe is the poet's own; for an excellent
tion, in which the manuscripts and phonology a
considered; for a set of useful notes (the old edition ha
and for a full glossary and index of names, enabling t
any required passage with ease. By way of adding a
the edifice, we take occasion to explain the word *topseil*

In Book VIII., 1,899, we read:—

> Thei hadden wynd at wille tho,
> With topseileole, and forth they go.

And again in Book V., 3,119:—

> Bot even topseileole it blew.

The note (Vol. II., p. 543) compares the Old French e
"a la cole" from Godefroy's Dictionary, the meaning
has never been explained. The answer is that it is
from the Spanish "a la cola, backwards, behind";
Cola (see Diez) is the Spanish spelling of the Latin c
that *a la cole* is simply at the tail, or in the rear; w
fits Godefroy's quotation about some ships whic
captured, with the exception of one which was *a la cole*
far in the rear to be got at. Hence we may explain *to*
as in the rear of the topsails; *i.e.*, the wind was exact
and not so violent but that the topsails could be spre
what the sailors would call "a wind at will," or w
most desired. The equivalent English expressio
be *topsail-tail*. Perhaps, in the former instance, "with"
force of "towards."

WALTER W. S

IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

TO THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON. By J. E. S. MOORE,
With Illustrations and Maps. (Hurst and Blackett.

pass. Little by little only are the myths clinging to its dark places being disentangled. It is true the *Lunæ Montes* of Ptolemy no longer stray, like a lost caterpillar, athwart the southern face of the continent. Speke's Mountains of the Moon have given place to Stanley's Ruwenzori. The latter, again, must not, in future, be referred to as a single summit, but as a group. Yet when, as late as 1852, Sir Roderick Murchison stated in his Presidential Address to the Royal Geographical Society that Africa was a continent "unique in the stability of its earth surface," he, in common with the rest of the world, spoke in ignorance that active volcanoes were even then smoking within a hundred miles of the Equator. Still later, Stuhlmann, descrying no glaciers within the compass of his vision on the western side of the Ruwenzori ridges, inferred their total absence from the range. Lastly, to multiply no further instances, Tanganyika was long held in question as a lake of uncertain parentage with no outlet; and when both Stanley and Cameron established its connexion with the Congo by the effluent Luakuga, they found the latter river, which to Thomson and Code Horn formerly presented itself as a great stream "whirling away to the west," sluggish to stagnation. Mr. Moore's experience agreed with the later conditions. We may note here a slip of the pen (p. 129) which associates Livingstone and Stanley in the search for this outlet in 1875. By that date Livingstone was in Westminster Abbey. Change, existent and progressive, is the keynote of Mr. Moore's observations on the physical features of the country. Upon each of the three regions—the lakes, the volcanoes, and the Mountains of the Moon—his work has added information of a very valuable and varied nature.

The primary object of the expedition, which owed its main inspiration to Professor Ray Lankester and a small committee of scientific men, was to ascertain the true significance of the presence of marine fauna in Lake Tanganyika, and to seek for any similar occurrence in the other great lakes to the south and north. The answer supplied is conclusive. Neither in Lakes Nyassa and Shirwa below, nor in Kivu, the Albert Edward, and the Albert Nyanzas above were there any marine fauna or traces of there ever having been such. In Tanganyika alone were found not only jelly-fish, but a whole series of mollusca, crabs, prawns, sponges, and smaller things, all distinctly marine in type. Two deductions follow:—These phenomena are not a peculiarity of the fresh waters of Africa in general; they must then be regarded, in the instance of Tanganyika, as relics of a departed sea, which sea the author assigns to the Jurassic period. It must be remembered that the present lake is 2,700ft. above sea and 600 miles from the coast. It appears, therefore, to have once been either a separate sea, or a basin communicating with the ocean by a channel through which its denizens could enter.

Having thus contributed to the settlement of this vexed question, Mr. Moore passed from "the serious pursuit of whelks," and with his companion, Mr. Fergusson, next proceeded to study the conformation of the ridge which, with interruptions, extends northward from Tanganyika to the Mountains of the Moon. Here, again, the impressions arrived at considerably modify the views hitherto entertained. The author's own words will best explain his idea:—

> Take a section of Africa, from east to west, we find that the continent assumes, roughly speaking, the form of an immense hog's back. On the top of the ridge, and running also approximately north and south, are two immensely long and relatively narrow cracks—formed by excessive and

points by astronomical observations for the fir
canoes of Mfumbiro came in sight. These n
figured in the Anglo-German territorial agreeme
up like a dam from the floor of the lake at its
nity, and are the key to the water-sheds of Cen
their formation the whole area of Kivu was
Nile. They exhibit three main cones, the hi
Karisimbi, is computed at 14,000ft. At the sec
Moore accomplished the ascent of the wester
Cha Gungo, and by boiling-point observations o
crater definitely fixed its altitude as 11,350ft.,
within a few feet the figures previously arriv
Götzen.

Between the Albert Edward and the Alb
Mountains of the Moon formed the concludi
traveller's research. From a colgn of vant
obtained an extended view of the whole range.

> It was of importance, as it at once dismiss
> the last remnant of any idea that Ruwenz
> sidered as a single mountain mass. Before us
> range, which looked as vast and formidable,
> as many different elemental peaks as does th
> of the Italian plains of the south. From th
> stood one could see some seventy-five miles o
> in this length there were at least four group
> individual snowy peaks.

With immense labour Mr. Moore climbed
14,900ft., and discovered for the first time t
glaciers in this chain. Before him, in 1895, M
made several ineffectual attempts in the sam
did not reach the actual snow-line. Here, the
field for individual exploration. For the pr
holds the record as the pioneer in touching
ridges. He describes the summits as being c
rather than covered with snow.

We have dealt mainly with the problem
solution by Mr. Moore's efforts. There are
eliciting decided opinions, discussed in his b
probable value to the Empire of what Mr.
termed her "undeveloped estates," and the
present, and future, of the native. But thes
vince of debate and personal conviction. It mu
present limits to indicate that Mr. Moore reg
and the African as somewhat less promising th
nations would fain have them to be. The vo
deserves to be read attentively. It cannot
category of those which treat in a general mann
African types—"the lion, the locust, and the li

OTHER NEW BOO

Guide-Books.

A French writer, M. Alphonse Allais, c
Baring Gould points out in his preface to A Bo
(Methuen, 6s.), that the English tourist in I
characterized by an air of profound *ennui*. Fra
him; he is interested in nothing, and never seem
place save in order to go on immediately to anot
Gould is of opinion that this unfortunate t
counteracted by filling up the deficiencies of

certainly do well to take this with them as a supplement to the ordinary guide-book. The chapter on "architecture" does not pretend to go deeply into the subject, but it should enable any one to acquire sufficient knowledge of the different styles to be able to discriminate between them.

It is possible to forgive a man much if he has as keen an appreciation of good literature as has Mr. F. W. Bockett, the author of the pretty little volume which he calls SOME LITERARY LANDMARKS FOR PILGRIMS ON WHEELS (Dent, 3s. 6d., n.). He has excellent sympathies; he is obviously a lover of old books; and on the whole he chats about his excursions quite pleasantly. Thomas Day and Cobbett; Moor Park, with its memories of the Temples, and Swift, and Stella; Jane Austen's house at Chawton and Gilbert White's at Selborne—they are all treated by Mr. Bockett with a wealth of apposite allusion and quotation. He is a man with a real love of books, and men of this stamp are so rarely found among writers in these days that we cannot but be grateful for what he has given us. And yet—since justice must be done—he has very nearly spoiled the flavour of what should have been an entirely charming book by the perpetual intrusion of a sort of false humour that we should not have expected from so scholarly a writer. The chapter devoted to Charles Kingsley is perhaps the most irritating in this respect. And Mr. Bockett does not keep himself and his personal affairs (including his bicycle) quite so much in the background as we could have wished, from the artistic point of view. Still, his little book makes very pleasant reading, in places; and it has a number of interesting sketches (some of which we reproduce here) by Mr. J. A. Symington. It makes as good a guide-book for Surrey and its neighbourhood as any traveller of literary inclinations could desire, and it has the additional merit of being small, compact, and easy to carry.

[From "Some Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels," by permission of Messrs. Dent.]

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. issue some well-arranged and illustrated guide-books in their series of Shilling Pictorial Guides. That on ABERYSTWYTH contains information for travellers over most of the Southern part of North Wales, including those who may wish to ascend Snowdon and Cader Idris. There are six maps and over sixty illustrations, with appendices for anglers, cyclists, and golfers. ALDEBURGH, in the same way, deals exhaustively with the Suffolk coast round Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Felixstowe, and pays a visit as far inland as Ipswich. FOLKESTONE takes in the coast line of South-East Kent from Pegwell Bay to that most interesting of places—Romney Marsh, and includes such seaside resorts as Sandgate, Hythe, Dover, Deal, Walmer, and Sandwich.

GLASGOW IN 1901 (2s. 6d. n.) is a more ambitious work, written by James Hamilton Muir, illustrated by Muirhead Bone, and published by Wm. Hodge and Co. of Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is well written, and does not confine itself by any

Abbey Church of St. Peter, Bath, Malmesbury Abbe and the Church of St. Lawrence, at Bradford-on-Avon.

Bristol, the Cathedral and See, is another series, compiled by Mr. H. J. L. J. Masse, whi handled by the Rev. W. D. Sweeting. Both of these

[From "Some Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels," by perm Messrs. Dent.]

little handbooks give an exhaustive history and des the respective buildings, while Mr. Sweeting adds an the original monastery at Ely, which seems by the w been a "mixed community," containing religious both sexes. Both volumes are profusely illustrated.

The aim of THE COACHING MAN'S COMPENDIUM which is published at the offices of the *Road*, is to f the gap between the issuing of the Badminton book on and the present day. It is a curious medley of a bi prose, newspaper paragraphs, and lists of the L Provincial coaches for the last few years.

[From "Some Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels," by perm Messrs. Dent.]

Wagner and Bayreuth.

FICTION.

Brown Humanity.

Some of Mr. Clifford's stories collected in BUSH-WHACKING, AND OTHER SKETCHES (Blackwood, 6s.) have appeared before in *Blackwood's* and *Macmillan's* magazines. They are all well worth reading, and some of them are very good indeed. The two best are certainly "Father Rouellot" and "In the Heart of Kalamantan"—which are as good a pair of short stories as you will find anywhere. The author of "In Court and Kampong" knows his corner of Asia thoroughly, and he brings before us with wonderful vividness his Malays, Dyaks, and the country in which they live. It is good for us to know something of these things, and of the men who do their work out there without much in the way of glory or reward, who have to carry through their own little wars in the midst of a heart-breaking jungle, with perhaps a single paragraph in *The Times* to note their failure or success. And we could not have a better guide to the Malay Peninsula than Mr. Hugh Clifford.

Sojourners in Japan.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's new story MARNA'S MUTINY (Hutchinson, 6s.) is quite as entertaining as her "Little Grey Sheep" or "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan." Major de Wesloff is a portly, good-looking, pleasure-loving member of the Scandinavian aristocracy who has accepted the post of Consul at one of the great Japanese ports. His daughter Marna has been educated in Europe and arrives in the Settlement at the age of eighteen with a remarkably strong belief in her own powers of putting the world in order. Her father is devoted to her—but to others also, especially to Mrs. Adair, who uses mauve powder and seems to all but the rather priggish Marna to be a wise and rather pleasant lady. But when a beautiful young girl of high spirit possesses a papa *prodigue* who is generous to a fault there is very likely to be a mutiny. Beneath the shadow of Fuji Mrs. Fraser makes her little play. Lord Kilmorack comes to the Port in his beautiful white yacht with a very agreeable and worldly party of friends. After some difficulties the heroine is given in marriage to Prince Charming, who turns out to be a peer with "a glory of love in his own eyes." But as Marna has "a big sun-true glance" they are well mated, and one is left envying these happy people and the happy author who is at once so clever and so simple, so polite in her description of life and so knowing about externals. The picture of Japan from the Foreign resident's point of view is well done, but Mrs. Fraser is not omniscient. Mr. Le Gallienne is the only writer we remember who believes, as does Mrs. Fraser, that the robin's egg is blue. It is, however, the manner of telling her story which makes her book so interesting. There is constant humour and happy phraseology. "Marna's Mutiny" will give an added pleasure to the *siesta* on such a yacht as the hero's *Aurora* as she lies at peace in the Cowes Roads, or in any other place where a holiday mood permits the reader such a mental refreshment.

Political Intrigue.

One has learnt by this time to look for a stirring story of political intrigue from Mr. Wm. Le Queux, and such we have in HER MAJESTY'S MINISTER (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). He has made something of a "corner" in dangerous diplomacy, the present volume being very much on the lines of his "Of Royal Blood." Embassy balls and crushes where beautiful women rub shoulders with cunning diplomatists, moonlight walks in the course of which designing women spies seek to extract

unsatisfactory than absurd. One learns the
Fourth Dimension from the lady who comes
is supposed to be exquisitely piquant in her cho
is an inhabited plane—invisible to our eyes, b
The Dimensionists are a race "clear-sigh
practical, horsible; with no ideals, prejudi
with no feeling for art and no reverence for life
ethical tradition; callous to pain, weakness
death. . . ." Thus admirably accoutred to
the Fourth Dimensionist comes, sees, and m
ordinary personages of the story. We gather
sionists that we are all sunken in beliefs, tr
worm-eaten with altruism, solaced with crossl
Inheritors will alter all this, and the way t
is certainly world-compelling. No doubt the
deeper meaning in their work than the casual
to discover, but those who admire the novel
will find the surface qualities of "The Inherit
entertaining in themselves. The details of the
and unfamiliar," and there are many excitin
much vigorous character-drawing in this extren
in certain parts highly interesting novel.

An Irish Story.

KITTY'S VICTORIA CROSS (Warne, 6s.) is a
unlike many pretty stories it has also several
Captain Peterson, Kitty herself, and her fr
daughter, who represents a certain type—n
the most common type—of Girton girl.
hand, Kendrick, the American millionaire
convincing. Mr. Robert Cromie writes pleasa
affectation, and he has an eye for stirring e
best things in his book are the description of
Dan O'Mara and the mob of peasantry, and tha
rear-guard action where he won for Kitty he
The episode of the mad scientist, in his haunt
us as out of harmony with the rest of the b
all round, "Kitty's Victoria Cross" is consid
average.

Cosmopolitan Society.

Broken English, intermingled with a la
French phrases, is the order of the day in Mrs. S
shield's novel—THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE LA
6s.). Indeed, a truly cosmopolitan company
round Madame Petrofsky's hospitable board in
Bref when John Quentin makes his appearan
takes the reader some little time to sort them
feat that he has scarcely completed when the
the master of the house scatters the guests like
and renders his labour profitless. About this g
Comte de St. Aubin, there hangs a cloud
family regard him as an inventor, and it is a fac
up parts of the property at intervals with chemi
The practised reader will note that explosion
scale are not essential to the production of m
is Bruno's hobby, and will be prepared for
are a great many characters and much const
the book. In the girl, Gartha, is an excell
precocious French child. The title of the b
little idea of the contents; indeed, we lose
bishop and the lady among the crowd of chara
be interesting to speculate upon the numb

little bay of Hérista, with its princely fisherman, the Dauphin, its old curé, Father Pasquion, and the guests from Paris who come and take part in their lives—all this is drawn with sympathy and discernment. But Conca, the pale siren with clear, ice-cold, passionless, yet strangely musical voice, the Spirit of the Sea embodying at once its cruelty and beauty, is a fantasy in the midst of real people, a something inexplicable intruding in the course of a pretty love-story. It says a good deal for Miss Blisset's imaginative power that Conca does not altogether outrage our sense of possibility. She is of the same family with Elsie Venner, and it is not every novelist who can handle such fantastic spirits with impunity. The novel is ingenious, with some prettily descriptive passages, and some characters that have originality and life.

A Reformed Rake.

The central idea of FRANKS: DUELLIST (Hutchinson, 6s.) is possibly taken from "Barry Lyndon," but Lord Caryl Franks, subsequently Lord Devenne and Earl of Sudmouth by his brother's death, ends as a reformed rake with a happy marriage, and has the good fortune also to render considerable services to his country. Mr. Ambrose Pratt has a fine carelessness of detail. He calmly brings the Great Commoner on the stage and dubs him Earl of Chatham. But these things do not matter to the story, which is brisk and sparkling. This sort of adventure-weaving is not literature; it will be dead in a few months' time, and the world will not mourn over its obsequies; but in the meanwhile it will have amused some hundreds of readers to whom a novel means nothing more than an hour's pleasant excitement. Indeed, as a purveyor of this kind of stuff Mr. Pratt should do well. Here we may find as much fighting and as much ardent love as any reader could safely put away in a summer's afternoon, and, in addition, we meet such heroes of the past as Pitt (even though he masquerades under his father's title), Napoleon, Fouché, Talleyrand, and a host of other celebrities, and you shall find less interesting heroines than Mademoiselle Clarisse. We concede to Mr. Pratt a certain eminence in his gay and careless trade.

Australia.

The injustice meted out to "selectors" of land in Australia in the sixties under the Gavan Duffy Land Act is the main motive of THE WISDOM OF ESAU, by R. L. Outhwaite and C. H. Chomley (Fisher Unwin, 6s.). Perhaps it would be more correct to say that this political or economic fact supplies the background throughout, for although the fact pervades the book this is by no means a didactic novel. The subject is treated artistically and firmly with a due sense of its subordination to the characters that lend the story its chief interest. "The Wisdom of Esau" comes very near to being a great book; a better equipment in a purely literary direction would have made it so. As it is the book is one that stands out from the ruck and will surely command a wide circle of readers. The authors have imported the very atmosphere of the uncleared bush, the solitude of the farmer's life devoted to coaxing an unwilling crop from difficult soil, the haunting misfortune that dogs his every effort to overcome the obstacles of nature and the injustices of man. Toland's character is drawn with great strength. He is the central figure, a man of immense energy and unbounded hope prevented from wresting a sustenance from the land by the sharp practice of squatters and their agents, and such a run of bad luck as it is to be hoped does not frequently pursue the settler. He is, moreover, somewhat of a social rebel whose

have felt inclined to describe as sketches (chiefly graphical) rather than stories. Take the first, and which gives the book its name. Every now and Boldrewood remembers his fictitious personages and be in with a jerk. But for the most part it is palpably talking to the reader on a subject which he prob as much about as any one. The whole book impression of being the direct fruit of experience: an nothing more calculated to interest. Nobody could through without realizing a great deal of the Aust and feeling that if he were suddenly set down in a she it would be familiar ground to him. The style, howev it has the great merits of straightforwardness and al often terribly slipshod. The following will give an id its strength and its weakness.

> Years afterwards he performed similarly [" he horse with a trick of waving his head about], to the ast of a bushranger in Riverina, whose revolver was poin writer's head the while, less anxious indeed for his safety than that old Steamer—such was his appropria should march on, and, having a nervous running m the buggy.

There is a humorous and exciting situation in a sente what a sentence!

TOLD BY THE TAFFRAIL, by Sundowner (Chatto and 3s. 6d.), has a note at the beginning which says: stories have been thrown together during the course of run through the Austral Colonies, the Eastern and Pa and South and Central America. Many of them hav appeared in the *Star* and the *Field*." This leads us exactly what we get—a bright, shallow, amusing set tales, skimming human nature in its various shades, too ephemeral to have been quite worth reprinting times containing some happy idea that deserved long ment. "Sundowner" has a light touch. Nothing writes is tedious. The book is full of a rather facil and is all highly readable.

THE BLUE DIAMOND (Chatto and Windus, 6s.) i fluent pen of Mrs. L. T. Meade. It is a readable story just sufficiently deep in mystification not to be im transparent; but it would be much improved by con and the probabilities are more than once wrenched vi suit the situation. It is the tale of an innocent girl under the suspicion of stealing a valuable stone entrus by a friend. Mrs. Sarah Blossom, the kindly village and Peter Watson, the omnipresent and supernatur cockney lad, are the most "live" characters in the of course, contribute to vindicating the innocen heroine. Mrs. Meade has done more careful and mor work, but "The Blue Diamond" is bright enough t an hour or two.

THE DREAM WOMAN, by Kythe Wilwynne (Fishe 6s.), is an ingenious, but sometimes tedious, account of t who find that they have gone through previous in together, with many blood-curdling adventures. Su should make for the happiness of any married couple; events, reminiscences could never fail them. The the way, would object to our use of the expressio events." She calls it an "odious betting comparis names of her two characters are rather improbably al

LIBRARY NOTES.

As the outcome of Mr. Carnegie's gift of £100,000 the city of Glasgow is to be provided with no less than fourteen district free libraries and reading rooms. They are to be divided into five first-grade, six second-grade, and three third-grade libraries. The estimated annual expenditure on a first-grade library is £950, on a second-grade £800, and on a third-grade £650. This certainly does not err on the side of extravagance. A proposal of the Committee to impose a halfpenny rate is to be further considered.

Mr. Carnegie's latest promises of aid in the establishment of public libraries include £15,000 to Coatbridge, £3,000 to Annan, Dumfriesshire, and £3,000 to Kelso, all conditional upon the adoption of the Acts and the provision of suitable sites. It is a principle with the donor only to help those who are willing to help themselves. The Aberdeen University has been asked by the Carnegie Trustees to draw up a statement regarding the more pronounced wants of the library.

A novel and very practical idea has been carried out by the Mayor of Norwich. In inviting the citizens to a reception, he asked them to bring books to form the nucleus of a workhouse library. This resulted in the receipt of 2,000 volumes. It is conceivable, of course, that these may not all be suitable for the purpose intended.

At the annual meeting of the subscribers of the Paddington (Voluntary) Free Public Library it was resolved to offer the 4,000 volumes forming the collection to the Borough Council, asking them to maintain the library as a rate-supported institution. We hope that this proposal will commend itself to the authorities. They have already been intrusted with the possession and management of the Kensal-town Library, transferred from Chelsea.

The diocese of Southwark has recently become possessed of what should form the foundation of a fine cathedral library. The books consist of the Fathers of the Church in Greek and Latin, with many other erudite works. They form part of a collection made by the Rev. H. R. Bailey, formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge. A special room is being prepared at the Collegiate Church for their reception.

In an able comparison between American and English libraries in *Public Libraries* (Chicago) Mr. A. Keogh says that "an English library will do more work for the same money," and that "the American man cheerfully taxes himself for libraries, but does not use them. The Englishman uses his library more, and takes home books on history, technology, or literature."

The thirty-ninth annual report of the Birmingham Free Libraries is a wonderful record of growth and vitality. The city now possesses upwards of a quarter of a million books, and during the past year 1,260,000 volumes have been issued, an average of 3,435 a day. The Shakespeare memorial library comprises 10,974 volumes, all acquired since the destruction of the original collection by fire in 1879. The most notable event of the year was the bequest of the well-selected library of 7,000 volumes formed by the late Mr. H. Payton Badley, which will be kept separate and distinct.

With the humours of cataloguing and classification librarians are familiar. Library reports, too, sometimes have their lighter side. The following is extracted from the report of a certain public library :—

Sexes	Males	1,519	2,672
	Females	1,013	
	Students	140	

Correspondence.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "GERM

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Our lexicographers are still very u
regard to the origin of this all-important nam
English Dictionary" says :—

> The name (*Germani*) does not appear
> applied to these peoples by themselves or t
> from Teut. sources. A view widely held is
> name given by the Gauls to their neighbou
> derivations suggested are from O. Irish *gair*, ne
> and from Ir. *gairm*, battle-cry (Wachter, Grim

Now with all deference to Mr. Henry Br
German writers whom he, in common with
Dictionary," the veteran Canon Taylor ("N
Histories"), and others, including Mr. Furne
entirely fail to see how they can so gaily overrid
explicit statement of Tacitus that the new nam
gradually adopted by all the Teutonic tribes (
name) from the fear which it inspired when the fir
crossed the Rhine, driving the Gauls before t
themselves in a spirit of bravado :—

> Ceterum Germaniae vocabulum recens et
> quoniam qui primi Rhenum transgressi Gallo
> nunc Tungri tunc Germani vocati sint; ita nati
> gentis, evaluisse paulatim, ut omnes pri
> ob metum, mox etiam a se ipsis invento n
> vocarentur. [Germania, II.]

It seems clear to me that the Celtic derivati
the Celtophil Zeuss and others, including even
which so captivated Littré, are anything but co
apart from the question of their philological soun
can surely be nothing more than the Latin pl
of a Teutonic compound which would be rep
High German and Old Saxon by *heri-man*, in G
(acc. *hari*)-*mannu* = A.-Sax. *here-mann*, "warrior
man" (*cp.* the German Christian name and surn
the Latin initial "g" standing for the very rong
German aspirate, which was almost a guttural-sp
the form of the name was doubtless influenced by
"having the same parents."

We have the analogy of other Germanic nam
"h" was represented in Latin by a guttural-c
e.g., "Hlodowig" (Mod. Ger. "Ludwig")
"Chlodovechus" or "Chlodovisus," whence
"Clovis"; "Hlodhild," Latinized as "Chlode
French "Clotilde"; and "Hlodi," Latinized
whence French "Clodion"; *cp.* "Catti" and
for "Chatti," the well-known Latin renderin
tribal name.

Even in our own language we find instances
in names being gutturalized into the explosives
Gaythorn = Haythorn (Hawthorn), Cawthorn = H
thorpe = Cawthorpe = Hawthorpe; while in dial
find such words as "gawk" for "hawk," vb.;
hreed hawks"; "gole" for "hole," &c.

Of course "German" has previously bee
"a warrior," "a brave," obviously on acco
"ob metum"; but those who hazarded this

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Dickens is not to have it all his own way this autumn. A new uniform edition of Thackeray's works, reprinted from the first editions, and containing—like the forthcoming Oxford Dickens—all the original illustrations is announced by Messrs. Macmillan. There will also be facsimiles of the original wrappers. The new edition will begin in October with "Vanity Fair." Messrs. Macmillan also have in the press an edition de luxe of the Life and Works of Charles Kingsley, to be completed in nineteen volumes, beginning next month with the first volume of the Life and appearing at the rate of one volume a month until "Water Babies" and "Heroes" complete the series in March, 1903. The Life will be reprinted from the original unabridged edition, and will contain a portrait engraved on steel by C. H. Jeens, a photogravure of the bust by Woolner, photogravures of a portrait painted by Mr. Lowes Dickinson and an etched portrait after the same artist.

An important omission was made in the recently published list of forthcoming additions to Messrs. Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" Series—a Life of Ruskin, by Mr. Frederic Harrison. The other volumes in preparation are: "Tennyson," by Sir Alfred Lyall; "George Eliot," by Mr. Leslie Stephen; "Crabbe," by Canon Ainger; "Hazlitt," by Mr. Augustine Birrell; "Matthew Arnold," by Mr. Herbert Paul; "Jane Austen," by the Rev. H. C. Beeching; "Richardson," by Mr. Austin Dobson.

The following biographical works are also announced by Messrs. Macmillan: "The Life of George Grove," by Mr. C. L. Graves; "The Letters of John Richard Green," edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen, and "The Life of the Right Hon. Sir William Molesworth," by Mrs. M. G. Fawcett." Three books of travel are included in the same list—"The Sherbro and its Hinterland," by Mr. T. J. Aldridge, District Commissioner at Sherbro, West Coast of Africa; "Glories of Spain," by the author of "Letters from Majorca," Mr. Charles W. Wood; and "The Island of Formosa: A Complete Account of Its Condition, Political and Industrial," by Mr. James W. Davidson, United States Consul at Formosa. The next volume of the "Highways and Byways" Series will be "The English Lakes," by Mr. A. G. Bradley, illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell. Another illustrated work will be a volume by Canon Capes entitled "Scenes of Rural Life in Hampshire among the Manors of Bramshott," and a new scientific work by Lord Avebury, entitled "The Scenery of England and the Causes to which it is due," will contain both maps and illustrations. The most important illustrated book in Messrs. Macmillan's new list, however, is the five-guinea collection of "Thirty Etchings illustrating the Work of Rudyard Kipling," by William Strang, including the portrait recently reproduced as a supplement in *Literature*. Mr. Kipling's "Kim," by the way, is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan both in the ordinary edition and in a limited *édition de luxe*, uniform with his other works. Another interesting announcement is that Mr. James Lane Allen's "A Kentucky Cardinal, and Aftermath" will appear in a new edition with illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson.

The same publishers announce a volume by Mr. Frederic Harrison entitled "George Washington, and other American Addresses." Among the more important of Messrs. Macmillan's other announcements are: "Philosophy: Its Scope and Method," a course of lectures by the late Professor Henry Sidgwick; "The Growth of Hegel's Logic," by J. B. Baillie; "Addresses on the Acts of the Apostles," by the late Archbishop Benson, with an Introduction by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford; "Notes on Clementine Recognitions," by the late Dr. Hort; Book VII. of the "Stromateis" of Clemens Alexandrinus, edited by the late Dr. Hort; "Handbook to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament," by Dr. F. G. Kenyon; "The Christian Ministry," by the late Dr. Lightfoot.

François de Fénelon, one of the most interesting personali-

on the moon; and the commentary of Benvenuto da I
the "Divina Commedia." Other books announced by
Methuen are "Women and their Work," by the H
Lyttelton; "Sporting Memories" by a well-known M.
Otho Paget; and "English Villages," by F. H. Hitchcock

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly publish
trated book on "A Versailles Christmastide," the te
by Mary Stuart Boyd and the illustrations by A. S. Bo
and Mrs. Boyd collaborated successfully last year
Stolen Summer," a volume on their roundabout tour to
asia and America, published by Messrs. Blackwood.
Chatto's new list also announces "The Reign of Quee
by Mr. Justin McCarthy; "The Adventures of
Monarch," by Robert Barr; "The Joy of Life," by
the uniform edition of Zola's works edited by E
Vizetelly; "Despair's Last Journey," by David
Murray; "The Cat's-paw," by Mrs. Crocker; "The
Cloud," by M. P. Shiel, the author of "The Yellow D
"The Wealth of Mallerstang," by Algernon Gissing
Triumph of Hilary Blachland," by Bertram Mitford
Blind Marriage, &c.," by George R. Sims; "The Cank
Being Episodes of a Woman's Life," by George Manvil
"A Stumble by the Way," by Mrs. Meade; "A F
Finish," by Florence Warden; "Three Men of M
Sarah Tytler; "Judah Pyecroft, Puritan: A Roman
Restoration," by Harry Lindsay; and "As it was Writ
T. W. Speight—which will form the "Gentleman's Ann
1901.

Early in the autumn Messrs. Sonnenschein will
"Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction," by A. Baker,
to the Midland Railway Institute, Derby. To judg
preliminary inspection of the MSS. the compilation a
be a most ambitious attempt to classify and summar
English, Irish, Scottish, or American novel of any im
ever produced. Even Continental novels are given wh
have been translated into English. The books are
according to the nationality of the authors, w
characterizations, dates of first editions, and other in
of the kind. An appendix includes a list of fiction
every period of our history, and the references to othe
deal with practically all the important questions or dep
of life.

Next month the same publishers will publish a v
"Charity and the Poor Law," by S. D. Fuller,
chairman of the Paddington Board of Guardians.
Sonnenschein also announce "Recent Object Lessons
Science," by Mr. A. R. Whiteway, who deals, amo
things, with the suggested "Moral Hospital for
Patients," "The State *versus* the Criminal," "Law's
"Our Criminal Administration," and "The Prison Act
Reports of prison authorities are included, with
Another new book on Criminology—"The Science
logy: the Defence of Society against Crime," by M
Boies (Putnam), is coming from the United States, and
work to be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein, is ex
September. Mr. Boies has had much experience in th
stration of penal laws in the United States—espec
management of convicts in the prisons of Pennsylvania.

Among their educational books Messrs. Sonnenschei
hand "A Parallel of Greek and Latin Syntax,"
Russell, M.A., assistant master at Clifton College. Th
forms one of the Parallel Grammar Series edited by
Sonnenschein, its object being to show the syntax
language at a glance by means of parallel columns.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press
publish in the autumn the first part of the "Index Ani
the preparation of which was undertaken by Mr. t
Sherborn in 1890. The British Association appointed
committee to watch over this work, which is int
supersede Agassiz and Scudder, and be to the student
life what the "Index Kewensis" is to the botanist.

The Cambridge University Press has issued a prosp

mistranslations will be made a feature of the Notes, care will be taken to avoid controversial opinions. The volumes will have as frontispieces photogravure reproductions of emblematic subjects mainly by the great English artists. The Bishop of Ripon will contribute an additional volume, forming an "Introduction to the Study of Scripture." It is also proposed to issue an experimental volume of the "Apocrypha," viz., "Ecclesiasticus." The first two volumes—"Genesis" by Dr. Sayce, Professor of Assyriology in Oxford, and "Exodus" by Dr. Kennedy, Professor of Hebrew and Semitic Languages at Oxford—will be issued in October.

Messrs. Seeley will publish in the early autumn a story by Miss Beatrice Marshall, entitled "Old Blackfriars in the Days of Van Dyck." It will be illustrated by four portraits of Van Dyck's and four views.

Books to look out for at once.

"Arts under Arms: An University Man in Khaki." By Maurice Fitz-Gibbon. Illustrated. Longmans.

"A Short History of the Hebrews to the Roman Period." By the Rev. R. L. Ottley. Cambridge University Press. 5s.

["An attempt to furnish teachers or students of the Old Testament with a sketch of the actual course of Hebrew history, somewhat more consistent with the present state of our knowledge than the text-books now in use." Maps.]

"Dawn of the Reformation." Vol. I. By H. B. Workman. Wesleyan Conference Office. 2s. 6d.

"Epsom, its History and Surroundings." By G. Home. Homeland Association. 6s. net.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

BOTTICELLI. (Monographs on Artists.) By E. STEINMANN. Translated by C. Dodgson. 10×7. 114 pp. Orevel. 4s. n.

[Contains about ninety illustrations, chiefly reproductions of Botticelli's own work.]

BIOGRAPHY.

FROM SQUIRE TO PRINCE. A History of the Rise of the House of Cirksena. By W. P. Doeble. 9×5¾. 157 pp. Unwin. 10s. 6d.

[The story of the gradual rise of the Chief of Gretsyl, or Cirksena, to the dignity of Count and Prince of East Friesland.]

IN MEMORIAM, HARRIETT MEURICOFFRE. By JOSEPHINE BUTLER. 8¼×5½. 208 pp. H. Marshall. 5s.

EDUCATIONAL.

EMARE. (Old and Middle English Texts.) Ed. by A. B. GOUGH. 7¾×5. 39 pp. Sampson Low. 2s. n.

FICTION.

AN EPISODE ON A DESERT ISLAND. By the author of "Miss Molly." 7½×5. 175 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d. n.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER. By MAXWELL GRAY. 7½×5. 224 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

[By a misprint the author of this novel was called "Gray Maxwell" in our "Books to Look out for" last week.]

WOMEN MUST WEEP. By SARAH TYTLER. 7¾×5¼. 312 pp. J. Long. 6s.

SOULS OF PASSAGE. AMELIA E. BARR. 7¾×5¼. 310 pp. Unwin. 6s.

HISTORY.

THE STORY OF KING ALFRED. By SIR WALTER BESANT. (Library of Useful Stories.) 6×3¾. 207 pp. Newnes. 1s.

MODERN GREECE. By SIR R. C. JEBB. 7½×5. 172 pp. Macmillan. 5s.

MODERN EUROPE. Period VIII., 1815-1850. By W. A. PHILLIPS. 7½×5. 575 pp. Rivington. 6s. n.

HISTORY OF FLORENCE. By PROF. P. VILLARI. 8½×5½. 576 pp. Unwin. 7s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

THE ORIGIN OF THOUGHT. By the REV. D. NICKERSON. 7¾×5¼. 409 pp. Kegan Paul. 6s. n.

[Intended for young people of good ordinary education who have not read philosophy.]

POETRY.

PANSIES. By ELSIE MAY. 7×4½. 134 pp. Allen. 3s. 6d. n.

TRANSFIGURATION, and other Verses. By CATHERINE BLUNT and J. FIELDING. 6½×4. 87 pp. Allen. 3s. 6d. n.

PASSION SONNETS, and other Verses. By R. METCALFE. 5¾×4¼. 188 pp. Art and Book Company.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

MY FOURTH TOUR IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA. 2nd Ed. By A. F. CALVERT, F.R.G.S. 11½×9. 300 pp. Dean. 7s. 6d. n.

[A cheaper edition of Mr. Calvert's handsome and profusely illustrated work, first published in 1897.]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House

PROBLEM No. 213, by KARL MUSIL, Bohemia. BLACK. 9 pieces.

WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM A. TROITZ. BLACK.

WHITE.
White to pl

PROBLEM No. 215, by C. H. Coster. Wh K at K 2; R at K Kt sq; Kt at K B 2; pawn Q B 6. Black (7 pieces)—K at K R 4; R at K R 7 pawns at K R 3, K Kt 3, Q R 3, Q Kt 3. Wh win. This is reprinted for comparison with foreg

PROBLEM No. 216, by Dr. Tarrasch.—Wh K at K 2; B at K Kt sq; Kt at Q B 6. Blac at K Kt 6; pawns at K R 6 and K B 5. Wh win.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 200, Varain (3), followed by Kt–Q B 3 ch, &c. If 1. —, K×Kt &c. If 1. —, B–B 3; 2. Kt–Q 2, &c. No. White wins by P–Kt 7, followed by P–B 4 ch Troitzky, the author's idea is 1. Kt–B 6 ch, K &c., but there is no apparent win unless B removed. No. 203, White (2), Q–Q 3. No. 20 (3), key 1. Q–K sq, Kt×Q; 2. Kt–Kt 6 ch, & problem, but apparently cooked by 1. Kt–Kt 6 c B–B 8, &c. No. 205, Reichelm, key K–B 6.

Correct Solvers are A. C. W. (Bromley) 20 Tucker (Ilkley) 200 to 204; M. L. Brinkworth 201; L. G. Hunt (Liverpool), 199, 200, 203; Thoms, 198, 200, 203; Otto Würzburg (Grand Ra 193, 194; H. E. Settle (Temple), 190, 193.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Hastings and St. Leonards C.C. have be tour through the West of England to Cork and Dublin. Wilts, Bath, South Wales, and Cork were all defeated by the visitors, who appear t received all round. This a good object lesson, and may bear fruit.

The Dutch have had a good meeting at Haarlem, Dr. A. G. Ollan in matches against Essex and others recently, taking first prize. visitors from London, Frankfort, and Budapest. Loman is anxious match between London and Holland. It may come about—after the

The Glasgow C.C. has engaged Teichmann (London) as instructo

Liverpool has beaten Edinburgh in a long drawn-out correspond the two games and announcing mate in 45 in the second of these. proved sufficient!

GAME No. XCIV.—Played at Christiania:—

FRENCH DEFENCE.

White. H. Jonsson	Black. T. Crain.	White. H. Jonsson.
1. P–K 4	P–K 3	17. P×Kt
2. P–Q 4	P–Q 4	18. B–Kt 2
3. Kt–Q B 3	Kt–K B 3	19. Kt–Q sq
4. P–K 5 (a)	K Kt–Q 2	20. Q–Kt 4 (e)
5. P–B 4 (b)	P–Q B 4	21. P×Kt
6. P×B P	Kt×B P (c)	22. R×B
7. P–Q R 3	P–Q R 3	23. Kt–B 2
8. P–Q Kt 4	K Kt–Q 2	24. Kt–B 3
9. B–Q 3	P–K Kt 3	25. Q–R 4
10. Kt–Q 2	B–K B 2 (d)	26. Q×R

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish this week a special Illustrated article on Ruskin's life and work, and Mr. E. T. Cook contributes to the number some interesting reminiscences of Ruskin. On page 189 will be found a Ruskin bibliography.

Next week we shall issue a Tolstoy number, with articles by Mr. Aylmer Maude, Mr. Brayley Hodgetts, Mr. G. Calderon, and Mr. Francis Gribble.

The Pan-Celtic Congress opened at Dublin on Wednesday. Next week we shall publish an account of its proceedings written by Mr. A. P. Graves.

* * * *

In our Carlyle number, on August 10, we printed a hitherto unpublished letter, written by Carlyle *à propos* of his work on Cromwell. The name of the recipient does not appear on the letter, but Mr. A. Edmund Spender, from whom we received it, now writes to inform us that Carlyle's correspondent, and the author of the History of Wages mentioned in the letter, was none other than Thomas Ballantyne.

to lose its position as the most literary of the dailies; h discovered a new critic who "shapes well" in the person Chesterton. Possibly he did let the paper lose some lightness of touch for which, thanks to writers like Mr. M'Carthy, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. Whiteing, it h been noticeable; but that was probably due to the ex caution inspired by his own long connexion with a comic Mr. Lehmann is succeeded by Mr. Edwards, hithe manager of the paper.

* * * *

We have had a good many editorial changes of th during the last year or two. But here in England such cause but a mild sensation, everything happens decently order, and we are not permitted even a peep through the when the editorial dispute, if dispute there be, is takin Not so in America. The *New York Times* gives us a ve account of the state of affairs in the office of the C (Ohio) *Press-Post*, which is worth quoting. It reveals con "the like of which," says the *New York Times*, "we heard before," and throws a curious light on the poss of a yellow democratized Press.

The editor of the *Press-Post* begins by stating t had been "astonished and deeply pained" the day upon glancing through the news columns of his pa discover in them a "vicious and insulting article" a the City Board of Equalization, to "each worthy mem which body the editor tenders "an abject apology inexcusable publication of such an outrageous article then proceeds to say that investigation had revealed t offensive article was written by the Court House rep the paper and passed by its city editor, though both have known that it was not news matter, but an utterance of the most vicious kind. Then follows this revelation:—"Mr. Marshall, acting city editor, wa for an explanation, and he flatly disavowed responsibility it to the door of the Court House reporter, Mr. Weibl whom we, the *Press-Post* management, can have no co authority, owing to the regulations recently forced up the organization known as Newswriters' Union, No. being able to obtain any satisfaction whatever fr Marshall, our city editor, and preferring to have no cit at all rather than one so wholly incompetent, Mr. M was politely requested to resign. He refused point And there the episode closes, for the present at least conclusion the editor of the *Press-Post* says:—"W know how long we shall be obliged to suffer Mr. Ma damaging incumbency as acting city editor, but we s to accomplish his removal without much delay, and, me we humbly beg and pray for the charitable indulgenc long-suffering and patient readers."

Communist General Cluseret, might also be reckoned among men of letters in virtue of a volume of reminiscences.

* * * *

It seems to have become the literary fashion in America to attack Mr. Rudyard Kipling. "No swifter fall from favor has ever been known in literature," writes a contributor to the *New York Journal*. "Four years ago this was the most popular of living authors; to-day the sale of his books is merely nominal." The cause of this change of opinion is said to have been the publication of "The Absent-minded Beggar," which revealed the author as "casting about for further feats of national brigandage and shame that he might sing these with all his soul." An alternative explanation might be that certain Americans are angry with Mr. Kipling for urging them to take up the White Man's Burden, which turns out to be heavier than they thought. In any case the fact that the American advance orders for "Kim" amounted to 50,000 copies furnishes an interesting gloss on the remarks of the *New York Journal*.

* * * *

The rise of the journalistic flood may be gauged by a perusal of that useful publication the "Review of Reviews Index to Periodicals" (15s. n.). This work grows and grows. The new volume contains 246 pages, and indexes 192 publications. The preface notes that, in the year 1900, the number of monthlies that disappeared was 13, while 17 others came into existence to fill the vacant places. The current year promises to be more prolific, as there have already been 16 new births, of which the most notable are those of the *Empire Review* and the *New Liberal Review*. The editor further notes "a lull in the production of light illustrated miscellanies"—not before it was time. It appears that the most widely-circulated magazine is *Munsey's*, which sells about 650,000 copies a month.

The Alfred Millenary will take place on September 17, 18, 19, and 20. There will be addresses by Sir John Evans, Sir Henry Irving, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Arrangements have been made with both American and German publishers for the issue of Signor Crispi's memoirs.

Among Signor Crispi's papers has been discovered the manuscript of an unpublished magazine article entitled "Pensando a Bismarck." The statesman's library of 30,000 volumes is to be presented to the city of Palermo.

The King of Sweden is at work on his autobiography, which will be published in two large volumes.

It is stated that Mr. Stephen Phillips is about to write a poetical play dealing with Joan of Arc for production in America.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Henry J. Lincoln, who was secretary to the *Daily News* when Dickens was editor, and succeeded Dickens' father-in-law, George Hogarth, as musical critic.

The edict of the Westminster Town Clerk directing the second-hand booksellers of Charing-cross-road to remove trays and shelves infringing on the pavement has aroused some indig-

Gabriele D'Annunzio's new tragedy, *Fra*
will be produced experimentally at Settignano.

A monument to Madame Clairon, the ac
the principal parts in the principal plays of V
unveiled at her birthplace, Condé-sur-Escaut.

A society called La Société des Aronets ha
Châtenay to institute and maintain an annual
of Voltaire.

"The Vanishing Gift—viz., Imagination,"
lecture which is to be delivered before the
sophical Institution by Miss Corelli.

SONG.

Rise my love, bring in the dawn,
Ope thine eyes upon the night,
Smile the darkness into fawn,
Beam to rosy light.

Peer and glow until the day
Widens on a happy world,
And the thickly blossomed spray
Shimmers dewy-pearled.

Rise and peer and beam and s
Rise, for here thy lover waits,
Rise, for Joy spends weary wh
Chafing at the gates.

Stirring on his chilly bough
Now the thrush's sleep is done;
Beaded leaves are moving now
Restive for the sun.

Comes a fresh of things to be
When thy tender lids are furled;
Comes a silent call for thee
From the waiting world.

Rise and peer and beam and s
Rise, for here thy lover waits,
Rise, for Joy spends weary wh
Chafing at the gates.

Now the dark slow sighs of night
Die into the tingling morn;
Little hushings of delight
Hover incense-borne.

Throw thy leaded casement wide,
Let the rose-breaths soften in;
All the world and I abide;
Day yearns to begin.

Rise and peer and beam and s
Rise, for here thy lover waits
Rise, for Joy spends weary wh
Chafing at the gates!

ARTHUR

Attacks on literary agents are so frequent
topical. Some journalists profess inability to un

agency used to be a regular, and is still an occasional, branch of their own businesses. Long before literary agents were heard of English publishers used, for a stipulated commission, to arrange for the publication of the works of English authors in America, and the practice was never felt to be derogatory to the dignity of any party to the transaction. It served a convenient purpose under the conditions then prevailing. As the conditions became more complicated through the perception of the value of rights in Canada, India, Australia, and on the Continent of Europe, of second serial rights, and of the rights of translation, abridgment, and dramatization, a certain specialization of function inevitably ensued. There sprang up a special class of men to arrange for the administration of literary property, just as there was already a special class of men who arranged for the administration of landed property. Acting as intermediaries, they saved trouble to both parties to a bargain—a fact recognized by the publishers themselves as soon as they had got over the shock of surprise at the new departure. This is the history of the profession of literary agent, and its history contains its justification. The defence, on general grounds, of literary agents who conduct their business properly is now superfluous. Nevertheless, it remains a question whether literary agents are not becoming too great a power in the land, and the recipient of a confidence too blind and undiscriminating. While admitting the great services which they have rendered to many authors, it also seems worth while to point out to authors in general, and more particularly to beginners, some of the reasons why they should hesitate to regard the employment of a literary agent as a royal road to literary success. In the first place, though most literary agents are probably honest, there is nothing to hinder a dishonest man from setting up in business as a literary agent; and it is freely alleged that certain literary agents have taken advantage of their clients in two ways (1) by acting in collusion with dishonest publishers who bribe them to advise the acceptance of bad agreements; (2) by selling their clients' manuscripts at less than their market value in order to save themselves trouble and secure a larger and quicker turnover. It obviously is not worth while to pay a literary agent ten per cent. to do that for you, and it might take a young author a long time to find out that that was what he was doing. In the second place, even the most scrupulously honest literary agent can seldom do as much for the young author as the young author, if he keeps his eyes open, can do for himself. The literary agent differs from, say, the solicitor in that he is acting simultaneously for a number of clients whose interests continually conflict. In any given market—in the case, for instance, of a demand for a serial for a magazine—he can only push A at the expense of B; while the mere fact that he is B's representative prevents B from pushing himself. In the third place, the literary agent, having hundreds of clients on his books, can only, in a few instances, make such a study of a man's work that he will know the man's market as well as the man knows it himself. Finally the intervention of the agent prevents a man from getting to know his own market, and also largely suspends those personal associations between editors and contributors which are not only agree-

Literature Portraits.—XVI.

JOHN RUSKIN.

A biographer has said of John Ruskin that "his the uneventful one of a writer and a student." This i untrue of the period of his activity, with which we a concern ourselves, but largely true of that period of his 1819, when on February 8th he was born at 54, Hunt Brunswick-square, until, at the age of twenty-four, a "Oxford Graduate" published "Modern Painters." a fearless broadside at the whole navy of academic t

PORTRAIT OF RUSKIN IN 1858, BY GEORGE RICHMOND.
[By permission of Mr. George Allen.]

and henceforward his life was one long battle agai weakness and self-consequent conceit and lazy falseho best, lack of truth. It was an "Oxford movement" of far-reaching in its consequences.

"and my father was before me, a violent Tory of the old school—Walter Scott's school, that is to say, and Homer's. I name these two out of the numberless great Tory writers, because they were my own two masters. I had Walter Scott's novels and the 'Iliad' (Pope's translation) for constant reading, when I was a child, on week-days; on Sunday their effect was tempered by 'Robinson Crusoe' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' my mother having it deeply in her heart to make an evangelical clergyman of me. Fortunately, I had an aunt more evangelical than my mother; and my aunt gave me cold mutton for Sunday's dinner, which—as I much preferred it hot—greatly diminished the influence of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the end of the matter was that I got all the noble imaginative teaching of Defoe and Bunyan, and yet—am not an evangelical clergyman.

"I had, however, still better teaching than theirs, and that compulsorily, and every day of the week.

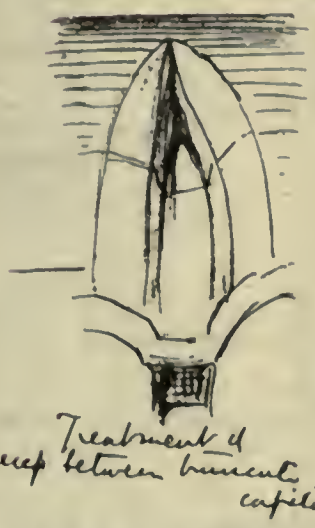
"Walter Scott and Pope's 'Homer' were reading of my own election, and my mother forced me, by steady daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline—patient, accurate, and resolute—I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature. From Walter Scott's novels I might easily, as I grew older, have fallen to other people's novels; and Pope might, perhaps, have led me to take Johnson's English, or Gibbon's, as types of language; but, once knowing the 32nd of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of 1st Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me, even in the foolishest times of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English; and the affectation of trying to write like Hooker and George Herbert was the most innocent I could have fallen into."

The aunt who gave him cold mutton on Sundays was his father's sister; she lived at Bridge-end, in the town of Perth, and had a garden full of gooseberry-bushes, sloping down to the Tay, with a door opening to the water, which ran past it clear brown over the pebbles three or four feet deep; swift-eddying—an infinite thing for a child to look down into.

"My father," adds Mr. Ruskin, "began business as a wine-merchant, with no capital, and a considerable amount of debts bequeathed him by my grandfather. He accep
and paid them all before he began to lay by anyt
for which his best friends called him a fool,
expressing any opinion as to his wisdom, which
matters to be at least equal to mine, have writte
slab over his grave that he was 'an entirely h
As days went on he was able to take a house
Brunswick-square, No. 54 (the windows of it,
me, commanded a view of a marvellous iron po
the water-carts were filled through beautiful
by pipes like boa-constrictors; and I was ne
templating that mystery and the delicious dripp
and as years went on, and I came to be four or
he could command a post-chaise and a pair for t
summer, by help of which, with my mother and
round of his country customers (who liked to se
of the house his own traveller); so that, at a j
through the panoramic opening of the four wi
chaise, made more panoramic still to me becau
a little bracket in front (for we used to h
regularly for the two months out of Long Ac
have it bracketed and pocketed as we liked), I
roads, and most of the cross ones, of England
great part of lowland Scotland, as far as Pert
other year was spent the whole summer; and
the 'Abbot' at Kinross, and the 'Monastery' in
I confused with 'Glendearg,' and thought that
had as certainly lived by the streamlet in t
Ochils as the Queen of Scots in the island of Lo

"To my further great benefit, as I grew
nearly all the noblemen's houses in England,
healthy delight of uncovetous admiration pere
as I could perceive any political truth at all, that
much happier to live in a small house and have
to be astonished at than to live in Warwick C
nothing to be astonished at; but that, at all e
not make Brunswick-square in the least u
habitable to pull Warwick Castle down. A
though I have kind invitations enough to visit
not, even for a couple of months, live in a coun
as to possess no castles.

"Nevertheless, having formed my notion of
from the FitzJames of the 'Lady of the Lake,'
from the Douglas there and the Douglas in 'Ma
wonder soon arose in my chil
castles should now be always en
was there, but no Archibald of
but no knight of Snowdoun. Th
gardens of England were be
but his Lordship and her Lady
in town, said the housekeepers
Deep yearning took hold of m
'Restoration,' which I began sl
Charles the Second had not alte
though I always wore a gilded
piously in my button-hole on t
It seemed to me that Charle
Restoration had been, as con
Restoration I wanted, much as
apple to a real apple. And as I
desire for sweet pippins instead
and Living Kings instead of dea
to me rational as well as roman



Casa Farsetti. Central Pillars, Upper Arcade. From Original MSS. of "The Stones of Venice." [By permission of Mr. George Allen.]

Childhood.

"I lived until I was more than four years old in Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, the greater part of the year, for a few weeks in the summer breathing country air by taking lodgings in small cottages (real cottages, not villas, so-called) either about Hampstead or at Dulwich, at 'Mrs. Ridley's,' the last of a row in a lane which led out into the Dulwich fields on one side and was itself full of buttercups in spring and blackberries in autumn. But my chief remaining impressions of those days are attached to Hunter-street. My mother's general principles of first treatment were to guard me with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain or danger; and, for the rest, to let me amuse myself as I liked, provided I was neither fretful nor troublesome. But the law was that I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were at first allowed, and the pity of my Croydon aunt for my monastic poverty in this respect was boundless. On one of my birthdays, thinking to overcome my mother's resolution by splendour of

[illegible] saw in toy-shops a bunch of keys to [illegible] as long as I was capa[illegible] of pleasure in what [illegible] and jingles; as I gr[illegible] I had a cart and a la[illegible] when I was five or [illegible] old two boxes of [illegible] wooden bricks. Wi[illegible] neatest but, I still [illegible] entirely sufficient pa[illegible] and being always s[illegible] whipped if I cried, d[illegible] as I was bid, or tu[illegible] the stairs, I seem[illegible] serene and secure m[illegible] life and motion; a[illegible] pass my days contem[illegible] tracing the squares [illegible] paring the colours [illegible] carpet—examining t[illegible] in the wool of the [illegible] counting the bricks [illegible] opposite houses; w[illegible] turous intervals of ex[illegible] during the filling of t[illegible] cart, through its leath[illegible] from the dripping iro[illegible] the pavement edge; o[illegible] more admirable proce[illegible] the turncock when h[illegible] and turned till a [illegible] sprang up in the mid[illegible] street. But the car[illegible] what patterns I coul[illegible] bed-covers, dresses, [illegible] papers to be examine[illegible] my chief resources, and my attention to the particulars in t[illegible] soon so accurate that when at three-and-a-half I was take[illegible] my portrait painted by Mr. Northcote I had not been te[illegible] alone with him before I asked him why there were holes in hi[illegible] . . . My mother had, as she afterwards told me, solemnly [illegible] me to God' before I was born—in imitation of Hannah.

"Very good women are remarkably apt to make a[illegible] their children prematurely in this manner, the real [illegible] of the pious not being, that, as the sons of Zebedee are[illegible] at least they hope not), to sit on the right and left of C[illegible] His kingdom, their own sons may perhaps, they think, [illegible] be advanced to that respectable position in eter[illegible] especially if they ask Christ very humbly for it every d[illegible] they always forget in the most naive way that the pe[illegible] not His to give!

"'Devoting me to God' meant, as far as my moth[illegible] herself what she meant, that she would try to sen[illegible] college and make a clergyman of me; and I was acc[illegible] bred for 'the Church.' My father, who—rest be to h[illegible] had the excessingly bad habit of yielding to my mother [illegible] things and taking his own way in little ones, allowed me [illegible] saying a word, to be thus withdrawn from the sherry [illegible] an unclean thing; not without some pardonable partici[illegible] my mother's ultimate views for me. . . .

"When I was about four years old my father fo[illegible]

His Education.

"My present verdict, therefore, on the general tenor of my education at that time must be that it was at once too formal and too luxurious; leaving my character, at the most important moment for its construction, cramped indeed, but not disciplined; and only by protection innocent, instead of by practice virtuous. My mother saw this herself, and but too clearly, in later years; and whenever I did anything wrong, stupid, or hard-hearted—and I have done many things that were all three—always said, 'It is because you were too much indulged.'"

When he was seven years of age Ruskin had his first lesson in Latin, and when he was "eleven or going on for twelve" a Doctor Andrews initiated him in Greek. The doctor, it afterwards turned out, knew little more of Greek than the letters and declensions of nouns; but he wrote the letters prettily and had an accurate and sensitive ear for rhythm. "He began me with the odes of Anacreon, and made me scan both them and my Virgil thoroughly, sometimes, by way of interlude, reciting bits of

"It must have been in the spring of 1831 tha
step was taken of giving me a drawing master.

"I suppose a drawing master's business can o
blished by his assertion of himself to the public
of a style, and teaching in that only. Neverthel
man's memory sustains disgrace in my mind in
impulse nor even indulgence to the extraordina
drawing delicately with the pen point. Any w
was done thenceforward only to please myself.
gave me nothing but his own mannered and inef
to copy, and greatly broke the force both of my

"Yet he taught much and suggested more.
perspective, at once accurately and simply—an
teaching. He compelled me into a swiftness and
which I found afterwards extremely useful, tho
just called the 'force,' the strong accuracy
lost. He cultivated in me—indeed, founded—t
ing for the essential points in the things drawn,

MR. RUSKIN IN HIS STUDY, BRANTWOOD.

Shakespeare to me with force and propriety. The Anacreontic metre entirely pleased me, nor less the Anacreontic sentiment. I learnt half the odes by heart merely to please myself, and learned with certainty what in later study of Greek art it has proved extremely advantageous to me to know, that the Greeks liked doves, swallows, and roses just as well as I did.

"In the intervals of these unlaborious Greek lessons, I went

them decisively, and he explained to me the mea
ance of composition, though he himself could not

"On my thirteenth (?) birthday, Februa
father's partner, Mr. Henry Telford, gave me R
determined the main tenor of my life.

"At that time I had never heard of Turn
well-remembered saying of Mr. Runciman's that

doubt painful, love passage with Adèle Domecq, his father's partner's daughter, by a letter from Christ Church advising the elder Mr. Ruskin that there was room for his son's residence in the January term of 1837, and that he must come up to matriculate in October of the instant year, 1836.

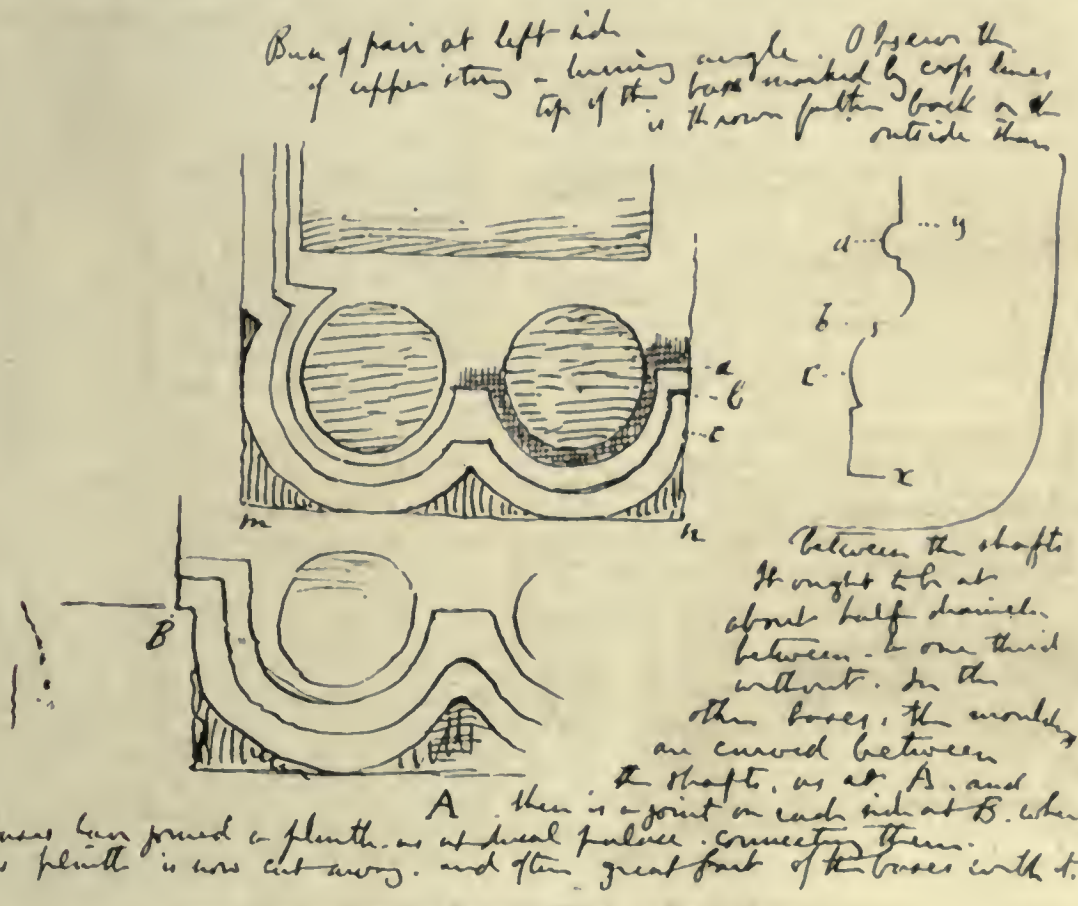
Oxford.

He was entered as a Gentleman-Commoner, and remembered long after, as if it were yesterday, the pride of first walking out of the Angel Hotel, and past University College, holding his father's arm, in his velvet cap and silk gown.

"That walk to the schools and the waiting outside the Divinity School, in comforting admiration of its door, my turn for matriculation, continue still for me, at pleasure. But I remember nothing more that year, nor anything of the first days of the next, until early in January we drove down to Oxford, only my mother and I, by the beautiful Henley-road, weary a little as we changed horses for the last stage from Dorchester; solemnized, in spite of velvet and silk, as we entered among the towers in the twilight, and after one more rest under the domestic roof of the Angel I found myself the next day at evening, alone, by the fireside, entered into command of my own life, in my own college room in Peckwater.

"Fortunately for me—beyond all words, fortunately—Henry Acland, by about a year and a half my senior, chose me, saw what helpless possibilities were in me, and took me an excellent college tutor, and, later on, for a privat entirely right-minded and accomplished scholar, Gordon."

Ruskin was chiefly distinguished among his Univ temporaries by his devotion to physical science, geology and mineralogy, and by his love of art, both th unusual at Oxford. After taking his degree in 1842, h on the Continent and gave himself to work in wat chiefly under Harding, Prout, and Copley Fielding. But life had been retired. He had taken little share in t ments of the place. He was more given to talking ov with Mr. Wyatt, the print-seller, than to such subject interest other "Gentlemen-Commoners" of Christ C one night a dozen of these and their friends det "draw" the genius. It was a habit of his to go to mindful of the precepts and the practice of Denmark II the invaders broke down his "oak" and rushed int He was there to receive them in his dressing-gown.



Details of the Casa Farsetti from the original MSS. of "The Stones of Venice."
[By permission of Mr. George Allen.]

men," he said, with a sweet smile and with his exqui "I am sorry I cannot now entertain you as I should my father, who is engaged in the sherry trade, has my power to invite you all to wine to-morrow evening. come?" The rioters were overcome.

It is not merely as an instance of Ruskin's influ men that we give this well-known anecdote, b

And Oxford owes him more than a mere return of the affection. For years Oxford knew the spell of his immediate utterance; for years he was, in a peculiar sense, an integral part of her working life. To Oxford he gave, which was good, her splendid collection of pictures; to Oxford he gave, what was better, the best fruits of his intellect at its best. In 1839 he gained the Newdigate Prize with a juvenile and eclectic poem upon the wholly unusual subject of "Salsette and Elephanta," and if his mind had been cast in other mould he might have fossilized into the pedagogue.

"Modern Painters."

Fortunately other forces were at work, other influences agitating the often turgid Oxford air, and the preface of the first edition of "Modern Painters," published in 1843, ascribes the origin of the book to "indignation at the shallow and false criticisms of the periodicals of the day on the works of the great living artist to whom it principally refers." Indignation—that was the impulsing force. Intended at first for a mere pamphlet, his work had grown in the author's hands into a treatise on art, to which he was forced, he said, "to give the more consistency and completeness because it advocated opinions which to the ordinary connoisseur he knew would sound heretical." His motive, he asserted, was not zeal for any individual reputation, but a sense of imperative duty, bidding him "come forward to declare and demonstrate, wherever they exist, the essence and the authority of the beautiful and the true." The opposition to the theories and doctrines set down without fear or hesitancy was great, but the popularity of the book was equally great; and when by 1846 he published a second and a third edition, he was able to announce that "heavier ships were following his leading vessel into action," and that his first published volume was little more than an introduction to the mass of evidence and illustration he had yet to bring forward, his object being nothing less than to set forth in full the relations of landscape art to the laws of nature—"to bring to light, as far as might be in his power, that faultless, ceaseless, inconceivable, inexhaustible loveliness which God has stamped upon all things, if man will only receive them as He gives them." Finally, it would be his endeavour, he said, to trace the operation of all this in men's hearts and minds, to exhibit the function and end of art, and to show how it should share our thoughts and influence our lives; "to attach to the artist the responsibility of a preacher, and to kindle in the general mind that regard which such an office must demand."

"I have been ordered to endeavour to make," said he, "our English youth care somewhat for the arts, and must put my uttermost strength into that business, for which end I must clear myself of all sense of responsibility for the material distress around me, by explaining to you, once for all, in the shortest English I can, what I know of its causes; by pointing out to you some of the methods by which it might be relieved; and by setting aside regularly some small percentage of my income to assist, as one of yourselves, in what, one and all, we shall have to do, each of us laying by something according to our means for the common service, and having among us, at last, be it ever so small, a national store, instead of a national debt—store which, once securely founded, will fast increase, provided only you take the pains to understand, and have perseverance to maintain, the elementary principles of human economy, which have of late not only been lost sight of, but wilfully and formally entombed under pyramids of falsehood."

' impression on the mind ' does not mean a piece
The way in which most artists proceed to ' inven
it, a picture is this—they choose their subject, fo
well, with a sufficient quantity of towers, mo
cottages, and other materials, to be generally int
they fix on some subject for a principal light; b
put a dark cloud, or, in front of it, a dark piece
then they repeat this light somewhere else in a
connect the two lights together by some interm
they find any part of the foreground uninteres
group of figures into it; if any part of the distance
thing there from some other sketch, and proc
detail in the same manner, taking care alway
stones near black ones, and purple colours near y
angular forms near round ones—all this being as
of recipe and practice as cookery, like that, not
thing easily done well, but still having no referen
' impressions on the mind.' "

It is quite remarkable that Ruskin, with th
rooted in his mind, should not have perceived
his idol, Turner, the Meyerbeer among artists, tr

But to proceed:—"The artist who has real i
work in a totally different way. First, he rec
pression from the place itself, and takes care
that as his chief good; indeed, he needs no car
for the distinction of his mind from that of other
instantly receiving such sensations strongly and
lose them; and then he sets himself, as far as po
duce that impression on the mind of the s
picture." He also said, and often, "Draw what y
you know." The principle he lays down on fini
soundest canons of art. By finish Ruskin means
he means that a picture should tell what story it
the greatest possible directness and the greatest
But distinctly he does not mean that a compo
weakened by insistence on a multitude of seconds

As Art Critic.

Speaking of him without reserve, Mr.
wrote:—"Over and over again we find him so
his desire to make a strong point of the ide
moment was predominant in his mind that he a
totally forgotten that he had laid the reverse
another occasion." "Modern Painters" is a
eloquence and enthusiasm, and in some por
the chapter on cloud forms, really instructive i
problem of the translation of the appearance
painting. But the contradictions of principle i
faced and preposterous as to nullify any value w
supposed to have, and which the author evident
to have as a didactic treatise on art.

When we come to consider Ruskin as a critic
the case is rather different. He has done more th
to awaken in the public an interest in architect
again, he is an entirely false guide, not so m
sistency as from an inadequate grasp of the
Stones of Venice" is, in its way, a wonderf
splendid passages, full of suggestiveness; bu
textbook or analysis of architecture in general
architecture in particular, it is one tremendo
beginning to end. The book on architecture which
its place is "The Seven Lamps," not as a g

truth on which Mr. Ruskin's mind had been concentrated for the moment.

His artistic sympathies had their limits. He was wedded to the Harding method, and never took to the "oily medium." He did not appreciate Constable, and his devotion to the early painters of Italy did not extend to those of the Dutch school; although he copied Rembrandt as a young man, he subsequently vehemently denounced him. Rossetti, indeed, said that his work was not criticism, but brilliant poetical rhapsody. It was admiration for Turner that originally prompted him to write, and Turner, with whom modesty was not a fault, was not wholly pleased with Ruskin's panegyrics. No painter in the world, or any other human being, ever reached the eminence attributed to Turner in such a sentence as this:—"He is above all criticism, beyond all animadversion, beyond all praise. His works are not to be received as in any way subjects or matters of opinion, but of faith."

We are beginning, some of us, to feel that the worship of Turner is overdone. The barber's son saw Nature with an extraordinary power of vision, but he very rarely painted it as other men see it. He, surely, painted what he knew rather than what he saw. It is the conflagration of art rather than the calm, deliberate, but withal tender and loving realization of Nature. Many of us, moreover, have come to reckon as no insult the "flinging of a paint-pot" in the face of the public by such an one as Whistler. Corot, Mauve, Millet, Maris, Troyon, Monticelli, and Daubigny may have had no existence for Ruskin, but their influence for good upon art will be ultimately greater than that of Turner—at any rate, of Turner the oil painter. Ruskin, in his unstinted admiration, may have unconsciously limited his estimate of his idol to his fascinating work in water colour. The real good his teaching did may be given in the words which *Mr. Punch* puts into the mouth of the despairing artist:—

I paints and I paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry;
Till savage Ruskin
Sticks his tusk in,
And nobody will buy.

What a mercy that there was a Ruskin to stick his tusk in!

As a Draughtsman.

The influence of his draughtsmanship was only second to his power of teaching by the written work, and against the impatient remark of Sir E. J. Poynter that the critic was "ignorant of the practical side of art," we have Mr. H. H. Statham, a good judge of architectural draughtsmanship, saying:—"It seems rather odd that so little has been made, either by Ruskin himself, or his admirers, of his own incontestable gifts as an artist. He might unquestionably have been a landscape-painter of no ordinary calibre had he chosen to devote himself to that art, and as an architectural draughtsman he was perhaps unequalled when at his best. It is one of the most curious among the many paradoxes connected with him that, while he once emphatically declared that a man can hardly draw anything without benefiting himself and others and can hardly write anything without doing mischief, he should nevertheless have chosen to comparatively neglect his artistic capabilities in order to become one of the most voluminous writers of his age." Mr. Statham appears to forget, however, that the means of reproducing the written words were, fifty years ago, much more

Protestantism; afterwards he could not reconci beliefs with the facts of life as he saw them, reconstruct his creed from the foundations. Until he he was a philanthropist, working heartily with o definite cause, and hoping for the amendment of wro a social upheaval. Even in the beginning of 1860, in hi before the House of Commons Select Committee Instruction, he was ready with plans for amusing and ing the labouring classes, and noting in them desire for improvement. But while his readiness personal sacrifice, in the way of social and ph experiment, and his interest in the question were inc became less and less sanguine about the value of suc the Working Men's College, and less and less ready to with others in their schemes. He began to see that n at social breakages was really worth while; that far u sive repairs were needed to make the old ship seawor

Much unendurling capital has been made by de Ruskin's change of front consequent upon a ready acc the teachings of Carlyle—whom he characteristically master." But the change is more apparent than one of direction than of intention. In reality both working for the same ideals, and Ruskin came to regar methods as the more direct and certain—and adopted was the act of a courageous and large-minded man ceived the greater truth as Carlyle perceived it, a something of the other's methods as soon as he co to be better than his own.

Road Making and Scavenging.

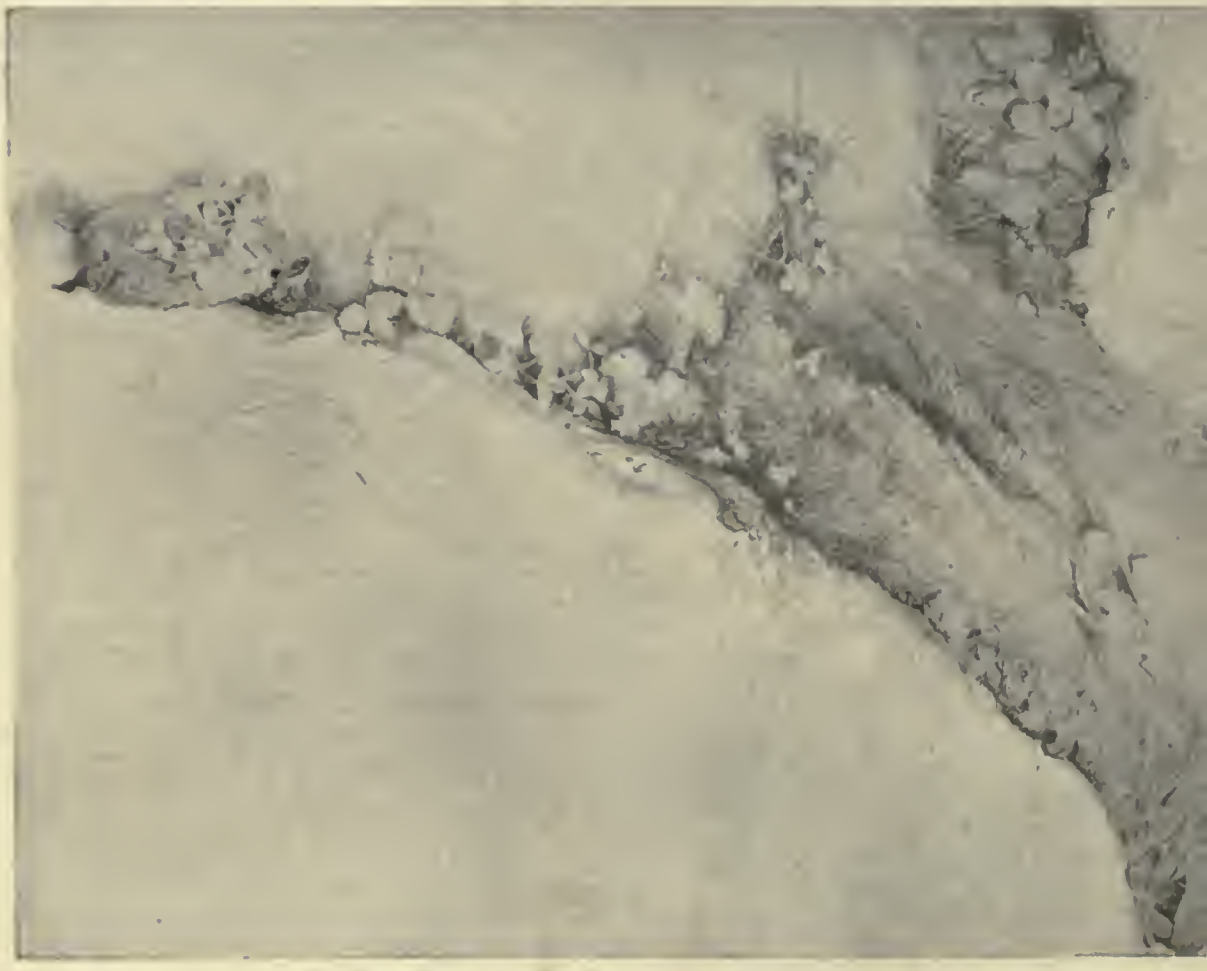
Ruskin was nothing if not minutely painst inquiringly practical. We see these qualities in his than in his practice. The minute accuracy of his draw him, singularly enough, into the closest fellowship who perpetrated one of the severest lampoons upon drawing of mosses and wild strawberries from the Ox tion which we reproduce might have been done by Sandys—the pictorial parodist of "Sir Isumbras at the well-known caricature with "J. R." brandsd up near hind-quarter. "Half of my power of ascertaini any kind connected with the arts is in my stern hal the thing with my own hands till I know its difficul so, before he led his band of undergraduates to ma road at Hincksey, he "sat with an iron-masked st on his heap to break stones beside the London-road, Iffley Hill," till he "knew how to advise my te pupils to effect their purposes in that matter, inste ing the heads of their hammers off (a serious item i expenses)." Similarly, before he set his gang of s scavengers to keep the gutters between the British M Seven Dials clean, "I learned" said he, "from an I crossing sweeper what he could teach me of swe again and again I swept bits of St. Giles's foot showing my corps of subordinates how to finish into of the gutter." "What greatness any among us is c he says, "will be attained by beginning in all qu hopefulness to use whatever powers we may posses sent the things around us as we see and feel them; the close of life to give the perfect crown to the co labours, and knowing assuredly that the determina degree in which watchfulness is to be exalted int rests with a higher will than our own."

the book from the author to the reader. He had met in 1854, in his drawing class at Great Ormond-street, a student, George Allen by name. For three years from 1857, Mr. Allen was learning under Mr. Ruskin's guidance engraving and etching from Le Keux and mezzotint from Thomas Lupton. Then the publishing business ("planted in the middle of a country field" in 1871) started operations and was very soon a pronounced success.

"Fors Clavigera" was the first book issued, and of this Mr. Ruskin says:—"It cost me £10 to print 1,000, and £5 more to give a picture, and a penny off my sevenpence to send you the book; a thousand sixpences are £25; when you have bought a thousand 'Fors' of me, I shall therefore have £5 for my trouble, and my single shopman, Mr. Allen, £5 for his; we won't work for less, either of us. And I mean to sell all my large books, henceforward, in the same way, well printed, well bound and at a fixed price; and the trade may charge a proper and acknowledged profit for their trouble in retailing the book. Then the public will know what they are about, and so will the tradesmen. I, the first producer, answer to the best of my power for the quality of the book—paper, binding, elegance and all; the retail dealer

His Politics.

Where Ruskin failed to convince in his son
Ethics, he failed in good company—in the com
diverse as Gladstone, Cobden, Newman, and M
However monstrous in the eyes of those who take
the mainspring of human action is Ruskin's pol
teaching, it is throughout disinterested and elev
ness in the eyes of its assailants is that it is base
a view of character, of the claims of public d
possibilities of citizenship. His efforts produ
Guild or Company of St. George, an association
tion of good and honest work, "plain living and
Its object and the vow of its companions are purely
tian, assuming the goodness of God and the dignity
as postulates, and inculcating honour, honesty, ind
gentleness, and obedience to authority and law.
so old, and yet, as a national concern, so imperfe



MOSS AND WILD STRAWBERRY.

A Pencil Drawing by Ruskin in the University Galleries, Oxford. (By permission of Mr. Alexander Macdonal

His Teaching.

The corner-stones of his teaching were
standard of all excellence, and nature the inspir
and great art; that the finish which forwards
slide; that brilliancy and effort at invention, a

was best in spiritual democracy. Of what may be called his democracy in a more exact sense I have confessed that I have nothing to say. In spite of some weighty testimony, I cannot regard it as even a very strong influence from him on his time; it seems to me rather the vivid expression of a strong influence upon him from others. But it sprang from that central core of his teaching, his belief in beauty as a Divine Sacrament. For this belief involves the conviction that this table of the Lord must be open to all. From that feast none must be shut out. And the discovery that whole classes are shut out, that the bulk of the world's workers cannot see the beauty of a tree or a flower, because sordid cares and physical wretchedness weave an opaque veil before their eyes—this discovery made Ruskin a Socialist. Why, he seemed always saying, should a message, in its nature universal, be silenced by luxury on the one hand as much as by penury on the other? The feverish hunt for wealth curtains off the influence of Nature almost as much as the desperate struggle with poverty, while the commercial development which creates a few millionaires and a mass of overdriven workers (so he reasoned) creates also a hideous world. He longed to spread the truly human life. He hated the phase of civilization which cut off, as he thought, from whole classes of men the power to drink in the message of Nature and of Art with incomplete sympathies." "Mr. Ruskin," says another thoughtful critic, "unites uncommon intensity of feeling with great logical acuteness, singular command of illustration, rare eloquence of style, and a power of concentrating all those on the matter immediately in hand which raises whatever excellence he may be commending into exclusive importance for the moment, and makes the fault or evil tendency he may be condemning for the time being the very head and front of all offending. This penetrative and illustrative faculty, exerted, as it is wont to be, on one thing at a time, throws a light on the object under investigation so intense that for the moment nothing else is visible."

As Philanthropist and Writer.

That he practised what he preached in things other than stone-breaking and scavenging was obvious. His charities and gifts in aid of all he thought worthy of help were unstinted, and, having inherited a hundred and seventy thousand pounds, he died worth comparatively little, even if we include the value of the art treasures he left behind him. He spent himself, his fortune, and finally his mental health in what seemed at the time a vain struggle, as many a saint and prophet has spent himself before. He was one of the *Dii majores* of the Victorian age. Authoritative voices have done justice to the immortal services that have been rendered by this incomparable art critic, to the originality of his views, the splendour of his style, and, above all, his fascinating personality. He was a preacher of righteousness and truth in all things, who, penetrated as he was with the spirit of Holy Scripture, taught with enthusiasm, eloquence, and wisdom that the personal relation of God to man was the source of all virtue. His mind was critical, polemical, and investigatory, but, unlike his master, Carlyle, his nature was gentle almost to womanliness. He was ever a humble and earnest student of nature and a fearless lover of truth. What better can be said? Nor is the style less formed and less distinctive than the doctrine. We find in full finish the rhythmical and richly-coloured language, the use of alliteration and climax, the fervid glow, the ready rise into dithyramb or denunciation, and the power of word-painting, carried often to a pitch of colour and a passion of rapture or disgust which to some less enthusiastic to refuse it without reviling." But there are some cannot refuse without reviling.

Personal Influence.

Much of Ruskin's influence lay in his extraordin fascination. Seldom was any man so sympathetic, so uniformly and invariably courteous; rarely w unfailingly and miraculously eloquent. He was the times, and to all men. I have seen him describe in person, careless in dress, and nervous in manner." he was an old, almost broken, man when I first Oxford, this is not my memory of him. I may have unconsciously, his stature by the estimate which with whom I met him, set upon his intellectual His figure was spare, as became the ethereal lifel but the face, rough at the first glance, changed, i guised joy of meeting one who in his way fought a noble and the good, to an expression of great kind there was sensitiveness, if you like, but no nervous the thin mouth and in the clear, deep eyes. He what I had expected to see, most unlike and yet so li

BRANTWOOD.
[From a Drawing by Charles Whymper.]

whose personality was early and often impressed upo of the late Canon Liddon. There was little of the about him then, but he had many of the personal which I had been taught to associate with the gian days, that marvellous band of men in the Oxford Has there ever been an intellectual movement like it

married when he was twenty-nine and she nineteen, and who, after causing Ruskin the seven most miserable years of his life, dissolved the marriage tie to become the wife of John Everett Millais, there is little to say except that she died, as also did Millais, before Ruskin. Mr. Ruskin himself considered it too private a matter to tell the world about. The later years of his life at Brantwood were sweetened and his waning strength husbanded by the never-tiring, never-complaining affection of his cousin, born Miss Joan Agnew, but best known as Mrs. Arthur Severn, who together with her husband and her children made common home with him and shared the sheltered simplicity of his life.

Very little remains to be said, and no man can foretell the length or breadth of the influence of this ethereal-minded thinker. His message to his friends in 1891 is his message to us to-day, and it is in this wise :—" Say to my friends in the Oxford Museum from me, may God bless the reverent and earnest study of nature and of man, to His glory, to the better teaching of the future, to the benefit of our country, and to the good of all mankind."

A prophet in very truth ! And as on that winter's afternoon at Brantwood a little more than a year ago the restless, powerful spirit left him silent amongst the level mists that hung motionless and grey over the long lawns by the lake shore, when the silence of lawn and wood was completed, and all his thoughts were of those whom he was to meet no more, the words of Carlyle come back to us—that John Ruskin was the only man in England who was carrying out his ideas. And from Ruskin, in his turn, the saying that Tolstoy stood for the movement for which he himself had worked helps us to the belief that, where the labour is, there will the labourer be found also. Ruskin died, as he had lived, in that sure and certain hope of a Resurrection which revealed itself throughout his life and his work. Who shall grudge such a one a few purely human foibles ?

WALLACE L. CROWDY.

Next Saturday a new Ruskin Museum is to be opened at Coniston, including many interesting articles contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn and Mr. W. G. Collingwood. To Mr. Collingwood was largely due the organization of the Ruskin Exhibition held at Coniston last summer, and to this Exhibition may be traced the institution of a permanent

SOME RUSKINIAN
A "Personal View"

By E. T. COOK.

The time during which I enjoyed the privileg correspondence and conversation with Mr. Ruski his second appointment to the Slade Professorship his final withdrawal into seclusion at Brantwood i It was a time of broken health with him and of inte Any one who compares the first course of lectures professorship), on " The Art of England," with " The Pleasures of England," will see, as it we gathering. I was commissioned to report these l *Pall Mall Gazette*, and it was not always easy latter series in a coherent form. I was amused, but surprised, when my editor received a letter from professor of that day suggesting that there were being delivered at that seat of learning perhaps ex getting into the newspapers. It must be confessed shadowy sketch of English history—or, rather, of sn in national feeling and character, which he entitled " of England "—is among his least admirable works was suddenly broken off, and he delivered in remainder two or three others on disconnected was on " Birds and How to Paint Them " ; anoth scape." These (which have not been published of Ruskin's old power and charm. The contrast It was in the return to nature that he found stren The last chapter written by Ruskin for publi epilogue of 1888 to " Modern Painters." He wrote describes, " beneath the cloudless peace of Chamonni, what must be the really final words of their beauty inspired and their strength guided."

It was a happy thought on Professor Norto then state of Ruskin's health, to suggest to his should write his autobiography. Among the thoughts " of his childhood, youth, and earlier m recovered equanimity, and the pleasure which tenacious memory gave him expressed itself in p ful grace and felicity. It is remarkable, too, t called " word-painting "—a phrase, by the way, detested in its application to his work—" Pret book, shows full command of his powers. Wher examples of his skill in description of landscap Matthew Arnold, in his " Essays in Criticism," illustration of the supreme power of prose in thi from the third volume of " Modern Painters," Swiss meadows. Dr. Waldstein, in his study of R this purpose to a description in the first volu history during one day as viewed from the Alp quoted perhaps than any other passage is the " Seven Lamps," of the pastures of Champagnol Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, as appears from

he said, to be mainly descriptions and memories of places that he loved—" The Rainbows of Glessalach," for instance. " I feel," he said, " that I can still write as well as ever I could." But, alas! the clouds descended before he was able to give any contents to the titles. It is probable, however—if we may judge from the samples of Ruskin's letters to his parents given in the new edition of Mr. Collingwood's Life—that the presently forthcoming volumes of his letters will in some sort be a continuation of " Praeterita."

Of his books on art Ruskin preferred his Oxford lectures, and especially the introductory course (1870). This book expressed his most mature views, in the most carefully considered words, and he used to speak of his disappointment that it was not more often referred to by his critics. In the preparation of his earlier Oxford lectures he took the greatest pains. They cost him more labour in the composition, he once said, than any of his other books. This, I think, is interesting, for the effect ultimately produced in the best of the lectures is one of great ease. Their style is simpler, less elaborate, less self-conscious than that of his earlier and better-known writings. Professor Norton, in one of his prefaces to Ruskin (too little known in this country), well says of what we may call Ruskin's Oxford style, that it is " not a style of purple patches, but its whole substance is crimsoned with the passionate feeling that courses through the eager and animated words. . . . It makes no such direct claim to the reader's attention; it does not divert his regard too often, as of old, from the matter to the form of the expression. A good knowledge of English is needed, and a trained ear for the finer rhythms of prose, to understand and appreciate its excellence." But of all his writings Ruskin himself considered that " Unto this Last " was in point of style the most successful, as in substance the most important. I remember hearing him on one occasion read out the passage from " Seven Lamps " above referred to. He bade us note the obviousness of the art, and especially the forcing of the alliteration—as, for instance, in the sentence, " Those ever-springing flowers and ever-flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue." Then by way of contrast he read out, with the perfect emphasis of which he was a master, the concluding passage of " Unto this Last." The art, he said, was hidden there. All sense of strain was absent. The appearance was of each inevitably right word being in its inevitably right place. But the inevitable was only found after careful search. Ruskin wrote out the whole of " Unto this Last " three times.

It was also the book which contained, as he believed, his most vital teaching, and hence he used to say that if any of his work were destined to survive it would be " Unto this Last." " I am dissatisfied with my books," he once said to me, " more than most authors. But in the case of ' Unto this Last ' I am convinced that its central teaching is entirely true. The world will not hear me yet; but it will live to discover some day that nations cannot live on gunpowder and iron, but only on corn; and that the only way to deal with this sort of thing "—and here he went to the window and looked out upon the unemployed demonstrating in Trafalgar-square—" is not by mere giving or

We changed the conversation, for in those da
distribes were recognized as danger signals. He k
the National Gallery, and he was good enough to
interest in the handbook I was preparing to the colle
beautiful collection it now is," he said; " the new ro
hanging quite a beautiful piece of work. I don't like l
the Ansidei Madonna is certainly lovely—the lovelie
in the world. The Madonna di San Sisto is dark and b
it." Ruskin's appreciation of the picture agreed
interesting to note, with that of Pater, who selected t
as " the embodied formula of Raphael's genius," in prefe
" Transfiguration " or the " Sistine Madonna " or eve
donna del Gran Duca." I had quoted in my National G
some lines out of " Ionica " as illustrating Pater's co
Botticelli's Madonnas. Ruskin argued a good deal agai
theory, but was much taken up with the lines I had quote
sing a similar feeling. " Ionica " was new to him, and he
send him the whole poem. It was " Minnermus in Chur
ning :—

> You promise heavens free from strife,
> Pure truth and perfect change of will;
> But sweet, sweet is this human life,
> So sweet I fain would breathe it still.
> You chilly stars I can forgo;
> This warm, kind world is all I know.

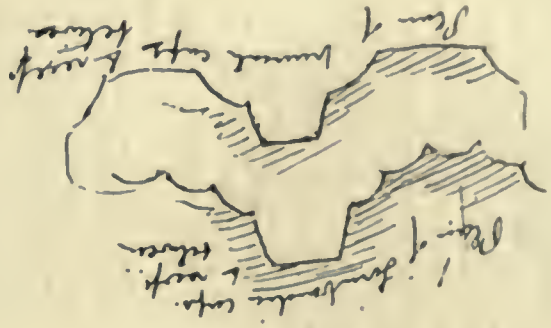
Ruskin was delighted with the poem—" so true," he s
also," and wanted to know more of its author. I passed
message to Mr. Cory. He was a devout reader of Ruskin
and " it is now rather touching," he wrote, " to find
been interested in my very lowly *rimaillerie*." Mr. Cor
how the original booklet had been " thrown aside scorn
Saturday Review with the first booklet of a lady, Mrs. We
I think, has since had her revenge." By this time " I
long been out of print, and was difficult and expensiv
A few years later Mr. Cory reissued it with Ruskin's p

Ruskin had promised to write a preface to m
Gallery Handbook. But there were difficulties in
" The whole modern system of exhibition," he said at
" is partly ludicrous, partly dreadful to me; what I
about the best pictures would not be of the least us
Londoners. What I feel about the worst it would pe
me crazy again with anger to put into any words." I
to the Gallery modified his feelings (as noticed als
preface was forthcoming; and he read many pages of
of the catalogue itself. But he returned unread the
with Turner. For two reasons, he told me. One was t
pain and grief it caused him to find how much of Tu
in oil was going to wrack and ruin. The other was h
the treatment of the Turner water-colours—so ma
still unexhibited, and all consigned to those gloomy c
the ground floor which he described as " a rascally r
accursed catacomb." Let us hope that when the nex
of the Gallery is effected the Turner drawings which
its principal treasures will be better shown.

In conversations or correspondence with Ruskin
years with which I am dealing there was much tha
pathetic. He was indeed often full of brightness a

BYZANTINE PALACES.

Ca Tarsetti. upper story



Height of base. (x y in figure below)	9	"	8.
—— of shaft.	9	"	4.
—— of capital. from point	1	"	1.
—— of arch (Vp)	2	"	5.
~~Span of arch~~ (circa)	3	"	9.
Circumference of small shafts at base	1	"	5½ or 1" 6
—— six feet up	1	"	4.
Diameter of pilaster.	1	"	1 3/4
Interval between pair & pair of shafts	4	"	1
Interval of between shafts in pairs. (circa)	0	"	3
Width of Mouring on abacus. (circa)	1	"	5 3/4

JOHN RUSKIN AND HIS PUBLISHER.

Mr. George Allen's association with Ruskin dates back almost half a century. In the fifties Ruskin had a drawing-class at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond-street, and for long he devoted two or three evenings a week to this practical form of art teaching. Onward from 1854 Ruskin became interested in one of his pupils, George Allen; and three years later Mr. Allen began to study engraving, with a view to executing illustrations for the master's works. It is unnecessary to enter into details of how, as a trade journal expressed it, "Mr. Ruskin . . . transferred his publishing to the middle of a country field," in other words, to Sunnyside, on the slopes of one of the beautiful vales of Kent. The new method of issuing books is described in the passage quoted on page 178 from "Fors Clavigera," as to which Ruskin said on a later page:—"The price of these Letters to friends of mine, as supplied by me, the original inditer, to all and sundry, through my only shopman, Mr. Allen, is sevenpence per epistle, and not fivepence halfpenny; and that the trade profit on the sale of them is intended to be, and must eventually be, as I intend, a quite honestly confessed profit, charged to the customer, not compressed out of the author; which object may be easily achieved by the retail bookseller, if he will resolvedly charge the symmetrical sum of tenpence per epistle over his counter, as it is my purpose he should." Prior to the appearance of "Fors," Mr. Allen had executed many engravings for Ruskin, made numerous geological studies with him in the Swiss mountains, and roamed in leisurely fashion through Central Italy with the enthusiastic appreciator of certain aspects, at any rate, of the beautiful. It is of interest to recall that for some time Ruskin was in doubt whether to himself or to Allen was attributable a pen-and-ink sketch, reproduced in "Modern Painters." For the rest, the following beautiful letter, dated Brantwood, April 15, 1878—some seven years prior to the artist-critic's final visit to Orpington—calls for quotation:—"Dear Allen,—How good and kind you are, and have always been. I trust, whatever happens to me, that your position, with the copyright of my books, if anybody cares for them, and with the friends gained by your honesty and industry, is secure on your little piece of Kentish home territory. I write this letter to release you from all debt to me of any kind, and to leave you, with my solemn thanks for all the energy and faith of your life, given to me so loyally, in all that I have ever tried to do for good, to do now what is best for your family and yourself. As I look back on my life in this closing time, I find myself in debt to every friend that loved me, for what a score of lives could not repay, and would fain say to them all, as to you, words of humiliation, which I check only because they are so vain. Ever (nay, in such a time as this, what 'ever' is there except 'to-day'—once more—) your thankful and sorrowful friend—Master no more—J. Ruskin."

An idea has been prevalent, appears even to have gained ground recently, that John Ruskin profited relatively little from his literary works. This is a grave misapprehension. We have it on excellent authority that Ruskin's profits as an author yield an average during the past fifteen years of £4,000 per annum. However highly we may account his work, whether as art critic, social reformer, or prose-poet, a money-recompense of all but £11 a day for something over 5,000 days can hardly be regarded as inadequate. Few authors who do not set out to be [illegible]

Venice," in which all the illustrations are drawn by t[illegible] 10,000 of the three-volume edition, dated 1886—the [illegible] the first three years amounting to about £3,070—and [illegible] of the traveller's edition, issued 1879-81. "Unto t[illegible] holds a second place, to judge by sales, in the esteem [illegible] readers. Few recall that the essays reprinted in t[illegible] originally appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, August-[illegible] 1860, when it was under Thackeray's editorship. [illegible] was the opposition they raised that Thackeray is sa[illegible] been anxious for their discontinuance. The author [illegible] believed them "to be the best, that is to say, [illegible] rightest-worded, and most serviceable things I have eve[illegible] and the last of them ('Ad Valorem'), having had esp[illegible] spent on it, is probably the best I shall ever write." [illegible] only was changed by Ruskin in the Smith, Elder reprin[illegible] this on page 85, where "seventeen ounces" is subst[illegible] "thirteen ounces," as found in the *Cornhill*. Some 77, [illegible] of "Unto this Last" have been sold by Mr. Allen.

THE VALUE OF RARE RUSKINIA[illegible]

Like his dissimilar contemporary, Robert [illegible] Ruskin's first adventure in the world of letters w[illegible] volume of poems. Again, as with "Pauline," so [illegible] volume—which cannot be characterized as an "a[illegible] poetry always dramatic in principle"—was print[illegible] expense of a relative, no other than Ruskin the e[illegible] far and away the rarest piece associated with him. Al[illegible] one poems contained in the volume were written betwe[illegible] of fourteen and twenty-six, at the head of each being t[illegible] age at the time. It is a post 8vo. containing pp. IV.+[illegible] in cloth boards, green or purple, the cover letterd[illegible] back "Poems, J.R." Within the past few weeks, [illegible] reason to know, a particularly interesting example h[illegible] hands privately at £50; and a similar value was set [illegible] a couple of years ago in a bookseller's catalogue. A[illegible] it has fetched considerable sums, although in 1886 [illegible] copies made no more than £22 and £21 10s. respecti[illegible] T. J. Wise, whose Ruskin bibliography is an obje[illegible] its kind, possesses the volume uncut, measuring 7[illegible] As all bibliophiles are aware, Mr. Wise also h[illegible] the most interesting copies extant of "Pauline," the [illegible] full of notes by the author, the title-page bearing th[illegible] tion, "To Catherine, from her affectionate Edward F[illegible] Before the 1888 re-issue of "Modern Painters," the or[illegible] volume edition—not uniform in size, inasmuch as Vol. I [illegible] crown 8vo., while the others are imperial 8vos.—was v[illegible] £50, as against an aggregate issue price of £8 8s. [illegible] dropped considerably, until now about £30 would purch[illegible] A similar shrinkage has occurred in the case of the *editi*[illegible] of "The Stones of Venice," since republished in [illegible] then the first edition of 1851-3, issued at 4gns., was v[illegible] thing like £30, at least privately; in 1900 a copy [illegible] brought £13 10s. "The Seven Lamps of Architec[illegible] published in 1849 at one guinea; in April, half a cen[illegible] a presentation copy in original cloth "To Dante Gabri[illegible] with affectionate and respectful regards, John Rus[illegible] 1855," fetched £20. As we know from "Præterita," [illegible] of the Golden River" was written in 1841, at the r[illegible] little girl, without any idea of publication; but at the [illegible] of a friend, and with the passive assent of the aut[illegible]

Ruskin. He was whole-hearted in his admiration of these etchings:—"If you happen to meet with two volumes of 'Grimm's German Stories,' which were illustrated by him (Cruikshank) long ago," we read in "Elements of Drawing," "pounce upon them instantly; the etchings in them are the finest things, next to Rembrandts, that, as far as I know, have been done since etching was invented." As is evident, Ruskin copied them almost as soon as he could use the pencil. Fortunately in one way, unfortunately in another, instead of being sold at auction, and so revealing the market value of this unique piece of early Ruskinlana, it was bought privately by Mrs. Severn prior to the sale. Of the many Ruskin drawings which have changed hands recently, allusion may be made to three sold at Christie's on January 29—the "Head of a Lady," 20in. by 12½in., the "Head of a Girl," 12½in. by 9½in., and a study of a sea-shell, 8½in. by 5½in., which realized respectively 55, 45, and 20gns., and to the well-known water-colour of Ambloise, executed at Lymington in the autumn of 1841, which was lent to the Ruskin Exhibition by Mr. R. E. Cunliffe of Ambleside. This "highly laboured drawing" is frankly an imitation of Turner—the sunset light, the moon rising behind it, the steps and balustrades of the castle going down to the river, which are not there in reality, "with the fret-work of St. Hubert's Chapel done very carefully in my own way, I thought perhaps a little better than Turner." The drawing and the poem of the "Broken Chain," which it aimed to illustrate, were "salutary exercises; proving to me that in those directions of imagination I was even a worse blockhead than Agassiz himself." The drawing in question realized not long ago 100gns.

SOME MOVEMENTS IN VICTORIAN POETRY.

V.—THE POETRY OF REACTION AND ARTIFICE.

An outburst of emotion is invariably followed by reaction, and the course of Victorian poetry did not fail to follow in the common way. It was, indeed, inevitable that it should do so; for, by the time the sentimental movement had spent its force, its own risks and penalties were clearly enough revealed. Even Tennyson had not altogether escaped its influence. The period which educed from him "Enoch Arden," "Sea Dreams," and those other gently emotional stories of domestic life was certainly the least poetically fruitful in his career, and the homely sentimentality of their tone is directly referable to the literary influences of the time. Poetry was for the moment at an ebb; workmanship and melody had declined, and an attempt to lend vitality to secondary art by concentrating it upon "actual" and popular subjects had resulted in an almost inevitable loss of dignity and beauty. The democratizing spirit was threatening literature, and poetry in particular appeared to be in grave danger. Suddenly the change came, and with it a complete reaction in almost every branch of art. The Pre-Raphaelite movement, with all its subsequent developments and side-issues, was the salvation of English art. It did a great deal also to save and re-vivify English poetry.

We have seen that the emotional movement had left the field dull and exhausted. There is, no doubt, room for plentiful humanity in what Mr. Swinburne called "idylls of the farm and the mills; idylls of the dining-room and the deanery; and idylls of the gutter and the gibbet," but only a consummate

huge, formless representation of a familiar scene
profusely detailed and accurate, but absolutely
tion or feeling. The decoration of the ordina
accorded no less with this blunted sense
beauty. Wax-flowers and wool-work; heavy
funereal curtains—all sweetness and light were
the living rooms of the people by these u
suggestions of an artificial, tortured life. The
struck with one blow at all these false gods
brain and eye alike were to be filled with
freshness and clean beauty. The Pre-Raphaelit
the lamp of taste in every simple home.

Such were the ideals of the movement o
early in the fifties began at Oxford, where so mu
and beautiful has always begun, and soon exten
into the whole field of English art. And it
many considerations that, though the moveme
directed against artificiality, its methods were
of a modified and re-directed artifice. Art, i
the logical framer of definitions may say to t
can never be separated from artifice. The emo
had itself been designed to controvert what it
artificial; it sought to return to primary hum
to appeal to the heart of the people through
direct channels of popular sentiment. But, wh
test, sentiment, without the artifice by which
can be refined, failed it; and poetry was once
out its hands vaguely towards the evasive light
clutching the inviolable shade." Actuality
claims of the present hour had landed it
indecision. "Turn away from these things
the Pre-Raphaelites," and lift up your eyes
Beauty is not in the present, but it has been in t
learn the lesson of the past, and return to primi

Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston-strok
Forget the spreading of the hideous town
Think rather of the pack-horse on the dow
And dream of London, small, and white, a
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens
Think that below bridge the green lapping
Smite some few keels that bear Levantine
Cut from the yew wood on the burnt-up hi
And pointed jars that Greek hands toiled
And treasured scanty spice from some far
Florence gold cloth, and Ypres napery,
And cloth of Bruges, and hogsheads of Gu
While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey C
Moves over bills of lading—mid such times
Shall dwell the hollow puppets of my rhym

The heart of the movement beats in these
And so Morris leads his readers out, under a ca
of applehlossom, where knights in armour, boun
quest, move over turf jewelled with flowe
harmony of virginals. It is a pagan paradise, b
out manly adventures. The heroes have sava
they quit them like men, and over their lif
draws a misty, transparent veil, through which
figures in a tapestry, harmoniously melting int
bowers which surround them. So too Rossett
in colour with the brush, sees the heavens o
mounting up to God like thin flames, and the
of the happy.

"We two," she said, "will seek the

Beauty of the form, beauty of the suggestion, and above all beauty of the word—these are the prevailing occupations of the poet. He lingers, with a sort of loving reluctance to be gone, over the "five sweet symphonies" of the names; and, if an exquisite picture can be painted on the mind's eye, it matters but little to the poet that the impression left proves, on reflection, vague and shadowy.

> Shall I not one day remember thy bower,
> One day when all days are one day to me?
> Thinking, "I stirred not, and yet had the power!"
> Yearning, "Oh God, if again it might be!"
> Peace, peace! such a small lamp illumes, on this highway,
> So dimly so few steps in front of my feet,—
> Yet shows me that her way is parted from my way. . . .
> Out of sight, beyond light, at what goal may we meet?

The truth is that this poetry, surcharged as it is with emotion, and trembling under the surface with ideas half-realized, is really neither the poetry of ideas, nor of emotion, but of mood. The poetry of ideas had seemed, from recent experience, to land the thinker in a philosophy too consciously moral to be altogether artistic; the poetry of emotion had wasted itself in sentimentality over uninspiring objects. And so the reaction is from both the idea and the emotion to the mood; the poet's desire is to evoke in his reader a certain mood or tone of mind which is neither active thought nor active emotion, but quiescent, sympathetic resignation to a sense of beauty remote but permeating. In such a mood we neither argue nor ask, but are content to resign ourselves to an effect which is no less compelling in that it seems to evade analysis.

So much, in brief, for the spiritual tone of the Pre-Raphaelite movement; it remains to say something of what has been by far its most searching influence—namely, its effect upon poetical technique. Mood, tone—the essential qualities of a poet—are not easily assimilated by his followers; but metrical innovations are common and easy property, and they at once find those who can adapt and imitate them. And it is really difficult to estimate how much modern prosody owes to the reaction from the lax and jog-trot melodies of the emotionalists: because at first sight Mr. Swinburne appears to have actually revolutionized English metre. That, perhaps, he did not quite do; but it is no less than true that we owe it principally to him that the technical finish of even the poorest verse nowadays is far in advance of much of the approved poetry of forty or fifty years ago. Since Mr. Swinburne opened the gates of English song to measures which appear to be actually quantitative rather than accentual, the metrical resources of the language have assumed an entirely new complexion. And there is scarcely a living English poet in whose work one may not find traces of the influence of this illuminating liberty upon the breadth and diversity of current harmonies.

Mr. Swinburne has been called "a poet of revolt"; and, since a good phrase always sticks, the expression has gained a currency rather out of proportion with its accuracy. For, though his individuality is more compelling and his tone more insistent that those of the two poets we have just been discussing, he is really no more of a revolutionist than his Pre-Raphaelite friends; his movement is entirely reactionary. To be a poet of revolt a man must have some definite goal, some propaganda, some "programme" (to use an ugly but convenient term); but Mr Swinburne has none of these. "I have simplified my politics," said Byron, "into an utter detestation of all existing Governments," and this deliciously-sweeping indignation is very

illusion, but it has left us a mass of poetry unexampl English language for fertility of music or intensity fervour. "The lisp of the leaves and the ripple receive onomatopoeic expression in his lilting and in harmonies; the melody rises and falls with the mood, most formal of measures, the heroic couplet itself, grow with waves of emotion. No such riot of melody exists in English poetry, and its influence upon prosody certainly be permanent and far-reaching.

We know, indeed, that historically it was immed inspiriting. It was not only that he inspired delib skilful disciples, such as Arthur O'Shaughnessy and Myers, but that his metrical discoveries prompted ind and fruitful research. The publication of "Poems and set all young poets in rivalry to find for themselves matching these revivals of the quantitative glories of chorus; and it happened that, at the same moment without collusion, a body of poets of the younger g were turning their attention to French forms of essaying to fit our less pliable syllables into the dainty rhymes of the rondeau, the villanelle, and the balla movement of the early seventies, which included M Dobson, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Andrew Lang, and dissimilar a writer as Mr. W. E. Henley, is extremely in not only for its relation to the general effort towards lyrical resource, but for its own sake and its own ments. Mr. Lang has written *Ballades*, whose praise anthologies; Mr. Edmund Gosse was the first to use the difficult and rolling metre of the *Chant Royal*, an with singular success; while Mr. Dobson has employe the old French forms with inimitable felicity; and, as as the present spring, has written a rondeau of an intensity which lifts it altogether above the interests metrical or artificial exercise.

And, apart from technical questions altogether, pany of poets, together with other of their contemp whom something remains to be said in the concludin this series, are distinguished as part of the reactionary which began in their boyhood, by a certain remoteness temporary interests and by a return to the pursuit of periods separated from their own. Mr. Lang's allegian the classics, Mr. Gosse's note is of the renaissance, Dobson has revived for us the eighteenth century meated its associations with a poetry which criticism times denied to that period of prose. Finally, it is significant that the most conscious and elaborate poeti our day, Mr. Robert Bridges, is almost exclusively tone and inspiration, modelling himself upon the Milton and the severely "grand style." But of Mr. Bridges be more to say when we attempt a final glance at th state of poetry and its promises for the future.

It is impossible, however, to part from the poetic which we have just been considering without a gratefu ledgment of its beneficent influence upon the general contemporary poetry. It is a movement of divagatio has not been without its excesses. But it restored the and, through means which may at times have seemed it did great and lasting service to art. We are contin by the critics of the Press that the general level much higher now than it was, for example, in the old "Keepsakes," the "Amulets," and the "Friendsh

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CHARLES II.

CHARLES II. By OSMUND AIRY, M.A., LL.D. (Goupil. £3 3s.)

Dedicated to Dr. S. R. Gardiner and written in the style, pictorial without affectation, of that eminent historian's monograph on Cromwell, Dr. Osmund Airy's new book will receive as warm a welcome as the earlier volume. As a character-study it is inferior to none of its predecessors in Messrs. Goupil's series. The life of Charles II. has never been before so exhaustively and so pitilessly analysed. The result is a picture really remarkable in its vividness. And it is a picture which bears the stamp of truth. Secured by no suppressions, but based on a thorough, intimate, and original investigation, the portrait of Charles is one which will take its place among the best studies that we have of our Kings, as a work of discriminating insight and accuracy.

There is no elimination of unpleasant scandals. We are spared offensive details, of course, but there is no lack of information about any of the sordid intrigues which formed the staple of Charles' life. Pictures stand out from Dr. Airy's pages that will not readily be forgotten; and they are all pictures of shame and dishonour. The desertion of the noble Montrose, the night of the triumphal return to London, the betrayal of honesty and honour in the days of the Popish plot, the debauch that was enjoyed when the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames, come like horrible nightmares to haunt the memory. It is, indeed, a black picture which Dr. Airy draws of the times and of the man. In the main we do not doubt that it is a just one, though it is certainly more dark than that of the judicial von Ranke. We have little, indeed, to say by way of arrest of judgment; and, indeed, nothing in the case of the King.

"He left his people in anxiety, not in grief," are the last words of Dr. Airy's book, penned on the day when the country learned with deep distress the loss of a noble example of what a Sovereign might be to a nation.

> *His* people were not multitudes of men and women whose aspirations, whose views of right and wrong, whose whole modes of thought might be ennobled by regal example; his Ministers were not taught that loyal service to their country and loyal service to their Sovereign were all one; his court was not a place to enter which virtue at least must be stamped upon the passport. His guide was not duty; it was not even ambition; but his guide was self; it was ease, and amusement, and lust. The cup of pleasure was filled deep for him, and he grasped it with both hands. But pleasure is not happiness. There is no happiness for him who lives and dies without beliefs, without enthusiasms, and without love.

What Dr. Gardiner has been gradually showing us of the cynical treachery of Charles' early years, of the profligacy which began almost in his childhood, is emphasized in the pages in which Dr. Airy sketches the period before the Restoration. And the picture becomes darker as the days go on. It is terrible to read; a portrait which would not shame the power of Tacitus or Juvenal.

While we can enter no defence for Charles II., though we allow the defects of his training and the heritage from Henri Quatre, we find Dr. Airy occasionally harsh beyond his text in

However, this is in such a book little mor
The whole study is informed and informing.
written, and its constant use of contemporary la
a flavour of especial richness. The anecdotes, to
old, are well told and appropriate. Historicall
very little holes to pick in the work. Dr. Airy
been successful in his historical writing, but his
his skill in the use of it are constantly inc
present venture will meet with little adverse
are inclined to object to his picture of Willi
p. 172, which seems to ignore his grave mor
same kind as those of his uncles Charles and Ja
that the importance of Colonel Wildman is
when he is grouped with "many old Commonwe
fancy that the account which makes the Lords in
at Oxford meet in the Divinity School, not, as
the Geometry School, is the correct one. But
little points, of course, do not affect the gener
Airy has written an excellent and a most readab
hardly one which young ladies should be invited

The illustrations, we need hardly say, are of
Perhaps the most charming are the reproduction
by Samuel Cooper. The frontispiece, a reprodu
of a miniature of the Oaks at Goodwood, is esp
The later portrait shows unmistakably the deg
character. The portrait of Charles as a boy, wh
Welbeck, is a fine example of Vandyke, but it is
especially interesting. The two pictures of M
other hand, are charming, and so is the huntres
Court, who was long believed to be the Princess
very striking portrait is that of Hobbes, now
Portrait Gallery. The Hampton Court beau
somewhat sparingly drawn upon, probably bec
well known; but there are portraits of the
mond, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and the
land, and, of course, Nell Gwyn (not a very
different sources. Among interesting subj
Jansen's Ball given to Charles II. at The Ha
the Restoration, from Windsor; the Capture of
in 1667, by Pieters, from Amsterdam; and the F
Lieven Verschuur, from Budapest. Those wh
with the pictures of the period will, however
find that no use has been made of the magnif
portraits of Clarendon and his contemporar
Castle, belonging to the Earl of Home. Remem
ing child's letter of Charles Edward, we were
find a facsimile of an equally characteristic lette
as a boy, on the interesting subject of taking m

Whether historically, in a literary aspect,
production, Dr. Osmond Airy's "Charles II."
a book to be bought, and read, and kept.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S VE

CARMINA VOTIVA AND OTHER OCCASIONAL VE
DOBSON. (Printed for private circul

The slighter pieces of such an accompli
verses as Mr. Dobson have a charm in thei
Some of the little poems in this volume are only

in it may well dispense with a didactic purpose. Mr. Dobson, indeed, has in this volume a happy epigram "On Didactics in Poetry":—

> Parnassus' peaks still catch the sun;
> But why—O lyric brother!—
> Why build a Pulpit on the one,
> A Platform on the other?

The motto prefixed to the collection, taken from a convenient Old Play—"Enter a Song, singing," serves as an appropriate gentleman-usher to introduce the company that follows.

"The sixty pieces here collected," the Preface tells us, "belong to many periods of the author's life. But they are alike in this that, none of them are to be found in any of his published volumes. Some of them are reprinted from ephemeral sources, others have never appeared before, one or two have been restored from the earliest issues of his poems." The pieces bear dates from 1868 to the present year. One accompanied a floral wreath on the occasion of the death of Queen Victoria; one celebrates the "Rank and File"—the "undistinguished dead"—who have fallen in the South African war; many are lines addressed to personal friends of the writer—the late Lord de Tabley, the late Frederick Locker, Mr. G. H. Boughton, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Gosse, and others; and among these personal friends we ought almost to reckon—so intimate is the regard expressed for each whether seriously or smilingly—Oliver Goldsmith and old Izaac, who gave directions how to catch and dress "your Chub or Chavender." Mr. Dobson's poetical maledictions are reserved for the street singer, who murders "the magic that music brings," and for the hard who presses onward waving a huge MS. and holds the victim with his glittering eye; and neither of these is likely to be seriously hurt by maledictions in the forms of trivial exotic verse. "July" is exultant with the joy of escape from town to the sea and the sky; it rings its little joy-bells through some six and forty lines on two rhyming-sounds, and this without any ostentatious parading of the feat. "Notes of the Honeymoon" may be described as a domestic drama in eight acts, but each act is no longer than the following.—Act V, the young bride at a bookstall having discovered an interesting announcement in *The Times*:—

> "Here it is in *The Times*,—
> Dear Charlie,—how funny!
> 'Twixt a 'Smith' and a 'Symes,'—
> Here it is!—in *The Times*."
> "And it's *not* with the 'crimes!'"
> "You must pay. *I've* no money!
> Here it is in *The Times*,—
> Dear Charlie,—how funny!"

To have actually seen it in *The Times* must add an emphasis to the *dear* of the last line which differentiates it from the second.

But Mr. Dobson can be grave and dignified. The two sonnets "Regrets" after Joachim du Bellay are admirable in the delicacy of their sentiment of nostalgia; the "Ballad of Bitter Fruit" after Théodore de Banville—the bitter fruit being poor folk stark and sped swinging from the forest trees, "King Lewis his orchard ground"—has in it a grim romance worthy of Villon. And in the poem "To Monsieur de la Mothe le Vayer, upon the death of his son. After Molière" Mr. Dobson has added to English poetry a lofty sonnet of that consolation

> No grief alas! can now bring back again
> The son too dear, by Death untimely ta'en
> Yet, not the less, his loss is hard to bear.
> Graced as he was by all the world reverence,
> Large heart, keen wit, a lofty soul and rare
> Surely these claim humiliable tears.

The little volume is dedicated to Mr. Andrew L 125 copies have been printed, and perhaps it is a k make 125 persons happy—we may not all succeed much. But Mr. Dobson is too good a poet to be a those whom Pater styled "the elect and peculi sentiment," and we trust that not a few of these reappear in future editions of the author's collected

THE ORIGINALITY OF ROMAN A

ROMAN ART: SOME OF ITS PRINCIPLES AND THEIR A TO CHRISTIAN PAINTING. By FRANZ WICKHO lated by Mrs. S. ARTHUR STRONG, LL.D. Fou and numerous Text Illustrations. (Heinemann.

Mrs. Strong is the apostle in England of the r the too austere devotion to archaic Greek art. As M Sellers she conferred a real benefit on such students familiar with German by translating Furtwängler and ingenious "Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture, among other points, the incalculable services of R in the preservation of Greek art were warmly and vindicated. The old dilettanti, who had long suffere obloquy for their admiration of what the purists Roman copies," suddenly found themselves reha their self-respect by an acknowledged master of plast Once more it became possible to speak enthusias "mere Roman" statue, without blushing for one's since these Roman favourites of bygone amateurs t be priceless witnesses to lost masterpieces of the periods. So far, however, Roman art was defended altruistic virtues. Now, Mrs. Strong comes forw most interesting study of the merits of Roman art p

> The Art of Rome [she says] has suffered not actual neglect, at any rate under the imputat nothing but the last chapter of the long history of —in fact, a sort of decadent anti-climax. And yet Roman art can, no more than Greek and Roman li treated as episodes of unequal value in one a development. Entirely independent in their origi and mingled for a time in what Professor Wickho named the "Augustan style"—a style plentifully by busts and by numberless reliefs, hitherto classed as Hellenistic. Fortunately for the development of the art, the stronger Roman elem fused and tempered by the union, was to predomina Greek, which at that time had long been enfee fact was on the point of exhaustion. Professor Wi how entirely Roman in its native strength is Imperial art of which the finest examples are reliefs from the Arches of Titus and of Trajan. interpenetrated every artistic product of the t itself felt right down into the beginnings of Ch and, though obscured and weakened, maintained

prejudiced eyes of those who have been trained in the contemplation of the latter, is nevertheless a noble and virile art to which the Trecentists probably owed something of their inspiration. The work is a translation of the essay contributed by Professor Wickhoff to the description of the famous Vienna illuminated MS. of the Book of Genesis, well-known from the engravings of Lambecius and Kollar, which presents a series of the oldest illustrations to the Bible that have been preserved. This essay, together with Härtel's account of the Greek text, first appeared in 1895 as a supplement to the *Jahrbuch der Kunstsammlungen des Allerhöchsten Kaiserhauses*, and aims at formulating a theory of the history of Roman style, both in painting and in sculpture, from the age of Augustus to that of Constantine. Professor Wickhoff's examination of the new motives introduced in Roman style, the school of illusionist portraiture, the study of nature, albeit a dry naturalism, and the development of an extremely clever—speaking technically—treatment of freely grouped flowers in a decorative method that recalls Japanese ornament, will be appreciated by all careful students, even when they are not disposed to accept his sometimes rather fine-drawn analyses. The book sometimes gives one the impression of special pleading, as if the author had made up his mind to press his brief for Roman originality for all it was worth; but the impartial reader will find much to admire in the admirable technical criticism and the wide grasp of detail shown in Professor Wickhoff's elaborate discussions of the principles of style as exhibited in the art he has undertaken to champion. The illustrations alone will recommend this beautiful volume to all lovers of fine prints, though we must regret that the Genesis pictures are reproduced from Lambecius' incorrect engravings. The plates of the Vatican Head of the young Augustus, the reliefs from the Ara Pacis, and the numerous decorative examples are finely rendered, and will be a revelation to those who have not so far turned their attention to a peculiarly interesting and dignified period of art. Mrs. Strong's translation, we need not add, is worthy of her scholarly reputation.

Some Guide-books.

WEST KENT is the latest of Messrs. A. and C. Black's new guide books, and Mr. A. R. Hope Moncrieff well keeps up the practical and complete character of the series. We have also received a new (ninth) edition of Black's SOUTH WALES (3s. 6d.).

AROUND LONDON: SOUTH SIDE (Black, 6d.) is the title of a guide, also by Mr. Hope Moncrieff, dealing in this author's happy manner with the district within "a part circle roughly drawn from Gravesend to Guildford, traversed by roads leading out through the transpontine suburbs." Cyclists and pedestrians will find it very useful.

Mr. Frank J. Nash, of 51, Vincent-square, Westminster, is the publisher as well as the author of THE ROAD TO THE NORTH (2s. 6d. n.). It is a guide to the district served by the North-Eastern Railway system, and brims over with instructive remarks. Though the style is unattractive, the perusal of it will repay the tourist.

A useful tourists' guide is that to the West Highland Railway, published by F. W. Wilson, of Glasgow, in his series of RAIL AND RIVER GUIDES. It contains a good map of the district, and notes on the fishing resorts and golf courses, with plenty of photographic reproductions of loch and mountain scenery.

Most of the big railway companies now issue time-tables that are almost as full of information and illustration as the ordinary guide book. A good example is the Great Eastern's annotated time-table for the CROMER AND MUNDESLEY EXPRESSES, which is well arranged and prettily illustrated.

The rapid extension of electric railways necessitates frequent new editions of Swiss guides. This season brings a

FICTION.

The Eternal City.

Mr. Hall Caine has often been hardly tr
viewers. Not always, it is true. Sometimes hi
lauded to the skies, and sometimes it has
attacked. Something in his style of writing, it s
to a sane and temperate criticism; perhaps
annoyed at the flourish of trumpets that prec
from his pen, and at the success commanded by
methods. On the title-page of THE ETERNA
mann, 6s.) we read, for example, that a hundred
have been printed of the first edition. It is prod
only to read the book to see how remarkable a fa
a long book—it contains more than six hund
considering the average quality of the modern s
it is not to be considered dear at the price. Bu
of uncommon excellence. It is very far from bein
It has, from the purely literary point of view,
ever. There is not a single phrase in the book t
sense of distinction; there are no subtle tou
tion or of humour; there is nothing that app
eated intellect. Worse still, Mr. Hall Caine
single character that we can clothe with flesh
as we may, Rossi remains a melancholy puppet,
pathetic heroine of melodrama, while Bonelli is th
carefully-dressed Drury Lane villain of high lit
stage, where he has been acting unscrupulous fo
for the last twenty years. As for the Pope, th
and other powers and principalities, they need
considered. The author has chosen to make an
the Supreme Pontiff, an idiotic and timoron
monarch, and we do not suppose that his errors
an undue strain upon our diplomatic relations
country. After all, the introduction of these
personages was probably necessary to the suc
from a selling point of view. Mr. Caine's publ
to learn the secrets of the Vatican and the
novelist who has actually spent some months
City imbibing local colour. And they like a
of melodrama, both in its incidents and in
and familiar insistence on Christianity untran
Churches.

Let us turn, a more grateful task, to Mr.
For he has very considerable merits, although
dazzled by that first edition of a hundred thousa
to forget them in his anxiety to deplore the publ
out some power, so remarkable a success in the
(taking the pecuniary results) would be impos
Caine has a good eye for a dramatic situation, an
that invaluable lesson—that it is almost impos
public too much of what it likes. The public li
sacrificing heroine dying sweetly in the limeligh
fades away happily in her husband's arms, and t
his apparatus from above for all he is worth.
sensibility will be shed over this moving and pat
"The Eternal City," one cannot but think,
excellent drama on a big stage. The note is
forced; in a printed book this is sometimes
Drury Lane it would be only just and proper, a
author cannot quite breathe life into his char

Historical Novels.

In ROBERT ANNYS: POOR PRIEST (Macmillan, 6s.) Annie Nathan Meyer has given a fine picture of an unfamiliar period of English history and an intuitive study of a man's soul in which are mirrored the warring forces of his day. Robert Annys is a disciple of Wycliff, a lover of the song of Piers Plowman, passionate in his sympathy with the oppressed common people to whom he preaches. He is, however, sensitive to the beauty of that dominant Church which he opposes; and Thomas Goldynge, the princely Bishop of Ely, strives to win him to do his work within the hierarchy as Archdeacon of Ely. There is a crucial scene in the great Cathedral in which Annys is played upon by personal ambition, the sense of power, and a recognition of the majestic significance of the service, and is only released from his self-questionings by the distant song of John Ball's followers which comes to him like a sign from Heaven. Thenceforth he devotes himself to his perilous task of preparing the minds of men for the revolt against feudal tyranny and the unscriptural assumptions of the priesthood. He decides, for example's sake, to marry Matilda Westel, his devoted helper; but another woman, sensuous, ambitious, the illegitimate daughter of a great noble, crosses his life, and he hides from temptation in a cloister. When he leaves the peaceful scriptorium, at the call of his people, it is too late to check the lawlessness in which the great uprising ends miserably. He is left taking up his frustrate work with Matilda at his side. The pageant of mediæval life, splendid and grotesquely pitiful, is admirably suggested, forming a symbolic setting to the spiritual struggles. The story is fitly located in the wide and wistful fen country which the author depicts well.

If Mr. Stanley Weyman had never written, we might have found THE HELMET OF NAVARRE (Macmillan, 6s.) enthralling reading; but then in that case we should not have had it to read. Miss Bertha Runkle, however, weaves her plots deftly and has produced an exciting story out of familiar material, while readers in quest of adventure will not quarrel with the number of hairbreadth escapes and wildly improbable coincidences. There is the inevitable happy ending, brought about largely by the intervention of the innocent country lad, the narrator, who naturally walks straight into the secret councils of princes. The sense of peril and intrigue which brooded about Paris just before the "conversion" of Henry IV. is well given, but the justification of Miss Runkle's title is to seek. Henry of Navarre appears, it is true, in the last chapter to bless the lovers, but it is in no martial guise; we do not follow him to his battle-fields, and we catch no glimpse of him as that "clair astre de feu" which his soldiers loved.

A FORBIDDEN NAME, by Fred Whishaw (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), is a good, lively tale of adventure. Its principal scenes are laid at the Court of Catherine the Great. The "forbidden name" is the name of the rightful heir to the throne, a semi-fictitious being who is buried in a dungeon, and rescued by the heroine, a truly spirited young woman, and the "I" of the story. It is long, but not too long. The occasional fighting is well done, the duel between chair and sword in Chapter XX. being almost brutally realistic.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

There are three stories in A WOMAN ALONE (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) and of these three two are more or less closely connected together. Mrs. Clifford cannot be accused, in this instance at any rate, of collecting work that has done duty

ratio of tragedy rather higher than is necessary. Mrs
stories are pleasantly written, with occasional flashes
adroit touches of description. They are considerably
usual level of mediocrity; but they will not rouse
enthusiasm.

A DARING SCHEME, by Mrs. Bagot Harte (Digby, I
is a pleasant novel, but not a remarkable one. There
maid in it of a type that ceased to represent anythi
before most of us were born—the preposterous "stro
woman" of fiction, with her huge bonnet and gloves a
diatribe on the superiority of her "sect." Apart fro
characters are human and natural enough.

A RUSKIN BIBLIOGRAPHY.

For the complete bibliography the student must l
to Wise and Smart's "Bibliography of the
of John Ruskin," edited by Mr. Thomas J. W
exhaustive work, published for subscribers only in 18
between 200 and 300 pages; but Ruskin's chief book
earliest writings, are included in the following ch
list:—

1834.—Three papers in Loudon's "Magazine o
History"; "Enquiries on the Causes of the Col
Water of the Rhine"; "Facts and Considerati
Strata of Mont Blanc"; and "Note on the Perfo
Leaden Pipe by Rats." Ruskin's first publishe
reprinted in "On the Old Road" (George Allen).

1835-1837.—"Saltzburg," "Fragments from a
Journal," "The Months," "The Last Smile," an
a Legend of Italy." Ruskin's first verse-wri
published in "Friendship's Offering" (Smith,
Co.), and reprinted in "The Poems of John Rusk
(George Allen).

1837-38.—"Poetry of Architecture"—a series of a
Loudon's "Architectural Magazine." Reprinte
Allen) 1892.

1839.—"Salsette and Elephanta" (Newdigate Pri
Published at Oxford (J. Vincent) 1839; Reprint
1879.

1843.—"Modern Painters," Vol. I. (Smith, Elder).

1846.—"Modern Painters," Vol. II. (Smith, Elder).

1849.—"The Seven Lamps of Architecture"; two
(Smith, Elder); subsequent issues (George Allen
edition; small complete edition, 31st Thousand.

1850.—"Poems" (51), mainly from "Friendship's
and the "London Monthly Miscellany"; pri
private circulation.

1851.—"King of the Golden River," seven editio
Elder); subsequent editions (Allen). [24th Thous
" "The Stones of Venice," Vol. I. Two edition
Elder); subsequent editions (Allen).
" "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds"; tw
(Smith, Elder); subsequent issues (Allen); also
in "On the Old Road."
" "Pre-Raphaelitism," two editions (Smith, El
printed in "On the Old Road."

1853.—"The Stones of Venice," Vols. II. and III., two
of each (Smith, Elder); also published in a thre
edition (Smith, Elder), 1873-74, which was reprint
1886. Also published in small complete editi
Thousand), and in Travellers' Edition, abridg
Thousand) (Allen), 1879; reprinted at the Kelmsco
1892 (Allen).

1856.—" Modern Painters," Vols. III. and IV., two editions of each (Smith, Elder), and reprinted in their " Autograph " edition, 1873. Subsequent issues (Allen).

1856.—" The Harbours of England," two editions (Gambart and Co.) ; 3rd edition (Day and Son) ; 4th (T. J. Allman) ; 5th (Smith, Elder) ; reprinted (Allen) with preface by T. J. Wise, 1895.

1857.—" Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House," five editions (Smith, Elder).

,, " The Elements of Drawing " (Smith, Elder) [8th Thousand ; new edition (Allen) 1892, 14th Thousand.

,, " The Political Economy of Art," three editions (Smith, Elder) ; reprinted (Allen) in " A Joy for Ever."

1859.—" The Two Paths " (Smith, Elder) ; second edition (Allen). Small complete edition. [14th Thousand.

,, " The Elements of Perspective " (Smith, Elder).

1860.—" Modern Painters," Vol. V. (Smith, Elder). The complete work was published in the " Autograph Edition " in five vols. (Smith, Elder) in 1873 ; reprinted with additions in 1888, and again in 1892 (Allen).

,, " Unto This Last " ; four papers in the " Cornhill Magazine " ; reprinted (Smith, Elder) 1862 ; subsequent issues (Allen). [35th Thousand.

1862.—" Essays in Political Economy," published in " Fraser's Magazine." Reprinted as " Munera Pulveris " ; subsequent issues (Allen). [Small edition, 8th Thousand.

1865.—" Sesame and Lilies," four editions (Smith, Elder), and numerous re-issues in original form (Allen). Subsequently published in revised and enlarged edition (Allen). [6th edition ; small complete edition, 48th Thousand ; popular edition, 52nd Thousand.

1866.—" The Ethics of the Dust" (Smith, Elder) ; subsequent reprints (Allen). [21st Thousand.

,, " The Crown of Wild Olive," three editions (Smith, Elder) ; subsequent issues (Allen). [Small edition, 33rd Thousand.

1867.—" Time and Tide, by Weare and Tyne," letters originally published in *Manchester Examiner* and *Leeds Mercury* ; two editions (Smith, Elder) ; subsequent editions (Allen). [Small edition, 14th Thousand.

1869.—" The Queen of the Air," two editions (Smith, Elder) ; subsequent editions (Allen). [Small edition, 15th Thousand.

1870.—" Lectures on Art," three editions (Clarendon Press) ; revised small edition, with new preface (Allen). [13th Thousand.

1871-84.—" Fors Clavigera," letters published monthly from 1871 to 1877, and at intervals from 1878 to 1884 ; afterwards collected in two editions of eight and four volumes each respectively. [3rd edition.

1872.—" Aratra Pentelici " (Allen). [2nd edition ; small complete edition, 6th Thousand.

,, " The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret." (Allen.) [3rd edition.

,, " The Eagle's Nest " (Allen). [2nd edition ; small edition, 12th Thousand.

1873.—" Love's Meinie," published in three parts separately. Complete volume (Allen) 1882 ; also small edition.

,, " Ariadne Florentina," six lectures issued separately ; subsequently as one volume (Allen) ; also small edition.

1874.—" Val d'Arno," ten lectures issued separately ; subsequently as one volume (Allen). [2nd edition ; also small edition, 6th thousand.

1875-77.—" Mornings in Florence," six parts issued separately (Allen) ; also a new complete edition. [12th Thousand.

1875-86.—" Proserpina " (Allen), Vol. I. contains first six parts ; Parts VII., VIII., IX., and X. issued separately.

1875-83.—" Deucalion " (Allen). Vol. I. contains first six parts ; Parts VII. and VIII. issued separately.

1877-81.—" St. Mark's Rest," published separately in three parts, with supplement and appendix (Allen) ; also in complete edition. [2nd edition.

1877-78.—" The Laws of Fesole," in four parts (Allen) ; collected in one volume 1879. [2nd edition 1882.

1884.—" The Storm Cloud of the Ninete originally issued in two parts ; afterwa (Allen).

1884-85.—" The Pleasures of England " ; fo separately (Allen). [Small complete edit and Pleasures of England," in one volume.

1885.—" A Knight's Faith," Vol. IV. of " torum." (Allen.)

,, " Roadside Songs of Tuscany "—preface a Alexander's translations (Allen).

1885-89.—" Praeterita " ; three volumes (All

1886-87.—" Dilecta " ; correspondence, diar tracts from books illustrating " Praeteri (Allen).

1887-89.—" Christ's Folk in the Appennine Alexander, edited by Ruskin, in six parts

SELECTIONS.

1885.—" On the Old Road " ; a Selection pamphlets, articles, and essays (1834-84) volumes.

1889.—" The Rights of Labour according arranged by T. Barclay. W. Reeves. [3

1893.—" Selections from Ruskin," two volume series being based upon the " Selectio Smith, Elder in 1861 ; the second seri from Ruskin's works published after 1860.

1894.—" Ruskin on Music," edited by Mis (Allen).

1898.—" The Bible References of Ruski arranged in alphabetical order by Mar (Allen).

1900.—" Thoughts from Ruskin," selected Professor Attwell. (Allen.) [6th Thous

,, " Turner and Ruskin," with descripti the writings of Ruskin, edited, with a bi Turner, by Frederick Wedmore (Allen).

The late Mr. Parnell was not a bibliop pected to find any very valuable items in his sold at Avondale last week. Yet there were books, and in a few cases, notably one or two were evidently used by the late Irish leader obtained. Evidently his predecessors had f teresting collection. As a rule, however, th Among the lots were the following :—Beckfor (£2 15s.) ; Byron's " Doge of Venice and Pr first edition (12s.) ; Inigo Jones' " Palladio's A (£2) ; Campbell's " Vitruvius Britannicus," 3 Markham's " Hunger's Prevention, or the W ing," 1621, Ascham's " Schole of Shooting," of Angling," 1740 (£2 15s.) ; " Galerie du edited by Filhol, 10 vols., 1810-15 (£5) ; An Fencing," 1765 (£2 10s.) ; " General System by the Duke of Newcastle, 1743, 2 vols. in 1 (tary Costume of Europe," 2 vols., 1812 (£18 Travaux de Mars," 1685 (36s.) ; Lucar's Colloquies Concerning the Art of Shooting (35s.) ; Gourry's " Traité de Venerie et de Chaucer's Works, black letter, 1561 (£4 5s.) ; nia's Pastorals," 1613, Cowley's Poems, 16 Jonson's Works, 2 vols., 1640 (£4) ; Holl cles," imperfect, 1577-86 (£2) ; and the Fou speare, with name cut from top of title, and t imperfect, being badly frayed, size 13¾ by 9 fetched the largest figure of any book sold, b to Colonel Tottenham for £35. Not a sing

Correspondence.

BESANT AND RICE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the Life of Coligny by the late Sir Walter Besant there is a passage containing a statement so utterly at variance with another on the same topic in "The Golden Butterfly" that the two call for consideration. I quote them.

From the tenth chapter of "Gaspard de Coligny," by Walter Besant, M.A. :—

> The Duke of Guise, wiping the blood from the dead man's face with his handkerchief, looked upon the well-known features of his enemy. "I know him," he cried joyfully, "it is he." He kicked the dead body with his foot, and left it there, calling on his companions to go on with the good work in the name of the King. Sixteen years later, the corpse of this same Henry, Duke of Guise, was lying before another murderer, Henry the Third, who, as Guise had treated the dead body of Coligny, so treated the dead body of Guise, with a brutal kick.

From the Prologue to "The Golden Butterfly," by Walter Besant and James Rice :—

> When Henri Balafré, Duc de Guise, saw Coligny lying dead at his feet, he is said—only it is a wicked lie—to have kicked the body of his murdered father's enemy. When Henry III. of France, ten years later, saw Balafré dead at his feet, he did kick the lifeless body, with a wretched joke. That King was a cur.

Himself or his colleague has therefore, it would appear, given the lie to the gifted and lamented writer of Coligny's biography.

Yours faithfully,

ALGERNON WARREN.

17, Wellbeck-mansions, Inglewood-road,
West Hampstead, N.W.

WILTSHIRE WORDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am lately joined in Wedlock to a young Woman whose Humour is, whenever I have a Mind to read her a Discourse out of your Paper, to vow that she will not be *mahometed to*. I desire to know what this Word means. Melissa is a Lady that lives in our Parish; but, if I offer her the least Civility, my Wife declares that I am *as deep as Garrick*, and that Melissa and I, forsooth, are *as thick as Incleucauers*. It was but last Night that, the Supper not being to madam's liking, she found the Mutton *as sour as a wig*, and the Potatoes *as hard as Brazil*; and she told me afterwards that she should never endure the Cook-maid, though the Wench had been *as fess as Cox's pig* to enter her service. Pray, tell me, Sir, how I may interpret this metaphorical sort of a Dialect, and oblige

Your humble servant,

PHILOLOGUS.

P.S.—You must know she was bred near the Devizes.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Up to the present the autumn lists of the publishers [illegible]

Caine have already given the season a popular [illegible] about ten days' time Mr. Crockett's volume of "Lo[illegible] is expected from Mr. Murray uniform with "A[illegible] woman's Love Letters"—while his new novel, "The F[illegible] is coming through Messrs. Macmillan. Another nov[illegible] Barrie is also expected during the autumn, and Mr. [illegible] will publish a new book by Mr. Gilbert Parker, entit[illegible] Right of Way." Among the novels in Mr. Fisher Unw[illegible] "The Disciple," by Paul Bourget; "The Lion's W[illegible] Amelia E. Barr; "The Yellow Fiend," by Mrs. A[illegible] "The Saving Child," by Mrs. Fraser; "The Insane [illegible] Mrs. Campbell Praed; "The Mating of a Dove," [illegible] E. Mann; and two books by Mr. Louis Becke—"[illegible] Black Sheep," and "Yorke the Adventurer, and oth[illegible] Other novels for the autumn are :—

- "Kim." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)
- "A Maid of Venice." By F. Marion Crawford. (Ma[illegible]
- "The Benefactress." By the authoress of "Elizabe[illegible] German Garden." (Macmillan.)
- "The Secret Orchard." By Egerton Castle. (Macm[illegible]
- "Royal Georgie." By S. Baring Gould. (Methuen.)
- "Sir Richard Calmady." By Lucas Malet. (Methue[illegible]
- "Tales of Dunstable Weir." By Zack. (Methuen.)
- "Clementina." By A. E. W. Mason. (Methuen.)
- "The Embarrassing Orphan." By W. E. Norris. (M[illegible]
- "The Prophet of Berkeley Square." By Robert [illegible] (Methuen.)
- "Fancy Free." By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen.)

Mr. Elliot Stock announces a new volume of essa[illegible] Augustine Birrell uniform with the first edition o[illegible] Dicta." It will contain, among others, articles on Jo[illegible] The Ideal University, and The Reformation.

To Mr. Henry J. Drane's "Bijou Biographies [illegible] added, in the course of a few days, a life of Miss Mar[illegible] illustrated with special photographs.

Miss Constance Fletcher, who, under the pse[illegible] "George Fleming," has published a considerable [illegible] novels, is preparing for stage purposes a dramatic [illegible] Balzac's well-known story, "La Duchesse de Langeai[illegible]

Messrs. Methuen have a new series of children's [illegible] preparation, under the editorship of E. V. Lucas, enti[illegible] Little Blue Books for Children," containing stories al[illegible] children, the moral of which is implied rather than [illegible] E. V. Lucas has also written (for Messrs. Methuen) a [illegible] book of verse entitled "The Visit to London," wit[illegible] pictures.

An American selection of "Representative [illegible] Comedies," in five volumes, will be published soon [illegible] Macmillan, as well as an *Édition de luxe* of Mr. Fishe[illegible] "Mermaid Series" in twenty-five volumes. Messrs. [illegible] also announce "What is Shakespeare: An Introduct[illegible] Great Plays," by Professor Sherman, of Nebraska; "[illegible] Napoleon I.," by the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, autho[illegible] Story of France"; "George Washington," by Nor[illegible] good; "Select Documents of English History," by [illegible] George Burton Adams and H. Morse Stephens; and [illegible] three series of a work to be issued under the general [illegible] of the President of the University of Chicago, W[illegible] Harper. The first series will be "Ancient Records of [illegible] and Assyria," edited by Professor R. F. Harper of [illegible] six volumes; the second series will be "Ancient [illegible] Egypt," edited by J. H. Breasted, in six volumes [illegible] third series will be "Ancient Records of Palestine."

The novel with a purpose apparently knows no limit. [illegible] development is to be an anti-vaccination novel by L[illegible] General Arthur Phelps, President of the Anti-V[illegible]

Prince of Siam. It will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, who has a number of other historical works, including "The Barbarian Invasion of Italy," by Professor Villari; and two additions to "The Story of the Nations" Series—"Wales," by Professor Edwards, and "Mediæval Rome: 1073-1600," by William Miller. "John Oliver Hobbes" has two items in the same list—a new Haymarket play, as yet without a title, and a volume entitled "Three Stories and a Play," the three stories being named respectively "Prince Toto," "'Tis an Ill Flight without Wings," and "The Worm that God Prepared," and the play—which concerns a Carlist rising—*A Repentance*. Another piece of dramatic literature announced by Mr. Unwin is a three-act play in blank verse entitled *Alfred the Great*, by Edmund L. Hill. The same publisher will issue Mr. Harry Furniss' and Mr. Albert Chevalier's autobiographies, which we have already mentioned, and he has one scientific book—"A Study in Heredity," by Dr. Archdall Reid, Lecturer on Heredity in the University of Edinburgh. The author deals mainly with alcoholism.

Books to look out for at once.

"Blue Shirt and Khaki: A Comparison." By J. F. Archibald. Gay and Bird. 6s. n.
[A comparison between American and British campaigning.]

"The Growth of the Empire." By A. W. Jose. J. Murray. 6s.
[Historical review of the development of Greater Britain.]

"The Snares of the World." By Hamilton Aide. J. Murray. 6s.

"The Million." By Dorothea Gerard. Methuen. 6s.

"When the Land was Young." By L. McLaws. Constable. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FICTION.

SIR HECTOR. By ROBERT MACHRAY. 7¾×5¼. 374 pp. Constable. 6s.

THE DEVASTATORS. By ADA CAMBRIDGE. 7½×5. 310 pp. Methuen. 6s.

THE SKIPPER OF BARNCRAIG. By G. SETOUN. 7½×5. 348 pp. Constable. 6s.

SPORTING SORROWS. By FOX RUSSELL. 6½×4. 192 pp. Arrowsmith. 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIRST SUPPLEMENTARY CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE. By J. R. BOSSE. 10¾×7¼. 763 pp. Royal Colonial Institute.

CONCISE DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES. By F. A. E. Gasc. 6½×4¾. 941 pp. Bell.
[A handy abridgment of the author's larger work, published in 1897. Intended for middle forms in schools.]

SONGS OF EXILE. By HEBREW POETS. Trans. by NINA DAVIS. 6¼×4¾. 146 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.
[Published for the Jewish Historical Society. Twelve of the songs are by Jehudah Halevi, some others from unknown sources.]

WAS ALFRED KING OF ENGLAND? A Political View. By A. SAXON. 8¾×5¾. 100 pp. Harrison.
[Endeavours to prove that Alfred was a Roman nominee of the Pope, sent to fight against the Saxons under Guthrum, who in 878 was "King of all England."]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE HISTORICAL NEW TESTAMENT. By J. MOFFATT, B.D. 2nd Ed. revised. 9×5¾. 724 pp. T. and T. Clark. 16s.
[We reviewed this very valuable book when it was first published on February 23. The changes in this edition are very slight.]

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. Vol. III. Don Quixote, Vol. I. Ed. by J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY. 7×4½. 184 pp. Glasgow. Gowans and Gray. 1s. n.
[This begins the Cervantes in 12 volumes which is to form part of Messrs. Gowans and Gray's "Complete Library," and is uniform with the "Keats" already published. Ormsby's well known translation has been selected. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's full introduction and brief scholarly notes give it a value which a book so cheap and handy seldom possesses.]

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO. By ANTHONY HOPE. (The Novelist Series.) 9×6. 128 pp. Methuen. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH, and other Sacred Trusts. Harmony and Correlation. By H. W. HOLDEN. 7½×5. 101 pp. Skeffington. 2s. 6d.

A KEY TO UNLOCK THE BIBLE. By J. A. BEET, D.D. 7×4½. 160 pp. Religious Tract Society. 1s. 6d.
[A brief introduction to the study of the Bible in the light of modern criticism.]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House

PROBLEM No. 217, by O. KUNETITZKY, Prague.
BLACK 6 pieces.

WHITE. 12 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM
R. G. THOM
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and

PROBLEM No. 219, by A. Troitzky, R pieces)—K at K B 2; Q at Q Kt 8; Kt at Q Black (6 pieces)—K at K B 5; Q at Q B 3 pawns at Q 5, Q B 4, Q R 4. White to play and

PROBLEM No. 220, by Count Schaffgotsch. —K at Q Kt 3; Q at K B 4; Kt at K 5. Bl at Q 8; Q at Q R 4. White to play and win.

MORPHY AND PROFESSIONALISM.—In view vast changes have been wrought during recent in the practical extinction of professionalism as ing by Mr. C. A. Buck, of Toronto, Kansas, wi He writes:—"It was while in Paris, durin December, 1858, that Morphy's so-called a began to manifest itself, and his feelings in became so aggravated in later years as to cr belief that he grew to positively dislike the mistake. His experience in European chess revelation to him. It should be remembered t inspired by the ardour, enthusiasm, and high and, loving chess as he did, he was shocked and sordid conventionalities of chess practice that w taint of professionalism was repellent to him, a how the game was made a business of, his di forsake the haunts of chess. Morphy's idea morals of chess is not suggested for the purpo invidious comparisons, but simply to establish was not chess that he grew to dislike but the those who would make a living by it. As Mor be in a way an involuntary victim of his fame his ideas in this respect are important as expl phase of his character.

"Morphy returned to America in May, 1850 with all the enthusiasm due to a conquering her of a vast assemblage in the chapel of the U York, he was presented with a testimonial i magnificent set of gold and silver chess m match, the most costly, perhaps, that was ove festivities of this occasion were unhappily marr episode that showed Morphy's growing sens 'profession of chess.' Colonel Charles D. M the American Chess Association, was chairman committee which greeted Morphy, and in his addr made an allusion to chess as a profession, and re as its most brilliant exponent. Morphy took e characterized as a professional player, even by he resented it in such a way as to overwhelm C confusion. Such was his mortification at this that Colonel Mead withdrew from further part

Literature

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish this week special illustrated articles upon Tolstoy and his work by Mr. Francis Gribble, Mr. George Calderon, Mr. Aylmer Maude, and Mr. Brayley Hodgetts.

On page 211 will be found an article on the Pan-Celtic Congress by Mr. A. P. Graves, and on page 209 Mr. Arthur Waugh's concluding article on Victorian poetry.

Next week we shall issue a specially illustrated Walt Whitman number, with a reproduction of Mr. R. Bryden's portrait of Whitman.

* * * *

The Queen of Rumania has sent copies of her works to Count Tolstoy. Even if the author has no time to read them the thought that they are lying on his table will, she says, be a comfort to her. Count Tolstoy replied :—"I know the heart and the genius of the Queen who gives life by her talent to the songs of her people, and unites in the same affection the palace and the cottage. On the throne or in the midst of the people a woman's heart always has the same emotions, the same poetry, though this unhappily is not the case with men."

follows, in a letter of November 30, 1900 :—"Better l
both for knowledge of the two languages and for p
into the very meaning of the matter translated, e
invented."

* * * *

Books to read, just published :—

"The Octopus." By Frank Norris. (Grant Richard
"The Death of the Gods." By Dmitri Merejkowski. (

* * * *

Readers who happen to be reading this paper l
on their way to Switzerland may be glad to be told o
buy and read, whether in the train or the hotel, when
reached their destination. Let them try the new Sw
"Etrennes Helvétiques," of which the first number c
way in the course of a recent Swiss journey of our own
vival of an old annual that used to be brought out in the
century by the Doyen Bridel, who was a friend of G
Lausanne, and subsequently a pastor at Montreux. T
publisher, M. Auguste Bridel, is a collateral descend

* * * *

What the Doyen Bridel principally did was to
events worth remembering in Swiss history. He w
"sources," and republished things with comments.
them when they were clothed in the obscurity
language. He translated, for instance, Conrad Gesne
of his ascent of Pilatus in the sixteenth century. T
policy is similar. In the number before us are many art
ling fresh light upon matters of interest. Madame Ber
for example, has been through some unpublished letters
Necker, preserved in the Geneva public library, i
see that great lady embarrassed by the exigent dema
relations. One of them wants to come and stay with
how," she asks, "am I to introduce her as my relative
full of people of all classes, where, to be decently d
must spend at least a thousand French crowns a y
to mention her breeding, her language, and a th
trifles which, without negativing her merits, would g
bad impression in a country where people judge by

* * * *

In another article M. Louis Wuarin illustrates life
350 years ago by means of quotations from the regi
Genevan Council. It will not be waste of space to transl
his extracts. For example :—

1540.—Calvin is requested to remain here for c
given a new suit of clothes.

1546.—A box of sweetmeats is given to F
Bonivard, who is working at the Chronicles, and
who works under him is given a pair of shoes.

Our Correspondent in Paris writes:—The telegraph brought us suddenly last week from Brittany the news of the capsizing off the Breton coast of a boat containing the members of two well-known French families which are widely known in literary circles all over Europe. Nearly all the passengers were drowned. The two families were those of Professor Marillier, of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, and of M. Anatole Le Braz, who is to-day certainly the most eminent interpreter of the inner life of the Breton and one of the most distinguished names in French letters. By this terrible disaster M. Anatole Le Braz has lost his father and mother, his two sisters, and his sister-in-law; while Professor Marillier, his brother-in-law, although saved from the sea, is still lingering between life and death, as a consequence of exposure during an entire night on a rock lashed by the waves. It is significant that M. Le Braz's writings should have been so much inspired by the sea. The *eaux traitresses* of the old Breton canticle of Pol and Gildas will have henceforth a meaning for M. Anatole Le Braz which they had not even when he wrote that admirable and powerful book, "Le Sang de La Sirène."

* * * *

In a number in which we publish a sympathetic account of the proceedings at the Pan-Celtic Congress we cannot resist the temptation to quote some remarks on the same subject contributed to the *St. James's Gazette* by Mr. A. D. Godley:—

Erin aboo! though the desolate ocean
  Sever the steps of the exile from thee,
Why do I cry in a voice of emotion,
  "Slainte, mavourneen acushla machree"?

Lo! 'tis the National Spirit is on me,
  All in the Strand as I peaceably go,
Thinking of wrongs that the Saxon has done me,
  Dreaming afar of the county Mayo.

How shall the voice of the patriot utter
  All that his feelings must yearn to express?
Robed by a Sassenach tailor and cutter,
  Bring me, O bring me the National Dress!

Doomed by the alien his fashions to follow,
  Long at the feet of his modes have I sat:
Now for a coat with the tails of a swallow—
  Stick a dudeen in the brim of my hat.

* * * *

Mr. William Andrews writes from the Royal Institution, Hull:—

Not a few pilgrims come to see the pew where Dr. Johnson sat in St. Clement Danes. When, however, they learn that a shilling is charged to see it their interest in the Doctor is at an end. This charge has been made since 1898 when the fabric was restored, and it was expected that sufficient money would soon be raised to place immediately behind the pew a stained-glass window to the memory of Dr. Johnson. So far a very small sum has been obtained. About £140 is all that is required, and surely there should not be any difficulty in raising that amount. Could not the Johnson Club move in this matter? It seems to us a laudable object to place a memorial in the church where the great man worshipped, and nothing could be more fitting than a really good stained-glass window.

* * * *

Few readers probably know that there are
the Mohawk nation living to-day than in th
American Revolution. That this is the case is
Mr. F. W. Halsey's "The Old New York Fron
published by Scribners, a copy of which has be
the Mohawks, who now mostly live on a reservati
by the British Government at the close of th
Ontario, Canada, north of Lake Erie.

* * *

The Mechitarist Fathers of the Armenian me
Lazaro, Venice, will celebrate on September 8 a
tenary of the founding of their convent and nead
research and industry the learned world owes ed
Armenian texts of Eusebius' Chronicon, of Phil
commentary on the Diatestaron, and of several
books. They have also issued magnificent le
language, and made other valuable contributio
letters.

A dramatized version of "Vanity Fair,"
Sharp, was produced at the Prince of Wales's Thea

Further subscriptions are needed so as to en
Millenary Committee to pay for the memorial
undertaken, and may be sent to the chairman,
of London, the Mansion-house, London; to the
Avebury, care of Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock, an
bard-street, London; or to the honorary secret
of Winchester, the Abbey House, Winchester.

Mr. Hall Caine has copyrighted a dramatic
Eternal City."

The Institute of Journalists held its ann
week at Leeds. Mr. à Beckett presided, an
address on "The Purpose of the Press."

Last Sunday was Mr. Bret Harte's sixty-sec

We regret to hear of the death of Dr. Ja
Professor of Church History and Pastoral T
United Free Church College, Aberdeen.

Mr. Heinemann has written out his opin
agents for publication in the next number of th
will not appear until October.

The Earl of Rosebery will unveil Mr. Thorny
statue at the Alfred Millenary.

Mr. Carnegie has given Dalkeith £4,000 for

Richard Baxter's pulpit, at Alcester, is fo
consent of the Charity Commissioners.

We read in the *Gaulois* that the tomb of Pe
has been discovered near Rhesi.

It has been decided that *Les Burgraves* shall b
Théâtre Français on the occasion of the Victor H

From inquiries made by a London News
sentative it appears that the booksellers of Ch
have decided to take no notice of the order
Westminster City Council requesting them

The Vice of Reading.

People read too much. The habit grows upon them like dram-drinking or the cocaine habit till excessive indulgence in reading matter stupefies brains that might otherwise be bright and active. Such is the thesis propounded by Mr. Howells in *Harper's Magazine*; and though it contradicts the generally accepted view of reading, we are disposed to give it a qualified support from the evidence of our experience as well as of our observations. We read to live, and our reading is necessarily miscellaneous; and we are familiar with a very unsatisfactory sensation which overtakes us with some regularity after a heavy day with "other new books"—good though many of them may have been—or after a heavy Saturday afternoon consecrated to the many excellent articles on all sorts of subjects that appear in the weekly papers. It is a sensation of having scattered energies which might have produced some good result if they had been concentrated; of having dallied with many ideas and retained none for permanent guidance; of having temporarily incapacitated ourselves for sustained attention or properly directed thought—incapacited ourselves, indeed, for any thought at all that is not stimulated by an impertinent preface or a piquant paragraph. And this, Mr. Howells would have us think, is the permanent mental state of thousands of our fellow-countrymen—and more particularly our fellow-countrywomen—who do not read to live but live to read; and there really seems good reason to believe that a good many of them are so afflicted. Most of us are acquainted with ladies who are "fond of reading," in the sense that they go every morning to the circulating library for novels and spend the rest of the day reading them on the sofa, to the neglect of any domestic duties that they may have. Most of us have also observed that such ladies do not, as the result of their reading, develop literary taste or acquire a more intelligent attitude towards life. Their reading does not make them think, but only makes them feel. They do not remember what they read; they do not distinguish between good books and bad books, but only between books with happy and books with unhappy endings. The same conventional situations and the same conventional characters satisfy them day after day. They have simply acquired a habit which they allow to grow on them the more readily because they think it is rather a good habit. But it is a bad habit—a stupefying, soul-destroying habit—and if Mr. Howells can shake them out of it, he will deserve the thanks of the community. His advice to them is to stop reading and talk, since "talking is really the only way to thinking"; but we question whether this remedy would in practice lead to very valuable results. For there are different kinds of talking; and when a number of stupid people get together and converse, the amount of thinking generated by the conversation may be inconsiderable. What the stupid people who have ruined their intellects by reading bad novels in large quantities really need is, of course, to be admitted to take part in the colloquies of the intelligent. But such meetings are not much more easy to arrange as a regular feature of social life than social evenings in which duchesses should take tea with washerwomen. The stupid people are apt to bore the intelligent people by telling them long stories about nothing in particular with many irrelevant digressions. Consequently, the intelligent people avoid the stupid people as much as possible. Moreover, in order to do the stupid people any lasting good, the intelligent people would have to begin by being rude to them—which is what the stupid people would not like. Whence it seems to follow that Mr. Howells' solution of the problem which he has

Literature Portraits.—XV

COUNT TOLSTOY.

Other writers deal, in this number, with Co
literary genius, and with his philosophical attitude
The purpose of this paper is less ambitious—to rel
recall the impressions of some few of the countless
have visited the illustrious Russian man of letters.

Almost alone among the Russian writers wh
cosmopolitan renown Count Tolstoy is of ancien
lineage. On his mother's side he is a direct desce
Michael, Prince of Tchernigof, who was martyred
gols in 1246 and afterwards canonized by the Russi
on his father's side from Count Peter Andréivitc
known statesman of the times of Peter and Catharine
collateral ancestors held high positions in the ar
Civil Service. One of them was Count Osterman-T
commanded an army against Napoleon, and won t
Kulm in 1812. His father, Nicolas Iltich, was a
tenant-colonel; but his uncle, Feodor Andreiev
Senator and Privy Councillor, and his cousin, C
Petrovitch, was Vice-President and Professor in t
of Fine Arts. To what extent these family glories an
have influenced his development and his career is
question; but it seems not quite unreasonable to con
it is partly because he is a nobleman that Count
been able to give an appearance of distinction to e
at which the world would have been inclined to
case of a man of genius of humbler origin. For, as
Sergyeenko enthusiastically says, "Whatever he do
he runs a race with the young people, or sews sho
himself on a bicycle, he never in any situation is ridi

Count Tolstoy was born at Yasnaya Polyana in
mother died in 1830, and he was brought up by tw
Countess Osten Sacken and Madame Yushkoff. The
lady, if we may judge from Tolstoy's "Confess
singular ideas as to the training of the young. S
said to me that she wished nothing so much for me
into relations with a married woman; *rien ne for
homme comme une liaison avec une femme comme il f*
the later Tolstoy further writes of the earlier Tols
the converted Bunyan wrote of the unregenerated Be

> I cannot remember these years without horr
> and pain of heart. I used to kill people in war;
> them to duels in order to kill them; I used to lo
> cards; I ate up the labour of the peasants a
> them; I led an immoral life; gave myself up to
> deception, lying, theft, pleasure of all kinds, d
> violence, murder—there was no crime that I did no

One does not, of course, take all this quite litera
written under the influence of powerful religious e
in full enjoyment of the novel luxury of self-abasem
is at least clear that Tolstoy in his youth made no ap
tensions and had no expectation of ever making any.

He was very young, however, and the facts sh
did not remain exclusively devoted to his pleasur
long. In 1851 he entered the army as a Junker—a
which he did a private soldier's duty, but associat
terms with officers—and being stationed in the Ca

already a serious literary man, and in the intervals of fighting he found time to write three sketches of Sevastopol. These were read at the Palace, and so impressed Emperor Nicholas that he sent an order to the effect that "the life of that young man must be looked after," with the result that the general in command transferred the novelist to a safe place on the line of communications.

When the war was over Tolstoy left the army and went to St. Petersburg, where he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the literary set. His views at that period—he was twenty-six—of the functions of men of letters are recorded in the "Confessions":—

> Our vocation was to instruct people. What was our instruction there was no need of inquiring; for it was admitted in theory that artists and poets instructed unconsciously. I considered myself a remarkable artist and poet, and therefore very naturally accepted this theory. I, an artist and poet, wrote and taught, not knowing what. I had excellent eating, lodging, and society. I was famous. . . . We were all then convinced that it was necessary for us to speak and write and print as quickly as possible and as much as possible, and that all that was necessary for the good of humanity.

"We" includes Turgenev, who had "discovered" Tolstoy before he met him, and expressed the opinion that "he will astonish all of us, for he is a talent of the first rank." The relations between the two writers form one of the interesting chapters of literary history. For a while they were like brothers, though the tone of the elder man was a little disposed to be patronizing. "If you do not go off on byways you will go far," he wrote. And again:—"When this young wine has gone through the process of fermentation it will be a drink fit for the gods." Then, in 1861, came a furious quarrel arising out of a cynical remark made by Tolstoy when he heard that Turgenev had engaged an English governess to teach his natural daughter. Turgenev challenged him, and though Tolstoy avoided a duel by apologizing they did not meet again till 1878. Then they were reconciled and once again became as brothers. The last letter that Turgenev ever wrote was to Tolstoy—a letter of great pathos, beginning:—

> Dear and Beloved Leo Nikolaievitch,
>
> I have not written to you for a long time for I lay and lie, in two words, on my deathbed. I cannot get well, that is not to be thought of. But I write in order to tell you how glad I am to have been your contemporary and to make my last earnest request. My friend, return to literary work. This talent of yours has come down from whence all else comes. Oh! how happy would I be could I believe that my prayer would be answered.

For between the first friendship and the second both "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" had been written; and, by one of the strangest paradoxes in literary history, the author of these masterpieces had come to profess a great contempt for literature. More than that. He had come to profess that he always, or nearly always, had professed it. In 1862 he had married and settled down at Yasnaya Polyana and devoted most of his time to the education of the peasant children, whom he instructed, not very successfully, from Russian translations of the Manuals of Peter Parley. Disgusted at his failure, he "threw up everything and went off into the steppes among the Bashkus." But when he came back he wrote again. This is what he says when he looks back upon the period:—

The retrospect is doubtless coloured by the later epoch. Yet it is reasonable to suppose th fifteen years, the way was being silently p subsequent spiritual revolution. Whether t was really a change for the better, and wheth doctrine resulting from it is more correctly descri or as *friperie philosophique*, are questions whic debated here. Those who accept it accept a very table of commandments, prohibiting tobacco, and non-resistance of evil, celibacy, and vegetarianis a creed to the effect that the sacraments are exa and that a church is an improper place in which The most wonderful thing is that the period up of this strange assortment of dogmas, should with the period in which Count Tolstoy's reput teacher spread all over the world. At first, ind admirers imagined that the phase was on "Judging from the part," wrote Eugene Sch "there has never seemed to me any reason to be present phase of mystical religious enthusiasm, Count Tolstoy is now passing, would last for th life." A Russian visitor of about the same date opinion that Count Tolstoy was "only preparing and great artistic productions." But these pre erroneous. Count Tolstoy did, indeed, go on wri it would seem, is no less a necessity of h breathing. He had definitely ceased to be definitely become a Pope. His publications mi form, but in essence they were Encyclicals.

And Count Tolstoy has been accepted as Encyclicals have been accepted as Encyclic Orthodox Church seemed afraid of him until, th Procurator of the Holy Synod took his courage and put his foot down, fulminating excommu French have, indeed, lately begun to denounce th impelled apparently by the fear lest the Russian be imperilled if they neglected to do so. "A co Maurice Talmeyr, the other day in the *Gaulois*, greater scourge than a Tolstoy"; and he went Tolstoys of France, whoever they may be, "Ministers like M. Monis, rags like our elector recollections like that of Panama." But his wa and not very intelligent voice crying in the w general attitude towards Count Tolstoy, whe country or outside of it, has been one of reveren adoration. Grave critics have likened him to the kind. Visitors of every sort and condition have n to his farm as to a shrine. Half-hours with To a feature of the magazines. The world knows t and bathes, and plays lawn tennis; that he tal *Chronicle*; that the Countess Tolstoy copies his makes his clothes; that he made a pair of disgusted to hear that an admirer kept them i that he lost his temper with a lady who, propos test for his gospel of Renunciation, asked for a t and threatened to blow her brains out if she did

One could fill a column with the names of pilgrims of this later Tolstoy period. To menti W. T. Stead, Professor Lombroso, and M. suffices to show what diverse persons are at fascinating personality. Perhaps M. Déroulède

and the French are brethren, but that between them stands the German, who prevents them from embracing each other, and therefore Déroulède proposed that Prokofiy should lend a hand to squeeze the fat out of the German.

Prokofiy listened attentively, reflected, and said :

"No, master, let it rather be in this way. Do you French work, and we Russians will also work, and after our toil is over we will go to the publichouse, and we will take the German with us."

This combination did not satisfy Déroulède.

Not only visitors but correspondents pay their homage to Count Tolstoy. According to Mr. Sergyeenko, "young Russians and Frenchmen, Americans, Dutchmen, Poles, Englishmen, Baroness Bertha Suttner, and a devout Brahmin from India, the dying Turgeneev, and the highwayman Tchurkin" have all been in the habit of communicating with him regularly.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

TOLSTOY'S NOVELS.

I.

In order to be admitted to the immortals a novelist must do more than record the things which might have been. We look to the man of genius for a picture of the world coloured by his personality, "nature seen through a temperament." As the world is an unsatisfactory affair from almost every point of view, the great novelists have all agreed in being discontented with the greater part of it ; and the thing in common between them all is satire—discontentment barbed with wit. Tolstoy has been more dissatisfied and therefore more satirical than any.

Until he had passed middle age he was contented to be discontented, and spent his talent in laughing solemnly at the vanities of human life, in "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," and many shorter stories. But in the seventies he grew impatient, and satire gave way to philosophy. As a malcontent, satire gave too small a return for the investment of his talent ; he betook himself to "speculation"—to theology and social science. It must be plain to every student of his works, that his point of view suffered little alteration ; he still busied himself in crying out against the iniquities of social life. But he endeavoured from that time to embody the negations of his satire into an affirmative philosophy. The merits and demerits of that philosophy do not fall within the scope of this article. I will only point out to those who disapprove of his philosophy that they need not let that disapproval spread so far as to hinder their enjoyment of his novels. Whatever they may think of his creed as a creed, there is no doubt that, regarded merely as part of his equipment as a satirist, it is a whip that cracks very merrily through the long course of his stories. For a false philosophy of life is not only better than none in a satirist, but it is almost better than a good one, if its falsity arise from exaggeration. A passionate and excessive disgust with real life adds a zest to satire, which mere reasonable disapproval can never impart. Only in the white heat of Tolstoy-Christian hatred for his kind could Tolstoy have struck off that monumental farce, "The Fruits of Enlightenment." In spite of all the aberrations of his philosophy, his art is safeguarded by that Balaam-safeguard which he himself so well explains in his article on Maupassant, where he speaks of the contradiction between the moral truth of Maupassant's stories and the depravity of the man himself.

Lermontov, Dostoyevski, Goncharov, and Turgeneev shambles one half-attractive, half-repulsive figure, as he sees himself. In the course of his [illegible] has developed on this side and on that, he has changed changing times ; but in two things he is constant. He is always dissatisfied with the world, and always with himself. "Video meliora proboque" has constant motto, and "deteriora sequor" his almost practice. In the novels of the twenties he was [illegible] unamiably selfish ; he sought relief in disobeying commandments ; he broke ladies' hearts without hav for the fragments of them ; he shot his friends at eve ate his breakfast with unimpaired appetite. In generation the hero's dissatisfaction took the form he would have liked to marry, but he couldn't be make love ; he would have liked to have a great had not the energy to put on his boots in order to seek it. Tolstoy put new life into the novel-hero, of him, married him, and knocked the nonsense

COUNT LYOV TOLSTOY

[From "Prophets of the Nineteenth Century," by permission of Messrs

He crops up in Tolstoy's novels in different mask different names, as Dmitry Olenin, as Pierre Constantine Levin, and as Prince Nechlindov. Tw that every man was a Hamlet or a Don Quixote ; found that the typical Russian embodied in himself alternation of impulse and irresolution. His discover the incompatibility of his Quixote creed and practice.

To this generation Prince Nechlindov is the phase of the hero as he appears in Tolstoy's adventures as a juryman and as a doctrinaire "Resurrection" are still fresh in the public mind not generally known that many years have passed

the Memoirs of Prince Nechlindov," it is evident that Prince Nechlindov, who is little more than a point of observation, is no other than Tolstoy himself.

Nechlindov has been made the vehicle for Tolstoy's later theories of life; but Pierre Bezuchi and Constantine Levin are just as truly autobiographical—or, rather, more truly, for, like Tolstoy, they achieve final peace in a happy and suitable marriage. Nechlindov represents Tolstoy's theory; Levin his practice.

It is generally believed that every man writes best about what he has himself experienced. But, if the critic may express his own individual taste, even when it is at variance with a commonly received opinion, I should say that Tolstoy's greatness does not lie in the delineation of his heroes. Each hero is a necessary centre for the panorama in which he figures; but in every case, as it seems to me, the heroes are the least successful characters in his tales. Olenin, Bezuchi, Levin, and Nechlindov, with their ceaseless introspection, must be to some readers actually repulsive. If not, they are at any rate tedious. They write long, dull diaries, they think long, dull thoughts; in their moments of illumination the great truths which they realize are truisms, realized or unrealized, for those who are not passing through the same crisis or enjoying the same illumination; their manners are abominable; and they repel sympathy by their glowing hatred of their fellow-men. Nechlindov, in "Resurrection," positively wallows, glorying, in his hatred of everybody except the criminal classes. These men are too intimately realised by their creator, they are too much the embodiment of his own theories, too "subjective," they "smell too much of the lamp," to be of universal interest.

Tolstoy is happier in presenting his minor characters, characters which he has seen only from the outside. His intuition of what he does not know is far finer than his understanding of what he does know. There are few pieces of psychology in his works so probable as the description of the last moments of the man who is killed by a shell in "Sevastopol," or "The Death of Ivan Ilich." Stiva Oblonski, Anna's brother, in "Anna Karenina"—a man of whose nature Tolstoy knows nothing by inward experience—is a splendid creation, far finer than the carefully laboured figure of Levin, in everything but morals. Anna Karenina and all his women are delicately and strongly drawn; Natasha Rostov and Kittie Sheherbatski are as bright and full of life as portraits of busy smiling women by Reynolds. Tolstoy's women are uniformly splendid, until he begins to see them from inside too, reads his dismal doctrines into them, as in "Resurrection," and fills them with his own arrogant and repellent creed, that all other men and women are swayed only by the will of the flesh. The conscious modesty of Maria Pavlovna in "Resurrection," who "shrinks from the idea of animal love," is abominable; the unconscious immodesty of libertines like Stiva Oblonski is entertaining; for, though modesty is more expedient than immodesty, the consciousness of either is equally repulsive.

The chief value of Tolstoy's novels lies in the presentation of the world at large, of the many spheres through which his central figures move, in the contrast of the opinions and habits of large masses of men, in the satirizing of thousands in the person of typical instances. His pictures depend chiefly on their background for their excellence.

III.

In the "Cossacks" the interest of the tale is not in Olenin, the hero, who is an average dull fellow, but in the

Not only was Tolstoy a full-grown artist at the
four, but he had, at the same time, a broad unde
which is very rare in writers of twice his age.

The story opens in a Moscow restauran
starting to join his line regiment in the Caucas
friends are taking a parting supper with him.
outside. This scene of farewell serves to show
Moscow "civilization," which it is the purpose
contrast with the primeval simplicity of the C
which the rest of the story is laid. It is a taste of t
ing life of young men about town—a life which
at twenty-four almost as much as he does now,
come, in the remote simplicity of his country l
the standard of European civilization. As Ole
along the high roads to the Caucasus the meme
gradually drowned in the anticipations of th
ahead, like the cries of Wagner's Venusberg
solemn strains of the Pilgrim-Chorus. At las
in the Terek Province, to find himself a
Russians. The old Cossack breed of stalwart
"Old-Believers," living a life of Arcadian
petty warfare against the native hillmen, loo
intruding Muscovites, with their pattern-unifor
discipline, their puny stature, their effem
chattering with girls, and their godless habit o

For Olenin, romantic, but still modest, the
two worlds takes the form of an idyll. He i
Cossack Ensign's cottage, and duly falls in love
daughter, the Titanic, handsome, Mariana, who
him in her heart, though the strangeness of
her for a while to think that she could
Young Cossack Luke, brave, disdainful, slo
surrounded with a glory of slain hillmen and st
rival. Olenin is strong and brave, as Musco
received a medal for distinguished service in hi
the forces; but when it comes to fighting th
hand-to-hand work, prepared with savage e
himself quietly put on one side. He can hard
out of the Cossacks as they ride out to do battl

"You had better go home," says Luke, "
This is not in your line."

But, in his love affair with Mariana, Olenin
of success. Luke had been neglectful, and
promised to marry Olenin. But when La
Mariana's real feelings admit of no mistake in h

Get out, you brute! she cried, stampi
approaching him with a threatening air.
expression of such repulsion, hatred, and con
that Olenin suddenly realized that he had no
former belief in her inapproachability was
Without another word he ran out of the shed.

His only friend in the *stanitsa* is the rollic
who has found him an interested listener a
supplier of good wine. But when Olenin's depa
from his audience and his wine he takes no f
him. The last words of the story show how
trace the young Muscovite leaves the Cossac
forgotten before he is out of sight.

Olenin looked round. Uncle Eroshka
Mariana, evidently about his own affairs. Ne
nor the girl looked at him.

In "Domestic Happiness" written seven

is another Avatar of Tolstoy himself. Tolstoy had decided at that time to retire to the tranquil pleasures of the country, far from the hum of towns; so Sergei Michailovich, his hero, longs only for peace and sunshine, flowers, philanthropy, and a wife.

> A quiet solitary life in the depths of the country, he declares as his ideal; with the opportunity of doing good to others. Then work . . then rest, nature, a book, music, and love.

During two or three years there is a breach between husband and wife, because She is tormented by the feeling of a something lacking, and seeks distraction in social success; and He too little understands her nature to teach her wisdom otherwise than by humouring her. It is the period of transition from love to mild friendship. As far as the wife is concerned, the moral is something the same as that of Balzac's "Une Fille d'Ève":—

> The perfect happiness which the first woman tasted in her earthly paradise filled her with that disgust which comes of too much sweetness. She longed to find some wolf in the fold. This, since the beginning, seems to be the meaning of the emblematical serpent to which Eve turned—probably from *ennui*.

That is Balzac's summary of the story of his heroine. But it sums up equally well the story of Tolstoy's heroine. Only Balzac sees what is hidden from Tolstoy; that the vain thing is not the hope of continued love, but the belief that "a wolf in the fold" will appease the discontentment which arises from a flaw in the woman's own nature, and not from any fault in love itself.

The gallantries of a foreign Marquis at a watering-place disgust Tolstoy's heroine with social success, and she and her husband kiss again with tears, in friendly jealousy over their youngest born.

Marriage seems to have worked no change in Tolstoy's ideas of marriage. He was married three years after the appearance of "Domestic Happiness," and in "War and Peace," published six years later still, we find the same order of romantic girlhood and absorbed maternity reproduced in the lamentable instance of Natasha, who from a naughty and delightful girl becomes, as Pierre's wife, a slatternly matron with no thought beyond her children. It is the idea which culminated, years later, in his Address to Women in "What must we do?" with its relentless religion of abounding maternity:—

> If you are true mothers you will not say after two children, nor after twenty children, that you have brought forth enough. . . . The more you have of bearing them and suckling them the fuller and happier will your life be.

"Domestic Happiness" is so charmingly told that the reader is almost tempted, against his better sense, to accept the philosophy which lies at the bottom of it as universally true; whereas it is true only of the characters in the story.

IV.

Until he was thirty-five Tolstoy had attempted nothing on the grand scale of the works which have made him famous; but from 1864 to 1869 he was busy on that stupendous monument "Peace and War," which was the foundation of his European reputation. The novel began to appear as a serial in 1868, and carried the critics by storm.

"Peace and War" is, in the main, mere narrative without *arrière pensée*. There is, in its best parts, no conscious incul-

for the man; after awhile he has convinced hi—lf that is nothing but a vulgar upstart; he sees no genius in tary dispositions; he lets his own mind incline more to that belief in Fate which lies at the bottom of every nature. For my own part, I feel convinced that had it for his hatred of Napoleon—bred by continual contact own limited view of the man—he would never have his conception of Fate as the ruler of wars—a conceptio to most of his other theories of life, a conception whic more than an assertion of the feebleness of reason in th of historical problems. Tolstoy is, above all things, a g He wants to lower Napoleon, his chosen enemy, in th the world. The ascription of his successes and failure is a splendid humiliation; there is such a crushing m about it.

Napoleon is pictured as a little strutting creature, only in his imbecile belief in his own infallibility. strategy and tactics, the things—so far as Napoleon is c —are impossible; dispositions on the field of battle ar At Borodino

> They were either fulfilled before he had made else they never could be and never were fulfilled.

The Russians, we gather from the narrative, are n tight in hand by Destiny as the French; for thoug often told that the successes of the Russians were as result of Fate as the disasters of the French, yet w given to understand that Fate would have been in a p she had not had Kutuzov to discover and interpret he To restrain his troops from attacking, to deceive Nap fatal delay, to let him "stew in his own juice"—as t went—was as much the work of a military genius as t ing of centre and wings into the attack on the battlefie

The mere distribution of praise and blame to the strategists and commanders by the novelist himself a he does not really believe in the omnipotence of Fa battlefield; for, if each army but dress a predestin what praise or blame can be awarded to the commander no power to help or hurt? At times, even, the reader Tolstoy has such a masterly understanding of the design that had he himself been in command instead of Napole might have turned out differently.

General Dragomirov's criticism on the military "War and Peace" is very instructive. After To denied the existence of the art of war, there is a certai in the famous general devoting twenty pages to arguin military questions raised by the novel. In answer to question:—"How can one man's ambition fling a wh across Europe to the attack?" Dragomirov aptly dist the force of patriotism which moved the French from power of Napoleon, who checked and urged and dir comparing France to an engine, and Napoleon to it He shows that Tolstoy would not have had such Napoleon's belief in his ability to direct an army if he h what Napoleon's view of the functions of a general r Tolstoy makes Prince Andrei Bolkonski say of Kutuzo will listen to everything, and remember everything, w no good move and permit no bad one." "It is impossib General Dragomirov, "better to define the functions mander; the sentence put into Prince Bolkonski's almost word for word a repetition of Napoleon's opinion upon the same subject."

failure; it was put down with a severe hand by Nicholas I., and instead of a Constitution there came twenty of the worst years of Russian autocracy; dark years in which all that was unhealthy in the bureaucracy and tyranny flourished exceedingly, until the disasters of the Crimean War showed the Russians how rotten the whole country had become; Nicholas died of a broken heart, and a new and happier era came in with Alexander II. Tolstoy pictured his Decembrists restored to their reviving country in the fifties. His novel seems to have been projected both as a paean to the new hopes of social regeneration in Russia and a breezy satire on the wordy and academic incompetence of the Russians to realize them. But, after working at the opening of his story awhile, Tolstoy got out of conceit with his subject. He turned back in history to the very beginning of Russia's new life, to the great War of Liberation in 1812, which had broken up the pestilential influence of France in Russia, and had put an end to the pompous follies introduced by Catharine "the Great." So, by way of a national epic, he wrote "War and Peace" instead of the "Decembrists," regarding Nicholas I.'s reign as a mere episode in the general trend of Russian progress. The main purpose of "War and Peace," therefore, seems to be to picture the beginning of the new national life, to show how it rose bright and fresh, in a burst of growing national consciousness, while the mincing shadows of the old French life vanished into disrepute.

The opening of the novel seems entirely designed to picture to us the old un-national life of St. Petersburg. There is even a touch of the local rivalry between sturdy, national Moscow and frivolous Petersburg with its air of the West. Anna Scherer's drawing-room, in which the story begins, is tuned to the old foreign traditions. Pierre, with his blundering hot head, and Prince Andrei Bolkonski, with his hunger for useful activity, are out of place in that china-shop. It is a fit atmosphere for elegant rakishness and worldly scheming. The French Abbé and the French Vicomte are set in a suitable setting. The Vicomte's remark to Hippolyte, as they drive away together, is typical of the society.

> "Hein, mon cher! your little Princess"—Bolkonski's wife—"is very sweet! Very sweet!" He kissed his finger-tips. "And quite a Frenchwoman."

The old-fashioned world which throve under Catharine the Great's social system is chiefly represented in the novel by the Kuragins and the Drubetskois. Boris Drubetskoi is a classical type of the *carrièrist*, the man who succeeds by manners; he is a perfect gentleman, in all but essentials. His devoted mother, who does nothing for herself, but has no conscience when her darling's interests are at stake, has taught him the way of success. As a boy he shows repugnance at the deceits necessary to achieving greatness; but it is in his blood, and he soon learns the art. When Hippolyte Kuragin, after great effort, lets off a foolish joke,

> Boris smiled cautiously, so that his smile might be referred to derision or to approval, according to how the company received the sally.

Such smiles as these, backed by a graceful carriage, lead him to the very pinnacle of success; he attains high rank, and marries a stupendously rich woman, whom he hates.

The Kuragin family, father, sons, and daughter, represent the libertine side of society, in delicate gradations. When Tolstoy wrote "War and Peace," he was still able to contemplate

with a cheerful air. It was plain that he co
being silent with the same tranquillity fo
seemed to say:—"If any one objects to th
talk; it's all the same to me." Besides tha
of women he had that air which above
curiosity, fear, and even love in them—an a
consciousness of his own superiority. His
to say:—"I know your ways; you're no
about. Ah! wouldn't you like it!" He
actually think this when he met a woman
than likely that he did not, for he was little
at all—but that was what his manner and ap

The bride that he had come to look at pro
he and the governess understood one another

It was not to be expected that a pretty
no definite position in the world should spen
days reading to the old man and making
Marie. Mlle. Bourien had long waited
Prince who should see at a glance her super
young Russian Princesses, should fall in
carry her off; and behold, here he was.
worked out a suitable ending to a story whi
told her, and she loved to repeat it to h
story of a maiden led astray, at whose
appeared, *so pauvre mère*, and reproache
maidenly behaviour. Mlle. Bourien was oft
as, in imagination, she repeated the story to
with herself for heroine. And now he had co
away with her; then *ma pauvre mère* wo
would marry her.

The healthy side of Russian society, t
rise from its obscurity and work out the
represented mainly by the Rostovs and th
utterly different types, the spontaneous and
but both alike in their love for their country,
for all that is strained and artificial. Neither
is represented as perfect; old Bolkonski is
the Rostovs are thoughtless children of natu
the two types nearest to the ideal.

Tolstoy is one of the few artists who
whole family on a single canvas, with all the
of character, so that not a figure could be ta
position without marring the whole. In th
resembles Jane Austen. The Kuragins, th
Rostovs are perfect family groups. The pictu
in their racketing hospitable house, is on a gi
hosts of accessory figures to complete the com

Between the two main groups of Russian s
ing link is Pierre Bezuchi, the hero. A young
tendencies both to vice and to virtue, he is
arrival from abroad, chiefly into contact with
society. Marriage with Hélène Kuragin—a
Dumbello—creates in him a disgust for w
realized to be his lower self. Suffering and
of the French, make a break in his life, from
at last, trained to join the better, the rejuve
Russian world, into which he duly marries on t
wife. Natasha, his second wife, though she ru
in the end, will always be one of the most
of fiction. She is most charmingly describe
childhood.

Natasha blushed and laughed. "How can you, Mamma! Why should you! What is there so very extraordinary?"

V.

Were it not for a certain indignation at Tolstoy's long disquisitions on the philosophy of war in "War and Peace," few readers, I think, would be disposed to allow that "Anna Karenina" stands on the same level with it. "War and Peace" deals with a much brighter period of Russian life, the buoyant awakening of the nation to its own greatness; when "Anna Karenina" was written, the disillusionment which followed on the Liberation of the Serfs had begun to work its dismal effect on Russian society. People found that the old vices and abuses still continued, for all the great hopes which the new liberal era had awakened. Moreover, there was a change in Tolstoy himself, the great change. That terrible sex problem was becoming an obsession with him; not yet in the great proportions which it assumed in later years, but enough to colour all his book.

In the main "Anna Karenina" is a contrast between the ideal and the un-ideal relations of man and woman. Immorality is already becoming identified in Tolstoy's mind with the civilization of the towns and governing classes. Young men from Petersburg are empty rakish fops; the ladies of the Petersburg drawing rooms are no better than Rahab. Those who are not immoral in this way are vain pedants and frivolers. Statesmen, metaphysicians, social philosophers, and scientists, all come in for a terrible lashing; they are parrots and machines, turning over traditional phrases. The plain man from the country is worth a roomful of them, whatever the subject under discussion. So it is with the doctors, who are only famous, like Napoleon, by chance. They have all learned the same erudite follies from the same books, and take a delight in examining young women with their clothes off. So it is with statesmen, who decide grave questions of policy for their own advancement, on the basis of statistics invented by ambitious underlings.

But though the satire of society at large is all forced and strained, to suit the author's own morbid distaste for everything but hay-cutting and snipe-shooting, yet it is all amusing. Also it is wholesome; for it throws upon civilization the onus of proving what is too commonly taken for granted—namely, the necessity of all those institutions which bring so much profit to their upholders. No doubt the novel has set many people thinking in a way that a wiser book would not have done.

In its satire upon individual types "Anna Karenina" perhaps excels "War and Peace." Karenin, Anna's husband, and Stephen Oblonsky, her brother, are characters which can never die, unless stifled by the bulk of the rest of the novel. What satire could be more light and charming than that of Tolstoy's description of the genial gourmet Oblonski's little dinner with Levin at the Café Anglais. Both Oblonski and Levin are so unconscious of the gulf which lies between them.

On the way Oblonski was planning the menu.

"You like turbot?" he asked Levin.

"Eh, what?" answers Levin, who is thinking only of Kittie. "Turbot? I adore it."

The fatherly Tartar waiter comes to look after them.

"There's some fresh oysters come in, Sir." Oblonski grew thoughtful.

"What if we alter our plans, Levin?" he asked, with his finger on the bill of fare. His face took on an earnest expression. "What if we begin with oysters and then alter face, "that I don't appreciate your discriminatio enjoy a good dinner."

"I should think so!"

Whole tragedies could not so well describe character and relation to his wife so well as the litt of the telegram after the *Zemstvo* election:—

Oblonski, who was in high spirits, sent his wife saying:—"Nevelovski elected majority twenty tions tell others." "It'll cheer them up, poor t said. When his wife got the telegram she sighe wasted rouble, and guessed that he had been di knew that he had a weakness *faire jouer le litig* dinner.

Admirable also is Karenin with his big ears (w revelation to his wife when she first notices them), wit eyes and sickly smile, with his facetious way of tal wife, and his improving way of talking to his son, "as a little boy in a story-book."

There is little of the romantic in "Anna Kare

TOLSTOY DURING THE WORKING SEASON IN THE COU

what there is is splendidly probable. Levin's roman in his student days:—

He was often at the Sheherbatski's house; and love with the house. Strange as it may seem, with t with the family, especially with the female side of the

Then he fell in love with the daughters one by one, of age, until all were married but Kittie.

The secret of contentment came to him as he lay a night in the hayfield. He had an illuminating vision of t simplicity of happiness. As he stood on the road by th dawn a travelling carriage rolled by, and behold, Kittie

Radiant and thoughtful, full of a delicate and

within. The satire is too gross to win credence. Take as an instance this arrogant satire upon a whole school of kindly, conscientious, and learned men. Nechlindov wished to study the question of the treatment of criminals.

> He bought the works of Lombroso, Garofalo, Ferri, Liszt, Mansel (who is Mansel?), and Tarde, and read them carefully. But the farther he read, the greater was his disenchantment. He found what all people find who turn to science not in order to play a *rôle* in it, not to write, argue, and instruct, but to find the answer to simple vital questions. Science gave him the answer to thousands of deep and subtle questions relating to the criminal law, but never to the one for which he sought a solution. He asked a very simple question—Why and by what right do people imprison, torture, exile, beat, and kill other people, when they themselves are no better than those whom they torture, beat, and kill? And they answered him with disquisitions as to whether man has a free will or not? Whether one can decide the criminality of a man by the measurement of his skull? What part heredity plays in crime? Whether there is such a thing as congenital depravity? What is morality? What is lunacy? What is degeneration? What is society? What is duty? &c. &c.

All of which, one would think, are very pertinent questions, seeing that the partial solution of them has done much to revolutionize the world's punishment systems, while Tolstoy's complete solution of his own social conundrums never has done and never will do anything. And if Nechlindov was not satisfied with the answers he found in Lombroso and the rest, he might have found his own question set out in so many words and answered in a decisive way by Jeremy Bentham, whose works were translated into Russian rather more than a century ago.

If we put aside Tolstoy's taunts at civilization—of which he knows nearly nothing—"Resurrection" might pass as a lurid description of Russia seen from within; but Tolstoy claims to be accepted as a critic of the world at large, and even Russia's enemies can hardly believe that his picture is a true one.

VII.

Tolstoy's versatility as a writer is extraordinary; besides writing novels and tales, he has put himself in the first rank of critics by "What is Art" and his article on Maupassant. He has written tales and poems for children, a spelling-book, a reading-book, a temperance pantomime, a tragedy, and a comedy.

The tragedy, *The Power of Darkness*, was acted first in Paris, and had a success. Its success in Russia did not come nearly up to the expectations which it had aroused. After being denied access to the stage under Alexander III. it was produced by Nicholas II.'s express desire, simultaneously at two theatres in St. Petersburg, at Moscow, and in all the provinces. But the moral of the tragedy was obscure; nobody understood it aright, even when Tolstoy explained in a letter to the papers; and the peasant audiences were all on the side of the villain. *The Fruits of Enlightenment* is a better play from every point of view. It is a bustling farce, written in an interval of his theological studies, and it represents the vanities of town life in a most amusing form.

In one line of literature Tolstoy stands almost alone; in the writing of peasant stories, half realism, half fable. "Ivan the Fool," "The Candle," "The two Pilgrims," "Does a man need much land?" are perfection in their own kind. And that kind is one which demands unusual powers; for the stories with which the writer of a narrative like "Ivan the

RECENT LETTER FROM TOLS
MR. AYLMER MAUDE.

The following extract from a letter from ' in England just a fortnight ago, giving his vi Ruskin, which formed the subject of our sp week, is of special interest. The letter is Aylmer Maude, who kindly allows us to quote f

> "About Ruskin. . . . I have lately book, 'Ruskin et la Bible.' I think it is by l chief limitation was that he could never from the Church-Christian outlook upon life. commenced his work on social questions, wher this Last,' he freed himself from the dogma a cloudy Church-Christian understanding of life—which made it possible for him to esthetical ideals—remained with him to the e his message. It was also weakened by the consequent obscurity, of his poetic style. Do I deny the work of this great man, who has q called a prophet. I am always charmed and but I point out spots which exist even o specially good when a wise writer, in accord extracts from him, as is done in 'Ruskin et read), but to read all Ruskin consecutively, weakens his effect."

TOLSTOY'S TEACHING

From his boyhood upwards, both when l still, small voice within, and when he observe himself, Tolstoy felt, though not always with that life has a meaning and that man has p towards what is good. The intervals of dou through which he passed served to clarify certainty that morality is in the nature of th with his earliest stories, and through all his wr may notice how Tolstoy's strenuous observation him, and especially of what went on in his ow led him towards an understanding of life diffe people whose creed is a matter of geography, worked at it themselves. He could not be second-hand belief prepared and expressed for h expounders.

In trying to give a brief outline of his will be convenient to confine the survey to wo "Anna Karenina" was finished—say since 1878. explained that the purpose of this article is defend Tolstoy's positions, nor even to attempt tion of them, but merely to mention the chie written about, and to give a rough sketch of clusions he has reached, as well as of his reasons f

In "My Confession" (1879)* Tolstoy tells grasp the meaning of his life, and how unsatis the conventional answers. A law of his bein approve and disapprove of things: to discrimin and evil, and to follow after that which is go Goodness? Where can help or guidance for our The results reached in "My Confession" we led on to what followed. Tolstoy could not brush of the Church without consideration; still les

and harmful, but that they are fraudulent, and that the original purpose of the fraud can be detected. The dogmas bolster up the Church; and "the Church," when we come to practical business, means "power in the hands of certain people." By inducing people to surrender their reason, and to believe what is untrue, rulers and officials of the Churches obtained for themselves advantages and authority. When the Church, in the time of Constantine, allied itself with the State (which uses violence, and causes men to be killed) it abandoned the religion Christ believed in, and substituted Churchianity for Christianity.

He next proceeded to a strenuous examination of the Gospels. If the claims of the Church needed consideration before they could be honestly accepted or rejected, equally was this the case with the collection of Hebrew and Greek literature called the Bible.

The best of the books of the Old Testament appear to Tolstoy to rank with the greatest works of Chinese, Indian, or Greek philosophy or religion. The Epistles of St. Paul do not rank so high in his esteem, but the four little booklets called the Gospels he has found more helpful and convincing than anything else in literature. The understanding of life they have helped him to reach is explained in "The Four Gospels Harmonised and Translated" (1880-82); "The Gospel in Brief" (1882); "My Religion (or What I Believe)" (1884); and "The Christian Teaching" (written later, and not published till 1898).

Briefly (and by no means completely) summarized, the conclusions arrived at in these books were these:—

We have reason and conscience ("the light which lighteth every man") to guide us forward, and we did not originate these for ourselves, but owe them to some Source outside ourselves. The clue to the perplexities of life is, that life is not our own to do as we like with, but we owe allegiance to what

PORTRAIT BY REPIN (1827).

The practical application of Christ's teachin found given with special clearness in five precepts the Sermon on the Mount:

(1) Do not be angry.
(2) Do not lust.
(3) Do not bind yourself by oaths.
(4) "Resist not him that is evil."
(5) Be good to the just and the unjust.

In a leaflet, "How to read the Gospels" (1896), us:

A great teacher is great just because he is ab the truth so that it can neither be hidden n but is as plain as daylight.

"And truth is who will Gospels w wish to kn without p above all, *posing tha contain sort of wh human rea*

The C known to studied t far from h sions of I are the numerable hands, an errors. T Gospels case, be production Ghost, as assert. W God woul vealed th He is said vealed th ments on I or he woul mitted th look to Mormans the case Holy Scrip we know works w and collec they wer and trans therefore we not acc infallible but we respect tr the errors we find in them. Read them, putti foregone conclusions; read them with the sole desi stand what is said there. But, just because the Gosp

Gospels, which have passed through a multiplicity of compilations, translations and transcriptions, and were composed, eighteen centuries ago, by men who were not highly educated, and were superstitious.

Very likely in selecting what is, from what is not, fully comprehensible, people will not all choose the same passages. What is comprehensible to one may seem obscure to another. But all will certainly agree in what is most important, and these are things which will be found quite intelligible to every one. It is just this—just what is fully comprehensible to all men—that constitutes the essence of Christ's teaching.

In reading the Bible, or listening to the claims of the Churches, one must discriminate between *faith* and *credulity*. We must not accept the schoolboy's definition that "Faith is believing what you know to be untrue." Credulity is believing things you have no sufficient reason to suppose true; it is not a virtue but a fault; faith is holding faithfully to what our reason and conscience enable us to perceive of the reality of things. We must not fear to trust *our own* judgment. The justification for thinking with our own heads is that we have no one else's to think with.

Tolstoy's acceptance of the advice:—"Ye have heard that it was said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, Resist not him that is evil: but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also" is explained in the works above mentioned and yet more fully in "The Kingdom of God is Within You" (1893). It means that the use of violence among men is bad; that we should influence one another, not by physical force (nor even by unkindly compulsion stopping short of violence), but by appeals to man's higher nature: his sympathy, affection, and reason. It has been said in reply to this that even if the text bears such a meaning, and even if the advice accords with the main drift of Christ's teaching and example, yet the advice is nevertheless unsound, for experience has shown that the use of violence is beneficial. And Tolstoy would admit that *if* the arrangements *of* society—Governments based on violence, wars, executions, protection of property by force, &c.—are satisfactory to man's highest aspirations, then the precept quoted is a foolish one. His position may be elucidated by taking a parallel case:

We are advised to shun lies and to be truthful. This, he would say, is a valid precept, and needful because it is sometimes difficult to know how to speak, and we all need guidance for our conduct. Yet cases arise in which a man may not see his way to speak the truth. A feeble old man asks me about his daughter's conduct. If I tell him how she has behaved it may bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Am I not justified in telling a lie? And does not it follow that truth is not better than falsehood? And that we can have no principle to guide us in choosing between veracity and mendacity? In regard to all such sophistries Tolstoy replies that our reason and conscience, faithfully used, are sufficient to enable us to discern principles for the guidance of our conduct; though we, and the society in which we live, may be far from living up to the principles so discerned. Truth, for instance, *is* better than falsehood. And the two being opposites, you cannot cultivate your character towards both sincerity and duplicity at the same time. Circumstances may arise in which it seems to you better to lie. But we never really foreknow the ultimate consequences *of* any action, and in such a case it is not wise to say "I did right to lie," but rather "Owing to my limitations I did not see a way to escape lying." (Truth remains desirable

need a general principle which will serve u
perplexed.

It is, however, time to pass on to o
With the economic problem Tolstoy deals in
must we Do?" (1884-85), a trenchant sequel to
Slavery of our Times," appeared last year. He
"charity organization," money collecting activ
belief that expenditure (including charitable
entertainments, bazaars, balls, &c.) can supply th
poor. People are fed, clothed, and sheltered by
labour. Economically speaking, what a man proc
service he renders to others, goes to his cres
consumes (were it but a crust of dry bread) goes
The more a man takes for himself, and the less he
others, the more of a burden he is to society.
that what he consumes was left him by his father
by a friend does not alter the case.

Examining the fact that now, as in former age
are able to consume much while they produce lit
while producing much can hardly keep for
necessities of life, Tolstoy came to investigate
money, and arrived at the conclusion that the or
justification of violence in the hands of certai
"Government"—who, by the use of force, mai
the private ownership of land and property, an
system—have reproduced in the modern world th
of ancient slavery. In both cases the many lab
natural, healthy, and free conditions, but un
imposed by those who own the slaves, control th
or have the money, the land, or the property.

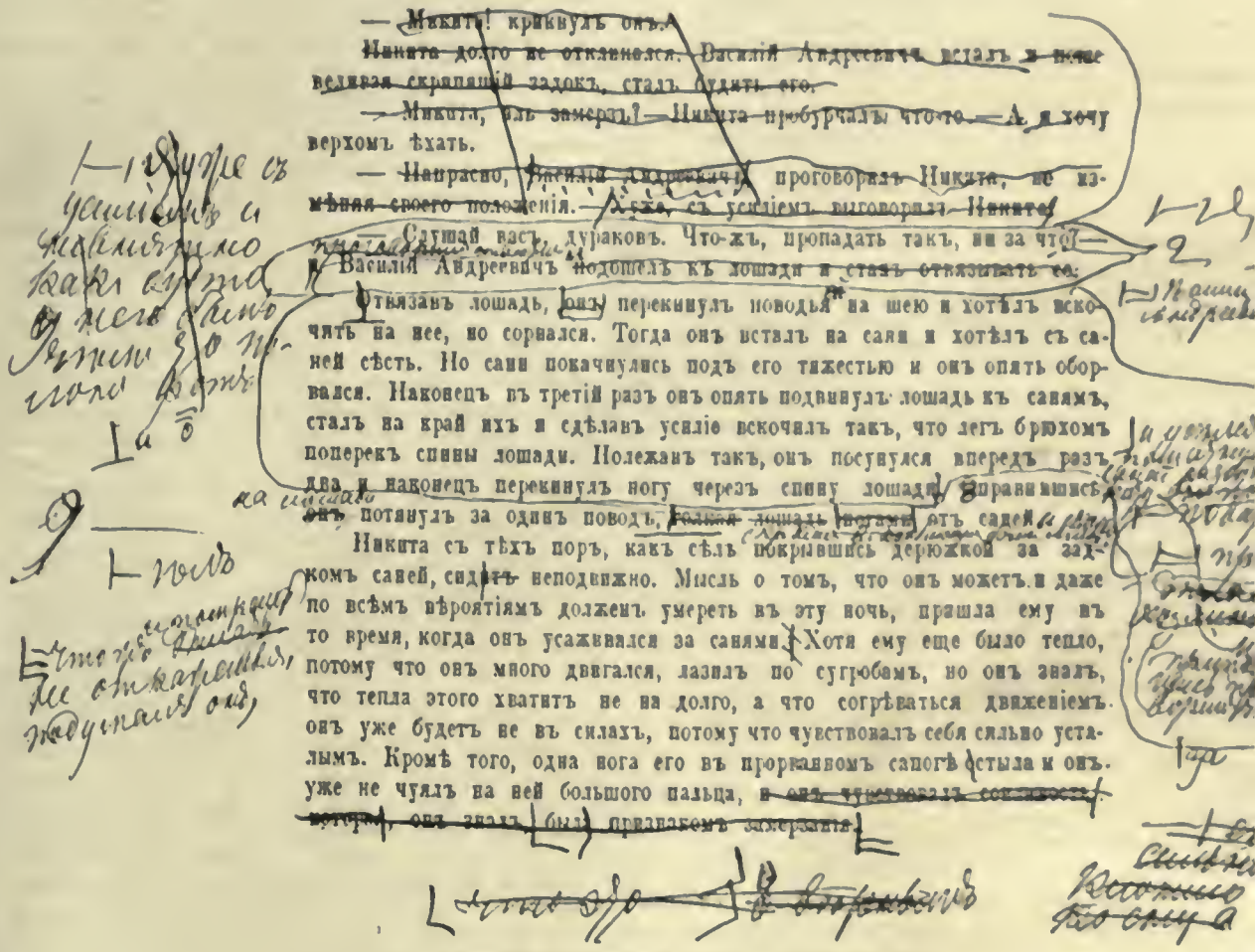
"Life" (1891) reminds us that besides wha
objectively (*i.e.*, all that can be known by the s
also a subjective consciousness of the moral law
must distinguish between our lower nature as an
higher nature which leads a Socrates to sac
existence for the sake of goodness. This is
religion. Within our animal personality the sp
the chicken grows within the shell. To trans
from the lower to the higher nature is to be "
lay hold of "eternal" life. The things which at
most real, are evidently perishable: they d
deceive us. But death and physical destruction
to a Socrates, nor do they threaten that wh
important. We should shift our centre of gravity
which is temporary to that which is permanent.
save his life shall lose it." Tolstoy makes n
personal future life, nor even of the transmi
(which seems so plausible). For we should be very
criminate between conjectures and knowledge. We
matter, as in mathematics, confine ourselves stric
"necessary and sufficient"; and the "necessary
is the recognition that though we live, as animals
and elusive world in which no permanent succe
yet we also have a spiritual nature dealing wit
there is no reason to suppose that goodness disap
the Divine spark within us which responds to i
than goodness itself. Life is always in the present
we must find out whether it is the material or th
to our perception is the more permanent and real

The same year (1891) saw the publicati
misunderstood "Kreutzer Sonata." "What,
Do?" had ended with an appeal to mothers

The "Kreutzer Sonata" should be read with the "Afterword" which explains its intention. By putting his views into the mouth of a man who had murdered his wife out of jealousy, and had been acquitted on the ground of insanity, Tolstoy was enabled to express his view with extreme force and trenchancy. The side he wished to express being the one usually burked, he preferred to put it in this aggressive fashion. Though, of course, he had not ceased to know that sexual relations (like war and commerce) have played, and are playing, their part in the education of mankind, he felt no need to restate the side which has been put forward in the literature of all ages and countries, and even in some of his own previous writings. On the contrary, he felt that a desire which is already far too strong is being continually strengthened by works of art, and he set himself strenuously, and even fiercely, to evoke those deep instincts of our nature which, whether in Buddhist monk, in

bring you to grief to almost. You must not be so
growing too rapidly, or of defeating the ends of food by
perfect too soon! "They that are whole need not
If you are entirely satisfied with the life you are living
ask for no guidance. Philosophy and religion are req
for people whose lives are not already perfe
fundamental feeling the task seeks to conve
sexual relations however inevitable and natural they
man's animal self), from the moment a reasonable
liberately seeks them as a means of pleasure, become
to our higher nature. They are instinctively carr
secret, and we cannot even imagine to ourselves the li
of a Christ.

"The Kingdom of God is Within You" (1893) ha
been referred to as dealing specially with "non-re
and war. The most resolute upholder of himself as a


— Никита! крикнулъ онъ.
Никита долго не откликался. Василій Андреевичъ вслѣдъ за нимъ
велѣвъ скрипящій задокъ, сталъ будить его.
— Никита, иль замерзъ? — Никита пробурчалъ что-то. — А я хочу
верхомъ ѣхать.
— Напрасно, Василій Андреевичъ проговорилъ Никита, не из-
мѣняя своего положенія. — А-ха, съ усиліемъ выговорилъ Никита
Слушай васъ, дураковъ. Что-жъ, пропадать такъ, ни за что! —
и Василій Андреевичъ подошелъ къ лошади и сталъ отвязывать ее.
Отвязавъ лошадь, онъ перекинулъ поводья на шею и хотѣлъ вскочить на нее, но сорвался. Тогда онъ всталъ на сани и хотѣлъ съ саней сѣсть. Но сани покачнулись подъ его тяжестью и онъ опять оборвался. Наконецъ въ третій разъ онъ опять подвинулъ лошадь къ саняхъ, сталъ на край ихъ и сдѣлавъ усиліе вскочилъ такъ, что легъ брюхомъ поперекъ спины лошади. Полежавъ такъ, онъ посунулся впередъ разъ два и наконецъ перекинулъ ногу черезъ спину лошади. Справившись онъ потянулъ за одинъ поводъ, лошадь пошла отъ саней.
Никита съ тѣхъ поръ, какъ сѣлъ покрывшись дерюжкой за задкомъ саней, сидѣлъ неподвижно. Мысль о томъ, что онъ можетъ и даже по всѣмъ вѣроятіямъ долженъ умереть въ эту ночь, пришла ему въ то время, когда онъ усаживался за санями. Хотя ему еще было тепло, потому что онъ много двигался, лазилъ по сугробамъ, но онъ зналъ, что тепла этого хватитъ не на долго, а что согрѣваться движеніемъ онъ уже будетъ не въ силахъ, потому что чувствовалъ себя сильно усталымъ. Кромѣ того, одна нога его въ прорванномъ сапогѣ остыла и онъ уже не чуялъ на ней большого пальца, и онъ чувствовалъ сонливость, которая онъ зналъ была признакомъ замерзанія.

Facsimile of corrected proof from "Master and Man"

Catholic nun, or in Puritan censure of worldly art, have never ceased to protest against the belief that sexual pleasure is morally good.

The fundamental thought of the "Kreutzer Sonata" is this: Mankind need guidance in their sexual relations as on all other matters of human conduct. The definite regula-

of non-resistant principles you ever met may have
turned another man out of his house by the scruff o
But the truth of a principle is not invalidated by hun
tions. A straight line may be desirable and conceivat
no man ever drew one. It is well to know whether the
have to draw is meant to be straight, whether your

of "beauty" precise enough to enable us to use that word profitably in defining art. We must base our definition of art on something itself clearly definable. Art deals with the transmission of *feelings*; science deals with the transmission of *thoughts*. The form of art has nothing to do with morality, and may transmit feeling helpful or harmful to mankind. But in appraising the "subject-matter" of art—*i.e.*, the feelings made current by art—our view of life inevitably causes us to approve or disapprove. Tolstoy affirms that the true and potent "religious perception" of our time is that of brotherhood; "the well-being of men lies in their loving union with one another." He would have science show us how to apply this conception to practical life: in so far as they neglect to do this scientists neglect their duty. Art is best in form when it most completely does its work of uniting men in the feeling expressed. The further it carries—the more people it can influence—the better. In subject-matter it is good when, by touching our common nature, it unites us in feelings not harmful: it is excellent when it unites us in feelings better than we shared before; but it seems to us bad when it makes current feelings that run counter to our "religious perception." The connexion between art and non-resistance is this:—

> Through the influence of real art, aided by science, guided by religion, that peaceful co-operation of man which is now obtained by external means—by our law courts, police, charitable institutions, factory inspection, &c.—should be obtained by man's free and joyous activity. *Art should cause violence to be set aside.*

Following this came "Resurrection" (1899), the only long work of fiction written by Tolstoy during the last twenty years, and one faithfully reflecting his mature opinions on all the great problems of life. That conveying, as it does, feelings (on such subjects as army service, legal proceedings, church services, marriage, &c.) which run counter to those which have grown up and become general in connexion with our established order of society this book should, nevertheless, have had a great success in many lands is an instance of the power with which literary art can sway the hearts of men.

Space forbids that I do more than allude to Tolstoy's many articles and essays dealing with the use of stimulants, with vegetarianism, patriotism, manual labour, the famine, the Doukhobors, and many other subjects. All of them show his profound conviction that the primary guidance for our life lies, not in what is outside us and reaches us through our senses (as is generally implicitly or explicitly affirmed among materialists, church people, worldly people, and spiritualists), but that the essential thing is to "know thyself," or, as George Fox said, to hearken to the "inward voice."

Those who wish to get at the spirit of Tolstoy's teaching should read his works in the way he says all books should be read. "One must first choose out the parts that are quite clear, dividing them from what is obscure or confused. And from what is clear we must form our idea of the drift and spirit of the whole work." And the clearness to be looked for is, he would add, the clearness which comes from correspondence with the best that the reader is himself able to feel and to perceive.

Tolstoy does not claim to set an example of right living. Man's reason can always reach beyond his present attainment. The Pharisee may be satisfied with himself, but the sincere and

COUNT LEO TOLSTO

A "Personal Vie

By E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETT

In all times and in all countries great have exercised two separate and distinct influe result of their work, the other that of their often find that these are unequal; that in personal influence predominates, whilst in othe alone that tells. In other words, there is a dua mind, two separate things which yet together intellect and the character. In English litera has perhaps been nowhere more forcibly dem the cases of Oliver Goldsmith and Dr. Sam Oliver Goldsmith it might be said that, w character at all, the work of his brain will surv Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, is principally picturesque and typically English figure, wh force appeals to us far more than his ponderous

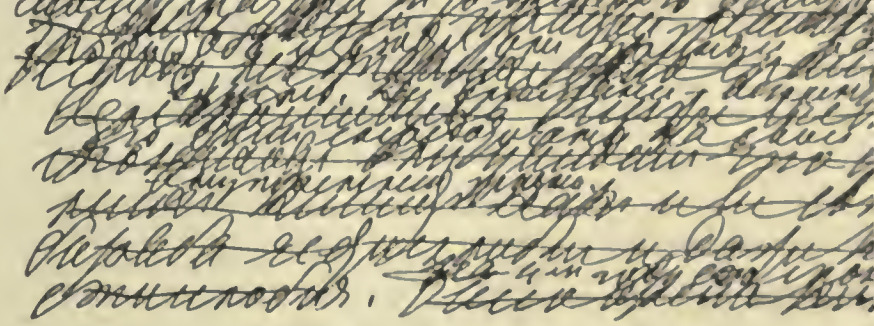
Count Leo Tolstoy combines a strong pe immortal genius; but what is curious is th public are concerned, the development of his in that of his character. Some twenty years ago Tolstoy meant to the Russian people simpl "Anna Karenina," "War and Peace," &c., but t of that name conjures up to the Russian m figure of a great literary magician, but also personality. Count Leo Tolstoy, from being a l become a national force. We shall presently se of that force lies in his nationalism. Every Tolstoy in Russia, who knows his "activity," f is before all things a Russian. It is as a appeals to Russia. His religious opinions, his even his curiously Socratic attitude toward political and social questions—all these things selves have little influence were they not typically national a form. Tolstoy is a Russia and an artist afterwards. In his dual character artist he resembles Ruskin, and to me, wh privilege of knowing personally both these g always seemed curious that they should resembled each other, and yet have been so both in their work and their appearance. observer on first beholding Tolstoy would start, this is Ruskin!" Here are the same marvellous beautiful and thoughtful expression—an expre not seem to be of this world, but has someth ethereal about it, a spirituality which, while so to be almost palpable, is nevertheless subdued, veiled, to protect it from the coarse and vulga head, the picturesque tangled hair, the el reminiscent of the Greek philosophers—all t

ugliness which only accentuates the beautiful mind, the priceless gem in which it is rudely set. In manner also Tolstoy suggests Ruskin—there is the same air of absoluteness about him, an intense sincerity which rejects all temporizing, and a majesty of demeanour wholly unconscious and involuntary, but very real to mortals of mere ordinary human clay, who feel that the atmosphere of those giants is different from that which they breathe themselves, more rarefied, purer. But what always struck me most about Ruskin and Tolstoy was a peculiarity common to them, and possessed also by Mr. Gladstone—a sort of gentle fierceness, if I may be allowed the expression, a visible leonine courage, a steel-like flashing of the eye, combined with a softness and kindliness of disposition almost childlike. You felt that the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove had met, and yet you felt that you could not be so very sure of the harmlessness. Was it not Burke who said that admiration was akin to fear? In one particular, however, Tolstoy stands head and shoulders above anybody I have ever met, it is in his great simplicity: there is positively no "side" of any kind about Tolstoy. His humility is real and unaffected, in every word and movement you feel the man is genuine, is never thinking of the impression he is making on you, but only occupied with the things and ideas he is discussing.

It is beautiful to see Tolstoy surrounded by his family, to see how he is treasured by them, but nevertheless treated not like the genius, whose fame has literally filled the world, but like the good old papa that he is, whose whims have to be wisely humoured, but who must not be over-indulged. He is simply worshipped by his wife, who by the way is a lady of a very remarkable force of character and beauty of face. In the family life of Tolstoy there is an absence of the theatrical element; the dominant note is human. But Tolstoy's family life requires no description from me; it is familiar to the English reader.

When I was a boy in Moscow Tolstoy was a name only, he had not yet become a personality, but already people were beginning to place him before Turguenev. It is a platitude of criticism to say that foreign readers are very much in the position of posterity and form a truer estimate of the value of literary work than contemporaries of the same country. There is just enough truth in this to make it dangerously plausible. Merit and popularity are not always interchangeable. Neither Shelley nor Browning, for instance, could afford to base their claims to greatness on their popularity; yet to deny them greatness would be so obviously absurd that no discussion of these claims is needed. Turguenev was an international writer; Tolstoy purely Russian. Perhaps comparisons of this kind are odious, but in the Russian mind the two geniuses are as

Platonic affection. The framework of Schiller's th
mental horizon—was identical with the geographical
his country. Turguenev was international. He m
unpopular in Russia by refusing to be a partisan.
Olympian heights, he laughed, like the gods in
Orpheus, at the absurd frailties of the poor little
his own country who were distraught by polemics wit
had no sympathy. Work and study seemed to him
these mortals chiefly needed before they ventured to
settle the vexed questions which had perplexed hum
time immemorial. But Russia is a young nation
resented this severe attitude. Turguenev laugh
Nihilists and her Panslavists, and refused to take them
Russia revenged herself by branding him as a reno
Turguenev was sincerely patriotic. He foresaw th
into which his country was blindly plunging, and
warned her against them. His country did not und
parables and disowned him. Tolstoy never experie
trials. He always has been essentially and typicall
although even he is not in sympathy with the polit
of the various parties into which his country is div
nevertheless purely national, and sees all questions,



SPECIMEN OF COUNT TOLSTOY'S MANUSCRIPT.

social, from the point of view of his own country
Tolstoy's later phase, his religious period, is an
outcome of this intense nationalism. To understan
sonality of Tolstoy we must know Russia; we must
what is the main idea underlying all the Nihilis
Panslavism, all the peculiar manifestations of the natio

That idea the student of Russian literature and th
have no difficulty in discovering; it is intimately asso
the recent rebirth of the country. If we take a bird's
of the social history of Russia, we shall be struck by
central fact, and that is that the modern history of Ru
history of the Russian peasant. And it must be s
pause for one minute to consider what Russia is,
country of a hundred millions or so of people of whos
majority are peasants. These peasants, by their work
the vital forces thanks to which Russia lives. T

Europeanizing tendencies was to make Russians ashamed of their origin. They wanted to be Europeans, hence the peasant was despised as a barbarian. This attitude was unnatural. All Russia's great men rebelled against it. Two centuries elapsed, and European ideas got such a hold of Russia that the peasant was emancipated from serfdom. This very act of emancipation, which sprung from European liberalism, brought about, illogically enough perhaps, a national reaction. The peasant was a man and a brother, but he was also a Russian. He became the object of worship. Russia had tired of European masquerading, she was longing to be herself again, a sort of *nostalgie de la boue* came over her, and in her admiration of the peasant she divided herself into two camps—the Nihilists and the Panslavists, the Radicals and the Jingoes.

At this crisis of her national life there burst upon the Russian firmament a meteor in the shape of a great personality. It was Tolstoy. Like all great geniuses, he was unconscious. He does not even to-day know his own national significance, but he had only to appear for all Russia to recognize him.

As I was saying, when I was a boy in Moscow Tolstoy was purely a literary artist, a romancer, but his national significance had already been recognized although it had scarcely been articulated. Here was a man with Russian ideals, who described Russia with an obvious love for his country. In every line he wrote he betrayed his contempt for foreign forms. They were exotic, and sat uneasily upon those who adopted them. His characters showed this. His honest people, his sincere men and women, were Russians, the others vainly strove to hide their heartlessness and frivolity under a veneer of foreign culture. There was nothing morbid about all this; it was strong, healthy, sound, and clean.

Let us remember that Tolstoy comes of one of the oldest Russian noble families, that he has spent his life in what is called good society, which, as Mme. Sarah Grand lately said, is not the same as smart society. Let us remember that his wife is a typical Russian lady, that they belonged to that very high layer of the Russian social *strata* where English is spoken in preference to French, and we shall understand what Tolstoy meant to his public. Here was a count, a man of title and of ancient lineage, moving in that mysterious and small set which we absurdly call the world, a man who did not write like a Scribe and a Pharisee, but from actual knowledge, a man who had served his country in the Crimean War, a "swell" in short, to put it vulgarly, who was actually in sympathy with the national aspirations of his time, and this not merely sentimentally but practically, for this was a man who understood his peasant as thoroughly as he did his gentleman. Naturally such a man was received with open arms. He had no political views, no theories; he was simply an honest Russian gentleman, who loved Russia, and Russia loved him.

Let me pause one moment to explain a peculiar feature of Russian letters. Owing to the existence of a very strict censorship, politics, as such, are not possible of discussion in the Russian Press. Therefore, the political pamphleteer must politician. Tolstoy is a man, and one of th
Russia to-day, but he hates all "isms."
sympathy with the Nihilist as he has with th
hunter. But, what is more, Tolstoy loves
loves it so blindly that he does not see its defect
works the reader will search in vain for any sp
of the Russian people, the Russian Gover
society, or of Russian officials. What he says is
Governments, all society, all officials. Conc
loose in England. Would he not scourge u
again? In his latest work we find that all th
animated by a sincere desire to do their duty
ception of their duty that is wrong. This is
the Russian public has forgiven Tolstoy f
religion." The reading public of Russia are
given to the discussion of religious topics.
orthodox religion in Russia, just as there is
Government. There is consequently no sco
differences. Hence so many Russian men of int
irreligious. People who make much professio
suspected of ulterior aims. Thus when Gog
humorist, took to religion, and renounced his
his sincerity was doubted, and his contem
kicked him off his pedestal.

But Tolstoy has not lost caste by becomin
the contrary, he has grown enormously in p
consequence. But this is entirely due to tw
one being that his religious views were the di
nationalism, they were but the spiritual expres
put it, of that remarkable attitude towards the
taken by most educated Russians. Withou
Tolstoy has done an enormous service to th
movement, by unconsciously giving it the religi
it previously lacked, and without faith it is impo
mountains. Tolstoy, even in his religion, rem
Moreover, he suddenly developed a personality.
public into his confidence and confessed his re
them, he was only a great artist; to-day he is
great and interesting personality. We in Eng
be able to understand what splendid courage w
make that confession of faith. Tolstoy ran th
persecuted by the orthodox and tabooed and
Liberals. At first it seemed as though this was
fate. But his personality has saved him. H
courage of his opinions, and in a country where
is shut down, and people are sharply divided i
camps, Tolstoy has fearlessly spoken and, pleadi
for the peasant, whom all Russians, of whatever s
pity, he has dauntlessly braved the frowns
officials, as well as the flouts and sneers of t
people. Moreover, he has shown that it is
religious convictions without being a place-hunt
server. He has thus slowly won for himself
admiration of all classes, from the Emperor down

Nevertheless, when the name of Tolstoy is mentioned in Russia to-day it does not bring to the mind so much the author of great and lasting works, as the man, the active philanthropist, the whole-minded, sincere Russian worker, who has endeavoured under very unfavourable conditions to carry out in his own life the tenets of his religion. Whether people sympathize with these views or not, they cannot help admiring the noble spirit of the man who holds them. But, more than this, his practical philanthropy has endeared him to the Russian people. Nobody has forgotten his splendid unselfishness in the year of famine of 1891-92, and his non-political championship of the cause of the oppressed ever since. In the present popularity of Tolstoy we see the triumph of a great personality over adverse circumstances that might well have proved too strong for a less vigorous character.

SOME MOVEMENTS IN VICTORIAN POETRY.

VI.—RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement, with its rich and varied train of neo-romantic experiment and association, was the last clearly-defined development in Victorian poetry. Thereafter there was much poetical activity both strenuous and fruitful, culminating perhaps in Tennyson's remarkable volume of "Ballads" in which, at the ripe age of seventy-one, the leader of the singing band revealed himself as ready, like his own Ulysses, to essay new achievements in the very twilight of natural energy. There were not wanting, moreover, certain organized efforts towards literary departures and revivals, which seemed at times likely to mature into definite and prevailing fashions, but passed away without realizing their own expectations. All these changes are interesting and symptomatic, but their influence was too restricted and their development too early checked for them to take rank with the wide and representative movements which were responsible for the very character and course of Victorian literature.

Looking back, then, for a moment at the changeful field we have been traversing, we see that these representative movements are closely allied, not only with the development of national thought and character, but also with each other; rolling up, as it were, like waves, and following, not as direct results one of another, but as simultaneous and related consequences of powers and energies underlying and transcending themselves. For, though it has been necessary to treat them in sequence, it must be remembered that all these movements overlap one another, and interact contemporaneously, so that there is an unbroken chain of interest and activity. Doubt and faith exist side by side, presenting the same problem for solution.

> Stern law of every mortal lot!
> Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
> And builds himself I know not what
> Of second life I know not where.

Then to the vain hedonism which so often springs from a tired agnosticism, the poet of a stronger faith replies:

> Fool! All that is at all
> Lasts ever past recall;
> Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure;
> What entered into thee,

different spirit from the poets of the eighteenth centur having this essential characteristic in common with t its interest is human rather than philosophical. It however, in a time of alternating emotions, it soon los hold. The movement, which sprang from sincere enthu poignant sympathy, dissipates itself in a complete method and purpose, and Art again takes up its parabl

> Beauty is Truth: Truth beauty,—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Poetry again calls its followers away from all questions, away from the contemplation of suffering and again, as so often in the recurring history of art, exquisiteness of form and fervour of mood as the only an the sick unrest "which men miscall delight." The Victorian Poetry is the history of all art; the same ele underlie it. On the one side the spirit of beauty, on the spirit of humanity; on the one side Æsthetics, on Ethics. By whatever names the two spirits, conte allied, may be called, their hold upon poetry and the of their claims in the evolution of art are as old as hu and the secret of all literary movements, viewed m ally, is found to lie in their relation to this perpetual

But while the one main problem—the relation of ar —runs, like an undercurrent, beneath all poetical ac surface of the art presents from time to time a kal panorama of change and diversity. Nor has the devel poetry been in any sense arrested since the re-asser old truth by the Pre-Raphaelites; on the contrary, the the last twenty years has presented many interesti and suggested many expectations for the future. There in the first place, many off-shoots of the new romantic little revival of the Celtic spirit in poetry, of which rather too much has been made by current criticism, is unconscious, development of the Pre-Raphaelite broth shares with the earlier movement the pictorial qu imagery, and derives from it, no less certainly, that te vagueness and mysticism which is not always free from of becoming inarticulate. Of the poets of the younger few have a truer sense of beauty than Mr. W. B. none have served poetry better, by example, in keepi of contaminating influences. Still, it is possible to the absorbed pursuit of beauty, that art, followed excl the sake of art, is apt to revenge itself by lapses into ov and some of the recent attempts towards an English symbolism have seemed to lack the sincerity without living art has ever subsisted. This was always the ri æsthetic movement, and it has become clearer in s subsequent developments. Just as the emotional tend ran itself into hysteria, so the purely æsthetic grown, in certain directions, too deliberately artifi directly the artifice is apparent, the work fails in its ship. The perfection of art lies in the harmony of su treatment, where beauty is so beautifully expressed tha and expression seem inseparable.

Poetry, of course, can never be the popular form expression; it is, in its essence, an aristocratic art, a well to set up its bulwarks against the advance of de For whenever poetry has been given over to the ser purely popular movement it has always failed to pr dignity. It is inevitably influenced by main currents o but it never espouses the feverish causes of the multitud loss to itself. But that a certain aristocratic aloofnes

workman, so delicate and elaborate in finish, as almost to seem amongst the self-conscious artificers of poetry. But familiarity with his work will assure the reader of its quintessential artistry. He has almost no affectations; his choice of the exquisite epithet is sure and unforced; he is absolutely free from rhetorical effort or showy effect; his work is at once simple and subtle, undemonstrative and of growing charm. He appeals exclusively to the trained lover of poetry, and this has kept him from anything like popular acceptation, but he has sustained the classical spirit in a period essentially unsympathetic to classical simplicity, and his example has been highly healthful and beneficent. It is a good sign that he is now, after long and honourable activity, beginning to find followers of his own; for Mr. Laurence Binyon, for example, promises to preserve the tradition with no uncertain note. And it is highly important for the future of poetry that the classical tradition—the tradition of dignity and beauty without pose or affectation—should be preserved, for without it poetry has considerable dangers to encounter.

The characteristic tendency of the last twenty years has been, it need scarcely be said, towards the democratization of literature. The spread of education has evolved an entirely new public, for whom literary interest of some sort or other has to be provided; a public gathered from the class that has hitherto read nothing, for the simple reason that it had not learnt how to read. The temptation is naturally great for literature to direct her appeal towards this vast and noisy multitude; material success, fame, and popularity are, to a great extent, in its hands and ready to its bestowal. We do not say that there is not still as large and as select a body of admirers of pure literature as there ever was; but it is indisputable that the sudden rise of this infinitely larger and infinitely more insistent public has almost completely silenced the voices of literary taste and judgment, and the advantages of the wider appeal are naturally appreciated by the artist. The question is, Will poetry be affected by the popularization of literature? And, if so, what course will it take? Poetry, it is true, is not really to the public taste but might not, perhaps, some compromise be effected with the austerer forms of art, and by its means a kind of poetry be evolved, which should indeed have its relation to true poetic principles and yet be at the same time popular in tone and topic?

Some such compromise seems already to have been achieved. When Mr. Rudyard Kipling's vigorous, tuneful, and vivacious "Barrack-room Ballads" took us all by storm ten years ago, it is doubtful whether there was a single critic in England who was not more or less carried away by them. Criticism, however conscientious, is always inclined to enthusiasm over something new; and here was novelty and to spare, breathless, virile, full of high spirits, and essentially British. There was humour, there was real power, there was not even lacking a broken fugitive sense of beauty, as in "Mandalay," which showed that this surprising new genius was not entirely a spirit of fire. But what was really the most characteristic and suggestive quality of the work was its singular adroitness in weaving into the fabric of verse words, expressions, and phrases of the very scum and off-scouring of the language, so that what is rather clumsily called "actuality" seemed wedded to art in a swinging melody which every ear could catch, embodying a sentiment with which every man could sympathise.

"'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;

No one can be insensible to the verve of such
its thoroughgoing vitality, its force, its sense
virility. No one can question Mr. Kiplin
individuality, his stake in contemporary
perhaps, after ten years, it will not be reckone
for past pleasure if we begin to appreciate tha
influence, if it were extended indefinitely,
altogether salutary to the progress of poetry.
elementary; his melodies jingle and jangl
hesitate (if we may apply a popular phrase to a
play down" to the lowest of human qualities. S
popularly accepted, could not be sound either
intellectually. Indeed, it starves all the hig
expense of virtues mainly superficial and animal

It would not be accurate to say that Mr.
much influence as yet upon current poetry, alth
denied that there are signs that his example
under the surface. Of the purely imitative verse
such large quantities every year, an astonishin
tion is inspired by the Kipling tradition a
limping travesty of the Kipling manner. Ma
music-hall songs—to a vast public the only "po
are modelled on the same fashion; and, so fa
possible to verse, the author of "The Absent-
is unquestionably the popular poet of the time
were now to be democratized, it would certainl
example.

It is highly improbable, however, that
change is affecting the most aristocratic form
a reference to the history of poetical enthusiasm
not encourage one to think that an influence o
very lasting or very penetrating. It is the p
that, though its phases are poignantly affected
it recovers very quickly from purely temporar
that there is never wanting a reaction agai
in a perilous direction. What is called the
politics may be, and doubtless is, the political
future; but it is not a movement that appeals
to the service of art, and it cannot be said to
with poetic enthusiasm. And the reason t
recently undergone any marked poetic moveme
this: the ideals and interests of the last twent
so increasingly material that poetry has turne
into contemplation and self concern. Upon th
little to add to the achievements of the past;
indecision and vacillating experiment has
prevention of progress. Typical of the
of the time, for example, is a poet of the
W. E. Henley, who, possessed of a strenuous
personal force, is yet at one time revealed as a
realist, at another as an almost sentimental i
while he has moods which declare him a moder
reserves his most constant loyalty for the id
period and the adventurous life of the swashbuc
Stephen Phillips, a poet whose work is marked
and not a little power, ranges indecisively thro
and touches at one moment the unrest of moder
at the next to a class of poetic drama which,
vidual traits, is both in ideal and interest wid
contemporary influence.

Under the circumstances of the present ti
to revert from topical themes can scarcely

venture into the dangerous thickets of prophecy, where criticism is always likely to lose her way. Sufficient unto the day is the evidence thereof!

Victorian poetry, we said at the outset, has been neither gay nor buoyant; but, as a nation grows to maturity, there are more fitting qualities for her literature than light-heartedness and childish vigour. And the poetry we have thus briefly considered should leave us with associations very sincere and very intimate, since it was the expression of natures which felt deeply and saw far. As life grows more complex in a crowded community, its expression becomes naturally more nervous and intricate; and, of the many moods to which a modern man is subject, there is perhaps none which he will fail to find reflected in some quiet corner of the poetry of his time. To say this is to say of poetry all that contemporary criticism could demand; and for that "final judgment" which the future is to pronounce, we must leave the last word to those who will be further removed from it in sympathy, and so better able to judge it dispassionately. And yet it is fairly safe to surmise that the last word will never be said!

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE PAN-CELTIC CONGRESS.

This gathering of the five Celtic-speaking peoples—the Irish, Highland Scots, Welsh, Manx, and Bretons, which, but for the Boer war, would have taken place a year ago in Dublin, was held last week in the Irish capital under the presidency of Lord Castletown, of Upper Ossory, its original projector. But for the tactful initiative of this popular Irish leader and the ardent energy of Mr. E. E. Fournier D'Albe, whose linguistic studies in the five languages have constituted him the Pan-Celtic go-between, one could hardly have conceived of such a Congress being brought off at all. But, thanks in the main to the efforts of these two men, it has met in large numbers and with striking success.

Now, what common bond has thus united the Presbyterian Scot and the Welsh and Manx Nonconformist, the Breton Catholic Loyalist and the Irish Catholic Nationalist? What has made them agree to differ on the religious and political questions which are such burning ones at home and meet for common counsel at "The Ancient Concert Rooms," surely a name of good omen for a Congress of the representatives of the most ancient tongues still spoken in Europe? The true cause is not far to seek. These smaller races have been all and almost simultaneously engaged in a struggle for the preservation of their languages and, therefore, of their native literatures.

Wales with the least ground for immediate fear of such a loss has been first in the field in its resistance, now happily successful, to the threatened Anglicizing of its younger generation through the refusal of a so-called British Government to allow the old British tongue to be the main language of the schools in the Welsh-speaking district. We say "*happily* successful" because the event has proved that the bilingual method of teaching in these schools is largely responsible for the increasing intelligence of the scholars. Gaelic Ireland and Scotland are engaged in a similar struggle, and whether they emerge from it successfully or not will largely depend upon the leverage of such popular organizations as Wales and Brittany have established. [illegible]

remains the idealist, the poet, the minstrel, the v[illegible] nature. The old world virtues, as the old world spe[illegible] folk tunes and folk lore, are his, and whatever [illegible] religion is destined for his shores—Methodist, Calvi[illegible] Catholic—it finds him receptive of its influence.

The public Press has made the different Celtic Nat[illegible] cognisant of the linguistic and economic struggles ge[illegible] Celtdom, and to these now may be added the recent a[illegible] what remarkable literary and musical revivals which ha[illegible] especially in Ireland and Brittany, for the Eisteddfod [illegible] a successful institution in Wales for years past, and ha[illegible] suggested much to the Bretons and Irish in the organi[illegible] their own renascences. Lord Castletown was, therefore, [illegible] in welcoming the other Celtic nations in these words [illegible] hour has struck when the Celts must meet. We are all s[illegible] upwards; the mere fact of unity gives strength. I k[illegible] those who are not with us to-day yet feel we have give[illegible] and power to the Celtic cause. Let us, then, stand [illegible] to shoulder, helping each other to keep alive the lo[illegible] that is beautiful, simple, natural, unaffected, life-giving [illegible] songs and music that owe nothing to the music-halls [illegible] history without political rancour, and preserving lege[illegible] speak of old days and a dress that marks us out [illegible] many."

But to deal more particularly with Lord Castletown's [illegible] While in no sense claiming the position of one of the l[illegible] the Celtic movement, he admitted that the idea of [illegible] Celtic Congress was his own. The movement was not n[illegible] intellectual one. We must not in precise knowl[illegible] antiquarian research, in the re-establishment of our [illegible] and our literature, lose sight of our spiritual well-bein[illegible] this I mean the better higher part of our nature must [illegible] vated, not the mind only, not the head, not the heart [illegible] spirit, and I say this because in this I believe we shal[illegible] greatest beauty of our Celtic inheritance. Not to the [illegible] Celt is it given to live his life easily; the *joie de vivre* i[illegible] in spite of the reputed gladsomeness of the race. Out aw[illegible] West one rarely hears a laugh. The Celts are a stran[illegible] people, as you of Brittany know, and you men of the Sc[illegible] Welsh hills. To reflect, to muse, to know oneself an[illegible] wisdom of the ages, this is power; to idealize, to learn [illegible] the old in the midst of the modern, to love the spirits o[illegible] that breathe only to the few, this is to stand a bulwark [illegible] the paralysing commonplace of these latter days."

Lord Castletown then called attention to the undou[illegible] that the Celtic races stand out pre-eminent in religious the[illegible] of one type of Christian teaching, but of all types. It [illegible] objected against the Celtic movement that it has n[illegible] literature to feed it. This Lord Castletown stoutly di[illegible] by reference to the writings of the great Irish scholars [illegible] of letters of the past, as well as to the modern Celtic au[illegible] and it may be here stated incidentally that there is [illegible] through Irish, English, and Continental libraries Iris[illegible] literary material enough to fill from fourteen to sixteen [illegible] volumes with poetry, history, and romance. No doubt [illegible] it is crude in form and bombastic in expression, but [illegible] incomparable accumulation of material for minting into [illegible] artistic form.

Ireland has no current literature to speak of, thou[illegible] are signs of this development of the Irish literary rev[illegible] the Anglo-Irish writers of the day have not only fall[illegible] the Celtic charm, but have introduced Irish methods [illegible]

from about 100 to 200, and there are many villages, in which little but the newspapers had been read, where a serious study of Irish has sprung up. Coincident as this Irish movement is with the literary and linguistic movements in Wales, Brittany, and Scotland, and even in the little Isle of Man—Lord Castletown sees, in the immediate future, a revival of Celtic learning and language. "I must not," he went on, "allow myself to dwell upon the prospect—the conquered older races conquering the conquerors, the old spirits of the Celtic wanderers coming again from the blest land where they have slept so long, the people of the green forest releasing the long imprisoned, long enchanted rulers of old from a thraldom so light, yet so insistent, and the scattered people united again for the good of the countries they live in. Fairy hosts enshrouded in the Island's story in days gone by—Will they desert us in the latter days, or will they guard us still if they see us not unmindful of the days of old? It is the murmur of the river, the scent of the glorious heather, the wind among the birches, the changing of the cloud and sun over the summer-clad hills that tell me of that long gone fairy host, of the purity of the Celtic thought, of the religious teaching of nature, and of that belief in immortality which led so easily to Christianity. All this crescendo of original soul knowledge belongs to our race. It is for us to strengthen it, and to give it to the world. Let us all strive to know our history in the past in order that from the faults of the past we may flee, and that from the strength, the endurance, the poetry, and the patriotism of our ancestors we may each in our various countries help to build up a commonwealth of Celtia as her worthy citizens, whilst on the horizon of our minds there ever appears and disappears the fitful vision of the Isles of the Blest, where one day there will be a grand reunion of the faithful hearts of all the sea-divided Gaels."

This point of view will no doubt be received with an incredulous smile by the general reader, unacquainted with what Celtic literature and art have done in the past and are doing in the present; and it may provoke some resentment, perhaps, from the ten thousand cultivated folk, qualified to form an opinion on art and letters, according to Mr. Yeats, who regard both as Anglo-Saxon, not having been at the pains to inquire how much of the Celtic spirit Anglo-Saxondom has absorbed or is absorbing. And no doubt the Pan-Celts have pushed this point of view a little rudely, but they do not speak without authority. In the matter of art, Mr. Thomas, the Welsh art-critic, in an interesting paper showed that until recent years it was not admitted in this country that such a thing as Celtic art existed—so-called Celtic art in this country being really derived from the Roman and Byzantine schools. This prejudice has been set aside chiefly through French excavation and investigation, and now there is a fairly clear succession recognized in Celtic ornament, whether inscribed on stone or metal or parchment or moulded in sculpture, jewelry, or weapons. Professor Geddes, after pointing out that two of the latest British art influences were Celtic, or at any rate due to Celts, William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones, explained the plan upon which a modern Celtic school of design is being fostered in Scotland, largely under Mr. Duncan's guidance.

But the most remarkable pronouncement of the Congress related to the general question of the present condition of Celtic studies and came from a German, Professor Kuno Meyer. According to him Celtic studies have never been in a more flourishing condition. The number of students, native and

devoted to the subject, "La Revue Celtique. States Celtic studies are beginning to take Professor Henneberry was engaged upon Columbkille and early Irish Sagas and collected and published. The Professor sou Scotch for not being as active as even the Ma an utterance somewhat resented by Mr. S doubt in face of the fact of the recent p Alexander Carmichael's scholarly and alt "Carmina Gadelica" and his own rec journal "An Bard." Of modern Celtic influencing English literature under Gaeli Yeats, Mr. Douglas Hyde, Mrs. Tynan Hinkson as well as Dr. Sigerson and Fiona McLeod, known, nor should the two Standish O'Grady Dr. Todhunter or Miss Eleanor Hull. The speak, of Celtic literature, said Professor only quicken the interest in the Celtic li benefit those nations themselves. All that w overcome ignorance and indifference. He nev man or woman who was not proud of their na men and women, who did not think them, ought, the best and noblest and fairest in the love would spring the wider and greater Irel and faction. He did not despair that even would be a contented citizen of that greater the time would come when he and men like hi of that precious inheritance of their nation noble literature, which was the envy of other would form the basis of a union for all Irishme or creed. It had been said in Scotland that and Burns and the much-abused Macpherson, the Highlands and the ballads of the Lowla love of their native land, had been more poten reunion of hearts and hands than the he machinery of party politics. To such a confidently look forward for Ireland, and the that proud and honoured place among the na which was hers by right, and which a unreasoning fate had so long deprived her of German Celticist, Professor Zimmer, added might be got out daily and yet little would them to the general student unless a biblio literature were published.

In the matter of music, the Breton dele Jaffrennon, Vallée, and others detailed what t their folk songs, no less than 900 of which hav parties of musicians and men of letters who w the country collecting, singing, and playing the that within a few years some 500 airs had bee Fels Ceoil, the Irish Musical Festival, from the and fiddle playing of country folk, or through phonograph. The Manx have collected 250 t island, and fifty of these have been harmonized are now being freely sung about Man, whe of the old airs had been confined to the ver are also being collected and arranged and Mod, the Highland Music and Literary Fe held.

The resolutions passed at the plenary me the Congress were practical and sentimental that a committee should be selected from

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MEDIÆVAL EUROPE.

THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES, 1273-1494. By R. LODGE, M.A., Professor of History at the University of Edinburgh. (Periods of European History, III.) (Rivington. 6s. n.)

In attempting to compress the history of Europe in this period into a volume of moderate size Professor Lodge has undertaken what he justly terms a task "of almost superhuman difficulty." It was essentially a period of transition, during which the nations of the modern world were in the making; while the two great unifying centres of earlier days—the Papacy and the Empire—had lost much of their power for good or for evil. The author does not claim to have solved the difficulty to his own satisfaction; but we think that he has achieved such success as is really attainable. The conciseness which is indispensable in a work of this kind never disturbs the flow of a lucid and orderly narrative. Sometimes his brevity may be tantalizing to those who wish to know more on particular subjects, but for the benefit of such readers he has appended a bibliographical note, which is a useful guide for more advanced study. The chief disadvantages of his method of allotting separate chapters at different epochs to each of the States (or rather geographical divisions) with which he has to deal are that it entails considerable repetition, and that the mind's eye is continually being drawn away from one field of view to another. We are far from saying that this is a defect which could have been avoided. Yet perhaps, by the device of longer chapters, some subjects, as the condition of the Empire after the death of Charles IV. and the history of Italy in the fifteenth century, might have been presented in a more compact form; while the domestic development of the Italian Republics within the period might have been treated in a single chapter. We may presume that the history of Great Britain is by the plan of the series deliberately excluded, except so far as it touches that of the Continental States; and yet a chapter on the general, and the commercial, relations of England with the Continent would have increased the usefulness of the book.

Professor Lodge is especially well equipped for writing German history; and his chapters on the reign of Charles IV. and on the rule of the Teutonic knights in Prussia do something to fill a gap in our literature. His eulogy of the Emperor Charles strikes us as rather overstrained, for, in the words of Gregorovius, though "a powerful prince and an excellent ruler in his kingdom of Bohemia, Charles IV. made himself contemptible in Italy." It is true that the days of the Empire as an effective force in Italy were numbered; and Professor Lodge makes it the peculiar merit of Charles that he recognized and accepted the fact. But he did not confine himself to the northern side of the Alps; he intervened constantly, though feebly, in Italian affairs; and we must not forget that the chaotic state of the peninsula was largely due to the circumstance that the Imperial authority was neither vigorously exercised nor wholly withdrawn. Unlike his predecessors, Charles seemed anxious that the Pope should assert himself in Italy, and he did much to promote the return of Urban V. from Avignon. But he did not, as Professor Lodge says, "personally escort the Pope to the Eternal City" in 1367. He promised to do so, but characteristically arrived in Rome more than a year after Urban had

peculiarly involved the narrative is always clear and
follow. A most valuable feature of the book is the
genealogical tables at the close, and there are four
maps. It is impossible within our limits to do full
this work. Perhaps a defect in it, which some may
merit, is the large proportion of space allotted to
central Europe, with the result that the outlying
receive much less attention. Poland, for instance,
exactly ignored, but there is no reference to her
history; while Russia is entirely omitted, and yet her
ing to national life under Ivan III. falls within this
on the main lines of his subject Professor Lodge is
home. The chapters on the Italian States, on the Papa
on the Hanseatic League, on the fall of the Eastern Em
on the Renaissance in Italy are models of luminous and
writing, and if all the subsequent volumes of this
are as well executed as the present in many respects
difficult of all—the series should fully attain the
editor, which is "to present a comprehensive and
account of the general development of European history.

Mr. Gladstone's Finance.

"There have been since the Revolution" says Mr.
Buxton in MR. GLADSTONE—A STUDY (Murray, 5s. n.
great Finance Ministers—Walpole, Pitt, Peel, and Gla
His book confines itself to this single aspect of Mr. Gla
career and character, which can very well be
apart from his career as a whole. Mr. Buxton has
high opinion of the subject of his study as a Chancello
Exchequer. "He was," he writes, "a financial
Hammer, which, with equal facility and equal
revolutionize a Tariff or modify the duty on Dice."
remarked that a Finance Minister who is incapable of
detail as well as of occasionally taking a broad view
of singularly little use to the country. What Gladstone
doubt, accomplish was to make his Budgets intelligible
interesting; he made Finance a subject of which the
large could appreciate the importance. Mr. Buxton's
in substance the same as two articles from his
appeared recently in the *Fortnightly Review*.

An Advocate of Cremation.

Sir Henry Thompson deserves to be highly congr
upon the appearance of a fourth and considerably
edition of his MODERN CREMATION (Smith, Elder, 2s.),
his advocacy of the practice of cremation has alwa
linked with the most earnest endeavours to secure an
ment of the law of death-registration. And the work
now a wholly satisfactory monograph, well arranged,
trated, and well indexed. Passing over the earlier
cremation—its universality among the Indo-European
with scarcely a reference to the "bronze age," or, inde
display of the learning which he is usually supposed to
Henry deals most exhaustively and impartially with the
of opinion as to cremation which has taken place in
teenth century. This change is largely traceable to Ital
of science. At the great exhibition at Vienna, in 1873, P
Brunetti, of Padua, exhibited those results of his
which brought to a practical conclusion theories
Henry Thompson had long shared, and in the *Contem*
Review for January, 1874, the public identification
great English surgeon with the cause of cremation

the cause began to advance. Cameron's Bill for regulating cremation was defeated, but in 1885 the society took the matter into its own hands, and the practice became more frequent. One of the advantages of cremation as performed at Woking is that care is taken to verify the fact and the causes of death; two certificates from medical men are required, and the society takes care to deal with those gentlemen directly.

Nothing need be clearer or more reasonable than Sir Henry's recapitulation of the arguments in favour of cremation. "Out of sight, out of mind," is terribly true in general of the sources of much of the unhealthiness of cities. It might serve for family motto to the evil influences of graveyards; whereas, if all the negroes in Jamaica were cremated to-morrow, and all the resulting ashes arranged in ventilating glass cases in the local museum, they would not affect the health or offend the senses of one visitor to that institution.

FICTION.

Miss Adeline Sergeant.

The circulating library demands such writers as Miss Adeline Sergeant. Her work requires no careful reading. She finds an adequate story and sets it forth with considerable skill. There is, as a rule, little concealment of design; the tiro can see what is coming afar off, and need not worry herself about remembering dark hints that may have been dropped in the earlier chapters. Her books, in fact, make excellent reading for the indolent on a summer's day. Of the two now before us A GREAT LADY (Methuen, 6s.) is considerably the better. It is a short novel—not quite three hundred pages of big type—and although the pathos is insisted upon rather unnecessarily, it is a pleasant and complete little love-story. Miss Sergeant likes to take her characters from the aristocracy. We have a duke and duchess in "A Great Lady," but we descend to Sir James and Lady Rockingham in MY LADY'S DIAMONDS (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), which may possibly account also for the diminution in price, for the latter is the longer book of the two. To tell the truth, "My Lady's Diamonds," though easy enough to read, is not profoundly interesting; it is a detective story of the ordinary type, and Miss Sergeant's objection to mystery-making is not altogether the best equipment for this kind of work. During a "heat wave," when the intellect is more than commonly drowsy, it might serve its turn. In this book there is no pretence at character-drawing; in the other Isbel and Erminia, and perhaps even Anthony Scholes, the music-master, are differentiated from the rest with some attempt at rudimentary psychology. Both books are fair examples of current fiction; in the race for oblivion we imagine that "My Lady's Diamonds" will win by a short head.

A Dutch Interior.

It is always refreshing to come across a novel dealing with some time and some country not too often handled before, provided that the novelist can persuade the reader that he, or she, is a competent guide into the undiscovered region. THE DOMINIE'S GARDEN, by Imogen Clark (Murray, 6s.), takes us to New York not long after it ceased to be New Amsterdam, when the Dutch element was still strong enough to have its own churches and its own schools, and when there were many still who looked upon the use of the English language as a mournful

An Unreformed Rake.

The invention of a single character through a series of short stories (each c often very useful to the modern novelist. D employed this method with great success, not Holmes, but with Brigadier Gerard; and M Captain Kettle has become a household wor of Francis, second son of the late Marquis related by Mr. Marriott Watson in THE CHANCE (Methuen, 6s.), will not be so popula are very agreeably, pleasantly, and diverting touch of the "Dolly Dialogues" about Mr. and there is less of that affectation of style t his work. It is a pity that he could not Francis Charmian's social experiences wit his volume. As it stands, it is padded length with a short story having no connex The nine little love affairs of Lord Fran reading to make us wish for more. It is a p illustrated.

Mystery and Crime.

Mr. Fergus Hume has long since master veying "thrills," and he succeeds in doing t OF EMERALDS (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.). H on mystery—a search for a missing man who hands of the subjugated Incas of Peru, wher score of other white men, he is compelled to captors in their magnificent buried city, ha mountain," which is really a volcano. The Rider Haggard in the portrayed splendo civilization, in the contrast between the im the Indians and the "twentieth century-ness" who fall into their hands, as well as in the m superstitions of the citizens are played upo clearly been at great pains to master the stitions of the Incas, and has used his ferti tion with great success. The volcanic erup the hero from his terrible but beautiful pris described, with its tumbling mountains and A proper "love interest" is deftly interwo impressive story of adventure.

From the same author we have A (Jarrold and Sons, 6s.), a melodramatic story plot and plenty of sensational incidents. Th figure in it largely, especially a couple o gaol-birds who might have stepped out of the Mr. Hume is not strong in portraying femin his heroine, who is dragged down to poverty a worthless brother, does not move us. But the book marks a distinct improvement on so earlier work.

In spite of a melodramatic style, and a chapters on an effective "situation" as managing the curtain at a theatre, Mr. John us in his story PACIFICO (Smith, Elder, 6s.) a in its *genre*. The action not only never fl but it is maintained at a stout gallop from sta Captain Charlton once arrives at the littl Santa Celestina—and not much time is was there—he finds himself entangled in a we grows more and more complicated up to the

are two persons done to death in the first fifty pages, so that one is inclined to wonder how the characters will hold out if such a death-rate is going to prevail throughout. However, the author is less lavish of murders later, though not of thrills and tortures, in the contrivance of which he displays a terrible ingenuity. The book is exceptionally clever of its kind, and though written in an execrable "snappy" American style ("he was full to the brim of excelsior") compels the reader to "see it through." Without its picture the cover would have been attractive.

THE ADVENTURES OF TYLER TATLOCK, by Dick Donovan (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.), is "the very pine-apple" of illiterate gullelessness. Mr. Tyler Tatlock is represented on the cover in white boots, gazing piercingly at two birds and a large cloud, seeking what he may "detect." He is the usual infallible clean-shaven individual with a "smooth, dulcet voice," which gives vent to the usual oracular utterances. "A man has a much better chance of getting at the bottom of an apparent mystery if no one suspects that he is prowling about" is the sort of thing with which he impresses his clients, his eyes, the while, being "seemingly hidden by a frown." His victims, when handcuffed, remark "Remove these signs of infamy!"

CORMAN, by Constance Smith (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.), like its author's other novels, is a well-built, well-written story of decided interest, if no particular inspiration. The Curé of St. Quentin is a sympathetic figure and his ardent young brother a picturesque one. The idea of evidence in a murder case that cannot be used because it has been heard under seal of confession is not new, but always helps a dramatic effect. The old servant, Jeanne Marie, is prettily drawn, but she is not without a touch of the conventional "family retainer."

In DEACON BRODIE (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Dick Donovan presents us with a string of villainies. It relates to one Deacon William Brodie, an eighteenth-century town councillor of Edinburgh. But there is little eighteenth-century atmosphere in the book. One virtue, however, Mr. Donovan reveals—he has not attempted to make a hero of this specious Deacon, who finally ended his life on an Edinburgh scaffold. The book is not quite the romance of crime it might have been; the pigments are so strongly put on that the whole is almost one lurid glare.

In Maori Land.

"Alien's" new novel, ANOTHER WOMAN'S TERRITORY (Constable, 6s.), is not, as one might suppose from the title, concerned with one woman's dealings with another's husband. In fact, the meaning of the title is rather difficult to understand. The book is a sort of ghost of Anstey's "Giant's Robe." It is well written, though it does not tell us much that is new of Antipodean matters. Still one could have easily done with less of the long-winded talks of "Sawyer Thomas." Howard Grey, a clever off-cast of genius, despairing and partially soured at his being so, goes roaming discontentedly in Maoriland. There he meets Caroline and Frank Osmond—brother and sister isolated from the world because the former has served a period of imprisonment for forgery. These two are well-drawn characters, Frank especially.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Library Association began its annual conference on

be taken. The collection might form a nucleus of a historical associations in which the neighbourhood is rich

The sister institution to the public library the museum is always in need of popularizing and we welco appearance of the *Museums' Journal*. The new perio conducted by experts intimately acquainted with museu their work, and those to whom museum and mausole interchangeable terms may learn much from it.

The Aberdeen University library committee des acquire books and pamphlets written or edited by gradu *alumni*. They have addressed an appeal to former stud present to the library copies of such works. An attempt to be made towards forming a collection of literature rela or printed in the northern counties of Scotland.

The reference department of the public library at stead will commence its work in the autumn better eq than the majority of its neighbours. Ten thousand v selected from a larger collection have been purchased, an include many works on local and Kentish history. In ad the library has received a gift of a large number of maps, and pamphlets relating to the county.

The Brighton library committee, after a tour in sear system, have issued a recommendation that the fiction se the lending department shall be worked by the ind while borrowers shall be allowed access to all other cl literature in the new library buildings. This attempt to two opposed systems will be watched with interest. Th mittee state that they wish to encourage the reading o other than fiction, while not condemning the intelligent novels.

It is proposed to establish, as memorials of the late Victoria, public libraries at Batley, Yorks, and for the p of Neston and Parkgate, Cheshire.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The more important of the sixty odd volumes incl Messrs. Longmans' autumn list have already been announ us separately, the most notable addition being "The Re tions of Sir Edward Blount, 1815-1901," jotted down and ar by Mr. Stuart J. Reid. Sir Edward was British Consul the closing weeks of the siege of Paris. Among other b Messrs. Longmans' list may be mentioned "The Oriental Cl Hanover Square," by Alexander F. Baillie, with illustra "Roman Africa: An Outline of the History of the Occupation of North Africa," by Alexander G F.S.A., with maps and illustrations by the author; "S Essays" by Dr. Richard Copley Christie, ex-Chancellor Diocese of Manchester, edited with a memoir by Dr. Shaw; "Selections from the Writings of James A Froude," edited by P. S. Allen (new volume of the Silver Li "Henry Schomberg Kerr: Sailor and Jesuit," by th Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford; "The Catholic from Within," by Lady Lovat, with a preface by the C Archbishop of Westminster; "The Great Deserts and of North America," by Paul Fountain, with a preface by Hudson; "The Book of the Rifle," by the Hon. Fremantle; "The Traitor's Way: a Story," by S. Yeats; "The Failure of Success," by Lady Mabel H and Mr. Lang's Annual for 1901, the "Violet Fairy Book.

Warwick," by Mary E. Palgrave; to the Master Musicians Series, "Mendelssohn," by Stephen S. Stratton; to the Mediæval Towns Series, "London," by H. B. Wheatley, "Siena," by R. Langton Douglas, and "Cairo," by S. Lane-Poole; to the Haddon Hall Library "Shooting," by A. Innes Shand; to the Miranda Library "Shakespeare's Heroines," by Mr. Jameson, illustrated; and to the Temple Cyclopædic Primers, "A Primer of Physiology," by Dr. A. Hill; "Northern Hero Legends," by Dr. Otto Luitpold Jiriczek; "Northern Mythology," by Professor Kaufmann; and "Greek Antiquities," by Professor Malsch.

While the authorized edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" is undergoing revision, Messrs. Sonnenschein are preparing a collection of "Alternative Hymn Tunes," together with others in constant request. It has been edited by the Rev. C. W. A. Brooke, under the supervision of Dr. William Crosse, Organist and Composer to the Chapels Royal, and Dr. E. W. Naylor, the organist of Emanuel College. Next month the same publishers will issue a volume on "Paganism in the Christian Church," by the Rev. W. J. Wilkins, who has written several works on "Hindu Mythology," "Modern Hinduism," and similar subjects. He aims at pointing out a resemblance between the Hindu and Roman Catholic religions. Next month Messrs. Sonnenschein will publish the new volume of their Social England Series—"Chivalry," by F. W. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton; "The Ethical Philosophy of Sidgwick," by F. H. Hayward, M.A., Lecturer in the University of Cambridge Day Training College; "Selections from the Works of C. Fourier," translated by Professor Julia Franklin, with an introduction by Charles Gide; Clara Tschudi's new biography, "The Empress Elizabeth of Austria," translated by E. M. Cope; and "Psychology: Normal and Morbid," by Dr. C. A. Mercier, Lecturer on Insanity at the Westminster Hospital Medical School, and the author of "The Nervous System and the Mind," "Sanity and Insanity," &c. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Victorian Anthology," already announced in *Literature*, will probably be ready in October. The remaining works in Messrs. Sonnenschein's autumn list include a translation of R. de Maulde la Clavière's "L'Art de la Vie," by G. H. Ely; the concluding volume of Mr. Meakin's trilogy on Morocco; "Schools at Home and Abroad," by R. E. Hughes, H.M. Inspector of Schools; and a new edition of the glossary which forms the tenth volume of Dyce's "Shakespeare." The glossary has been edited by Professor Littledale, of the University College of South Wales.

Reprints.—Among the autumn books for the Temple Classics announced by Messrs. Dent are:—Goldsmith's Poems and Plays, edited by Mr. Austin Dobson; Reade's "Peg Woffington"; and Dante's "Purgatorio" (Italian and English). Another series, "The Cloister Library," is announced by the same publishers—under the editorship of Mr. A. R. Waller, who has edited several of the volumes in the Temple Classics—beginning with Sir Arthur Helps' "In the Cloister and the Crowd, and Companions of my Solitude," with photogravure frontispiece. Other probable volumes for the new series are:—Thoreau's "Walden"; "Thoughts of Pascal"; Petrarch's "Conflict of my Passions"; Digby's "Broad Stone of Honour"; Coleridge's "Aids to Reflections"; "Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit." Other reprints to come from Messrs. Dent—apart from "The Temple Bible," the illustrated edition of Thackeray, edited in thirty volumes by Walter Jerrold, the new Hazlitt, and the new edition of Boswell's Johnson, which have already been announced—are the "Love Letters of Napoleon and Josephine," with notes by H. F. Hall, showing the events which were taking place as the letters were written; a selection of Petrarch's "Familiar Letters"; the "Temple Brontë," uniform with the "Temple Austen," in twelve volumes; and Lane's version of the "Arabian Nights," in six volumes, with a selection of the popular stories from Dr. Scott's version, and a hundred photogravure illustrations by S. L. Wood.

Messrs. Methuen announce the following reprints in their "Little Library":—Thackeray's "Christmas Books," and "Esmond," both edited by S. Gwynn; Dickens' "Christmas Ward," edited by Ernest Fletcher, a feature number of hitherto unpublished conversations

Messrs. Macmillan, whose new editions Kingsley have already been referred to in *Lit* two additions to their "Library of English Works of Oliver Goldsmith, containing 'The Vi the Plays, and the Poems,' edited by A. W. P Christmas Rose, and other Poems," by the Rev. —and the following volumes for the "Ge series:—"Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to Hi by Dr. Rendall, Head Master of Charterh House of Atreus: being the Agamemnon, Libe Furies of Æschylus," translated into English Morshead, M.A.

Books to look out for at onc

"Mary Queen of Scots, and who wrote the Cask Cowan. 2 vols. Low. 28s. n.

"A Yeoman's Letters." By P. T. Ross. Simpkin.

"From Cyprus to Zanzibar." By E. Vizetelly. P

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"The Earliest Inhabitants of Abydos." By D. R University Press. 10s. 6d. n.

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"The Year One." By J. Bloundelle-Burton. Methu

"Royal Georgie." By S. Baring-Gould. Methuen.

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"Stephen Calinari." By Julian Sturgis. Constable.

"Strange Disappearance of Lady Delia." By Louis T

"The Darlingtons." By E. E. Peake. Heinemann.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND RE

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[This is the sixth volume of the great work on the Napoleon III. a famous Minister has been writing now fo volume deals with Poland, the Elections of 1863, and the work of modern history is more eloquent than this; but more critical precautions.]

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[Carries us to the time of the expulsion of the Royalist m

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[Contends that the present system of government is destr suicidal to Britain.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITI

ALFRED THE GREAT. By T. Hughes. 7½×5. 316 pp. Ma

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

In next week's issue we shall publish a special portrait of William Morris, with an account of his life and work.

* * * *

Books to read, just published:—

"Mary, Queen of Scots." By S. Cowan. Sampson Low.

"The Romance of Religion." By Olive and Herbert Vivian. Pearson.

"The Snares of the World." By Hamilton Aidé. Murray.

"The Octopus." By Frank Norris. Grant Richards.

* * * *

Fifteen hundred books which formerly belonged to the Compiègne Library, and are now at the Bibliothèque Nationale, are to be taken back to Compiègne for the use of the Tsar during his visit. His Imperial Majesty is also to be entertained with stage plays; and in this connexion it is interesting to recall the dramatic history of Compiègne.

* * * *

A theatre was planned in the original design of Louis XV.'s architect, in 1738, but none was built; and it was Louis Philippe who had the tennis court altered into a theatre, capable of holding an audience of 700, on the occasion of his daughter's

The dramatic preferences of the Imperial couple elevated as they might have been. The Emperor di care for anything but farce, and the Empress did care for anything but melodrama. They preferred quite minor theatres, like the Porte Saint Mart Variétés to stimulate their tears and laughter. had to drop hints that it was necessary for their pop they should at least simulate an interest in the liter So they sent, from time to time, for the players of th Française; and the saddest stories are told of the ch tion accorded to this company. Flaubert's fri Bouilhet, was particularly distressed because, *Conjuration d'Amboise* was produced at Compiègne, most distinguished audience, including Prosper Mér Sandeau, Sainte-Beuve, Octave Feuillet, and Théophi a Chamberlain came behind and required the pre whole of the third and half of the fourth act to b because the Emperor was bored. His equanimity partially restored when the Emperor, after yawning t curtailed performance, sent Camille Doucet to say th enjoyed the piece immensely, and that the author made an officer of the Legion of Honour.

* * * *

In the *National Review* Mr. Leslie Stephen reco reputation of Anthony Trollope. The originality of lies in questioning the verisimilitude of the novels as of the society of the author's period.

> Archdeacon Grantly is certainly an excellent a person; an honourable, narrow-minded English gent just the necessary tinge of ecclesiastical dignity. S hypothetical descendants asked us, Were English A like that? we should be a little puzzled. If Miss Y be called as a witness to character, she would demonstrate. Archdeacons, she would say, in her Church Archdeacons at least, were generally saints. be spiritual guides; they had listened to Newma misled by *Essays and Reviews*; but had, at le interested in the religious movements of the day. Archdeacon is as indifferent to all such matters as were reviled dignitaries of an older generation. He is s do his official duties, and he carefully says, "Good H where a layman would use another phrase: but he a the slightest indication of having any religious view beyond a dislike to dissenters.

Similarly with Trollope's girls:

> Vulgar satire in those days was denouncing the the period"—the young lady who was chafing established conventions of all kinds. The young Barchester seem to have been entirely innocent extravagance. Trollope's heroines are as domestic

THE EBB TIDE.

By this moon-witched light
Nought is common or unclean:
The lamps along the shore are white
As stars, and as serene.

The half-moon rides low
And casts on sea and river
White pools and flakes of moving snow
That waver, swirl, and quiver.

The busy whirling mill
Has furled its sails, and cool
Sleeps its red window in the still,
Deep, murky, mirroring pool.

The tide is at its ebb:
Far over the misty sand
It murmurs, caught in a moony web,
Spell-bound 'twixt sea and land.

EVAN T. KEANE.

* * * *

The *Gaulois* has been drawing attention to the cases of some eminent men of letters who are also in the hotel and restaurant business in Switzerland. The most interesting case is that of Herr Zahn, the Swiss novelist, who "manipulates the soup ladle with dignity and dexterity" at the Goschenen buffet. His father did so before him, and very likely the occupation furnishes a more permanent source of income than the composition of works of fiction.

* * * *

Optimistic American publishers have lately been predicting that America will soon lead the world in literature and set the canons of literary taste. It is interesting to compare the pessimistic utterance of a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* who declares that literature is being ruined by American publishers, who "exercise the functions of the popular showman in an itinerant exhibition" and impose their views of literary method upon authors:—

> The best work of the rising generation bears indelible marks of the editorial pencil, which is mainly responsible for its glaring defects. . . . Many a modern novel reads, and is perhaps meant to read, as if it had been cabled across the Atlantic by an incompetent operator. The tendency is invading other departments of literature. There are ominous indications that the philosopher and the historian may also become little better than literary acrobats performing a regular round of circus tricks.

Only in America, we trust; though we agree with the writer that the "cultured millionaire" might do worse than "subsidize a group of publishers and editors, who may be able to look to other matters besides circulation."

* * * *

The American view of Rudyard Kipling which we quoted the other day is not shared in France, and M. Baret, the Professor of English at the Lycée Henri IV., has discovered in the author of "The Jungle Books" a second La Fontaine. This formed the text of the recent address which he delivered at the annual prize-giving. That his eulogy of an English author was not due to a love of England may be gathered from

endowed with those qualities natural to his
energy, on the other, the same qualities—a pictur
a "naiveté souligné de malice," the use of the
the right moment, and the habit of leaving the d
moral of the fable to his readers.

We regret to hear, at the moment of going
death of Mr. Evelyn Abbott, the well-known Ox
known outside the University as the editor of "
co-editor with Mr. Lewis Campbell of Professor
and Letters, and the author of a history of Gree
the death of the Rev. E. L. Cutts, of whose work
some account next week.

The extremely valuable collection of MSS.
Lancashire, containing a wonderful collection of
all ages and languages, and mediæval Western
them in bindings of the greatest beauty and rar
from the possession of the Earl of Crawford in
Rylands, the founder of the John Rylands Library

The house at 43, Gerrard-street, where
plays and died, is to be pulled down as dangerous

We regret to record the death of Mr. Sam
of the "Library Shakespeare."

Sir Harry Johnston is at work on a long
book on Uganda, which will be published next ye

It is stated that Mr. John Lane will now pri
page of "The Aristocrats" the name of the
Gertrude Atherton.

Mr. John Buchan, the historian of Brasen
the author of several novels, has been app
secretary to Lord Milner.

The library of Lambeth Palace has recentl
by the addition of several works relating to Lond

A new version of Dickens' "Christmas Car
be produced at the Vaudeville.

Mr. Carnegie has offered £7,500 for a
Rutherglen, Lanarkshire.

M. and Madame Zola will visit Perthshire t
of September.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has bought the *English Illus*

Mr. J. M. Barrie has written a new play called

The rebuilding of the Sorbonne is now comp
expected that the ceremony of inauguration, fo
has yet been officially fixed, will take place on
day being the 700th anniversary of the birth
Robert de Sorbon.

An international theatre is about to be esta
by M. Léon Carvalho, who has obtained a co
purpose. The building will be erected in the

This is the middle of the holiday season; a
literary interest is happening, and as we cannot

first question that hard task-master Necessity may sometimes dictate an answer; and for the rest the answer must depend partly on the weather and partly on the temperament of the individual. One is tempted to say that, as even the man who writes must sometimes think, the holidays, when not devoted to sport and the slaughter of birds or to the unwearied investigation of railway time-tables and hotel advertisements, should be set aside for thinking; but this is by no means the universal practice or even the universal theory. James Payn, for instance, placed it on record that, in his opinion, an occasional week-end, enlivened by "frivolous conversation," was the only holiday the man of letters needed. To let the brain lie fallow, he held, was laziness, and did the brain no good. The soil was always arable, and would support an unceasing rotation of crops. With other writers composition is like a fever or a debauch; and they are obliged, after each excess, to treat themselves like invalids. Good work has been done by both methods, and so has bad work. It is impossible to say that the one method belongs to talent and the other to genius, or to lay down any general rule. Nor is the second question any easier to answer by reference to authority, for the evidence is very conflicting. Not only equally good work, but very similar work, has been produced under both conditions. There are few writers whose work has more points of resemblance than has the work of Balzac and Flaubert. But Balzac worked in a Paris garret and Flaubert in a Norman château. In the case of Dickens, again, we find a conflict of evidence in the experiences of a single man. Dickens was always going away to write—presumably because he thought it was a good, as well as an agreeable, course to adopt. He did large blocks of work at Broadstairs, at Boulogne, at Genoa, at Lausanne. But, every now and again, he found that he could not work in the country at all, and actually had to come back to London to finish an instalment of a story for the printers. The roar of the traffic was more inspiring than the songs of birds; the little excitements of social intercourse were more helpful than the sea-breezes and the stars. Clearly there is nothing here to enable us to give a final answer to our question. Every writer longs for many of the sources of inspiration that can only be found in the country, but not all writers are self-sufficient in the sense of liking to deprive themselves, for any length of time, of the stimulus of intercourse with their intellectual equals. In the country it is possible that they may be thrown into the society of people who seem to them, especially if they are in the first Locksley Hall period, stupid without being humble, whose stupidity is not even original or amusing, who ask silly questions, and require to have everything explained to them. Consequently they get a longing for London which almost amounts to homesickness. They want to get back to the people who know what they know, have read what they have read, speak the same language as themselves, and take the same things for granted. An artist knows where to find these advantages even in very remote parts of the country. The little colonies of such artists at such places as Newlyn or Rye supply the want. Some are disposed to sigh for a similar colony of literary men—a place that the writer could settle in for a few months' work with the assurance that he will meet other men similarly engaged, and be able to talk about the things that he talked about in town to people who have something to say about them, instead of finding that the only alternative to solitude is to take part in the colloquies of the aborigines. It is a view held by many, but we are not inclined wholly to agree with it. There is life to be seen and studied outside London, even if its brain moves more

Literature Portraits.—XV

WALT WHITMAN.

It is good for the critic, employing himself in th exercise of estimating the reputations of the great m the foot-rule of his preconceived opinions, to come against a writer to whom none of the customary measurement can be applied. That is to say, it is critic if he knows how to take the blow properly courage to lay aside for the moment the old ca recognize that, in certain cases, culture, a sense other purely literary qualities may become matters tant as not to be worth mentioning. No doubt it is

faith with most of us that the thought is the chie manner in which it is expressed of less vital mome all that, when we come to criticize a passage, it rather the style than the matter to which we pay o The literary graces, the subtle turns of phrase, the scholarly allusions—it is undeniable that these add to our intellectual enjoyment of an author's wo accustomed to regard some attempt at these as o

surprising that we should lose our temper for the moment and say hard things of a writer who does not appear to have learned even the rudiments of his art. The greater part of "Leaves of Grass" seems at first sight intolerable rant, unredeemed by any graces of expression, and containing (as if by accident) one or two fine passages. It must be read more than once or twice before we begin to realize that there are more fine passages in the book, and less rant, than we had supposed. When it has been studied carefully, it may dawn upon us at last that this is no case for the literary critic at all. Whitman must be met on the common ground of our humanity; if, with Robert Louis Stevenson, we choose to picture him as a large shaggy dog, "just unchained, scouring the beaches of the world and baying at the moon," we may secure an apt phrase, but go grievously wrong in our estimate of the man's work. Rather let us call him a natural man, unashamed of his own attributes and appetites, who strove with remarkable success to divest poetry of its "feudal" tone and multitudinous ornamental accretions, and in their place to preach with direct simplicity an ideal democracy founded upon universal brotherly love.

Whitman Explains Himself.

This is one aspect of Walt Whitman's work, but it is by no means everything. He was not one of those men who sit down with a definite purpose and concentrate themselves in the effort to carry it to a logical conclusion. His books, whether in prose or verse (and there is often enough little difference between the form of the two) are one long series of hints and partial explanations, not generally satisfactory to the anxious reader. Whitman was always trying to explain himself, but his genius did not lie in that direction, and towards the end of his life he grew to regard himself as an enigma, and left the business of solving it in the more capable hands of his many admirers. To Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, afterwards one of his literary executors, he surrendered, with a child-like faith, his explanatory prerogative. This gentleman published in 1883 an authorized biography of the poet, and thenceforward Whitman accepted him as his official "expresser and explanator." But before the poet wrote, of "Good-bye my Fancy—concluding Annex to "Leaves of Grass"—that "it will have to be ciphered and ciphered out long and is probably in some respects the most curious part of its author's baffling works," he had at all events attempted to tell the world what was his object in writing, and perpetually adding to, that expression of his own personality. The main idea present to his mind was that democracy needed a new poet.

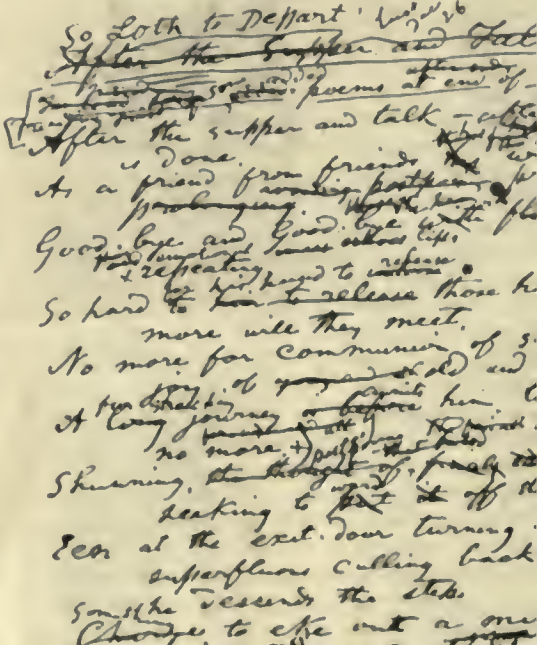
There is a passage in the "Song of the Exposition"—probably one of the best-known passages in the whole of "Leaves of Grass"—in which the poet summons the Muse to her new home from the old and narrow domains of the past. It is an eminently characteristic passage, containing as it does one real gem of pure and dignified eloquence—a veritable oasis for the much-enduring literary critic—sandwiched between two of the wettest of wet blankets. Here is the exordium, not couched in particularly poetical language:—

> Come, Muse, migrate from Greece and Ionia,
> Cross out please those immensely overpaid accounts,
> That matter of Troy and Achilles' wrath, and Aeneas',
> Odysseus' wanderings,
> Placard "Removed" and "To Let" on the rocks of your snowy Parnassus.
> Repeat at Jerusalem, place the notice high on Jaffa's gate and on Mount Moriah.

is almost forced to think it unconscious. The seco
in the first line of the following excerpt:—

> Ended, deceas'd through time, her voice
> fountain,
> Silent the broken-lipp'd Sphynx in Egypt, s
> century-baffling tombs,
> Ended for aye the epics of Asia's, Euro
> warriors, ended the primitive call of t
> Calliope's call forever closed, Clio, Melpo
> dead,
> Ended the stately rhythmus of Una and Oria
> quest of the holy Graal,
> Jerusalem a handful of ashes blown by the w
> The Crusaders' streams of shadowy midnig
> with the sunrise,
> Amadis, Tancred, utterly gone, Charlema
> Oliver gone,
> Palmerin, ogre, departed, vanish'd the tu
> from its waters reflected,
> Arthur vanish'd with all his knights, Merlin
> and Galahad, all gone, dissolv'd n
> exhalation;
> Pass'd! pass'd! for us, forever pass'd, that
> world, now void, inanimate, phantom
> Embroider'd, dazzling, foreign world, with a
> legends, myths,
> Its kings and castles proud, its priests an
> and courtly dames,
> Pass'd to its charnel vault, coffin'd with cr
> on,
> Blazon'd with Shakspere's purple page,
> And dirged by Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme

This passage is one of the few in Walt Whitm
at first sight, and compel even the unsympath
acknowledge him a true poet. It is, almost thro
dignified, eloquent, musical. "If only the ma



write like that !" murmurs the half-convinced critic. Alas! the poet had been swept away for the moment by the flood of past literary memories ; at the next line he regains his American and democratic feet :—

> I say I see, my friends, if you do not, the illustrious emigré (having it is true in her day, although the same, changed, journey'd considerable),
> Making directly for this rendezvous, vigorously clearing a path for herself, striding through the confusion,
> By thud of machinery and shrill steam-whistle undismay'd,
> Bluff'd not a bit by drain-pipe, gasometers, artificial fertilizers,
> Smiling and pleas'd with palpable intent to stay,
> She's here, install'd amid the kitchen ware !

Is it not almost sacrilege, the juxtaposition of two such passages ? And yet, on reflection, must there not be something great in a poet who can dare so ludicrous a sequence to emphasize what he has to say ? Or rather, who could write the latter passage without perceiving any fundamental incongruity with the preceding portion ? Walt Whitman was essentially simple-minded ; he was of Quaker parentage ; and he did not possess that quick sense of the incongruous which lies at the root of humour. Even if he had possessed it, it is probable that he would have allowed the passage to stand. For it was his cue to get rid of these bygone trappings, to herald a new poetry — the poetry of democracy, of "these States," and of the age of steam.

"What finally and only is to make of our western world a nationality superior to any hither known, and out-topping the past," he asserts in the peculiar language of his "Democratic Vistas," "must be vigorous, yet unsuspected literatures, perfect personalities and sociologies, original, transcendental, and expressing (what, in highest sense, are not yet express'd at all), democracy and the modern." It must be confessed that Whitman's prose, particularly when he is anxious to explain himself, is not always perfectly lucid. But he pursues the same theme at considerable length, and contrives by degrees to make his meaning sufficiently clear. Democracy, in effect, will never be recognized as a living force, until it founds its own forms of art, letters, and theology, displacing the obsolete and "feudal" forms. A great original literature—this was to become the justification and reliance of American democracy. To this subject he returns again and again. He was not without the power of appreciating the work of other American writers, living or dead, but he could discern in them nothing national. The States expanded—Texas, California, Alaska were added ; the body grew more and more vast, wealthy, and powerful, but it seemed as though it were without a soul.

and thoughts, colored hardly at all with any cod
other faiths, other authors, other identities, or time
of songs had been sung—beautiful, matchless songs—
other lands than these—other days, another spirit a
evolution ; but I would sing, and leave out or pa
with reference to America and myself and to-day."
he maintained, could not possibly have emerged fro
era than the latter half of the nineteenth century, n
other land than America. And more than this wa
to their conception—his own home life and upbri
hospital experiences in the war, and even the ultim
of the Northern Union arms. Indeed, it seemed (as
more than once in various places) as if a poetry wit
like cosmic features had never been possible before.
that vast congeries of some "thirty-eight or for
soldered in one," necessitated for her poetry en
standards of measurement.

The Preparatory Life: Parentage.

For an account of Whitman's "Preparatory L
termed it—his life from the age of sixteen to thirt
the poet's own recommendation to turn to Dr. Bu
From that writer's monograph, accordingly, we tak
account of Whitman's biography. He was born on Ma
at West Hills, Long Island, New York State, the s

WALT WHITMAN'S BIRTHPLACE, West Hills, near Huntington, Long Island
(By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

family of nine children, of whom seven were boys. "
mans," says Dr. Bucke, "were, and are still, a
strong-framed, long-lived race of men, moderate
friendly, fond of their land and of horses and cattle,
their passions, but fearful when once started." T
father, Walter Whitman (his own name was origina
and the copyright of the first edition of "Leaves
was registered in that name), was "a large, quiet, s
very kind to children and animals, and a good citizen.

for a lifetime in what he has called 'carrying out his own ideal.'" Indeed, he was wont to say that all the members of his father's family were noted for their obstinacy, and that nothing could turn them from a course they had once positively decided upon. His magnificent physique he derived equally from both parents. Until he lost it (from too long a course of hospital nursing among the wounded) he was a striking figure of a man. Here is a picture from an eye-witness, taken between 1854 and 1860:—

> Walt's appearance used to attract great attention from the passengers when he came on board the boat. He was quite six feet in height, with the frame of a gladiator, a flowing gray beard mingled with the hairs on his broad, slightly-bared chest. In his well-laundried checked shirt-sleeves, with trousers frequently pushed into his boot-legs, his fine head covered with an immense slouched black or light felt hat, he would walk about with a naturally majestic stride, a massive model of ease and independence. I hardly think his style of dress in those days was meant to be eccentric; he was very antagonistic to all show or sham, and I fancy he merely attired himself in what was handy, clean, economical, and comfortable. His marked appearance, however, obtained for him a variety of callings in the minds of passengers who did not know him. "Is he a retired sea captain?" some would ask: "an actor? a military officer? a clergyman? Had he been a smuggler, or in the slave trade?" To amuse Walt I frequently repeated these odd speculations upon him.

Other Influences.

Besides inherited qualities, and the influence of parental example, another main element to be taken into account in the formation of Whitman's character is that he was brought up on Long Island, or, as he prefers to call it from the old Indian name, Paumanok. This is a peculiar and picturesque region, over a hundred miles long, "shaped like a fish, plenty of sea-shore, the horizon boundless, the air fresh and healthy, the numerous bays and creeks swarming with aquatic birds, the south-side meadows covered with salt hay, the soil generally tough, but affording numberless springs of the sweetest water in the world." When Walt Whitman was still a child his parents moved to Brooklyn, but for long afterwards he used to pay frequent and long visits to his birthplace and wander through all the neighbouring country. He attended the common schools at Brooklyn until he was thirteen, and then went into a printing office and learned to set type. About three years later he began to write; at nineteen or twenty he was publishing and editing the *Long Islander*, a weekly newspaper at Huntington. Then

he came to New York City to live, and during
years seems to have been employed chiefly in pr
a compositor, and occasionally as a contributor
and magazines. These years gave him his educat
tion from which his poems were to spring—" p
comprehensive equipment ever attained by a huma
many things that the schools prescribe were
Whitman's own words, his book "arose out of my
and New York from 1838 to 1853, absorbing a mi
fifteen years, with an intimacy, an eagerness
probably never equalled—land and water." It
go on equal terms with all people, and he bec
acquainted with the shops, houses, ferries, fac
and all that they contained. To quote from Dr.

> He was first the absorber of the sunlight,
> the open streets, and then of interiors. He kne
> poorhouses, prisons, and their inmates. He
> and about those parts of the city which are i
> worst characters; he knew all their people, an
> knew him; he learned to tolerate their sq
> ignorance; he saw the good (often much mo
> righteous think) and the bad that was in them,
> was to excuse and justify their lives. It is
> people, even the worst of them, while entire st
> Whitman, quite invariably received him with
> and treated him well. . . . Many of th
> characters became singularly attached to him
> was sociable with the man that sold peanuts at
> the old woman that dispensed coffee in the
> not patronize them, they were to him as goo
> good as he, only temporarily dimmed and obsc

This was probably the happiest time of Walt
He found pleasure in everything; he speaks of

> Wandering, amazed at my own lightness a

One of his special enjoyments in New York wa
down Broadway on an omnibus, sitting in front a
crowds and the traffic, or crossing the East Ri
boats, watching the sights and sounds of the rive
not play much part in his education—he pr
direct from the life rather than from the impress
but his aim was to absorb humanity and modern
could help him towards this end he would not
them.

The Books That He Read.

No man ever took so much pains to acquaint
every particular of his own development as did W
and again, in his prose jottings—in "Specimen
where—he reverts to the congenial subject of th
his own poetic field, the ploughing, planting, an
ground. Already, he says, in his sixteenth
obtained possession of a stout volume of some
containing the whole of Walter Scott's poetry, a
for many years "an inexhaustible mine and te
study (especially the endless forests and jungles
Walter's metrical romances may seem curious
the poet of democracy, but so it was. For the
him speak for himself:—

> Later, at intervals, I used to go off, s
> week at a stretch, down in the country or
> sea-shores—there, in the presence of outdoor i

wondered since why I was not overwhelmed by those mighty masters. Likely because I read them, as described, in the full presence of nature, under the sun, with the far-spreading landscape and vistas, or the sea rolling in.

Of Edgar Allan Poe's poems Whitman was not an admirer, but he professed himself repaid in the prose by the idea that, at any rate in modern times, there can be no such thing as a long poem. Yet the "Song of Myself" occupies some forty octavo pages of fairly small print. His passion for keeping in touch with all sorts and conditions of men led him, no doubt, to read largely also in the newspapers and magazines; and he made at this time enormous scrap-books, containing articles on various subjects, most of them underlined in places and copiously annotated. One of these books contained an abstract of the poem of the "Cid" and of the "Nibelungen Lied," and accounts of Dante and his "Commedia." Later on, when at Camden, after the breakdown of his health, he began once more to read voraciously. His method of treating books was not exactly that of the bibliophile. "I get some old edition," he writes, "of no pecuniary value, and then take portions in my pocket. In this way I have dislocated the principal American writers of my time—Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and the rest—with translations of the French Madame Dudevant (always good to me), the German metaphysician Hegel, and nearly all the current foreign poets." The "Arabian Nights," again, he had known from boyhood. The novels of George Sand as well as of Scott were among his favourites. Rousseau's "Confessions" and the sayings of Epictetus were in his possession. And at the beginning of the war he came upon Felton's "Ancient and Modern Greece," which he read so many times that he came at length almost to know it by heart. It is not a bad list of authors, and there are many others with whom he had something more than a superficial acquaintance who are left unspecified here.

Music and the Drama.

Not books only, but "certain actors and singers had a good deal to do with the business" of preparing the poetic field. In "Specimen Days," once more, Whitman recounts how he frequented, while in New York, the old Park, the Bowery, Broadway, and Chatham-square theatres, and the Italian operas at Chambers-street, Astor-place, or the Battery. For many seasons, owing to his connexion with the papers, he was on the free list. The theatrical passion preceded the musical. In the drama, he saw, among others, the younger Kean, Macready, Sheridan Knowles in his own *Virginius*, Fanny Kemble as Lady Townley in *The Provoked Husband*, as Bianca in *Fazio*, and as Marianna in *The Wife*:—

> Nothing finer did ever stage exhibit—the veterans of all nations said so, and my boyish heart and head felt it in every minute cell. The lady was just matured, strong, better than merely beautiful, born from the footlights, had had three years' practice in London and through the British towns, and then she came to give America that young maturity and roseate power in all their noon, or rather forenoon, flush. It was my good luck to see her nearly every night she play'd at the old Park—certainly in all her principal characters.

In opera he was scarcely less fortunate; he heard all the Italian and other operas then in vogue, and well rendered. Alboni he heard every time she sang, in New York and the vicinity—also Grisi, Mario, and "the baritone Badiali, the finest in the world." Afterwards at Castle Garden, Battery, he heard Jenny Lind sing.

States and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Liv
in New Orleans, and work'd there on the editorial sta
Crescent newspaper. After a time plodded back nort
the Mississippi, and around to, and by way of
lakes. . . finally returning through central New
down the Hudson"—a trip altogether of some 8,0
He was a year at New Orleans, on the *Daily Crescent*
return he took up house-building for a time, but d
when he began to find himself making money.

The book was but a thin volume when it first ap
small quarto of ninety-four pages containing twelve p
was a gradual growth, and to the end of his life Whi
always adding to and enlarging it. The title, as it st
includes all his published poetical works; fresh ma
absorbed from time to time; as he says, since its fir
"the book has had some eight hitches or growths,
"annexes" were added to these before he died.
volume contains more than 400 pages. The poem
little or no attention at first; they were ignored o
with contempt. Some 200 copies were placed fo
the bookshops, but not a single copy was sold. Several
out for review, and several more to eminent men of le
the few notices received were certainly not enc
Emerson was the first to perceive that a new poet h
Nevertheless, before the war broke out, in 1861, a thir
had been published.

The Wound Dresser.

Early in 1862 the news was brought that hi
George, a rising officer in the 51st New York Volunt
been wounded at Fredericksburg, and Whitman starte
army camp on the Rappahannock. His brother w
danger when he arrived, but Whitman remained on th
war, and as something in his Quaker antecedents forba

fight, he engaged as a volunteer in the hospital service. In this here mained until the end of the war, and to this employment he voluntarily sacrificed his healthy constitution. The letters to his mother, reprinted in "The Wound-Dresser," give a vivid picture of the work he unflinchingly set himself to do. "Drum-Taps" (subsequently incorporated in "Leaves of Grass") is full of the details of his ministry, as well as of the martial pomp of war :—

Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,
Straight and swift to my wounded I go,
Where they lie on the ground after the battle brought in,
Where their priceless blood reddens the grass, the ground,
On to the rows of the hospital tent, or under the roof'd hospital,
To the long rows of cots up and down each side I return,
To each and all one after another I draw near, not one do I miss,
An attendant follows holding a tray, he carries a refuse pail,
Soon to be filled with clotted rags and blood, emptied, and fill'd again.

I onward go, I stop,
With hinged knees and steady hand to dress wounds,
I am firm with each, the pangs are sharp yet unavoidable,
One turns to me his appealing eyes—poor boy ! I never knew you,
Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to die for you, if that would save you.

Walt Whitman seemed to possess an exhaustless fund of personal magnetism. His mere presence in the wards went far to cheer and invigorate the patients. He was connected with no society, but went on his own individual account, as a sort of self-appointed missionary, and, after a time, benefactors known and unknown provided him with considerable sums of money for distribution in various forms. "When Whitman appeared, in passing along," wrote an eye-witness in the *New York Herald* some years later, "there was a smile of affection and welcome on every face, however wan . . . . From cot to cot they called him, often in tremulous tones or in whispers ; they embraced him, they touched his hand, they gazed at him. To one he gave a few words of cheer, for another he wrote a letter home, to others he gave an orange, a few comfits, a cigar, a pipe and tobacco, a sheet of paper, or a postage stamp, all of which, and many other things, were in his capacious haversack. . . . He did the things for them which no nurse or doctor could do, and he seemed to leave a benediction at every cot as he passed along." It was his own cheerful presence that buoyed up the sick and wounded—

I seize the descending man and raise him with resistless will,
O despairer, here is my neck,
By God, you shall not go down ! hang your whole weight upon me.
I dilate you with tremendous breath, I buoy you up,
Every room in the house do I fill with an arm'd force,
Lovers of me, baffiers of graves.

And in one of his letters home he writes :—"In my visits to the hospitals I found it was in the simple matter of personal presence, and emanating ordinary cheer and magnetism, that I succeeded and help'd more than by medical nursing, or deticacies, or gifts of money, or anything else. During the war Walt Whitman was reported as having made hundred visits or tours, tended a hundred thous distributed many thousands of dollars. But t gift that he brought to the wounded was undoub own invigorating personality.

From his experiences in the hospitals a Whitman learned much that was of infinite valu extended his already wide knowledge of life measureless sympathy with all forms of su deepened his faith in the heroism and fortitude of eracy had proved itself capable of patriotism, a sacrifices for an ideal purpose. But, while his s gained, his physical vitality had suffered a ser which, indeed, it never completely recovered. the constant emotional strain began to tell upon year after he had an attack of malaria and bloo first illness he had ever known. In 1870 ca paralysis, and from that time forward he suf from recurring spells of illness. He remov Camden, New Jersey, where he resided until went to Camden to die, but, whenever able lived out of doors in the open country, "bathed lived with the birds and squirrels, and played i the fishes." "Sands at Seventy" one of the " poems—gives evidence of an inward serenity illness and neglect were alike powerless.

Thanks in old age—thanks ere I go,
For health, the midday sun, the impalpa mere life,
For precious ever-lingering memories (o dear—you, father—you, brothers, s
For all my days—not those of peace al war the same,
For gentle words, caresses, gifts from fore
For shelter, wine and meat—for sweet app
(You distant, dim unknown—or young o unspecified, readers below'd,
We never met, and ne'er shall meet— embrace, long, close and long) ;

Or again this from "Good-Bye My Fancy" :—

After surmounting three-score and ten,
With all their chances, changes, losses, s
My parents' deaths, the vagaries of tearing passions of me, the war of
As some old broken soldier, after a lon march, or haply after battle,
To-day at twilight, hobbling, answerin call, Here, with vital voice,
Reporting yet, saluting yet the Officer ov

Recognition.

Whitman had to wait long for recogniti country, from any but a few faithful adheren time, just after his paralytic stroke in 1873 Camden, sick and lonely and, as it seemed, world. In "Calamus : Letters to Peter D always does his best to put a good face on affair he sometimes felt neglected and dispirited. It that he first received sympathy and assista England that "Leaves of Grass" had first atta like a circulation. "I had a visit," he writes to

number of purchasers of "Leaves of Grass," and brought the poet many new disciples. John Addington Symonds wrote to him frequently, with all the ardour of a convert; Tennyson corresponded with him; Swinburne wrote his poem "To Walt Whitman in America"; Ernest Rhys and Roden Noel, among others, became his champions on this side of the Atlantic. William Rossetti was one of the first—if not the very first—to secure a copy of the poems, when in 1865 some copies were sold by a book pedlar in Sunderland, and he also did his best, in speech and print, to give a helping hand to the democratic poet. "Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass' is the largest thing done in our time," he said. In America Emerson had been one of the earliest to recognize him; John Burroughs wrote warmly of the man and his work; Thoreau, Alcott, Bryant were among his friends in the New York days; afterwards Joaquin Miller, J. C. Harris, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and the rest of the Western writers came to regard him as their leader. When he died, in 1892, the Press of his own country had become, if not enthusiastic, at any rate more lenient in its judgment.

Even to the last the American magazines displayed no marked anxiety to print Whitman's poetry. One of several "personal notes" on his relations with periodical literature

WALT WHITMAN AND PETER DOYLE.
Drawn by H. D. Young from a photograph taken in 1869.
(By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

may be cited here in illustration. The poet writes in "Good-Bye My Fancy":—

> All along, from 1860 to '91, many of the pieces in L. of G., and its annexes, were first sent to publishers or magazine editors before being printed in the L., and were peremptorily rejected by them, and sent back to their author. The "Eidôlons" was sent back by Dr. H., of *Scribner's Monthly*, with a lengthy, very insulting, and contemptuous letter.

Whitman's Prose Works.

Walt Whitman's prose writings are of two kinds—different kinds. The personal note and perpetual shre of observation to be found in "Specimen Days" and ally elsewhere are thoroughly delightful. He was at h far as mere writing is concerned) when he had no the pound, no laboured explanation to make. He was observer of the sights and sounds of open-air life a and he brought to the study of natural phenome original and less academic mind. He was always record his impressions briefly and without regard to accepted conventions of the professional author. He j his notes, each under its separate heading, and had of working up his detached paragraphs into any more form. But in the longer and more serious essays (calle cratic Vistas" in the English edition, printed unde "Collect" in the American) the writer suffers sadly reader even more severely—from his failure to expres with any degree of lucidity. He was for ever saying and verse alike, "It is time to explain myself"—s egregiously to do so. We need not quarrel with hi trifling matters as split infinitives or strange and unw locutions, but the reader may justifiably deplore th literary workmanship which converts many of his sent inextricable mazes and jungles of words. Parenthese on parentheses, in a vain effort to strike the key-n matter, and additional explanations (making confusi confounded) straggle in foot-notes at the bottom of The fact is Whitman saw too much—or, rather, was of leaving out anything that he saw. The long catalog poetry are another example of this tendency. In writ at once his chief merit and his chief fault that he ha scheme, no theory of procedure:—

> *Walt, you contain enough, why don't you let it ou*

is his battle-cry in the "Song of Myself." Method wa to him. Personality was everything.

"Leaves of Grass."

In his poems this lack of method is not so im matter. We are not to regard them as a literary per and the structure of the verse, loose and irregular as at all events the effect of keeping the numerous par additions under some sort of control. "Leaves of G the author is never tired of reiterating, is the expres own personality—an honest attempt to put an authen being "freely, fully, and truly on record" in the p printed book. Perhaps the completest expression of t of his poems lies in this quotation from the 1867 edi printed in "Sands at Seventy" of the last issue:—

> Small the theme of my Chant, yet the greatest
> One's Self—a simple, separate person. T
> the use of the New World, I sing.
> Man's physiology complete, from top to toe,
> Not physiognomy alone, nor brain alone, is w
> the Muse;—I say the Form complete is
> far. The Female equally with the Male, I
> Nor cease at the theme of One's Self. I speak
> of the modern, the word En-Masse.

Rhymes and rhymers pass away, poems distill'd from poems pass away,
The swarms of reflectors and the polite pass, and leave ashes,
Admirers, importers, obedient persons, make but the soil of literature.
America justifies itself, give it time, no disguise can deceive it or conceal from it, it is impassive enough.
Only toward the likes of itself will it advance to meet them,
If its poets appear it will in due time advance to meet them, there is no fear of mistake.
(The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferr'd till his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorb'd it.)

"The trick of literary style," said Whitman on one occasion—"I almost wonder if it is not chiefly having no style at all." This happens to be one of those sentences which, containing a kernel of solid truth, are very apt to mislead the speaker. It is true enough that a conscious mannerism is the worst of all styles; it is a sham and a pretence, and can never have any real value in the eyes of thinking men. But, in the first place, literary style is not a trick at all; the best style of writing is simply the best way of expressing a given thought in language harmonious, dignified, and, above all, clear and easily comprehensible. Whitman himself was not insensible to the harmony of words; he wrote passages of the finest and most sustained eloquence; but he was for ever "rewarding resolution" by a sudden drop into colloquialism or the language of the stump orator. It was his mode of showing his contempt of convention—of the smooth and sugary poetry furnished by the ordinary craftsman—and the effect is that the critic who is anxious to admire Whitman's undoubted genius finds many obstacles in his path. Not only isolated words and expressions offend him, but that absolute lack of restraint which so often makes the poet continue and carry on an idea beyond the verge of the ridiculous. Even a suspicion of a sense of humour might have saved us so many unhappy expressions:—

I find I incorporate gneiss, coal, long-threaded moss, fruits, grains, esculent roots,
And am stucco'd with quadrupeds and birds all over

—a passage that irresistibly conveys the impression of a Walt Whitman in Palissy ware. Or, again, when he sings:—

Earth! you seem to look for something at my hands,
Say, old top-knot, what do you want?

We are inclined, at a first reading, to rub our eyes in blank astonishment. Indeed, the reader is often at a loss, like the poet's friend, Peter Doyle, to make out "what he was getting at." In his passion for identifying himself with the universe he could not stop to consider the comic effect of a passage.

Retreating, triumphantly twittering, the kingbird, from piercing the crow with its bill for

I pull the wicker-pots up slantingly, t
lobsters are desperate with thei
them out, I insert wooden pegs
their pincers,
I go to all the places one after anoth
back to the shore.
There in a huge kettle of boiling water t
be boil'd till their color becomes s

Touches of this sort have undeniably
aspect. You read them the first time and lau
perusal of the book, meeting them once me
smile; a third time, and behold! you have
yourself that these trifling blots are essential t
personality of a man whom you have begun to ad
You would not have them away; these inconside
part of a poet's handiwork; they make him p
human and the more lovable. Walt Whitman
upon the student. We may read him a hun
find still new and unsuspected beauties, tru
thoughts:—

Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees
Earth of departed sunset—earth of the
topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full
with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds bri
for my sake!
Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-
Smile, for your lover comes.

Passages of this kind seem to detach them
text after a time and come upon us sudden
surprise. They grow slowly into our con
infect the blood; and in a moment we become aw
languorous, melody which is yet so wonderfully
Thus are disciples made—sealed of the tri
would fain continue quoting their discover
literary of critics may be converted in th
he does not throw the volume into a cor
reading, and refuse to pick it up again. S
might have taken up a far different atti
persevered.

E. H. LAC

ROME IN RECENT FICTION.

A "Personal View."

Tradition avers that Rome's seven high Gods stood forth in martial array to repel the Carthaginian invader, and that St. Peter in person awed the tameless spirit of Attila. There is, however, a latter-day invasion of the Barbarians which has proved too strong for deities and saints in alliance—the novelist with a purpose has taken possession of the Eternal City.

The spectacle has an interest all its own, a pathetic, dramatic, and—shall it be confessed?—a distinctly humorous aspect. For the modern writer of romances, roused to zeal by the enthroned evil of the Seven Hills, has not tarried in his righteous indignation until that evil has actually flashed upon him in all its searing magnificence. He has not, like the great Protestant Reformer, been turned back on the Sacred Stair by an authentic and irresistible voice. Things are better managed in these labour-saving days, and no time is wasted in vague groping through Rome's tremendous alternations of gloom and splendour in search of a fugitive divinity and a vanishing faith. Our literary Crusader of to-day goes to the World-City with a note-book open indeed for "local colour," but with his opinions already settled, packed comfortably in his portmanteau. Under such circumstances, the local colour is obliging enough never to interfere with the opinion.

It cannot, however, be an easy undertaking to write six hundred pages about Rome and to keep out Rome's subtly pervasive atmosphere as completely as Mr. Hall Caine has done in "The Eternal City." When Monsieur Zola brought his visionary young priest to the tribunal of the Vatican, he saw not the Vatican only, not alone the Leonine city where the carven Papal escutcheons still guard the mouldering, massive reaches of wall enclosing so many memories. The French novelist flung Rome bodily on his canvas, with a confusion of conflicting aspects, a painful oppressiveness and complexity not uncharacteristic of the city which he paints. The reader may sigh under the elaborate descriptions, the historic reminiscences, the social analyses which weight Monsieur Zola's pages, but he cannot but confess that that is one method of conveying the sense of the place. For Rome itself leaves on some beholders the same impression of painful and bewildering magnitude, of an intricacy of ever-receding horizons. Rome past and present, Imperial and Papal; bygone conflicts, heroic across idealizing distances, and their legacy of present problems, tragically devoid of the nobler elements of tragedy; all the immensity of greatness and decay is heaped together unsparingly. "The blood of Augustus," that passion for Imperial, external dominance which has tinged with its purple the dreams of all succeeding generations, is there shown, still moving the latest-born Roman citizens to futile imitation of earlier achievements. And there, too, is revealed the later sterility of that soil which, though moved by its ancient impulse to bring forth greatness, now, in the eyes of

background or almost wholly ignored. In "Eleano
the city for the most part from a distance, as the ch
the book might have looked towards it from their
hills. And thus depicted, like the splendid sunsets
along the western sky, the sense of Rome and its sign
perhaps as well given as by a closer and more detail
Indeed, throughout her Italian romance Mrs. Humph
somewhat dogmatic and laborious pen has acqui
reticence and a distinction most delightful. In the
a very different artist, Dr. Barry, has, in his "Arden
carried his Socialistic hero out of the actual arena of
away to the mediæval fastness in the Volscians, better
mediæval drama of love, revenge, and the Evil Eye. Y
part, find in Father Barry's book one passage which sw
the imagination a strange momentary pageant of pas
and guilt. It is where the young Italian noble and
friend watch the ensanguined sunset from the Jani
Don Gaetano rhapsodizes on the motto of his house, S
Sangue, and its terrible aptness to the city of blood b
The outburst might seem the merest rhetoric utte
other spot, but a pomp of expression appears natural
which has called forth in so many divers writers
processional pomp of language. That temptation evi
not assail Mr. Bagot, though in his "Casting of
takes his readers into Roman palaces and describes
in its hour of triumphal ceremonial. His temperate
its faintly cynical edge, the dry and definite light i
regards objects so long haloed by mystic veneration
book somewhat of a relief to overstrained nerves. Th
tion of the place he has not rendered, but then wh
unwise enough to look for the secret of that fascinati
the social bickerings in the salons of the Blacks an
Mr. Bagot knows his world, though perhaps he descri
something of a *parti pris*, and if that world strikes us
scribed the very defect may be taken as a proof of the
faithfulness. The historic Rome is absent from his pag
those of Monsieur Bourget's "Cosmopolis," with
study of a thoroughly *mondaine* society.

Only one book has lately appeared which, to on
least, reveals something of another, truer Rome, the
is eternal indeed, since it is builded in the dreams,
the memories of men. Beside Zola's study of the ac
in its slow crumbling and its feverish upbuilding, I wo
strange contrast a study of Rome mirrored in an
soul: Edward Hutton's "Frederic Uvedale." The Ro
spiritual knight errant, that seeker after the perfect w
and cannot be the material city. His is that Eternal C
for centuries ruled the imagination of the world, as
earlier centuries the embattled city of the legionaries
its subject nations. The phantom Rome has not bee
potent. "What is the Papacy," wrote Hobbes in a n
phrase, "but the ghost of the Roman Empire, sitting
upon the grave thereof?" and what was the Holy Roma

the faith of a pilgrim, the ardours of a dedicated knight of the Church. What he finds and loses; how far he reconciles the city of scheming prelates with that other city of his quest; all the vibrations of a sensitive nature as finely realized as that of his spiritual progenitor, "John Inglesant," must be left to the readers of the book itself.

I was chiefly concerned with the fact that Mr. Hutton indulged in few descriptions and that the atmosphere of Rome somehow disengaged itself from its pages. His is the method of suggestion which, after all, is the more convincing, the more inevitable. It is by that method that d'Annunzio in a few words sweeps over us the sense of the Campagna, inert, sterile, infinitely remote and majestic, before he turns away to vivisect those characters of his which are only fit, in Tourneur's words, to be "put into the earth to be made clean." It was by that method that Hawthorne made a grey shattered column by Trajan's Forum reveal the very mystery of the past. No, Mr. Hutton does not describe much, but he has felt the Campagna "littered with the monsters of old forgotten religions, full of the dead things of Paganism and Christianity, the bones of Saints, the mighty trunks of forgotten Gods," and there, across its solitudes, has watched the unsubstantial dome: "a ship asail on the Campagna, the only living thing in all that distance, and even then alive but so half-heartedly." And he has not failed amid the dust to perceive the perfume, to hint that sensuous side of Rome which is needed to complete the spell. Those green, still gardens where the cypresses lift above the ruins, those terraces where statues of the old Gods dream in a sunny silence above grass jewelled with cyclamen—I am not quite clear as to how "Frederic Uvedale" conveys the sense of them, environing the spiritual seeker with half ironic sweetness.

The book sets lovers of Rome to wandering in their own garden of memories, from which I return to a realization of duty and a pile of late fiction. Has not Rome through all her unending ages set us to demanding the impossible? I find myself looking for a Roman book as yet, I fear, unwritten; one which should give us, perhaps, less of the Blacks and Whites and more of those glimpses, those fugitive impressions through which, as through that magical keyhole of Santa Maria in Aventina, all Rome is for an instant seen or divined. It is not in the great pageant, the extended view, that the truest revelation is always given. The stain of a scarlet poppy on the desolate roads of the Aventine, a branch of laurel or a heavy-headed rose gathered in passing in the Palace of Tiberius may tell more than much eloquence of what the spot has witnessed. All the past may be struck to life by the sight of the time-worn "Opus Alexandrinum" pavement in a restored church—how much more by one of the broken reliefs in the Via Appia, netted in bramble or convolvulus. In search of these stray half-revealings, I open Vernon Lee's "Seeker of Pagan Perfection" in her volume of "Renaissance Studies and Fancies." It is a very slight study, but one which the author of "Marius the Epicurean" might have been content to claim. Its interpretation of the effect of silently the city walls, solemn with their to endless as it seemed, and enclosing, one felt vag distant, invisible city." For surely we all, m be novelists with a theory, go dimly seeking som city within the Walls of Aurelian.

DORA GREENWELL

INNS AND BOOKS.*

With senses not averse from the savoursome the house, I looked patient as I waited for dinner. I to sit still, I went to the shelf of books. Every and of the eighteenth century. I sat down agai steak was audibly squealing in the pan; and I of the window without interest in the sunset, sh took down from the shelf Beveridge's "Private years I had known the volume in dull bookstal foolish hope that I should be amused, when

——like a pleasant thought
When such are wanted—

I broke the wax that had united two blank leav a good hand and spelling that was none the wor the names and histories of the old owner's favou Turk and Basto, Sylvia and Mirth—in that poo a happy music,

A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd wit
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessa

There was Dash, too, a spaniel of course, gracious hand had sketched in a river amon

THE KINGS HEAD, THATCHAM.

willows swishing, with windy birches that seen beyond.

My fortune has not always been so good, after a day with the May-fly or March brown I ha considering how pleasant a portion of our life their provision of books is inadequate. A railw has (sometimes) tables of trains. At a hotel,

1860 when I return with a full creel and a delightful hunger at sunset?

I have been caged for hours in a newly-papered room, with four large Bibles and a treatise on something, while on the walls is hung "Swearing is forbidden." I am not superstitious, but once, at *The Three Dragons*, finding Johnson's Dictionary, I practised *sortes* with it, and found this quotation from Donne, illustrating the verb "inn":—

In thyself dwell;
Inn anywhere: continuance maketh hell.

Just above were the words of Spenser:—

Death is an equal doom
To good and bad, the common inn of rest.

I seemed to know that inn. But an inn should be a place where we find what we have ceased to expect at home, and not a mere "home from home" as I have seen it modestly advertised.

An impulse as sick and as profound as the *fatigue du nord*, or as that which drove Richard Jefferies from inland meadows to the sea, goads some of us to the life of inns. Something, we may think, that overpowers the delicious sense of home, bids us exchange that for an abode that is a truer symbol of our inconstant lodging on the earth. There we are independent of every one save the boots. We can obey or ignore a distant summons easily. Perhaps even the last summons would not sound so shrill. If I had a wish that would be met, I could wish to die at an inn, a prey only to very tranquil regrets, and without that too indignant reluctance that makes every death a breach greater than the experience of a hundred centuries might have taught—

To cease upon the midnight with no pain.

"Landlord," said a merry man, who lay dying at the *Rising Sun*, "you can take down the sign to-night." Shakespeare probably lived half his life in taverns, and though he may not have been happy, yet the delight of witnessing the restless scene, oneself so restless and easily erased, must have been a magnificent atonement; at least it inspired the kindliest and broadest humanity.

In several inns I have—before candles were brought in—fancied myself on board a ship in strange seas, or in a lonely camp. I seem then to be of no nation or class. The great lord "knows no such liberty." On a sharp November night, when the sky is swept broad and clean, and garnished with stars that wink as if the wind fluttered them, one may enjoy at a small inn amidst a grey country the lonely monarchy of a helmsman at sea. The host has gone. I am the only guest. . . . It is so silent that I cannot long endure the throne of tyrant over the night and all that is night's. I turn gladly to the wood fire that crackles like the laughter of children, and grins amply like the mask of comedy. But the books? . . . The cracked spinet is burdened with china (instead of the light fingers that tripped over the keys, "laughing as they went"); and if it is vocal still to sympathetic ears, it seems to murmur only "Auld Lang Syne," as if it were a sad *reminiscent*, when all the house is still.

There were no books among the china, but one leg of the spinet was propped by some tattered calf, and above that "The Young Man's Best Companion." It was a kind of inoffensive cyclopædia, a shabby and comical pedlar of useless information. There was too a frontispiece—a gowned master with a raised didactic hand, like an eighteenth-century statue, evidently correcting the faulty geometry of a bland youth whose stoop was full of condescending patience and interest; and underneath, these

THE WHITE HART, DORCHESTER.

"Expect to receive as you give—Frequent good co
or "Yesterday cannot be recalled—Zeno and Zenot
which are full of a working philosophy and of truth,
the third. The young man even now might tu
dictionary where I learned that "hart" meant "in
or an over-grown buck." In another place I read "
commendable in some, but it ruins others." The
obvious remarks to make about nearly everything, a
of the charms of "The Young Man's Best Companion
usually says both.

The other book was of a sterner age. Called "Th
of the Hooff; or seeming contradictions throughout Sa
tures, Distinguished, Resolved, and Applied," it was
Street, "Master of arts and preacher of the Word in
of Devon," of date 1651. The dedication, to the De
letters so large that were I to copy them here, I shou
at almost the same rate as the most successful w
time. But the dedicatory essay is penned in a s
rhetoric has a Miltonic pomp without the Miltonic
as in this—

Is the Sword that fights against thee, girt
owne thigh? . . . Are the worst enemies th
owne house? O who can appease such quarrels!
controversies! Lay the fury of such battels as ar
Heaven! . . . .

The explanations were not without ingenuity
here and there were blasts of the same rhetoric; an
a characteristic note of that age in the signature of
tion.

Thy most humble and everlasting servant,
My name thou hast written in heaven.

Yet I could not but envy the certainties of the
could sincerely write:—

Our way to Heaven is none of the broadest. T
hath found it strait, and his endeavour now is to co

Great Britain's monarchy," and compiled "for his country's benefit" by *Cardanus Rider*. Here too I have discovered the planets that rule over the names of children, and have smiled at the number of Colleys during Cibber's ascendancy. Yet I have rarely found the right book (an odd volume of Richardson or Sterne); less often have I brought it with me. I have read Browning where I longed for Prior. I have put up with Shakespeare where the ale, the signboard, and the host wanted Massinger. Now, I can only pray that I shall meet Jeremy Taylor not Bishop Hall—Smollett and not Goldsmith's Natural History. It was perhaps my best fortune to fall in with a volume called "The Unknown Way." Left behind by some tired reviewer, it may be, after a perusal that bored only a few jests, the book was still new. It

A HAUNT OF ANCIENT PEACE.

was after midnight. The Welsh hills rose all around, their flanks vaster than the sky and pricked, as it were, by cottage lights. Now and then the lightning snapped a fiery finger. At length, enormous ridgy clouds moved along and encamped upon the summits of the range, and in the flashes they seemed to be castles that extended their towers like imprecating arms to heaven. The moon sailed up, and, no stronger than if she breathed into the night, a wind puffed amid a lane of poplars with a liquid whisper as I read many and many a lovely verse, and lastly these:—

> Now, till morn, remain our own
> Magic shores of old surmise,
> Peaks no morning can dethrone,
> Lands that know no boundaries—
> There the unfulfilled abides;
> There the touch of night unbars
> Gates of ways that noonday hides,
> Paths that reach beyond the stars.

For criticism one may go to Fleet-street. For appreciation I am resolved to visit the *Merlin Arms* again.

EDWARD THOMAS.

The Oxford University Press will shortly publish a new edition of Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea" upon which Dr.

THE DRAMA.

"BECKY SHARP."

It is customary to attribute the practi popular novels to purely commercial causes. deal of money in a successful play, and the fact proved to the public taste when told in print justifies the expectation that it will also please on the stage. This explanation is, however, to is a genuine demand for stage versions of we and the supply, therefore, is a matter of course with commercialism than any other sequence of It is not an artistic demand, but it is very hu knows that there is nothing so hazardous as effect from one medium to another, that the v of a story getting itself worked out in a pa constitutes a strong presumption that it has f medium, and consequently that any other mediu appropriate. The artist knows that characters w under the hand of a novelist would have grown fashion under the hand of a dramatist. And h difference is at its *maximum* when the novelist the Fielding type, that is to say, not a mere discursive, allusive, a novelist-critic, a no novelist-gossip. Thackeray, of course, was type. In "Vanity Fair" he makes no attempt forward story. The book is full of suspens commentary, "asides." It is quite certain satisfactory play, from the artistic point of vie made out of "Vanity Fair." But it is also quite public is not a collective artist. It will alway such novels as "Vanity Fair" imported into th desire springs from the preference which the i that is to say, the vast majority of the human complete imitation of reality over a symbolic re suggestion of it. A child will be impressed by bear, but will be much more impressed if you fours and growl. Novels are collections of s surface. To enjoy them you need imagination But the actual world is solid. So is an acted pl the actual solidities of life reproduced as actual stage is to most people a keen pleasure. That the vogue of Drury Lane drama, which rep solidities—the Stock Exchange crowd, a Ho debate, a Cricket match at Lord's—"life s Tussaud's is standing testimony to the same hun

Further, we all have a desire to see and he of whom we have read or whom we only know by He must be a very "detached" philosophe pause to "have a look" if Lord Salisbury or Si or Mr. Carnegie should be pointed out to him Now, the personages of a famous novel, your Ba Rawdon Crawley and Lord Steyne, are in the personages whom we only know by description. on the stage is to bring us face to face with t of course, an important difference between their living persons. If, knowing Lord Salisbury on read about him in the newspapers, we were to s in the House of Lords, we should probably altogether in accord with our preconceived

of a player, familiar to us in other parts, succeeds in adapting itself to this or that famous character, and exactly where it fails to adapt itself and why. Here, for instance, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre is Miss Marie Tempest, familiar in face and figure and voice to every playgoer, adapting herself as best she can to that other familiar face and figure of Thackeray's story and Thackeray's illustrations. You feel at once that it is not the right thing. The actress is too genial and comic a Becky. There is nothing to hate or to fear in this cheery little person, and when her actions are vile her face belies them. She is what Becky might have been if . And so Mr. Gilbert Hare's Steyne and Mr. Leonard Boyne's Rawdon are what Steyne and Rawdon might have been if –. That is to say, you have a set of deformations of Thackeray's characters, which as deformations annoy you and yet as real persons performing the actions of Thackeray's characters interest and amuse you. As a rule, too, they speak Thackeray's words, and let us at least be grateful to the arrangers of *Becky Sharp*—Messrs. Robert Hichens and Cosmo Gordon Lennox—for a certain literary piety there. On the whole, I do not see that the most devout Thackerayan need be indignant over this play; indeed, I will venture to confess, for my part, that two things in the cast, Mr. Holman Clark's Pitt Crawley and Mr. Granville Barker's Wenham, are more consistent and vivid for me than their prototypes in the novel. It is interesting to note how differently these two actors have set to work. Mr. Clark is the Pitt of the book, amplified, solidified; Mr. Barker re-invents Wenham, presenting us with a character of his own. Both methods—applied as they are to minor people about whom our preconceived notions, being vague, do not matter—are justified by the event.

A. B. WALKLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ARMENIA.

ARMENIA: TRAVELS AND STUDIES. By H. F. B. LYNCH. Two vols. Illustrations and Maps. (Longmans. 42s. n.)

Let no one turn away from these volumes under an impression that they are another contribution to the literature (if such we may term it) of the Armenian massacres. There is very little about this vexed question in them; and, although Mr. Lynch is a stanch believer in the Armenians, and would like to see them formed into a separate State, he does not thrust politics or "racial questions" perpetually in his reader's face. What he does say about the people and their sufferings at the hands of Russia and Turkey—especially Russia—is well worth consideration, because it is said without apparent political or religious bias, and is based upon personal observation made on two journeys, in 1893-94 and in 1898—*i.e.*, both before and after the massacre epoch. That so careful and well-informed an observer should be ranked among the warmest admirers of the Armenians argues much for their qualities of mind and character, and seems to show that the common prejudice of most travellers—including recently Lord Percy—may, perhaps, be due to superficial acquaintance with unprepossessing specimens of the race. The Armenians one meets in the Levant are, if possible, more obnoxious than the Greeks outside Greece; but we are prepared to accept Mr. Lynch's view that in his proper country l'Arménie" in 1818. Many important works on various points or particular parts have, of course, been written. Lynch has fully availed himself of their results and a valuable bibliography of his authorities. For geology alone of invaluable wealth in the numerous writings of A archæology there are Brosset, Belck, Dieulafoy, Khanikov; for physiography, Alishan, Chesney, A Kiepert, Dulaurier, Flandin, and many more, with special studies on lake Urmiya, Brant for much valu mation in the early part of last century, and such as Morier, Ouseley, Bryce, and Douglas Freshfield a example of energy and observation. None of these however, has attempted the encyclopædic descript from all points of view, that Mr. Lynch has accomplis chief interest is avowedly geographical; he is an int of nature, and delights in describing the scenery, oft lugly beautiful or impressive, that he traversed in hi lings on the great plateau. Yet he views it always as a with reference to its causes and relations. Take the general sketch of the country that opens out as Echmiatzin on the road to Ani, the ruined capital Armenia:—

> The moderate elevation of these highlands above of the Araxes and their long extension from east t conditions favourable to the full appreciation of scape, and of each new feature in the slowly-chang Their free position contributes to invest them character of a natural gallery which commands prospects over some of the grandest works of Nat most inspired moods. The European, whose conceptio tain scenery is founded upon the arbitrary peaks and valleys characteristic of his Alps, who has looked wit upon the doubtful features of his lowlands from the some famous pass, can scarcely fail to be deeply imp the attributes of a panorama in which reliefs and dep stupendous scale are disposed as members of a gre and are seen in the pure atmosphere of an Eastern cli all the clearness of a model in clay. At his feet lies a pl is level as water, which in no very remote geological p covered by an inland sea. It is a distance of some th to its opposite confines; yet the towns and the plant pencilled upon its surface as though they had been a draughtsman's pen. The plain is bordered by th range which we have come to know as the Ararat a chain of which the jagged and fantastic outline familiar from many a rich sunset effect. The summi nearly 8,000ft. above the campagna; but how hu appear behind the train of the fabric of Ararat, immediately from the floor of the plain! The bold sno of the north-western slope are seen in face from th lands; and it is difficult to realize that the pronoun ments which compose that airy figure are removed b of nearly forty miles.

Mr. Lynch's descriptions are generally in this clab somewhat scientific style, and whilst we confess we f occasionally tedious, by frequent repetition, there c doubt that they bring the features of the landscape ve to the mind, and aid one in realizing the extraordinarily series of illustrations with which these volumes are Mr. Lynch's photographs are beyond praise, and the tinting—here a sky, there a fawn-coloured foreground

that has accomplished this climb, which is difficult chiefly as a matter of endurance. Mr. Bryce, in 1876, did the 5,000ft. from the pool above Sardar Bulakh in six hours, going alone and straight up. Mr. Lynch ascended on the same side, but struck more to the right. His cousin, Major Lynch, suffered from mountain sickness, and one of the party had to be left behind at 14,000ft., but the rest got to the top (16,916ft.), exhausted but triumphant, after more than seven hours' climbing from their camp, which had been pitched at an elevation of 12,200ft. It seems clear that the Sardar Bulakh route, adopted by Abich, Khodsko, Bryce, Markoff, Raphalovich, Postukhoff, and Lynch, is decidedly preferable to that by way of the Akhury chasm. Mr. Lynch's account of the ascent of Ararat is perhaps the most exciting chapter in his book; but there is much to interest readers who are not mountaineers. The minute description of Ani and of mediæval Armenian architecture, well illustrated by photographs, will appeal to students of art. The noble monuments of the Bagratid dynasty are proof enough of the culture of the Armenians in the early Middle Ages, when they acted as intermediaries between the declining civilization of the Byzantine Empire and the nations of Asia, until abruptly checked and arrested by the tide of Seljuk invasion; and there can be little doubt that the beautiful buildings which still testify to the taste of these Turcoman Sultans owed as much to the influence and skill of their Armenian subjects as the so-called Arab art of Egypt did to the talents of the Copts. It is a grievous pity that nothing is being done to preserve these interesting relics of Armenian—and also of Seljuk—art. That wealthy Armenians are prepared to spend large sums upon national architecture is seen by the princely subscriptions they have given to the modern erections and restorations at Echmiatsin, the seat of the Catholicos of the Gregorian Church. Mr. Lynch's account of this cathedral city is extremely interesting, with its great quadrangle, resembling the Old Court of Trinity College, Cambridge, and its monastic life. He was fortunate in witnessing the anointing of the present aged Catholicos, his Holiness Mekertich Khrimean, of whom he writes with fervent admiration, and whose portrait certainly bears out the impression of dignity, refinement, and intellectual power which his career and conversation, as here reported, convey. In short, these two sumptuous volumes are brimful of interest from cover to cover. We cannot call them light reading, but to those who are able to appreciate genuine research and honest first-hand observation of a little-known country and people, "Armenia" will prove a most satisfying feast.

AN OCCULT PHILOSOPHER.

Louis Claude de Saint-Martin, the Unknown Philosopher (Wellby, 7s. 6d. n.), by Mr. A. E. Waite, who has made his reputation as a writer on occult subjects, is addressed in the first place to members of the Order of Martinism, and, secondly, to students in general of mystic thought. It would seem to have little to say to the ordinary reader, to whom mysticism is often midsummer madness and Martinism not even a name. It will certainly come to him as news that this unknown "ism" should have actually established a fragile foothold in matter-of-fact England, but it will come to him as news of a singularly unemotional sort. Yet, according to Sainte-Beuve, M. de Saint-Martin calls for at least a superficial knowledge even on the part

writes :—" The streets near the house I was
battle ; the house itself was a hospital where t
brought, and, moreover, was every moment
invasion and pillage. In the midst of all this I
risk of my life, to take care of my sister half
Yet it was not events such as these which had
any real significance. All his real life, all his
are to be found in the history of his soul. At th
he made the great discovery, " There is a God,
no more is wanted for wisdom." And it becam
it is the mission of every true mystic, to induc
wise to drop the shadow for the substance, and
the inner secret way by which the erring sou
its Divine Source.

But, although Saint-Martin was a mystic
ginning, since mystics, like poets, are born, not
determining point in his career was his mee
extraordinary personage known in the occult w
in any other, as Don Martines de Pasqually
happened in 1767, when Saint-Martin, being in
year, was following the singularly inappropriat
as a subaltern in the regiment of Foix stationed

Who this Pasqually precisely was, or what
history, or whence he derived his occult knowled
and disciples cannot inform us. What they
he was an initiate of the Rose Cross, a trans
Swedenborg, and the founder and Grand Sover
of Elect Cohens. Among the unregenerate
order is calculated to excite a smile, but
amidst all their gifts have small sense of
being a quality alone of the mere peri
Pasqually, a middle-aged magician, if t
mitted, with his order established in Paris,
Bordeaux to win fresh Cohens for it, and far t
those he came across was the young lieut
regiment, Louis Claude de Saint-Martin.
shortly afterwards, Saint-Martin henceforth
active propaganda, using his personal in
chiefly in aristocratic circles, and writing
pamphlets to spread the light and advance the
put any other name on his title-pages than that
Inconnu."

Of a more spiritual type than his maste
abandoned early in his career the showy
magical and theurgic power, the exercise of a
rapping, table-turning, and the rest, in wh
delights. To Saint-Martin inward illu
the only thing necessary, and while he
the exhibition of transcendental faculties,
transcendental instrument to be the will,
conformity.

There is a great resemblance to Schop
Martin's writings, although the philosopher w
1788, when the mystic's chief work was do
through his studies in mystic literature,
well acquainted with the Unknown Philos
no mention of him when treating of mystic
latter's aphorisms leave quite a Schopenhu
tongue :—" The works which I have comp
end than to persuade my readers to aban
excepting my own." " Books are the win
they are not the doors ; they point out thing

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Vizetelly's Reminiscences.

Mr. Edward Vizetelly has had an interesting and unusual, if not startlingly adventurous, career. He writes moderately, if not conspicuously, well. His rambling reminiscences entitled FROM CYPRUS TO ZANZIBAR (Pearson, 16s.), though they do not do a great deal to illuminate the dark places of history, are quite worth reading. Mr. Vizetelly went to Cyprus at the time of the British occupation, taught languages, drafted petitions for Cypriots with grievances at the rate of a dollar a petition, and edited a newspaper which the authorities did not like. He was also a prominent journalist in Egypt before, after, and during the bombardment of Alexandria, got locked up for libel, and afterwards cleared his character and got his antagonist locked up for perjury. Later, Mr. James Gordon Bennett sent him to meet Stanley on his return from Darkest Africa for the coast on behalf of the *New York Herald*, with urgent instructions to "scoop" the *New York World*. On all these matters Mr. Vizetelly writes chattily and agreeably, and if the history of his libel action naturally has more importance in his eyes than it is likely to have in those of most of his readers, his account of Egyptian journalism throws light on a subject which has not been very much written about.

King Alfred.

There will be a welcome for THE STORY OF KING ALFRED (1s.) written by the late Sir Walter Besant for Messrs. Newnes' excellent little Library of Useful Stories. It exhibits some of the faults of the author's later manner. There is over-emphasis, unnecessary reiteration, and a tone of patronage towards the reader with which, if we are not mistaken, the public of the Board Schools and Continuation classes, for whom it is specially intended, will not be particularly pleased. But, like all Sir Walter Besant's work, it is lucid and interesting. The account of the condition of England in Alfred's time is particularly graphic and gives colour to the view that when novelists take to writing history they are apt to write it, at all events for some purposes, better than the historians. On the whole this is the best book for the average man who wants to attune his mind to a proper appreciation of the millenary ceremonies.

Messrs. Macmillan seasonably publish a new (10th) edition of the late Thomas Hughes' book on ALFRED THE GREAT (3s. 6d.).

Sea-Fishing.

If there were no other books on the subject with which Mr. F. G. Aflalo deals in SEA AND COAST FISHING (Grant Richards, 6s.), his volume would, no doubt, have filled a gap. But, as a matter of fact, there is no gap to be filled; the subject is monotonous and easily exhausted. It has, indeed, been exhausted from the practical point of view by "John Bickerdyke." By the very nature of things fishing in the sea has a lack of variety, it wants all the finer elements of sport, and a list of baits when once compiled may almost stand for ever. What there is new in Mr. Aflalo's book might have been compressed into an article in the *Field* or *Land and Water*. Any future works on sea-fishing, to ensure vitality, must be more literary than scientific; they should deal with nature, with the aspect of the sea. They might indeed, without disadvantage, follow the ancient receipt for cooking chub, concentrate on the sauce, and omit the fish.

Bijou Biographies.

We do not know the name of Mr. Kent Carr, who stands on the title page of the biography of Miss CORELLI (Drane, 1s.), but the editor, in his *preface*, "special matter which we have been so fortuna command"—a statement which suggests that Mis herself furnished the material for it—a suggestion sug out by the book itself. We learn among other things, laughed at her critics, especially the "arch offender Hal in the pages of a magazine.

Miss Corelli laughed again when "Barabbas reached its fourteenth edition. And Hall Caine—out pale—must have had a cheery sensation of over-de loneliness as he welcomed Swinburne, H. D. Tral Allen, Zangwill, &c., to the outer darkness. It is that Edmund Gosse, "one of the minor poets," m arrived amongst them in an extinguished condition.

Mistakes.

The reader of Mr. C. E. Clark's MORE MISTAKES (Marshall, 1s. 6d. n.) is reminded of a famous remark beam and the mote, or of those who cried, "Physic thyself!" Mr. Clark's thesis seems to be that mist common in print, and ought to be carefully avoided, a course of illustrating it he makes more blunders of all k we ever remember seeing in so small a book. Many of doubt, are the fault of the printer, who must be respo "permissable" and for the curious introduction of "b "the best known word of its kind," and the statement that "Liége" is an error, while p. 28 tells us that always be written with the "accent aigue." We hav such slips by the dozen, but forbear to mention the this abundance of printer's errors should fill Mr. C compunction for the severe way in which he speaks writers whose blunders may have had precisely the sa But when we consider some of the mistakes in his which no such explanation can easily be accepted, we with a respectful wonder that so strangely ignorant should have been permitted to criticize other writ Clark, for example, really seems to believe that the fac of Arc's execution has been disproved—so far as we ca stand his rather rambling remarks on the subject of calls "her pathological imposition on the infantile and superstition of her comrades." He seems to t "Martell's Brandy" is somehow connected with Charle though we cannot quite follow his train of thought. H Scott of blundering, on the ground that Elspeth Antiquary" "has a bairn in the cradle, when she been well over sixty." We should like to have the ref this statement. The most extraordinary of all t ridiculous things in this book is the remark on the spelling of "Eureka," where Mr. Clark is very severe who omit the aspirate, adding, "Perhaps Dryden or while transcribing 'Heureka,' imagined that the philo his excitement was short of breath and so dropped his a If there is any other explanation of this amazing sugge that Mr. Clark thinks that Plutarch wrote in English, be glad to hear it. After wading through his tas almost disposed to believe that possible.

We have received Vol. IV. (poetry) of the WORKS BYRON (Murray, 6s.). It includes Manfred, Beppo Faliero, and other poems written while in Italy betw

thing Byron ever said of him, that "he was not ill-favoured." Southey's hooked nose and air of surprised and sickly regret remind one of nothing so much as of Maître Corbeau, when, having sung his song, he sees Fox the Flatterer run off with the meat.

To CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE BOER WAR (7s. 6d.), written by Richard Danes, belongs the distinction of being the most bloodthirsty work on the subject that we have seen. It is packed with sanguinary anecdotes of hand-to-hand encounters. The book is written in lively journalese, and no doubt boys will thoroughly enjoy it. There are plenty of maps and pictures.

The third volume of Dr. Allchin's MANUAL OF MEDICINE (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. n.) deals with the diseases of the nervous system, and fully maintains the high level of excellence reached by volumes I. and II. In treating of a subject where there is so much scope for theories devoid of experimental basis, it is a great help to the student to be sure where knowledge ends and speculation begins; the present volume contains well-written accounts of what we know concerning the structure of the nervous system in health and the alterations it undergoes in disease. The etiology and symptoms of each disease are given at some length; comparatively little is said as to treatment. The book includes several good illustrations and tables, but is very inadequately indexed. It may be cordially recommended to advanced students and practitioners.

In A CENTURY OF LAW REFORM (Macmillan, 5s. n.), we have lectures delivered at Lincoln's Inn by Mr. Blake Odgers, Sir Harry B. Poland, Mr. John Pawley Bate, Mr. A. T. Carter, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. Alfred Henry Ruegg, Mr. Arthur Underhill, Mr. Montague Lush, and Mr. T. B. Napier, on the improvements introduced into methods of legal procedure during the nineteenth century. Most of us know in a general way what those changes are; few of us probably realize how sweeping they have been. Here we get a very good idea of them, as complete as the conditions permitted, in a very readable form.

IN MEMORIAM HARRIET MENRICOFFRE (Horace Marshall, 5s.) is the title of a volume in which Mrs. Josephine Butler edits, with the *minimum* of explanatory comment, letters written by her sister, the wife of a Swiss gentleman at the head of the Protestant community at Naples. Their interest is mainly for friends of the family, whose attention we gladly direct to them.

ROBERT BROWNING AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER, by Arthur Cecil Pigou (Clay, 2s. 6d. n.), is the Burney Essay for 1900.

EVERYBODY'S PARIS (Heinemann, 1s. 6d. n.) is one of the completest guides it has ever been our fortune to encounter. It is divided into two parts, and intending visitors to Paris are advised to study the first half of the book on the way, so as to familiarize themselves with such matters as interpreters, Custom-houses, hotels, cabs, the difficulties of French money, omnibuses, tramcars, and so forth. It has maps, tables of weights and measures, advice to theatre-goers, a directory of churches, clubs, and racecourses, and numberless illustrations. Part II. is a dictionary of sights and monuments which may be reserved for consultation on arrival. On the whole, we have seldom seen anywhere a book containing so much and so various information for the money.

THE "CHICOT" PAPERS, by Keble Howard (Arrowsmith, 1s.), are reprinted from the *Sketch*. The author's method is to go somewhere—to Brighton, to Oxford, to Lord's, to Molesey—and give a humorous account of what strikes his eye there. His humour is quiet but not the less effective, and the accompanying sketches by Mr. Tom Browne are much to be admired. It is as good a book of its kind as we have lately seen.

FICTION.

Dorothea Gerard.

THE SUPREME CRIME (Methuen, 6s.), by D (Madame Longard de Longgarde), brings us i The ordinary novel reader is not perhaps very with the home life of the Ruthenian popes or p but by the time he has finished this book h very much more to learn on that subject. Longgarde knows her country well, and depicts detail and minute particulars. She is, of cours and an accomplished writer, but the method sh say the least of it, leisurely. Up to about pag no means deeply interested in the fortunes of Until chapter IX. all is preparation, arrangem after that one is deep in the heart of an enth The hero, Gregor Petrow, is helped with ordination by a pope who will accept him as a Gregor is an intensely virtuous gentleman duri days, but when he comes home to claim his bri dark, heavy, passionate eldest daughter, he fall gay and foolish Wasylya, and the result of thi affections, with the sudden and mysterious deat his marriage with Zenobia, go some way towards Do the Ruthenian peasants and popes of the Gr are very nearly peasants, really lack the grain which would have set at rest the terrible t Zenobia and Gregor become involved? Cert common sense used, however, and the passionate is broken and the lives of most of the a characters are marred or end in bitterness picture of village life in this particular corner is of value; there is a reality in the doing Longgarde's people which charms and convinc wish that to them life had been a little gaye proportion.

"He's got his veins stuffed with his own If you pricked him I'm sure it would not be b run out." This is the criticism passed by the same author's SAWDUST (Heinemann, 6s.) o father-in-law. But it will bear a further app would not run out of any of the characters in author knows well the beautiful Carpathian w types of German, Pole, and Jew inhabiting it; given something more than an obvious love-sto tional, if fairly vivid, portrait of a "self-m From another writer the book might be accep tion, but the "Supreme Crime," just noticed Gerard a standard of which the present work falls

Black Friday.

Few Scottish writers can reach mid trying their hands at a story of the Forty-five Machray is no exception to the rule. But credit for making his hero take no part in the is a distinct spice of originality in the case (Constable, 6s.), who, although heir to the D remains plain Hector Maclean to the last par chapter. Birchin-lane and 'Change-alley rec Scottish nobility, instead of the Stuart cam true, to Derby and back, but it is to procure of the Prince's movements and prospects th

"Trewern."

TREWERN; A TALE OF THE THIRTIES, by R. M. Thomas (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is a first book of quite exceptional merit. It excels in style and structure the average novel, even many of those bearing the names of authors of high reputation. It is built out of very simple materials. The tale told by himself is of the life of David Evans, the young squire of Trewern, who has a shrewd eye for nature and a love of her in storm as well as in sunshine, and also an uncommon intuitive knowledge of his fellow men. There are many sufficiently exciting episodes, and throughout the reader's interest is on the stretch to know whether the squire of Trewern will marry Mary Gwynn or Diana Trevor. His final betrothal to the latter is a scene of intense dramatic power. The book is too subtly compact to be analysed, but it will well repay perusal and reperusal.

From Natal.

It is quite plain that Mr. Turnbull has a very close acquaintance with Boers and blacks. So much is evident from his intimate descriptions of life on the veldt. There is most adequate material in TALES FROM NATAL (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.) for entrancing short stories of a kind of life which has not yet found a capable interpreter unless we except Olive Schreiner. "Landula" and "Dungula," two customs of native tribes, are described with truthfulness. But the touch of the artist is lacking, though the customs themselves are so entertaining as to make good reading. "Kwa-Bahu" is another example of opportunity missed. In his sketch of Boer life, "Paul Kruher and Piet Jubair," Mr. Turnbull is less bald, and gets a little, but only a little, nearer to the artistic standpoint. Some Boers are no doubt very "bad eggs," but a sketch of any kind of life should be informed by sympathy, and of this the author has little. For the most part his writing reeks of cynicism, which leads him to serve up on p. 112 one of the hoariest of anecdotes concerning hypocrisy and apply it to a Boer household. There are other sins. What young woman, Boer or any other, would speak to her lover of her father and mother as "the former" and "the latter?" And what reader of fiction is so patient as to plough through pages of colloquial Dutch that require elucidatory notes six deep at the foot of the page? Still, with many literary faults, the book possesses interest.

Mr. Silas Hocking.

Simplicity, directness, and a sound ethical basis are the main qualities of Mr. Silas K. Hocking's art. This is demonstrated once more in THE FATE OF ENDILLOE (Warne, 3s. 6d.), which is written in the same manner as the most successful among his thirty books. It is a little late in the day for a critic to make suggestions to a novelist when the publisher says that upwards of one million volumes of his books have been sold, and, although we could find fault with Mr. Hocking's pedestrian methods and slightly Philistinic point of view, we hold our hand and merely congratulate him and his public on being so well mated. And the reader may be sure the hero of "The Fate of Endilloe" is well mated too. Justin Pentyres begins life "as principal salesman at a seed, manure, and agricultural implement store." But he is a high-spirited fellow, and after many difficulties the story ends as happily as Mr. Hocking's readers wish it to end.

Fiction for the Easily Pleased.

Among the novels of no marked literary importance but of

IN THE SHADOW OF GLORY (Grant Richards, 6s.), by Mr. A
Leighton, is a tale which will make the quietest bod
echo with a thousand crimes and exciting escapes, p
victories. The "human interest" is not great, but
plenty of melodrama, mystery, elaboration, and breathless
ment. The pictures, such as "She flung out her
voluntarily," are some of the worst we have seen in
fiction. A SOUL TEMPTATION (Chatto, 6s.), by the auth
Suburban Vendetta," Mr. John K. Leys, opens on th
banks of Loch Aline:

> Two young people—a girl of about seventeen and a
> years older—sat on a rock at the head of the loch wa
> fishing-boat that slowly rounded the point where o
> eastern hills threw a spur into the sea and shut in
> from the open sound. Neither of them spoke until th
> disappeared. When it was gone the girl gave a little
> turned her face on her companion. It was a pretty fa
> than pretty—at least Archie Lennox thought so. . .

Estelle and Archie do a good deal of harmless philo
and they have their temptations and their difficulties, a
is a murder, and ere the heather bell faded one year, to
Ley's affected phrase, Estelle was Archie's wife. It is
tale with a good deal of excitement, some Scottish sentim
some domestic interest within its 330 pages.

During researches for Indian historical authorities
British Museum Mr. Mark Ashton came upon the acc
very curious weapon which once belonged to the r
conqueror Sivaji, and decided that he could weave a
novel of the Mutiny. This book, THE NANA'S TALISMAN (
son, 6s.), is well and clearly written, and the plot i
The personages are such as one meets in a good many
the same period of Indian life; but the Asiatic atmos
brought across the Cornish cliffs, and many developm
highly exciting kind are provided for the reader who l
inevitably somewhat artificial style of romance. TH
ROAD THAT STRETCHES (Burleigh, 3s. 6d.) is a collection of
of slight adventure, one of which bears the excellent titl
Adventure of the Man loaded with Mischief." The sto
not make an epoch in the art of letters, but they are
written, with occasional happy turns of humour. M
Hartley's manner is, perhaps a trifle *passé*, but, at worst
on the side of grace; "The Road that Stretches" is
we can recommend for a holiday jaunt. There is an incre
of adventure and full measure of princely society and royal
in the novel entitled THE PRESUMPTION OF STANLEY HA
(Frederick Warne, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. Nowell Cay. Th
good and the development of the plot by no means
skill; it is a light and rather cheery book which will
very grave demands upon the intelligence of the rea
NOBLER THAN REVENGE (Long, 6s.), by Esmé Stuart,
Beauworth obtains the lady of his heart at the end of th
which has been busy with his and Ruby's fortunes
pages; it is not a book that has thrilled us with deli
those who have read and appreciated the same author'
to Coventry" and "The Strength of Straw" will find
entertain them in the present volume. Mr. J. A. Farrer
book THE GREAT NOODLESHIRE ELECTION (Unwin, 3s
comedy of political life, and quotes his Horace with an a

> Negligens, ne qua populus laboret,
> Parce privatus nimium cavere, et
> Dona praesentis cape laetus horae ac

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

Mr. Edward Dicey writes for the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Irish Nuisance and How to Abate it." He urges the diminution of the Irish representation in Parliament. Mr. W. B. Woodgate discusses "International Boatracing," and formulates a plan which would not interfere with the prized amenities of the Henley picnic. "Recent Science" is dealt with by Prince Kropotkin, and literature is represented by Mr. Walter Frewen Lord's article on "Lord Lytton's Novels." Much of what he says reads like the pessimistic criticism of contemporary fiction; Lytton "deliberately wrote down to the level of the paying public of his day. . . . He could sell whatever rubbish he chose to write as fast as his pen could travel. It did not matter if the social and moral reflections were babyish; it did not matter if the plot wandered; it did not matter if a glossary was wanted for the thieves' slang—all was swallowed whole by a greedy public." The secret of his popularity, according to Mr. Lord, was that "he carried on in prose the Byronic tradition." But, perhaps, that was not so small an achievement as Mr. Lord supposes. A bright paper, though inclined to violence.

There is as usual an *embarras de richesses* in the *Fortnightly*. The political articles may not be so striking as sometimes; but this is the dead season, when other kinds of articles get their best chance. "Book Collecting as an Investment," by Mr. W. Roberts, will interest many readers. It follows the fortunes of several collections, and draws the moral that "books do not necessarily improve by keeping any more than do broken-winded horses or perambulators." Heber's great collection "cost about £80,000, whilst its sale in twelve portions, carried over a number of years, produced only £57,000." Prince Bonaparte's philological collection cost about £40,000, but "after his death it went begging for several years at various figures until it dropped to about £6,000 and was only sold a few weeks ago to a Chicago library." On the other hand, the Spencer collection cost about £100,000 and realized about £250,000. George Paston in the same number discusses Mrs. Lynn Linton as "A Censor of Modern Womanhood" critically but sympathetically; Gerhart Hauptmann's life and work are related and reviewed by Miss Beatrice Marshall; Mr. L. Marillier treats "Social Psychology in Contemporary French Fiction" with special reference to Zola and Rosny; and Mrs. Clifford contributes "a serious comedy in four acts."

In the *Contemporary*, M. Jean de Bloch returns to a favourite subject, and in the light of the Boer War discusses "The Wars of the Future." He maintains that our South African experiences prove that "the professional soldier no longer possesses his ancient superiority over the armed civilian who has undergone the shortest course of training"—a statement which may be true of some civilians but certainly is not true of all. His allegations concerning "the superiority of the British civilian over the British Regular" assuredly are not borne out by an important despatch recently published from Lord Kitchener. Signor Paolo d'Allaro writes of Crispi that "Italy, who has seen so many strong sons die willingly for her, was loved by none with purer or higher devotion"; "The Genius of Russia" is discussed by Mr. Havelock Ellis, with special reference to the interpretation of that genius by the Russian novelists. What impresses him about Russians is that "they have at all events a profound sense of responsibility." Messrs. Henry W. Macrosty and S. G. Hobson continue their examination of "The Billion Dollar Trust," and declare the only logical conclusion of the tendency which it exemplifies to be the nationalization of the iron and steel industry.

The best of the articles on foreign politics in the *Monthly Review* is "Italy's Case against her Allies," by Mr. W. B. Duffield, who is *documenté* though dull. His purpose is to show that Italy has got very little out of the Triple Alliance, which is true enough though that alliance has probably saved

article) to the effect that the Man in the I were he) may have been as great a mys historical inquirers. He may not have k imprisoned for doing!" The art paper, this mo in Dramatic Art," by Edith Sichel.

We note two new permanent feature *Magazine*—Mr. G. K. Chesterton reviews "Books to Read"; Mr. A. B. Walkley phi Ways of the World."

"Pianists of the past," in *Blackwood's*, Salaman, is a paper of personal recollection way back. We read of Muzio Clementi, J Ignace Moscheles, Hummel, Liszt, Felix Men Schumann, Czerny, Chopin, Rubinstein, and article is quite the best thing in the number month consist mainly of attacks on Lord Ro Caine. The latter gentleman is, however, d charge of impropriety. "He touches dang delicacy which Mr. Pecksniff himself might contains no page of offence."

In addition to the usual set of coloured p and not less gaudy sportsmen, the *Bad* article of great interest by Darby Stafford on at Home." "A pilgrimage to Coate," s almost a necessity for the student of Jeffe guide and shows us over the farm and the f us down to the Mere—"the wide and m imaginative boyhood." It is well done, appeal than most of the articles in magazines

In the *Magazine of Art* we would d article by Mr. Richard Garnett on "Portrai National Portrait Gallery," a paper full tion, and dealing with other portraits of S indicated in the title. A particularly inte is that of the reputed portrait of Shelley hung in the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratf it cannot be a Shelley, and if a Shelley it ca is Mr. Garnett's verdict.

Miss Georgiana Hill's article on Guizo *Magazine* is entertaining, though superfici solemn prig, but not the political bungler. about Guizot's life in London, but little abou marriages or the '48 business. A more to William Miller's on "The Novels of Pe *Electra* became the oriflamme of the anti- the Peninsula, there has been some curiosit very easy to gratify. Mr. Miller gratif telling us a good deal about Galdos' wo about the man himself. "For a number of concentrated all his efforts on the product epic which should do for modern Spain w Macquart series of novels did for modern F late Gustav Freytag in his 'Ahnen' did the ages." He is an admirer of the British C works never cause the blush of shame to m innocence. Moreover he hates a priest as he

In the *Empire Review* many important ma In particular, Mr. C. de Thierry states the ca of South Africa." He complains that "U fared worse than paupers in England for te and every one preferred to themselves i Transvaal," and that "to be a Loyalist in S under a ban." Mr. V. Hussey Walsh gives Post Office from Within." Sir Charles A. R of the Chief Court of the Punjab, discusses the constitution of "An Imperial Court of F T. J. Tonkin continues his lively series of pa Trade in Southern Nigeria," and "Britain's is examined by Mr. H. Kopsch, late Commissi Secretary of Imperial Chinese Maritime Cus

In the *American Historical Review* there is an interesting account, by Mr. H. P. Biggar, of Marc Lescarbot, who "represents in France the position occupied by Hakluyt in the history of English geography." His work was done into English at Hakluyt's request by a Huguenot pastor in London. It would have been worth the writer's while, however, to give some account of Lescarbot's remarkable poem on Switzerland, published in 1618. It contains one of the very earliest descriptions of the glaciers.

We have also received *Good Words*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Mission World*, the *Art Journal*, *Longman's Magazine*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Little Folks*, *S. Nicholas*, the *Century*, *Temple Bar*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *School World*, the *Rambler*, the *Universal and Ludgate*, the *Antiquary*, the *Genealogical Magazine*, the *Artist*, the *Architectural Review*, the *Journal of Education*, the *Idler*, the *Argosy*, and the *Mercure de France*.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The proceedings at the annual meeting of the Library Association, held at Plymouth and Devonport last week, did not rank quite so high from an intellectual point of view as some of the earlier meetings, but they were marked by good practical papers, and the discussions were suggestive. About 200 members were welcomed by the Mayor of Plymouth on August 27th, when the new President, Mr. G. K. Fortescue (British Museum), read his address. Its chief point of interest, we note especially, was his authoritative description of the events from which sprang the printed catalogue of the British Museum. Royal Commissions come and go with such sameness of method and such paucity of result that the public had probably lost all recollection of that which, sixty years ago, formulated the momentous recommendation against printing the catalogue. The delay has given us a better catalogue, and we agree with Mr. Fortescue that, though it is not absolutely perfect, it is, when compared with other catalogues, easily first alike in its magnitude and its method. Mr. Fortescue definitely stated that the authorities were not contemplating a subject-index. Subject-indexing he regards as one of the pleasures of life. Mr. Fortescue is fond of mountaineering, and with the true instinct of the library enthusiast he found that, in subject-indexing and mountaineering alike, the pleasure gained is one of degree, and the measure of success achieved atones for the toil, often painful, which goes towards winning success. In the same way he thought that constant difficulties and occasional annoyances were outweighed in the end by the pleasure and privileges enjoyed by the librarian—"servus servorum literarum."

Mr. Thomas Greenwood made a rather discursive speech on Edward Edwards, whom he regards as the founder of the public library movement, and Mr. E. A. Baker discussed book-reviews as aids to the selection of libraries. Many librarians, it appeared, preferred, when reviews differed so widely, to trust to a personal examination. A paper by Mr. R. K. Dent on the help which the librarian may lend to his readers was somewhat curious in its enunciation of facts which might popularly be supposed to come tritely to such an assembly. But succeeding speakers made it clear that a library staff is not necessarily a body of specialists, and that among the aids to readers which needed improvement was too often the library assistant himself. On the Wednesday a visit was paid to Devonport, where the subject dealt with was the position of the reference department in the internal economy of the library. No one disputed the growing need of it; the difficulty was how to gain the public to whom that portion of the institution is yet a sealed book. On Thursday there were papers on classification and cataloguing, the advocate of the prevailing dictionary form of catalogue being pitted against two opponents speaking respectively from scientific and popular standpoints. The report of the Council presented at the business meeting was a record of good work. It mentioned particularly the passing of a Public Libraries

Correspondence.

LITERARY AGENTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The article in your issue of August 24 on Literary
is so well-informed in substance and so temperate in ju
and expression that we hesitate to ask you to find space
letter. But this is a matter of some importance; one, mo
comparatively new to public discussion; and we ar
therefore, that you would wish to have it adequately set
your readers. It is the easier to approach it in your own
mood after the conclusive way in which you dismiss a
savage attack, and after your remark that "the defence, on
grounds, of literary agents who conduct their business p
is now superfluous."

The qualification in this phrase is, of course, nece
but in presence of the Society of Authors it is hardly n
to say that "there is nothing to hinder a dishonest m
setting up in business as a literary agent." The young a
path is hedged with the gibbets on which Mr. Thring has
vicious old publishing agreements. We will not say tha
not know of a single case of the kind in which an agent ha
concerned. But if the instances were at all numerous in wh
you say, "it is freely alleged that certain literary agent
taken advantage of their clients," the detectives of Portuga
would surely have made some exposure ere now. Th
guarantee of honesty, however, is precisely the same in t
of a literary agent as in that of any other professional man
business depends upon his good repute. The affairs
beginners whom you are properly anxious to protect are o
value to him, the inducements to dishonesty are very small
the risk of dishonesty would be as great in conductin
business as in that of a Kipling, a Conan Doyle, a C
Hyne. This is putting the matter on the lowest gro
expediency. Theoretically, an editor or a solicitor can be b
actually we believe those things do not happen. The sugg
that agents may cheat their clients by selling their M
less than market value is a curious inversion of the com
and, we believe, more well-founded idea that they artf
force up prices. We do not claim that a literary agent is
a just man made perfect; and it is by no means unlike
his estimate of a fair value may sometimes fall short
author's self-appreciation. But the commission system a
obvious need of satisfying a client afford a substantial safe
and if he does not think this enough the author can
reserve the right of vetoing any transaction. The wr
your article seems to think that every author has a d
market value. He hasn't. Most beginners and a great
who are not beginners do but starve on the crumbs th
from the publishing table.

"In the second place," we read, "even the
scrupulously honest agent can seldom do as much fo
young author as the young author, if he keeps his eyes ope
do for himself." This is true enough of the mere fetchi
carrying of commonplace MSS., but it is surely very far
being true of everything beyond this. In fact, the difficu
securing to the young author the benefit of the agent
perience, his acquaintance with the literary market and leg
other conditions, and his international organization, is a pr

competitors is so nearly identical that he can have no reason (short of rank dishonesty) for favouring one above the other. "In the third place," you say, "the literary agent can only in a few instances make such a study of a man's work that he will know the man's market as well as he knows it himself." Experience disproves this argument, except in regard to established writers in some very narrow groove; and even they are often glad to break new ground at home or abroad, and to have business worries taken from them at the cost of a small commission.

Not the literary agent but modern competition is responsible for the collapse of "those personal associations between editors and contributors which are not only agreeable but useful." The old relation being destroyed, the agent seeks to establish a new one. If the disappearance of the agent were to mean an indefinite increase of callers at the editorial door, the agent would have to be re-created—if only for the purpose of acting as a policeman and first "taster." The editor and contributor who desire to meet will find, not that their common wish is frustrated by the agent's existence, but that it is facilitated by the presence of a man who is known to both of them.

A last point. Admittedly the author can, if he happen to combine a certain business ability with distinct literary qualities, thrive without an agent of his own. But not without the agent of other men. Such an author, acting independently, will find most publishers and editors meet him fairly and even, it may be, generously. But eliminate the agent, take away from the buyer the consciousness that the seller has at command expert opinion and guidance if he care to avail himself of them, and it would not be long before we witnessed a return to the old rule that made the earth the publisher's and the fulness thereof. Only the agent's existence makes it possible for an author to be independent of him.

Faithfully yours,

G. H. PERRIS.
C. F. CAZENOVE.

The Literary Agency of London, 5, Henrietta-street, W.C.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Is there not a mistake in your review of Professor Legge's "Close of the Middle Ages" in your number of August 31st?

You say of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, "only a limited number were in Holy Orders, while the rest were laymen, who had taken special vows."

Surely this Order were Canons Regular, part of the Austin Canons, with special vows. Of course, as in the case of monks, they were not all priests; but, surely, they, as all Canons Regular, cannot be described as laymen.

I remain your obedient servant,

R. PHIPPS, Colonel late R. Artillery.

The Stone, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, Sept. 2, 1901.

*** The word "laymen" was used in the modern—which is also the ancient—sense, of persons not belonging to the three higher orders, and not in the sense of the Middle Ages, which extended the term "clergy" to all who obeyed any kind of rule. In early times all monks were "laymen" and were carefully distinguished from the "clergy." The Teutonic Order and that of St. John were divided into three classes: 1,

friendly and intimate together," *inkle* being for "an inferior, coarse kind of tape." A impudent, over-confident," or "proud, stuck would say, "*Za fess as a paycock.*" Sho rather be *coxy's*, from *coxy*, "conceited," or fident"? Brazil-wood is very hard and he often taken as the type of hardness. The *brazil* is commonly used in many parts of Eng

Yours faithfully,

University of Würzburg, Bavaria.

KING JAMES II.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—At a time when it is the custom versaries, I may perhaps be excused for calli which seems to be in some danger of being to the death of King James the Second, September 6th, 1701. From the purely litera was not, indeed, of much significance. He which have raised some perplexing problem patronized Wycherley, and was the familia Penn. But there his relations to literatur subject of much historical writing he m Englishmen an interesting figure, and a pat as Ranke said, "he moved amid illusions wh and he aimed at impossible things." He claims to be remembered; for, though he did perhaps more for English liberty and Pro other monarch; he took a real interest in great predecessor Alfred did so much to Imperialism dimly floated in his mind, and York he will be for all time associated with

I am yours faithfully,

C. B. RO

9, Cook-street, Liverpool, Sept. 4.

DEACON BRODIE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In *Literature* of August 31st yo of a new novel by Mr. Dick Donovan, which to one Deacon William Brodie, an eight councillor of Edinburgh." "One virtue, reviewer, "Mr. Donovan reveals—he has no a hero of this specious Deacon, who fin on an Edinburgh scaffold,"—as who should say Cæsar, who was finally murdered in an your Reviewer possibly have forgotten "Wil of the Wrights, Housebreaker and Maste course he cannot. Is he not your Review he forget David Pew or Macaire's own self. I shall not presume too unwarrantably upon your Reviewer why he attributes as a Henley and Stevenson their apotheosis of the I fancy the idea will be to most peop explanation very welcome. Personally I am by your Reviewer's insinuations as if he h novel relating to one Hamlet, a Prince of the book's sole virtue in the fact that "it specious philosopher, who finally ended his

I remain, Sir, your

W. H

by your correspondent's letter. Edinburgh is not the world, and those of its celebrities who are, so far as their deserts go, better forgotten than remembered are not the world's historical figure-heads, even though they can be reckoned among the minor ornaments of our literature. An Edinburgh eighteenth-century rascal is not a Julius Cæsar; nor the hero of a play by Henley and Stevenson a Hamlet.

THE FORTHCOMING EDITION OF HAZLITT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In connexion with the forthcoming edition of Hazlitt's collected works, I shall be very glad to hear from any one who may possess the fourth volume (in MS.) of the "Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft." Three volumes of these memoirs, written partly by Holcroft and partly by Hazlitt, were published in 1810.

I am yours faithfully,

A. R. WALLER.

Santon Lodge, Reigate-hill, Surrey.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Next week Messrs. Constable will publish the first volume of their new Shakespeare (in twenty volumes), with coloured illustrations by well-known artists, and the first volume of their new Meredith in fifteen pocket volumes; and later in the month will come their Boswell's Life of Johnson, in six volumes, with an introduction by Mr. Birrell and 100 portraits. Messrs. Constable also announce a translation of René Vallery-Radot's Life of Pasteur, by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire (two vols.); "Dante and Giovanni del Virgillo"—including a critical edition of the text of Dante's two Latin Eclogues and of the poetic remains of Del Virgilio—by Messrs. Philip H. Wicksteed and Edmund G. Gardner; a volume of "Sermons" by T. E. Brown—the author of "Fo'c's'le Yarns"—"Burma under British Rule," by John Nisbet; "Five Stuart Princesses," by Robert S. Rait; "Pictures of War," by John Stuart, including chapters on the Siege of Ladysmith, Mahon's March to Mafeking, and Why the War Goes On; "With the Flag at Sea," by Walter Wood, illustrated by H. C. Seppings Wright; "Travels round Our Village," by Eleanor G. Haydon; and "A Ribbon of Iron," by Annette M. B. Meakin—an illustrated account of a journey over the Siberian Railway. In fiction Messrs. Constable are publishing this week "Cardigan," by R. W. Chambers, and "The Westerners," by S. E. White; next week, "Stephen Calinari," by Julian Sturgis; "The Man that Knew Better," by Tom Gallon, illustrated by Gordon Browne; and at the beginning of October Mr. Maurice Hewlett's volume of "New Canterbury Tales."

Messrs. Cassell announce a new work on South Africa entitled "Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal; Being Reminiscences of an English Official," by David Mackay Wilson, who was practically the first Gold Commissioner of the first Goldfields in the Transvaal. Messrs. Cassell also announce a new work by Dean Spence on "Early Christianity and Paganism"; a new book by Sir Robert Ball on "The Earth's Beginning"—based on the last Christmas course of lectures at the Royal Institution; a volume by Colonel W. H. Daniel entitled "The Military Forces of the Crown: Their Organization and Equipment," with an introduction; and the first volume of an illustrated edition (in six volumes) of their great work on "Social England," which was edited by the late Mr. Traill. Several sections (as those dealing with military organization and art) have been completely re-written, while the rest of

colour"]; "Chinese Porcelain," by the late Mr. Monkhouse (a limited edition with coloured plates and illustrations); and "A Masque of Days: From the Last of Elia," newly dressed and decorated by Mr. Walter Cra

Mr. Heinemann has in preparation a series of volumes on "The Great Peoples" somewhat after the p John Richard Green's "Short History of the English Peo under the editorship of Professor F. York Powell; and th volume, on "The Spanish People," by Martin A. S. Hum be followed by "The French People," by Arthur Hassall, and "The Russian People," by J. Fitzmaurice Kelly.

Mr. E. H. Lacon-Watson, the author of "The Uneas Humourist" and "An Attic in Bohemia," will publish month with Mr. Elkin Mathews a book entitled "Chris Deane: a Study of School and College Life." The sc laid at Winchester and Cambridge.

A new book, entitled "All the Russias," by Mr. Norman, M.P., will be published in October by Mr. Hein in England and by Charles Scribner's Sons in New York.

The Oxford University Press collotype facsimile of the Folio Shakespeare has been fully subscribed for. The v cannot be ready for distribution until the autumn of 1902

Mr. Fisher Unwin will shortly issue a new novel b James Baker, the author of "The Cardinal's Page," dealin phases of journalistic life. Since going through C Europe for the Education Department, Mr. Baker ha travelling in Russia and Finland as a special corresponde

The regiment known as Lumsden's Horse, which di excellent work in South Africa during the earlier stages campaign, is to have its history recorded in a book by Sir I Playfair and Colonel Lumsden (the present commanding o

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack will publish in a few cheaper edition of the "Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotla about one-fifth of its original cost, and with the additi large map of Scotland and an abstract of the 1901 census.

Messrs. Alden, of Oxford, are publishing a book of called "Boshtan Ballads," by Mr. Lionel Begbie, of Ma whose initials will be familiar to readers of the *Isis*. Mr. Begbie, we understand, is a cousin of Mr. Harold Begbie

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce "To the Sout Regions," by Louis Bernacchi, F.R.G.S., being an acc the Southern Cross expedition 1898-1900. The author h position of Scientist to the expedition and will join the Di Expedition, now on its way to Australia, in October next

Koroléuko is at work on a novel dealing with Pug Cossack of the Ural, who professed to be Peter III., and all the south-east of Russia against Catherine the Great subject has also been treated by Pushkin.

Bernhard Berenson's "The Study and Criticism of Art," (Bell) consists of Essays contributed by the author the last ten years to various periodicals, chiefly the Ne *Nation* and the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. Messrs. Bell ha in the press a new, revised edition of Mr. Berenson's "I Lotto," with many illustrations.

The Rev. S. P. H. Statham requests us to state th reference to his forthcoming book of Dover Charters, wh mentioned recently, the period covered does not comm 1565, but ranges from 1203 to 1565.

Books to look out for at once.

"Diary of the Boer War." By Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil. Tr by Frederic Lees. A. and C. Black.

[Translated from the Paris *Liberté*. With portrait of the Co

"To the South Polar Regions." By Louis Bernacchi, F.R.G.S and Blackett.

[An account of the Southern Cross expedition, 1898-190 graphs.]

"Josephine, Empress of the French." By Frederick A. Ober. Unwin. 7s. 6d.

[An American study of Josephine's life, including the corres between Josephine and Napoleon. Illustrated.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FICTION.

THE OCTOPUS. By F. Norris. 7¾×5¼. 652 pp. Grant Richards.
[Deals with the war between the Wheat Grower and the Railroad Trust in California, and is the first of a "trilogy" which is to give the complete story of a crop of wheat from its sowing in California to its consumption in Europe.]

SANTA CLAUS'S PARTNER. By T. N. Page. 7⅝×5. 194 pp. Grant Richards.

A SET OF FLATS. By Mason A. Griffiths. 7¾×5¼. 236 pp. Milne. 3s. 6d.
[A detective story in which a Boer agent figures.]

THE MILLION. By Dorothea Gerard. 7¾×5⅛. 346 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[The story of a million florins left by a notary in Lycaon to establish an orphanage.]

FROM THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK. By Jane Barlow. 7¾×5¼. 318 pp. Methuen. 6s.

GOD'S REBEL. By H. Fuller. 7¾×5¼. 373 pp. Jarrold. 6s.
[The story of a Professor at Chicago who ruins his career by his assertion of the labourers' right to live.]

REAL LIFE. By C. S. Marshall. 7¾×5¼. 280 pp. Drane. 6s.
[A modern story of religious tone.]

THE CALL OF THE FUTURE. By Mrs. B. Tanqueray. 7¾×5¼. 318 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
[The scene is the fruit and flower farm of "Neuequay." A modern love story.]

THE MYSTERY OF LANDY COURT. By Fergus Hume. 7½×5. 214 pp. Jarrold. 6s.

THE YEAR ONE. By J. Rhoscelle Burton. 7¾×5¼. 370 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[A story of the French Revolution.]

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF LADY DELIA. By Louis Tracy. 7¾×5¼. 330 pp. Pearson. 6s.

THE SNARES OF THE WORLD. By Hamilton Aide. 8×5¼. 414 pp. Murray. 6s.
[A readable story in the Carlton House Terrace atmosphere, ending with the usual "paragraph in the *Morning Post*."]

THE WARRIGALS WELL. By D. Macdonald and J. G. Edgar. 7¾×5¼. 307 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.
[Gold mining exploration in North Australia. By the author of "How we Kept the Flag Flying."]

HISTORY.

CLOUGH'S CERTIFICATE HISTORY OF EUROPE, 1814-1848. 7½×5. 301 pp. Ralph.

WHO KILLED AMY ROBSART? By P. Sidney, F.R.Hist.S. 7¾×5¼. 59 pp. Stock. 3s. 6d. n.
[Deals fully with Sir Walter Scott's errors in "Kenilworth," acquits Dudley, and concludes that Amy Robsart was killed "by a person or persons unknown."]

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, and Who Wrote the Casket Letters? By S. Cowan, J.P. Two vols. 9½×6½. 367-427 pp. Sampson Low. 32s. n.
[An exhaustive bibliography defending Mary and concluding that the Casket Letters were written by Maitland, Buchanan, Archibald Douglas, and Thomas Crawford.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN YOUR EXAMINATION. By G. A. Wade. (The "How to" Series.) 7½×5¼. 218 pp. Grant Richards.
[A very practical and exhaustive little book on all subjects connected with examinations, and the preparation for them.]

DOMESTIC ECONOMY IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Marion Greenwood Bidder and Florence Baddeley. The Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges. 7½×5. 246 pp. Cambridge University Press.
[For students in training to become teachers of domestic science subjects. A scientific and practical exposition of the arts of cookery, laundrywork, housewifery, &c.]

A HORSE BOOK. (Dumpy Books for Children.) By Mary Tourtel. 5×3½. 95 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.

FROM CYPRUS TO ZANZIBAR. By E. Vuccelli. 9×5¾. 480 pp. Pearson. 16s.
[See Review, p. 238.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF BRITISH SERPENTS. By G. R. Leighton, M.D. 7¾×5¼. 383 pp. Blackwood. 5s. n.
[Part I. treats of the three British species. Part II. takes the various districts of the British Isles. Contains a mass of notes of local observations, and many photographs. A good book by a competent authority.]

WOODLAND, FIELD, AND SHORE. Wild Nature depicted with Pen and Camera. By G. C. Pike. 7½×5. 232 pp. Religious Tract Society. 5s. n.
[The photographs from wild life are interesting, the letterpress popular and attractive to field naturalists who use the camera.]

REPRINT AND NEW EDITION.

COLIN CLOUT'S CALENDAR. The Record of a Summer, April-October. By Grant Allen. New Ed. 7¾×5¼. 237 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

ALFRED THE GREAT, ENGLAND'S DARLING. By Alfred Austin. 5th Ed. 7½×5. 168 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.

THEOLOGY.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS TO THE ROMAN PERIOD. By R. L. Ottley. 7¾×5. 294 pp. Cambridge University Press.
[A scholarly and careful sketch, "more consistent with the present state of our knowledge than the text books now in use." It does not enter minutely into critical or theological problems, and as to the patriarchal period it gives the Hebrew tradition, recognizing that it is now impossible to establish its accuracy. Maps, chronological tables, and appendices on the documentary sources, Hebrew law, &c.]

THE GREEK TESTAMENT. New Ed. 6½×4¼. 565 pp. Clarendon Press. 6s.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": Literature, Printing House S

PROBLEM No. 224, by J. FRIDLIZIUS, Sweden.
BLACK. 7 pieces.

WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM P. LARSEN
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and m

PROBLEM No. 226, by S. Loyd.—White (K sq; B at K R 6; pawns at K 2, Q B 2. Bl K at K Kt 8; Q at K R 8; R at K Kt 6; B at at K R 4, K R 7, K Kt 7, Q B 6. White to play

PROBLEM No. 227, by J. Fridlizius.—White (K Kt 3; Q at Q Kt sq; R at Q B 5; B at K B pawns at K 2, Q 5, Q R 4. Black (5 pieces) K Q R 3; pawns at K 3, Q B 3, Q Kt 3. Three m

Two simple (?) three movers by J. Möller, C

PROBLEM No. 228, by J. Möller.—White (K R sq; Q at K Kt sq; B at Q 3; pawns at K Black (5 pieces)—K at Q R 4; Kt at Q B 6; Q Kt 3, Q R 5. Three moves.

PROBLEM No. 229, by J. Möller.—White (Q B 2; Q at K B 2; Kts at K R 6 and Q K Kt 3, Q 5, Q B 4, Q R 3. Black (5 pieces)— K Kt 2; Kt at Q R sq; pawns at K R 4, K 5. These are very fine catches.

RECENT EVENTS AND GENERAL NOTES.—The New York State Chess Association at Buffalo p interesting of all recent events. The entries of F. J. Marshall, and W. E. Napier, the three y champions, proved highly attractive, and their pl with the keenest interest. The scores in the le two-round tourney were, each playing 10 games:

H. N. Pillsbury, 9	E. Delmar, 6½	F. J.
W. E. Napier, 6½	C. S. Howell, 4½	L. Ka

The poor score of Marshall is notable—he won 2, 7. During the meeting Pillsbury played 16 simultaneously, winning 11 and drawing 5. record is 20 games played thus, and this number attempted by others or exceeded by Pillsbury, doing 25 or 30. He is also said to be coming to prolonged visit and to contemplate retirement that. But we know from experience how much attached to such rumours.

Another very interesting meeting was a cong burg, organized by the Scandinavian Chess Asso in chief event:—

J. Möller, 8	J. Giersing, 5½	
J. Fridlizius, 7½	A. C. M. Pritzel, 5½	
T. Relfsson, 7	H. Hansen, 4½	
F. Englund, 6½	S. Abertsen, 4	

H. Schlichtkrull was first in the second tourn berg second. It is worth noting, as opposing deeply-rooted impression that problem study half the above, including especially Möller an

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We shall publish next week a special portrait of Emerson and an illustrated account of his life and work.

Dr. Richard Garnett will contribute to this number a "Personal View" on the secret of Emerson's greatness.

* * * *

In addition to the illustrated account of the work of William Morris and the Kelmscott Press, we publish this week some special articles on Alfred the Great (with pictures), including an estimate of Alfred's influence on English culture, by Mr. Warwick Draper. Under "Fiction" will be found a notice of "The History of Sir Richard Calmady" (published to-day), the most powerful novel, in our judgment, which "Lucas Malet" has written.

* * * *

We publish, on page 250, a fine original poem by Lady Currie ("Violet Fane").

* * * *

Books to read, just published :—

"The History of Sir Richard Calmady." By Lucas Malet. (Methuen.)

Mr. Birrell's Introduction to the new editi which Messrs. Constable are publishing is full of cha good things. One passage will particularly plea of the public which has incurred the continuely c by its addiction to "a good long read."

It is all well enough in sundry moods confined within a scanty plot of ground—and wh wise than alive to the fascination of such a *La Grande Bretèche*, or of such a short aut Gibbon's?—but amidst the ups and downs of days of the week and the years of one's days, t so attractive, so provocative of affection, as a big a long book, a crowded gallery, a busy thorou its fleeting figures, its chance references, its wall character. Nothing else so stirs our sluggish so penetrates us with the "stir of existence," w sad music of humanity.

This is a new view of the matter, though we k also those who love the "good long read" mainly illusion of getting good value for their money delays the journey to the circulating library.

* * *

The notes in this edition are not numerou being that Mr. Birrell hates "examiners" and to serve their ends :—

"Examiners! hands off!" is surely a natur as their spears blacken the horizon. Our lives de in the torture chambers of the examiner, and w need the solace of books like Boswell's long after class-room and senate-house an eternal farewell. bring myself to take any pleasure in Calv Imaginary Examination Paper on *Pickwick*. It m since it showed dull fools how the thing might deadly earnest.

* * *

Not only Balliol and Oxford, but the whole wo has sustained a severe loss in the death of Mr. E which took place at Malvern after a life which it is not too much to call heroic. Paralysis, crippled his lower limbs shortly after he had tak and laid him literally on his back for the rema thirty-five years of his life, had no weakening spirit; rather it seemed to add to the mind that should have been also of the body :—

> Within the soul a faculty abides,
> That with interpositions, which would h
> And darken, so can deal that they becom
> Contingencies of pomp; and serve to e
> Her native brightness.

Few men of robust health have worked so

and that he had a keen appreciation of what some call the lighter side of scholarship is shown by the accuracy and elegance of his Greek verse compositions. While working at the history he found time to collaborate with Mr. Campbell in producing the life of his friend and tutor the late Master of Balliol—a task which examination and selection among voluminous materials must have made most laborious and difficult. With all this on his hands he took part as fully as he could in the business of college life. He was for some thirty years a hard-working college tutor, and that, too, before tuition was considered to have the first claim on the time of a resident Fellow. In spite of increasing infirmity, he did college work till the end of the past summer term. Many generations of Balliol men will remember Evelyn Abbott as the adviser and friend who was always careful, kind, and sympathetic; who was always readier to praise a merit than to blame a fault; whose time was at the service of others when he was most hard worked; and who, whatever he may and must have felt, preserved an aspect of calm and cheerfulness, and allowed no shade of depression and despondency to enter into his relations with his pupils.

* * * *

At the beginning of the year publishers had a notion that there could not be too many editions of the Waverleys—three were launched on their career last winter. Now the cry is for Dickens. That long-suffering person the general reader, whose characteristics are discussed in another column, may well be confused with the mass of new Dickens editions at present before him. This is, we fancy, how the matter stands with regard to new issues recently completed (so far as copyrights, which are fast expiring, permit), or soon to be completed:—

The Authentic Edition, with coloured frontispieces and reproductions of the original pictures, 5s. each volume.
Chapman and Hall.

The Gadshill Edition, with introduction and notes by Andrew Lang, and the original pictures, 6s. each volume.
Chapman and Hall.

[Messrs. Chapman and Hall have also published other editions at lower prices.]

The Rochester Edition, with introductions by George Gissing and notes, mainly topographical, by F. G. Kitton. The illustrations are of places identified with the novels. 3s. net each volume.
Methuen.

Messrs. Macmillan's Edition, with the original pictures and introductions by Charles Dickens the younger, 2s. 6d. each volume.

The Imperial Edition, with new illustrations by various artists and including a literary character study by George Gissing, illustrated by F. G. Kitton. The first volume ("Pickwick") has just been issued. Gresham Publishing Company.

The Temple Edition, with coloured frontispieces, 1s. 6d. net each volume.
Dent.

The New Century Library Edition, 2s. net each volume.
Nelson.

The *Daily News* Memorial Edition.

The Clarendon Press Edition, the publication of which is to begin shortly.

* * * *

Lord St. Cyres, the grandson of Sir Stafford Northcote, who was created the first Earl of Iddesleigh, has been engaged for many years on a "Life of Francois de Fénelon," which Messrs

made her insupportable. It is her habit to behav
as she likes; she is obstinate, impertinent, vulg
herself out to exasperate her employers in every w
some and self-willed, she makes the life of her fel
a burden to them. Besides other faults of the s
she has that of listening at keyholes.

Evidently the servant question is not of such r
as some philosophers suppose.

* * *

We have received the prospectus of the *Playgo*
to be "an illustrated monthly magazine of the s
entertainments," dealing with the feats of "per
educated elephants" as well as with the serious d
is as good as the old *Playgoer*, to which Mr. Jerom
contributed many amusing articles, there should b
and a public for it.

* * *

With reference to the Pan-Celtic Congress
Graves writes:—"In my letter published in yo
August 31 there are a couple of errors which I haste
The Breton delegates who spoke on the subject of
music were Le Fustec, not Le Fuster, and Jaffrenou, no
The passage "so-called Celtic art in this country
derived from the Roman and Byzantine schools." s
"so-called Celtic art in this country being then a
the Roman and Byzantine schools."

* * *

The latest publications of the Gaelic League of D
a collection of humorous short stories called "Grea
hilge," by Henry Morris, which are told in colloquial
and Mr. J. J. Doyle's "Tadhg Gabha," a racy st
life. Other works in course of publication are an in
a book of reading lessons, several new phrase book
lection of old Irish melodies, arranged for harp
Mr. Owen Lloyd, the Irish harpist. Scarcely a wee
without the publication of some Irish Gaelic book.

Mr. George Meredith will contribute an "ap
of Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from Egypt" to a
of that book. It will be edited by the author's
biographer, Mrs. Janet Ross.

During the year ending August 31, 1,305 pe
Carlyle's House in Ecclefechan. One of the visito
China and another from Japan.

During the autumn Mrs. Patrick Campbell
series of *matinées* of Björnson's *Beyond Human Stre*

Mr. Osmond Tearle, the well-known Shakesp
died last week in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Signora Duse has announced her intention of
the stage.

M. Victorien Sardou attained his seventieth bi
end of last week.

The house which was occupied by Michael A
the last twenty years of his life is to be demolis
the Corso.

There appeared a few days since, in the *Westminster Gazette*, a detailed account of the literary earnings of the Rev. Alfred J. Church, who has been writing for about forty years, and whose books (mainly intended for the young) are decidedly good of their kind. His average annual income amounted to the modest sum of £166—a figure which might meet the views of Agur, who prayed that he might be given "neither poverty nor riches," but seems to Mr. Church to prove that "literature by itself is but a poor occupation." It does not, of course, lead to any such conclusion. To draw the inference is to commit the fallacy of generalizing from a single instance—a fallacy which is the more superfluous in this case because the facts concerning the remuneration of literary labour are easily ascertainable, and can be set forth in such a manner as to enable every literary aspirant to judge for himself what the prospects of the literary calling are, and what a great, a moderate, and a small success respectively amount to. We do not assert that a substantial income can readily be made out of poetry, books of research, or even out of *belles-lettres*. But take the case of novels. Provided that their length is anything between 60,000 and 200,000 words, they will almost certainly be published, in the first instance, at six shillings. The royalties of the author who has, as yet, no great success to his credit will bring him in £50 for every 1,000 copies sold. An author who has proved his commercial value by large sales in the past will get more. The extreme royalty which the cost of production will allow seems to be fourpence in the shilling, or £100 for every 1,000 copies sold. Serial rights, if sold at all, may fetch anything from £100 to £2,500, or even more; and the writer who succeeds in America may make as much (to say the least) there as he makes in England. There are also the rights of dramatization, which may be worth nothing or may be worth a great deal. Knowing these things, an author knows exactly what are the chances for which he is playing, and what the cash value of any given measure of success will be. There are novels which bring the author £50,000, and there are novels which bring the author nothing. There are also novels which bring the author £1,000, £500, £50, or any other figure that might be named. If the average income among novelists is lower than in the learned professions, there is a reason. The average is kept low by the immense number of incapable persons who write novels for no other reward than the gratification of their vanity—a motive which seldom, if ever, impels a man to practise as a doctor or a solicitor. Of the novelists who depend upon their novel-writing for their living, a considerable number do pretty well, though their revenues may not always be in proportion to their literary merits. Sir Walter Besant used to make (though not, of course, to publish) long lists of those whom he knew, through information which came to him as Chairman of the Society of Authors, to be making more than £1,000 a year. Moreover, the novelist who deserves to succeed, but by some accident does not, is—one might almost say, *ex hypothesi*—a good enough man to make a very tolerable living out of journalism until success as a novelist comes to him. This is a "second string" which is but seldom available for the unsuccessful member of the learned professions; and it is by no means a second string to be despised. It gradually becomes comparatively easy, it is pretty sure to be interesting. We cannot, of course, go far into details as to prices paid by different papers for different kinds of contributions; but we do not shrink from the general statement that "compensa-

Prices.

Literature Portraits.—XI

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Poet, artist, manufacturer, and Socialist, auth
Earthly Paradise"—this terse, unimpassioned e
"Fast Britannia" sums up, in a form of words whi
himself have accepted as substantially accurate, t
work of a remarkable man.

Birth and Education.

WILLIAM MORRIS
(By permission of Mr. Hollyer.)

William M
eldest son and
of William Morr
Skelton, was b
house, Clay-hill
tow, Essex, on
March, 1834. T
were originally
descent, and E
was the daught
coster neighb
modern outgro
has nowhere,"
W. Mackail b
"Life of Willi
(Longmans, 1
more devastat
than in Walthan
where the row
built two-store
in all the bri
yellow brick an
stretch in a s
over the Lee Valley." Morris' father became e
wealthy, and in 1840 he moved across Epping Fore
ford-hall. The love for the Middle Ages ca
his son, and "well I remember as a boy," M
in 1882, "my first acquaintance with a room
faded greenery at Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, at
Hatch in Epping Forest, and the impression
that it made upon me!" Morris was enter
borough College in 1848, and remained there till the
1851. He was considered a little mad by the other boy
Church settled on as his destined profession, he
Oxford, matriculated at Exeter in 1852, entering th
the June of the following year. Whilst here he made
ance of Burne-Jones, who has left the following p
at that time:—"He talked with vehemence and so
violence. He was slight in figure in these days:
dark brown and very thick, his nose straight, his
coloured, his mouth exceedingly delicate and
Except for the fact that he met Burne-Jones and F
and discovered that he could write both verse and
facility, that he decided not to take Holy Order
articles with Street, the architect, Oxford does
have had as great an influence upon him as upon
He abandoned architecture under Rossetti's influen
took to painting, and Rossetti wrote in this year "i
nation and work of that kind he is quite unrivalled
modern that I know." He set to work to decorate

a more than usually deep mark upon the art of England), Philip Webb, the architect, Peter Paul Marshall, an engineer and surveyor, and Charles Faulkner, who was best known at that time as an Oxford don. They were in every respect the members of the firm, for those who worked under them were almost without exception unimportant subordinates and had very little to do with the brains or work of the business. The circular that was issued by the firm at the time of its establishment is within the memory of many. It was received with much the same sort of surprise and readily-awakened amusement as the early diatribes of Ruskin against preconceived artistic prejudices. The document stated that a company of historical artists had bound themselves together to execute work in a thoroughly artistic and inexpensive manner, and they had determined to devote their spare time to designs of all kinds of manufactures of an artistic nature. This was only part of an audacious scheme which was directed against the then prevailing custom of retailing works of art through the medium of assistants who had no actual part or interest in their production.

taught generally under the personal supervision of M and the products of Morris and Company soon been famous.

Morris' Theories.

The circular to which we have referred embodi political as well as his artistic theories. He felt tha could not cut himself apart from the life of the r getting, apparently, that the nation had of free choic adrift from the life of the artist. The cause of art, he is the cause of the people. "We well-to-do people, who love art, not as a toy, but as a thing necessary of man, have for our best work the raising of the s life among the people. How can we of the middle c the capitalists, and our hangers-on help? By reno class, and on all occasions when antagonism rises up b classes casting in our lot with the victims: those wh demned at the best to lack of education, refinemen pleasure, and renown, and at the worst to a life that of the most brutal savages. There is no other wa

MORRIS WORKS AT MERTON ABBEY, SURREY.

[By permission of Morris and Co.]

What perhaps caused most comment in this circular was the announcement that a man of means such as William Morris, that unpractical painters, architects, engineers, and an Oxford don should open a shop; but when, a year later, the earliest products of the firm were shown to the public at the Exhibition of 1862

seemed to think that to spread discontent was the r to provoke remedies. He found, however, that the di quite readily be inculcated, but that the suffe not always willing to accept his remedies. The ignorance and want of impressibility "of th

mining company, from which he derived a decent income, he was even known to wear a "top-hat." It is true that in a moment of irritation he sat down upon the "top-hat," but the fact remains that he wore one. It was a complex temperament, but it at least had sufficient fortitude and directness of purpose to emancipate Beckenham from the antimacassar and the glass chandelier. This, of itself, was no mean achievement and a very practical accomplishment for a mediæval poet.

The Kelmscott Press.

Adam Smith has said that Society as degraded by utilitarianism would reduce the working man to a machine; Morris, not content with the denunciation of the trade union societies which supplanted the trade guilds of the Middle Ages, has persisted on the individuality of every worker, however humble. As his aims were high he spared no pains to carry them out, and it is interesting to note how very closely his early efforts were coupled with the progress of his work from time to time. It is in this way that one recognizes the connexion between the wood engraving which early occupied the original firm of Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co. in the decoration of books, and the establishment somewhat late in William Morris' career of the Kelmscott Press. The frontispiece to Miss Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market," issued in 1862, was cut by Mr. Faulkner, and Mr. Morris cut with his own hand the greater number of the blocks which Burne-Jones designed for the illustration of the poem "Cupid and Psyche." The idea of setting up a press and printing his own books, although it took shape somewhat late, had evidently been in his mind from these early times. When the scheme fructified it was carried on with all that enthusiasm which was so characteristic of the Director. He designed several of the sets of founts, many of the initial letters, borders, and ornaments, and he superintended their cutting himself. He insisted that the paper upon which the books were printed should be of the purest and most durable quality, and he required that the ink with which the types were printed should be of a special kind. The result was not only that the products of the Kelmscott Press were pleasant to the eye, but that they will remain with greater permanency than most of the printed pages of the almost feverish literary production of the present era.

Just as much of his poetry was a brilliant and successful experiment in the romantic, his establishment of a printing press upon almost mediæval principles cast round the productions of his Press an interest which is absent from most of even the best work which was being issued from contemporary presses.

Even in this interesting experiment in production one realizes the extreme difficulty of reconciling the theories of art for the people with production without reference to economical considerations. The issues of the Kelmscott Press have a unique artistic value, but they also were produced under conditions and circumstances which rendered it impossible that they should be

mediæval ardour the spirit of work for work's sake
own workmen; but he entirely failed to bring his
within the reach of those who most prized them an
they, presumably, were intended.

The Protection of Ancient Buildings.

It is well remembered that he was largely ass
the formation of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Soc
is perhaps not so well remembered that he was the
of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Bui
wrote the preliminary manifesto for this eminently
in 1877, and he was never tired of urging the
society and the necessity for assisting in its work.
only the honorary secretary of the society, but one
strenuous workers, and it is to him and to the work of
that Londoners of to-day owe the preservation of m
and beautiful buildings which would otherwise have
the hand of the ruthless improver. And his work
fined to the buildings of our own country, for the m
he organized in 1879 to protest against the impend
tion and rebuilding of the glorious west front of the
St. Mark's at Venice cannot be easily forgotten. The
with which he entered into this crusade created alm
national difficulty, for it was contended that inartis
could not possibly know or have any part in the artist
of Italy. But Morris, basing his objections upon the
of property in unique works of art, persevered in hi
and the west front of the Basilica was saved. If w
him for nothing else, the honour, that belongs to
establishment of the Society for the Protection of An
ings must be accorded ungrudgingly.

His Audience.

It would be misrepresenting the character and the characteristics of William Morris to give him a foremost place either in the literature or the art of his generation. He addressed himself to the British middle classes, and it used to be said of his poems that they were by "Morris the wall-paper man," and of his fabrics and furniture that they were by "Morris the poet." There is more truth in this than is commonly supposed. As a poet he was earnest and melodious; as a designer suggestive, resourceful, and sumptuous. But he was essentially *bourgeois*, and, in spite of the influence exerted upon him by his

THE KELMSCOTT PRESS, CHISWICK.
[From a drawing by Herbert Railton.]

sojourn at Oxford and by the Pre-Raphaelite movement, he never outgrew the earlier associations which came to him from the commercial class amidst whom he was born. He understood the

His Methods.

The love of beautiful things which was so s
him led to the production of poems which flowed ea
pen and of material things which were better in
in construction, and more beautiful in colour than t
passed muster twenty years ago. He did very
everyday art out of the hopeless ruck into whic
mercialism, as it was then generally misunderstood.
it; and he achieved this in a somewhat new way.
so much exhort the public to interest themselves
did, in the beautiful and the good, but he
arouse pride and self-respect in the m
workmen.

> "You," he said, "you whose hands
> things that should be works of art, you
> artists, and good artists too, before t
> large can take real interest in such thing
> you have become so, I promise you th
> lead the fashion; fashion shall follow
> obediently enough. That is better
> helplessly among the crowd of those wh
> lously called manufacturers, that is
> though the more part of them never di
> hand-work in their lives, and are nothin
> capitalists and salesmen."

This was, indeed, commencing at th
of the stick. The common reply to an
introduce a new mode of manufacture uses
for that matter largely still is, "You
demand and I will meet it readily enough
Morris had set himself a dual task, to
natural disinclination to be the first t
method, and the typical workman's n
rooted objection to cast the old aside. H
easy to follow when he preached the nobil
labour, the debasing effects of ignoble a
that lurks in slavish imitation; but it wa
agree with him when he insisted, as
vehemently, that the artist should al
craftsman also, that he should not execut
he was working in the mediums commonly
produce the fine arts. The designer of th
should tool it himself, just as the sculptor
employ a ghost. The skilled mezzotinter
six weary weeks rocking his own plate jus
painter should prime his own canvases a
own colours. It is a pretty theory, but w
is either artistically or economically sound.
reduced it to the limits of the absurd
whether the pianist should tune his
Perhaps he should.

His Influence.

It is more than probable that th
have had a greater influence upon t
arts of this country, and through this
country upon the whole of Europe and s
America also, than is properly understoo
remains that, whereas in painting and literat
not conspicuously behind the other European n
domestic arts we are easily first, and still lead.

papers and hangings which were made at the Merton works and sold first in middle-class Bloomsbury and then in the fashionable neighbourhood of the Marble Arch. He used dexterously and with skill and taste a remarkable diversity of gifts, no one of them, perhaps, and certainly not the gift of oratory, of the highest kind, but all cultivated and interdependent. He was essentially English, lacking the Celtic fire, but possessing in an uncommon degree the rare capacity for taking pains which counts for so much. He was, moreover, strenuous and had all the elements of a great leader except the one precious gift of patience. He could march at the head of a quietly demonstrating crowd, but when he found that those whom he had had the courage to lead from Trafalgar Square scattered and fled from the batoning of a few policemen, he lost patience and henceforward seemed to leave the horny-handed son of toil very much to his own devious devices.

It says much for the strenuous nature of his advocacy of his principles of art and for the enduring nature of his work that the art movement which he headed has survived the danger of having been the fashion. That has been the death of most things, but the Morris wallpapers—by many others besides Morris—and the Morris furniture are as much in vogue to-day as they were ten years ago. He did not, it is true, live to see an artistic millennium, any more than we, bearing in mind the unalterable laws of economy, expect to find the mass of our fellow-countrymen enjoying as a matter of course a national love and knowledge of art; but he stimulated and he achieved. He worked hard to make the world more beautiful than he found it and the craftsmen more honest and self-reliant than they had been before; and he accomplished both purposes with a success that is as rare as it is entirely desirable.

His Politics.

His political opinions, too, showed the strenuous man, the man of warm heart, the enthusiast and the leader. He hardly paused to think, he was so moved by the injustice that he saw around him. In this lay the weakness of his leading. He was no politician, in the sense that Mr. Burns or Mr. Hardie are politicians, and he had none of the clever turns which are so dear to the political working man. He believed that every one was as serious as he was, every one as hopeful and every one as honest. It was difficult for him to imagine that politics was a constant struggle for the upper hand, and that the only way to maintain the upper hand was to get the first grip, and keep it. There was little that was beautiful in Socialism when it actively demonstrated on the afternoon of "Bloody Sunday"; and William Morris discovered, not until he had made most praiseworthy efforts to keep his eyes averted from the fact, that the British working man took to Socialism mainly for the hope of the thing, that he neither cared to understand it nor to follow it a moment longer than it suited his humour. As one of a crowd, he lacked picturesqueness and failed to appeal to the æsthetic sense, and as a force he was unreliable. Morris' efforts to lead him in the way he should go were entirely honest and unselfish, but they were the efforts of the visionary and not those of the subtle-minded politician. He failed more conspicuously as a political leader than as a poet and designer, and he more easily slipped from the foremost place in a demonstration than he will from the ranks of art.

His Literary Work.

The industry which characterized almost all his art work was clearly evidenced in his writing, and he had the one advantage

verse of the Æneid and the Odyssey, which followed th
"Love is Enough; or the Freeing of Pharamond
His work either in verse or in prose—as in the fas
stimulating "News from Nowhere" (1891)—flowed
was so well constructed, as to disclose much of the p
but very little of the methods, of the handicraft
always honest work done with enthusiasm, and if it
than not lacked the vital spark, it was ever the fi
artifice. He worked in poetry very much as his c
Madox Brown worked with his brush, but with hig
and more mastery over technique. He lacked the
Rossetti and the sustained delicacy of Swinburne, bu
artistic simplicity and workmanlike fidelity. His poe
less sentimental than his politics, for he unde
technique of the one whilst he totally failed to unde
inwardness of the other. He hoped that he migh
help—he hardly knew how—from politics in his arti
ganda, and he understood that there was some connexi

of his house which was near and goodly
Bringing the sweet scent of the morning
was clad in a goodly long green offering
with silver meet for the summertide. In
~~book~~ he wrought with his hands and
with his tongue he was a man of the
black bearded and ruddy and his name
Clement Chapman. When he saw Ralph
smiled kindly, and came and held his
and said 'Welcome lord! art thou
Eat and drink and give a message in a
pedlar's house. Yea said Ralph smiling
he was hungry. I will eat & drink
and go my way. And he got off his
the Carle led him into his house
were goodly without wotton it was well
For there was a fair chamber
with carven work well wrought, and a
of no sorry ~~furniture~~ and the chairs & stools
as fair as might be, no trays might be
and the windows were glazed and there
flowers & herbs & posies in them and
the bed was hung with goodly webs
over sea such as the Soldan loveth
whereon his wife bowers were hung by the

Well at Woods End, first dra
William Morris

the accomplishment of work and the conditions o
but he failed to notice that there was very little
between Society and Socialism. And so the vital f
life found vent in vigorous art work and were with
politics and seldom present in his poems. He was
without the humour of Chaucer, and unconsciously a

The Eye of the Artist.

The quality of observation which seems to us the most original feature in Morris the poet is perhaps most readily seen in the purely descriptive passages of "The Earthly Paradise." Here, for example, is a passage from the second of the stories, that of the "Man born to be King," in which we can trace without much difficulty the immediate associations of the poets' everyday life :—

For o'er the oily smooth millhead
There hung the apples growing red,
And many an ancient apple tree
Within the orchard could he see,
While the smooth mill walls white and black
Shook to the great wheel's measured clack,
And grumble of the gear within ;
While o'er the roof that dulled that din
The doves sat crooning half the day,
And round the half-cut stack of hay
The sparrows fluttered twittering.

For the firs ended on the brow
Of a rough gravelly hill, and there
Lay a small valley nowise fair
Beneath them, clear at first of all
But brake, till amid rushes tall
Down in the bottom alders grew
Crabbed and rough ; and winding thro
The clayey mounds a brook there was
Oozy and foul, half choked with grass.

That, we must confess, strikes us as being medievalism, and exhibits the particular quali Morris' mind which enabled him to assimilate old rather than to lose himself amidst them. He had a "live in tapestry," but not the faculty of comp

Not the least of his literary enterprises, certainly has some influence at the present day, wa of the weekly paper *The Commonweal*. To this he far the greatest portion of the literary content articles, the news, the poems, and even the so-calle This was in addition to his ordinary occupat running his factory, of organizing pub and of delivering exhortations and furtherance of the movement to whic he was apparently passionately devo effects of his teachings still remain.

His Personality.

His eyes were blue-grey in tint, a they might be described as meditative, even then, without a something in the betokened the boundless energy of th when his face was absolutely still, one the lofty uprightness of the brow than the impressed me most about William granted me the honour of personal inte him in his later years)," says Mr. Macke becoming humility, "was an indescrib power, arising in part, I fancy, becau manding presence.

"Occasionally there was an aspect a ness about his face when at rest—an in part by the great strength of will ap set of the lower jaw and in the compre

"Real kindness and good nature visible in him, and the irritability sometim was more the result, I used to think, of energy and his consequent resulting i control, stupidity, or slowness, than s To a man of his quick and ever-alert in wholesome freedom from many silly co prejudices and inanities of ordinary have appeared more than usually silly. scious of his own position in English le garding Mr. Swinburne as his only equal poets, he was nevertheless far too consi to be vain in the ordinary acceptation of

This is a picture of Mr. Morri dulgent and uncritical friend, and we whether the author of "The Earthly P considered himself in comparison wit burne. Certainly he was in no way the gard any one as his "only equal."

WILLIAM MORRIS: PRINTER AND COLLECTOR.

KELMSCOTT BOOKS AND EDITIONES PRINCIPES BY MORRIS AT AUCTION.

"Ah! I wish I could get my books printed like that." Thus did William Morris ejaculate, years before he founded the Kelmscott Press, as he looked on a volume printed by Nicholas Jenson in Venice, two decades or so prior to the close of the fifteenth century. The wish was not a mere idle one, expressed on the spur of the moment, and without definite purpose behind it. Morris lived to achieve distinction as a printer; perhaps, even, his accomplishment in this direction will be remembered long after his wallpapers and designs for tapestries are forgotten. Onward from his student days at Oxford, where Burne-Jones was a contemporary, he delighted to turn over the pages of old manuscripts; and again and again he would relate what pleasure he found in a fine Apocalypse at the Bodleian, dating from the thirteenth century. About the year 1866 a folio edition of "The Earthly Paradise" was projected, to be illustrated by Burne-Jones, its typography of a special kind. Many designs were made, blocks executed, and specimen pages in Caslon type set up. But "The Earthly Paradise" in the form projected remained a dream. Twenty years passed, during which Morris made careful study of finely-executed old manuscripts. In 1888, with the same type in the following year, Morris said the most satisfactory book issued since the seventeent It was now that the idea of becoming his own printer, detail under his own supervision, occurred to Mo unnecessary to recall how he processed to design wha as the Golden fount, because the Golden Legend wa been the first book printed therewith, a fount based o Jenson Pliny, 1476, but showing the nineteenth-century predilection for Gothic. The first sheets of the first book, "The Glittering Plain," were printed on Ma at No. 16, Upper-mall, Hammersmith; the complete dated April 4, and was issued on May 8. The new Kelmscott Press issued fifty-two works—in addition t pages of a Froissart, which would have eclipsed the Cha been completed—during the succeeding seven years. set of these books on paper, and the Froissart on v subscribers an aggregate of £144 15s. 6d. In March series realized at auction £560 14s. 6d. The Cha excepted, they have diminished considerably in v since then. The following works may be taken sentative:—

Title.	Date.	No. of Copies.	Issue Price.	Record Price.
Glittering Plain	1891	200	2gns.	£33 10 0
Biblia Innocentium	1892	200	1gn.	27 0 0
Shakespeare—Poems	1893	500	£1 5	16 0 0
Keats—Poems	1894	300	£1 10	27 10 0
Chaucer	1896	425	£20	83 0 0
Love is Enough	1898	300	2gns.	9 12 6

The Chaucer, acknowledged to be the worthy accomplishment of its kind exec ninetenth century, has steadily advanc since Morris' death. One of the first liely seen was that sent to the Arts and Cr tion of 1896; at the private view ti heard of the poet-craftsman's death. A the Chaucer was procurable at its publi some copies were bought at even less. had risen to about £30, in 1899 it fe in 1900 £72, and on July 29 last a re £83.

In December, 1898, a portion of Will valuable collection of MSS. and early pr came under the hammer in Wellington a total of £10,962 for 1,215 lots—an aver £9 per lot—there occurred many beautif not a few of which, by their marginal eating how closely Morris had studied graphy, caligraphy, and decoration. Th lum," printed by Zainer about 1471— first of his woodcut books—brought £14 craftsman's Bible, c.1473-4, again rem its woodcuts, £80; the Sherbrooke 333 ll. of vellum, written in Gothic c.1320, £350; a fine Sec. XIV. Bible, b Norman scribe, £302; Wynkyn de "Orcharde of Syon," 1519, £151; a XIV. "Decretales," on 344 ll. of th £255.

As to works by William Morris, or in collaboration with Professor Magn printed at the Kelmscott Press, but name of his friend, the late Mr. F. S.

A PLEA FOR CONTENT ON EARTH.

I.

I know this world of many mysteries ;—
The drifting and the dragging of its days,
As joy or sorrow urges or delays
The wings of Time, with all that underlies
Fair-spoken words and formal courtesies ;
—I know that all here withers and decays,
False friend that smites, false lover that betrays,
And, sadder still, how even true love dies !
—Yet, in despite of all these ills, for me
My home is on this planet of my birth,
The sights whereof mine eyes were formed to see
And, howso faultily, appraise their worth,
And when my days are number'd, I shall be
Content to mingle with its flow'r-strewn earth.

II.

For when this life is ended, who can tell
Whither our spirits journey ? To what shore,
—Serene, or tempest-swept,—as this, of yore,—
Where fierce conflicting influences dwell,
Or whether, in fair fields of asphodel,
Each with the chosen friends of heretofore,
We still may take our pleasure ? Evermore
In sweet content, afraid of no farewell ?
—This who may say, or if the " you " and " I "
Whose earthly sojourn will have ended soon,
As such shall re-awaken when we die ?
Behold this very rose of pulsing June ;—
—Will this same flow'r re-blossom by and by ?
The lyre once shatter'd, whither wends the tune ?

III.

" Lay not up treasure here," the Preacher cries ;
Yet, since we know that all things fall to dust,
—That thieves break thro' and steal, whilst moth and rust
Corrupt and tarnish, surely should the wise
Guard what they cherish with more jealous eyes ?
—Shall I prize less the one I love and trust
Because I know that sever soon we must
In spite of clinging hearts and memories ?
Nay, is it not this same insertitude,
—This mutability of earthly things,
That sends a note of sad solicitude
Vibrating thro' our being, and which brings
The proud and mighty to a meeker mood
Under the shadow of Death's widening wings ?

IV.

The poor are ever with us in the land ;
—As in the old time, even are they now,
Nor need we monkish cowl, or sterile vow,
Or dreary death-in-life by bigots plann'd
To do the good work underneath our hand
With cloudless conscience and uplifted brow,
And should we fail, the One to whom I bow
I feel will both forgive and understand.
Wherefore I would not waste my breath to ask
Why Good with Evil is thus interblent
Here on the Earth, believing that my task

The one I lov'd had here his dwelling-place !
So, Earth, green Earth ! where deeds of high
Have been achiev'd, I love not those who
Only thine imperfections, in whose eyes
Evil reigns paramount, since each is free
To seek his own ideal, whence to rise
To better things, if better things there be

VI.

And if there be not, unto whom the blame ?
—For whom the gain or loss ? To empty
Shall dumb grey ashes find the voice to cr
Shall martyr'd men, who died by sword or flam
Arise in wrath, or hang their heads for shame,
That their one life was forfeit for a lie ?
—Nay, that they deem'd the soul should li
Once it be dead indeed, were all the same !
—But Life is Life, for some to have and hold
From budding-time until the last red leaf
Quivers aloft, and the rich cornfield's gold
Is bound together in the tented sheaf,
And why should those that shrink from Winter
Love less the Summer that her days are br

VII.

Who knows if it were even well to strive
And beat our wings against a flickering lig
—To strain to this or that untrodden heig
Subduing all the best we have to give
Towards those primal forces that survive
And ever have the mast'ry in the fight ?
—What if our keenest impulse be the right
—What if our noblest mission is, to *live*
And be ourselves, in spite of all reproof,
Taking as mandate of a deathless law
Our strongest bias, for a sign and proof
Of where abides the force from which to dr
Even as one who weaving web and woof
Should choose the stoutest strand without

VIII.

To live, to love, to labour and endure ;
To seek for Wisdom, tho' we may not know
What pow'r compels the meanest weed to g
To dwell in fellowship with rich and poor ;
Keep the pure mind within the body pure,
And act uprightly towards friend and foe ;
May we not thus find solace here below
Despite of all whereof we are not sure ?
—Sure were we, once, of summer-time and yout
Scent of the May, and murmur of the dove
—Sure that the skies that now grow grey in so
Beam'd bright in blue expectancy above ;
Pilate, condemning Christ, asked " What is tr
Shall we, too, question, who knew Hope un

IX.

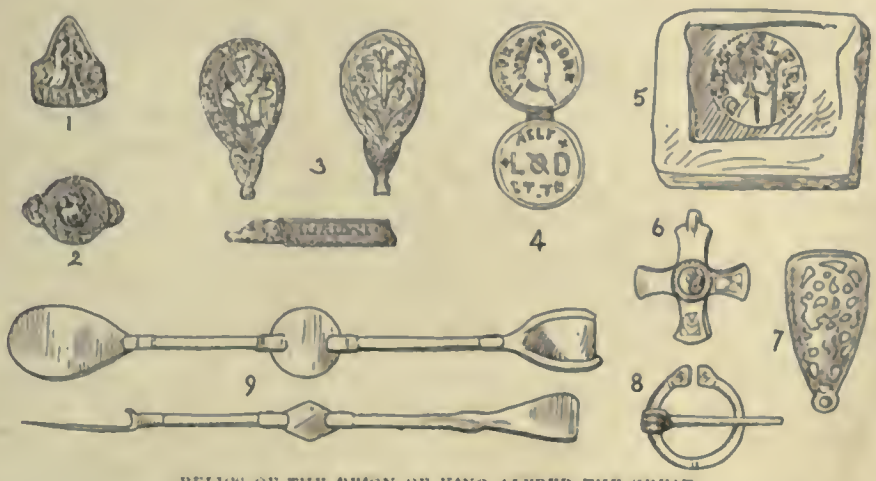
Take rather what we find beneath our hand
Wherewith to weave and fashion what we w
According as the inspiration-thrill
Directs us to the task by Nature plann'd ;

ALFRED THE GREAT.

MILLENARY CELEBRATION.

THE INFLUENCE OF ALFRED ON ENGLISH CULTURE.

Much has been discovered and written during the last fifty years which illustrates the pre-Norman history of England, so that we, who now celebrate the millenary of King Alfred's death, have a more precise and complete knowledge of his epoch than did those who, early in Queen Victoria's reign, happened to observe the same anniversary of his birth. In no aspect, perhaps, is the gain larger than in our power of appreciating his influence upon English culture. The improvement in our acquaintance with his battles, his modes of government, his laws, and even his personality, is one of degree. But the advance of Anglo-Saxon scholarship and, in particular, the service of archæology have made remarkable disclosures in the highest sphere of his activity. We can now see the civilizing and "perfecting" tendencies of his Kingly labour no longer piecemeal but as a whole. With a wealth of instances revealed by the craftsman in palæography and the true antiquarian we can illustrate this phase of his manifold energy.



RELICS OF THE REIGN OF KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

1 and 2, Finger-rings (gold and enamel) of Alfred's father Æthelwulf and sister Æthelwitha; 3, Alfred's Jewel (front, back, and edge); 4, Coin of Alfred (London type); 5, a Moneyer's Coin-die, with impression; 6, Pectoral Cross (silver and coloured glass); 7, Book-clasp; 8, Silver Brooch; 9, Silver Spoon and Fork, found in Wiltshire with 70 coins dating from A.D. 800 to 890.

Good manners and learning alike were, as we perceive, carried by him far above the level at which they stood and from which, indeed, they were falling at the opening of his reign. We rightly praise him for the victories by which, in 871 and 878, he stemmed the tide of Danish invasion. In Ashdown and Ethandune England had her own Marathon and Salamis, however different the scale. But we admire Alfred in that, after displaying the valour of a Miltiades and the statecraft of a Themistocles, he exhibited the fine wisdom of a Pericles. For, in restoring order out of chaos, he bestowed something of that life which art and letters alone can give; where foreign causes had brought anarchy, he toiled laboriously, as we know in some detail, from the year of

Alfred's; but, indeed, there was little [illegible] England of the ninth century and the Continent [illegible] of a literary or spiritual kind. The rare and [illegible] the verse of Cædmon (seventh century) and Ad[illegible] century) alone seem to have represented native [illegible] great work in prose, Bede's history, was writte[illegible] Moreover, that very Danish inundation, in ches[illegible] Alfred performed so great a feat of action, had [illegible] been wiping out the fabric of the Church's work. [illegible] were burned and pillaged, and thus the sole centres [illegible] and cultivation were closed.

In what sense, then, did Alfred nourish and stimul[illegible] apparently so meagre and starved? When we look [illegible] of his achievement in this particular, we are asto[illegible] did so much in so short a time; his brilliant idea[illegible] In some cases, if prophetic, yet premature. The[illegible] views as to the meaning which we must attach to [illegible] irrespective of time and the accidents of hist[illegible] abandoning the thin definition of the pure *fitt*[illegible] Walter Pater, we may well accept Matthew A[illegible] mingling of the mottoes of Montesquieu and Bishop [illegible] one said its aim was "to render an intelligent [illegible] intelligent"; the other, "to make reason and the[illegible] prevail." Now it appears that, when Alfred ceas[illegible] proud feats in necessary battles to become, late[illegible] the humble scholar, he realized

peace hath her victo[illegible]
No less renowned than war

and, by his patronage of true [illegible] honourable crafts, he pursued [illegible] double aim of culture, both for hi[illegible] King, and for his people. In [illegible] brief space of years (for even betw[illegible] the end of the century he was engag[illegible] fighting) he accomplished a revolu[illegible] been well said by a French writer [illegible] the original work of Alfred, the [illegible] genius; and if it is in good reas[illegible] point of view of education and le[illegible] the reign of Charlemagne a [illegible] Alfred's must be called a metemp[illegible]

In the set of books which [illegible] to be translated into Anglo-Sa[illegible] several of which he contributed [illegible] prefaces, he gave his subjects [illegible] of a liberal and delightful [illegible] his choice of works and method of [illegible] he showed just that well-regula[illegible] in the central authority," without which no advance [illegible] possible in any community. Time, which for a the[illegible] has well guarded Alfred's fame, has preserved this [illegible] of the best books. It included, in translations [illegible] time made into native English (and this is the g[illegible] Orosius' "History of the World"; Bede's "History o[illegible] Boethius' "Consolation of Philosophy"; Gregory' [illegible] Care" and his "Dialogues"; the "Voyages of Ohthe[illegible] stan" and, possibly, "Blossom-Gatherings from St. [illegible] and "Æsop's Fables." In one case, at least, we kn[illegible] that he caused copies of a work to be sent to all [illegible] this was the "Pastoral Care," the Worcester, Sh[illegible]

civilized society of our race, and imagine the barren living of a time when, as Alfred himself tells us in the same letter, knowledge was "in such total decay among the English, that there were very few on the other side of the Humber who understood the common prayers, so as to be able to tell their meaning in English, or who could have translated into that language a Latin passage; and I ween that there were not many on this side of Humber who could do so. Indeed, there were so few such that I do not even recollect one to the south of the Thames at the time I succeeded to the Crown." The King is himself an eloquent, if unconscious, witness to the magnitude of his feat. In the translations above referred to, and to which Alfred himself made no mean contributions, we find a store of that dignified simplicity and temperance which are at once the fruit of great art and the particular glory of English as opposed, let us say, to Celtic or Italian literature. By directing and promoting this form of human energy, by innovating the great and incomparable record of "The Saxon Chronicle," by exhibiting a personal interest (as we read) in the beautiful art of the goldsmith and stimulating (as our museums testify in abundance) the industrial crafts, Alfred influenced the cultured life of England to a degree. He had to recreate what little there had been; he had even to send abroad, as he did with a beneficent sagacity, for teachers in letters and the arts. His aim and his accomplishment were to guide the intellectual forces of his people into a proper stream, to derive them into proper channels. He laid in a stock of light (if the metaphor may be changed) for the difficulties with which his people and their sons would have to contend. He guided a movement of ideas which was just beginning, and gave it some little harmony; and he did all this "to make reason and the will of God prevail."

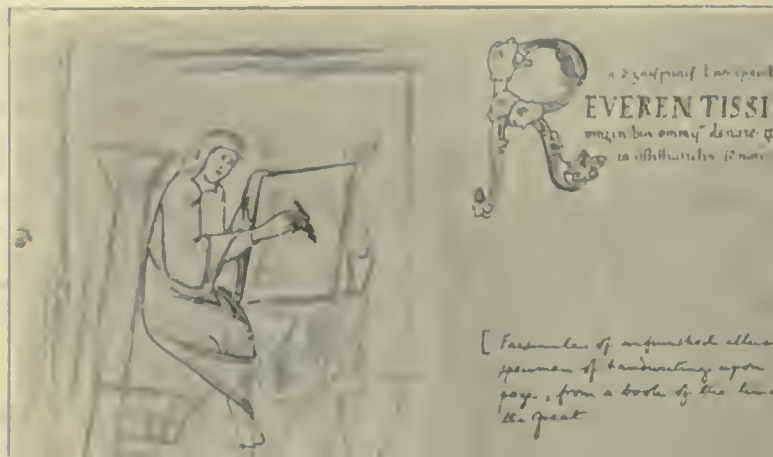
WARWICK H. DRAPER.

ALFRED AS MAN OF LETTERS.

There is to our thinking no more delightful story than that which tells how on a certain grey November evening ("in venerabili Martini solemnitate") King Alfred and his favourite tutor and literary companion, Asser, were sitting together in the Royal chamber. It happened, says the Bishop (whose biography, notwithstanding the doubts cast upon it by certain critics, who have rightly called attention to certain spurious passages and interpolations, must be accepted as in the main a genuine contemporary product), that a passage was mentioned to him out of a certain book. "He listened to it carefully and at the same time showed me a book which contained the daily courses, and psalms and prayers, and a number of memoranda jotted down by him"—a kind of commonplace book which existed in William of Malmesbury's days, but unfortunately has not come down to us. "The King requested me to write the quotation in his book, but I could not find any empty space, for it was already full of several matters. 'Are you willing that I should write out the quotation on some leaf apart?' I asked him. 'Your plan is good,' he answered, and I gladly made haste to get

exigencies of the times—the wars in which he had b for twenty years—not to speak of the various worldly cares that oft troubled him both in mind he was an intense sufferer from a nervous disea him but little leisure to woo a mistress, who dem heartedness and all-absorbing devotion. Now, however, respite granted him, he had an opportunity of e execution projects for the education and improv people which he had harboured during the earlier troublous reign. In the grand and touching pr "Cura Pastoralis" he draws a pathetic picture of t of his subjects. Formerly, he says, knowledge had great repute among the English, but now, owing wrought by the Danes and other causes, the numbe the country could be counted on the fingers, and one could understand the language in which they w He therefore undertook (as mentioned in the pass quoted) to translate some books, "into the langua can all understand. And this I would have you d the youth now in England of free men to learn, m well able to read English writing." In pursuance o had surrounded himself with the most eminent men such as John the "Monk," Plegmund of Canterbu of Worcester, and above all Scotus Erigena. Th Saxon Court became a centre of light and leading.

Internal as well as external evidence seems t theory that the first Royal work was the tr Boethius' "Consolation of Philosophy." For a the Church, with slight leanings towards mysticis commended by the highest ecclesiastical authori tional manual of rare excellence, possessed undo tions. But Alfred, like other Catholic comment before long that the meditations of the illustrious their Neo-Platonic optimism and Stoical ethics sternly literary mould, were but ill-adapted to the of a Christian and Catholic people. So he virtually book, omitting or altering passages, making addition tions, and comments, at his own discretion and go and imparting to the whole a Christian comple sufficient for our purpose to call attention to the n tion on the "best method of government" in the or to the concluding celebration (if authentic) of attributes commencing "To God all is present, bot



was before and that which is now." There is not sufficient ground for denying the King's authorship of the passage in question; but the metrical version of Boethius, though probably prepared under Royal supervision, is undoubtedly from another hand.

Having completed the religious manual, the next translation of the King appears to have been the General History of the World by Orosius, a treatise undertaken at St. Augustine's request in defence of Christianity from the attacks of pagan writers, who had ascribed the evils which had befallen their country to the introduction of the new religion. The Roman Spaniard is treated with the same freedom shown in the rendering of Boëthius. Certain sections are omitted, such as—*e.g.*, the chapter "de diluvio sub Noë," or explanatory additions and comments are made, as when an account is given of a Roman procession or the origin of the Roman Senate. The most notable addition is the narrative of the explorations on the Baltic and the coasts of Norway by Ohthere and Wulfstan. The version of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" has been traced by an iconoclastic critic to a Mercian source on account of differences of dialect and style between it and the "Cura Pastoralis." But we are inclined to think that the King himself had a hand in the work, according to the testimony of Archbishop Alfric. The careful adaptation to southern readers in the characteristic omission of irrelevant sections and details, and the addition of matters of national interest, such as the story of Cædmon, the first religious Anglo-Saxon poet, afford striking proof of the King's wisdom and literary tact. But the religious education of his subjects, which was throughout Alfred's chief concern, had led him in the first place to exchange the pen for the sword. So it is but natural and fit that one of his last literary undertakings should have been the rendering into English of Gregory's famous "Cura Pastoralis." He tells us how he began to translate into English the book "which is called in Latin 'Pastoralis,' and in English 'Shepherd's Book,' sometimes word for word, and sometimes according to the sense, as I had learnt it from Plegmund, my Archbishop, and Asser, my Bishop, and Grimbold, my mass priest, and John, my mass priest. And when I had learnt it as I could best understand it, and as I could most clearly interpret it, I translated it into English; and I will send a copy to every bishopric in my kingdom." King Alfred's "Will" and the "Laws" with their biblical introduction of the ten commandments, possess chiefly an historical and legal interest, enhanced in the latter case by a preface, contributed by the King. Of works connected with King Alfred should be mentioned "The Dialogues" of Gregory, translated in all likelihood by Bishop Werferth; the "Soliloquies of St. Augustine," part of which may have been the King's handiwork; and the book of "Martyrs," which bears internal evidence of having been composed in Alfred's days. But the most memorable achievement associated with Alfred's name is, of course, the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," which Geffroi Gaimar mentions in his "Estorie des Angles" as having been inspired by the King. Valuable as an historical document, the earliest record of our national history—from the Roman invasion of Britain by Cæsar to A.D. 892—its literary interest can scarcely be overrated. "Few monuments," remarks Jusserand (quoted in Mr. Draper's book), "are more precious than these annals, for no people in Europe can pride itself on having chronicles so ancient, written in its national language." Later generations attributed to the Royal authorship a translation of the "Psalms," a version of "Æsop's Fables," a translation of "Bede's [illegible]

A SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY OF KING A

In view of the interest aroused by the millenary c the following bibliography may be of service to our r does not profess to be more than a selection for gener and that not of sources (such as Stowe, Spelman, A modern works.

The principal original authority for the life of Alf "Annales Rerum Gestarum Ælfredi Magni" of Ass of St. David's, and an inmate of the King's Court Although doubt has been cast on its authenticity quarters, Freeman, Pauli, and other historians acce main. Mr. W. H. Stevenson's "Asser's Life of Alfred" consulted, and there is a good translation by Dr. J. A. Gi Old English Chronicles," in Bohn's Antiquarian Librar 1848). The "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," which, if A not initiate, he undoubtedly caused to be continued detail, has been admirably edited and translated for Series by Benjamin Thorpe, the eminent Anglo-Saxo "Alfred in the Chroniclers" (London, 1900), by Profe beare, gives us passages relating to the King in

XI th Century MS.

DOMINO MEO VENERABILI PUSSIMOQUE OMNIUM BRITTANNIE INSULAE XPIANO RUM RECTORI ALFRED ANGLORUM SAXO NUM REGI ASSER OMNIUM SERVO RUM DEI ULTIMUS MILLE MODAL ADVOTA DESIDERIORUM UTHUSQUE VITAE PROSPERITATEM

ANNO DOMINICÆ INCARNATIONIS DCCC XLIX NATUS EST ALFRED ANGUL SAXONUM REX IN MILLA REGIA QUE DICITUR WANATING MILLA PAGA QUE NOMINATUR BERROCSCIRE QUE PAGA HABET UOCATUR BERROCSILUA UBI BUXUS HABUNDAN ESSIME NATET CAUSA GENEALOGIA HAS TALISERIE

(Legend, 1898

THE OPENING OF ASSER'S LIFE OF ALFRED

Facsimile, published in Wise's 1722 edition of the Life, of the 11th c MS. destroyed in the burning of the Cotton Library in 1731.

[Reproduced, by permission, from "Alfred the Great: a Sketch and Studies," by W. H. Draper (Elliot Stock, 2nd edition, 190

authorities, the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," Asser, F Simeon of Durham, William of Malmesbury, &c. T in an introduction, has pieced together these authoriti "an authentic picture of our home King." Th

Bristol treats "The Religious and Educational Aspect," Mr. Charles Oman, "The Warrior," Sir Clements Markham, "The Geographer," Professor Earle, "The Writer," while Sir Frederick Pollock writes on "English Law before the Conquest," and the Rev. W. J. Loftie on "Alfred and the Arts." All the writers accept Asser in the main. Dr. R. Pauli's "Life" is held in the highest respect by historians; it has been translated for Bohn's Antiquarian Library (London, 1880) by Thorpe. Professor Freeman's Aelfred in the "Dictionary of National Biography" is the ablest short biography in existence; and in his "Norman Conquest," vol. I., will be found that famous panegyric so often quoted, in which he says of Alfred: "There is no name in history to compare with his. . . He is the most perfect character in history." There are several popular biographies—Hughes' little monograph, "Alfred the Great" (London, 1878); Macfadyen's well-illustrated "Alfred, the West Saxon King of the English," in the Saintly Lives Series (London, 1901); Besant's short "Story of King Alfred," in the Library of Useful Stories (London, 1901); Mr. Warwick Draper's very readable illustrated "Alfred the Great"; "The Story of Alfred the Great," by Walter Hawkins and E. T. Smith; "The Perfect Prince," by F. B. Jeffery; and Mr. Jesse Page's little popular handbook "Alfred the Great." Another recent book of value is Mr. J. C. Wall's "Alfred the Great: His Abbeys of Hyde, Athelney, and Shaftesbury." Brief accounts of the reign may be read in Lappenberg's "England Under the Anglo-Saxon Kings," translated and improved by Thorpe; Green's "History of the English People," Vol. I., and his "Conquest of England"; Palgrave's "History of the Anglo-Saxons"; and Professor Church's "Early Britain," in the Story of the Nations Series. Sharon Turner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons" (first published in 1805, revised 1807) is still of some value for the reign.

The late Dr. Stubbs' "Constitutional History" (Oxford, 1874-79) is invaluable for the constitutional side of the reign. Alfred's laws, with translation of the Saxon, are given in Thorpe's "Ancient Laws and Institutes of England" (London, 1840). Kemble's "Saxons in England" (London, 1877) is a clear and trustworthy survey of the political and social condition of the Anglo-Saxons. The relic unearthed in the seventeenth century at Athelney (where the King sought refuge from the Danes), and known as the Alfred Jewel, is carefully described and beautifully illustrated in Professor Earle's recent book, "The Alfred Jewel" (Oxford, 1901).

The most useful introduction to the study of Alfred's translations, &c., will be found in Morley's "English Writers," Vol. II. (London, 1888). Selections from them are made in Dr. Sweet's "Anglo-Saxon Reader" (Oxford, 1894). The translation of Orosius has been edited, from Lord Tollemache's ninth century MS., for the Early English Text Society, by Sweet; there is a translation from the Saxon, by Thorpe, at the end of the edition of Pauli's "Life" mentioned above. The West Saxon version of Pope Gregory's "Pastoral Care" has also been edited, from two MSS., and translated for the same society, by Sweet. Alfred's connexion with the old English rendering of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," which Dr. Miller has edited and translated, likewise for the Early English Text Society, has been disputed. The version of Boethius' "De Consolatione Philosophiæ" has been thoroughly well edited by Mr. W. J. Sedgefield, and published by the Clarendon Press, 1899. A translation from the same hand followed in 1900. "The Writings of King Alfred," published by the Macmillan Co., is

Blackwood's Magazine, vol. 142, under the well-k
"J. S. B." (John Stuart Blackie).

We have already called attention to the su
in connexion with the Millenary of Alfred the
now on view at the British Museum and which
be visited by many in the ensuing week. It con
interesting MSS. The most valuable of them is
Anglo-Saxon version of St. Gregory's "Cura
treatise on the duties of the parochial clergy. The
B. XI., though unfortunately severely damaged in t
was undoubtedly written during Alfred's reign.
of Orosius, with its additional matter, is presented
somewhat later date. We have also King Alfr
"Boethius," the great devotional book of the
Ages, in a copy of the first half of the tenth cent
other copy existing being found in the
the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle we have several
finest being probably the Cotton MS., Tiberius
contains several fragments of the Northumbrian
annals. The interesting document, from a legal
point of view, King Alfred's Will, first edited by
given in a copy found in the register of Newminster
Of treatises connected with Alfred, we have
known Life; William of Malmesbury's Latin Hist
from the Saxon invasion to 1125; Layamon's rhy
of Britain, in which Alfred is characterized a
Darling"; and the life of St. Neot, in which th
cakes first makes its appearance. The saint
appeared to Alfred on several occasions, and to
him more than once on account of his youthful
literary collection is supplemented by a small
objects of art and coins belonging to the Alfre
excellent little catalogue prepared by the depar
all the information which visitors may require.

THE GENERAL READ
A "Personal View."

No man likes to have his existence doubted,
he is wicked enough to fear the detectives, or
fear the begging-letter writers. As for me, wh
the courage to be wicked nor the folly to be rich,
to maintain, even with some acrimony, the fact of
to have it doubted by a stranger is nearly as
philosopher and doubting it yourself. Now a sup
writing lately with a superior manner in a su
journal, and hard put to it for a novelty in frigi
hit on the idea of saying that "this was a goo
general reader"; it had no pretensions, he went
to accuracy, distinction, style, or what else deligh
heart; but it was good for the general rend
gravamen's in that—"if that person existed." G
my word for it, he exists; and he is as reluctan
out by a decree from above, as set upon
exist, as Milton's Belial himself. No; aspersions
and character we could put up with; these "

No, we exist; whether we ought to exist or not may be matter for argument; in that argument we trust that the literary pundit's views upon our low-caste merits may be taken for what they are worth and no more; but as to the question of our existence, why, the one little positive fact of our present appearance in Court will dispose at once of all the negative theory of our opponent.

The general reader is of course (for we are not high-minded, we have no proud books) as inferior to the special reader as the general practitioner to the oculist, or what is elliptically termed "the general" in certain domestic circles to the butler or the stillroom maid. Yet we claim to be harmless, and (if there is not to be mortality among authors and destitution in the publishing trade) even necessary. But, while it is quite certain *that* we are, it is much less clear *what* we are, the fact being, no doubt, that the genus contains several species, which our critic uncritically omits to distinguish. Even the most insignificant of bugs and beetles, we would remind him, have been held worthy to have their slightest differences catalogued. Some of us are general readers because we are like the generality of readers; this species plays in literature the part that is played in politics by the man in the street, and might be named after that analogy "the man in the arm-chair." Some of us are general readers because we read generally, not on special subjects, that is; we like a wide circle to nod to rather than a select company to embrace, and wish to hold the position towards all departments of knowledge which the Eton boys hold towards Latin and Greek—"not exactly an acquaintance with them, but a firm conviction that there are such languages." *Lector vagus*, shall we say? And, again, some of us are general readers because we are generally reading. We have the reading habit. What a revolution reading makes in a man's life, when you think of it! One who can read as seldom passes a day without reading anything as without speaking to any one. But, for the species we are concerned with, it fills up all the interstices of time, and seems almost as much a necessity for the eyes as air for the lungs. Gray's ploughboy whistled as he went for want of thought; reading serves the same purpose for those who have really caught the habit. It gets to be natural to employ your eyes on print, till you can go through a newspaper column quite without taking in the contents—a question would expose you in a moment; but you are at once pulled up by a bit of bad grammar. And you can read the same column over again, unwitting, and only detect yourself, perhaps, towards the end by some odd turn of phrase. Nothing but what the Latin grammars call the frequentative verb will suffice to name this species. Let him be *lector lectitans*.

However, though the species are distinct enough, they all fall alike under our critic's condemnation (always supposing that they exist); and, on the other hand, they treat each other very peacefully and tolerantly, so that the few further remarks to be made need not be distributed with pedantic tabulation; if

incalculable because they are capricious, may be, because they are too sacred for revelation. "A man is a sort of harem; and I observe that tender reade great pudency in showing their books to a stranger the general reader has no claim to "tenderness," what may be. He does not study literature so much as use only too pleased if it can be brought to bear, short of on common life. We read partly to let off the ste emotions; the more elaborate and well-appointed life more are the poor antiquated primitive feelings st man cannot nowadays shed tears over his own wres book he quite easily can without loss of dignity. partly to improve our minds. This is very inac philistine on our parts, especially as we often fortify by quoting the apophthegm that "ignorance costs education"; we realize that by fits and starts, and p empty a few cartloads of information into our intelle Moss. It is in this mood that we compel ourselv centrate upon "those stupid romances common history." But we prefer the Macaulays to the Freem

The history of our native land
With those of Greece compared and popular Rom
And in our high-wrought modern narratives
Stript of their harmonizing soul, the life
Of manners and familiar incidents—
Had never much delighted me.

We are all Wordsworths to that extent. We li general historical impressions and to forget the pr favourite state of mind is like that to which Pepys upon some political theory, "which, if I can but reme I am now by him fully convinced of." And agai partly because man is in the twentieth century animal. Our normal course is to take up with wha itself. We sometimes attempt system in our modest on some one's hundred best books, or try whether Mr Harrison on the choice of books will do anything for roughly speaking, we read not to excite thought, bu it. Consequently we are satisfied mainly with what co —In streets and public places, the advertisements; stations we gravitate to the bookstall; the titles of more elevating (and *caeteris paribus* we like eleva those of sauces, bicycles, and patent medicines; i read what lies about, giving a theoretic, but not a preference to its higher varieties. Oftenest it is the n sometimes the magazines, occasionally a current book standard one; these last live on the shelves; to take for mere everyday employment is something of a de like expecting the Epicurean gods to come down shoulders with ordinary mortals. We most of us, w exercise a deliberate choice, prefer matter to mann indeed, is one of the reasons why the true man of lette us with such scorn), but some of us are not altogether

Socrates said our only knowledge was
To know that nothing could be known—a pleasant
Science enough, which levels to an ass
Each man of wisdom, future, past, and present.

But for our part we find it more comfortable to confess ignorance after and not before we have assured ourselves that it is inevitable; and for our mentor, if we were to cease to read, he must cease to write, which would be a pity.

H. W. FOWLER.

THE DRAMA.

"WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE."—"JOHN DURNFORD, M.P."

"With such a being as man in such a world as the present"—to borrow Walter Bagehot's favourite quotation from Bishop Butler—it is idle to repine over the vogue of sentimentality in the playhouse. A clear-sighted outlook upon life is the last thing the average playgoer troubles himself about. What he wants is a gentle flattery of his illusions. He is loth to part with pleasant conventions and likes to live in a Fool's Paradise. Hence the instant and overwhelming success of such plays as Mr. H. V. Esmond's *When we were Twenty-one*. Mr. Esmond must know as well as the rest of us that his picture of life does not correspond with the reality; but he also knows that he can depend upon a general agreement among his audience to make-believe, to sacrifice truth for the sake of sentiment. His audience will contentedly accept the old convention of the typical hobbledehoy blinded by calf-love a Pendennis making a young ass of himself over a Fotheringay. It will also accept the old convention that a middle-aged gentleman must never be allowed to conceive of himself as the object of a young lady's affection—even though that young lady makes advances almost beyond the limits set by maiden modesty. Every folly that the boy Dick commits—he gets tipsy, he shows gross ingratitude to his benefactors, he secretly marries a woman of the town—is held absorbed by the commonplace that "Boys will be boys." And every absurdity in the conduct of Dick, senior, the lad's godfather, is held justified by the convention that elderly bachelors exist on the stage solely for the function of continuous self-sacrifice. The right name for this sort of thing is "staginess," and staginess seems to be Mr. Esmond's besetting sin. He provides Dick, senior, with three comrades—elderly bachelors like himself—in order that the four may strike attitudes throughout the play as a typical group of friendship. They play cards together, or they drink together, or they have reminiscences of their merry youth together—have, in fact, no life outside their collective existence. They even visit a night-club together, in order to rescue the boy, of whom they are joint guardians, from the clutches of "The Firefly." The woman at this club, who is sick of her meretricious surroundings, drinks to drown her care, and tragically begs innocent boys to flee from the wickedness of the place, is typical of Mr. Esmond's fancy for sentimental convention. So is the flamboyant "Firefly" with her red wig and her saucy tongue and her train of raffish victims. In short, the whole atmosphere of the piece is an atmosphere of cheap and silly sentiment. Yet one willingly pardons the author (on condition, *bien entendu*, that he doesn't do

has several stories to tell but succeeds in telling
clearly. (1.) There is the pursuit of a young
married woman by an unscrupulous Marquis, whic
interrupted dinner at an inn, as in a play of Mr.
and to the rescue of the foolish woman by a stron
who takes the scandal of the elopement on her ow
in the play of Mr. Carton's. (2) There is the lo
strong-minded woman and Durnford, who, like Char
hero, has a mad wife locked up somewhere. And
political story, in the rivalry of Durnford and the
the leadership of the Liberal party. Somehow the
the virtuously hopeless attachment and the (qui
politics do not mix. Are we to be interested
misadventure of the silly little married woma
daughter? Or in the gradual conversion of Durnfo
against the strong-minded woman into ardent love
bearings of the various love-affairs upon the inne
English politics? Perplexed with these questions,
ends by giving it up and hoping that, when next
writes a play, he will choose some clear and simp
stick to it. There are some amusing details of
this piece—a railway-inn, with an outlook on
and engines that go puff-puff, and an election c
with the humours of polling-day. And there is
acting on the part of Mr. Fred Kerr and Miss
and Mr. Herz. But ingenuity of *mise-en-scène* is
thing as the art of play-writing, and clever a
adequate substitute for solid characters.

A. B.

CURRENT LITERATU

NORFOLK.

THE VICTORIA HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF NO
Edited by ARTHUR H. DOUBLEDAY. (Constab
nine guineas.)

As Norfolk is the fifth largest of the count
and has a vast number of parishes within its
fitting that the scheme of the Victoria County H
assign to it six volumes instead of the four that
the great majority of the shires. This opening v
the main, with the natural history of the county.
been fittingly divided between capable local stude
who are recognized as having general expert know

Norfolk is a tolerably flat county rising
altitude of 350 feet, and does not possess the charmi
geological formation of many another county; b
white chalk cliffs of Hunstanton, the mud cliffs
Norwich Cragg, and the Cromer Forest Bed yield
of fossil remains that the county is well known
geologists as well as to English students. Its
palæontological literature is abundant, and Mr. H.
has shown a rare discrimination in dealing w
succinct but interesting manner. There are
parts of the coast of England where nature h
busy in changing the surface of the land. The
portions of the Norfolk coast, especially Hap
Wordwell has for centuries been steady an

Botany is under the general editorship of Mr. Herbert D. Goldhart. It is satisfactory and unexpected to learn that the number of species has certainly not diminished during the last fifty years. Notwithstanding the disappearance of a few rarer plants through drainage of the bogs and improvement of the sea coast, their loss has been more than compensated for by the discovery or recognition of other plants which had escaped the skilled attention of the earlier botanists. We scarcely recognized, by-the-by, that able local botanist the late Rev. G. Montford under the spelling, "Munford." Ferns which only grow on rocks are of course not to be found in Norfolk; but there is a remarkable abundance of those species which pertain to marshes. *Lastrea cristata* has been found in all the four botanical divisions of the county, whilst in some of the marshes *Lastrea Thelypteris* is actually mown and used for packing and rough litter. "*Osmunda regalis* has been harried by collectors for sale until many of its clumps have disappeared; it is, however, still tolerably widely distributed." Notwithstanding the extent of the Norfolk coast line there are but very few growing species of marine *algæ*; this of course arises from the almost entirely sandy or muddy nature of the shores. The marine zoology, well treated by Mr. Walter Garstang, is interesting, but less rich than that of Essex, owing to the lack of sheltered creeks and inlets. The number of molluscs recorded for Norfolk amounts to 100, which, out of a total of 139 known in the British Isles, is a very high county average. The zealous entomologist cannot fail to be pleased with Mr. J. Edwards' account of the beetles, of which some 1,800 different kinds are known to occur in the county. The description of some of their highly ingenious habits, for which nature has so abundantly fitted them, are even interesting reading to the unlearned. Every one will rejoice to have Mr. Barrett's trustworthy assurance that there is no risk of the extermination of that handsome and striking butterfly, the swallow tail; the fens of Norfolk, in conjunction with those of Cambridgeshire, are the sole haunts in these islands of that notable insect.

Under the unpromising heading of "Reptiles and Batrachians," Mr. Southwell puts on record two facts that were well worth noting. The remains of the European freshwater tortoise have been discovered in two recent deposits in the county under such circumstances that it seems probable that this species existed "contemporaneously with the human inhabitants of the locality." The edible frog was noticed in this and the adjacent county of Cambridge so long ago as 1841, when Professor Bell was assured that it had long existed in certain localities, and from the loudness of its voice had obtained the name of the "Dutch nightingale." Subsequently it became known that Mr. Berney, of Morton-hall, Norwich, had, in 1837, imported both edible frogs and spawn from Paris and from Brussels, which were deposited in meadows and ditches at Morton, Hockering, and Foulden, Norfolk. There were further importations in 1841 and 1842. In June, 1853, Professor Newton discovered a colony of these frogs at Rockland All Saints; in May, 1876, he rediscovered them in a pond at Stow Bedon. It was naturally assumed that all these frogs were of the French or Belgian type, and were descendants of Mr. Berney's importations. But when examined by Mr. Boulenger, he was surprised to find that though the frogs from Foulden were of the French form, those from Stow Bedon (Norfolk) and Foulmere (Cambs.) were examples of a race abundant in Italy and could have had no connexion with Mr. Berney's introductions. This Italian form (*Rana esculenta*

successors. The earliest reference to Norfolk ornith obtained from the *L'Estrange Household Book* as ear year 1519. This was followed by the shrewd observati Thomas Browne, written about 1664, but not publis 1835. The other chief bird writers for the county are Sheppard, Whitear, Hunt, Paget, Richard Lubbock, Gu Fisher, and lastly Mr. Stevenson, to whose admirable a writings full justice is done. No part of the kingdom situated than Norfolk for the visits of the great army o migrants. Mr. Gurney's eloquent and graphic passage tive of their autumnal advent is quoted with happy effe greatest care has been taken with the list of Norf supplied by Mr. Southwell; if anything, he errs on th scepticism, which is not a bad fault. A curious sli noted when Mr. Southwell writes of the "Reed B Blackheaded Bunting"; they are distinct spec omission which was noted in the corresponding v Hampshire in this series also occurs in the descriptio natural history of the county of Norfolk. It is not general literary public, but the most intelligen naturalists, who take a considerable interest in local both flowers and insects and birds; such titles infrequently a noteworthy origin. But these pages ar most part quite silent in this direction. We have onl nine local names mentioned even for the birds; for inst Goldfinch is termed "King Harry," and the Red- Diver "the Sprat Loon." Could not room be found information of this character in a subsequent vol might possibly be comprehended under the wide-e title of Folk-lore.

The general survey of natural history havi accomplished, it was found that there was room in volume for disquisitions on "Early Man," by Mr. Clinch, "Romano-British Remains," by Mr. Haverf "Anglo-Saxon Remains," by Mr. Reginald Smit illustrated by an instructive map. Mr. Clinch take the usual round of man of the paleolithic, neolithic and iron ages, each aptly illustrated by objects disco the county; the topographical list of prehistoric an in Norfolk is admirable and seems to be exhaustiv Haverfield has done his work with that admirable clea fulness of illustrated detail for which his name is almost proverbial. Mr. Reginald Smith is excell describer of Anglo-Saxon antiquities, and proves that thorough knowledge of museums both national and lo his single brief paragraph on earthworks can only be d as paltry, and showing no grasp of the main question, far more important than the chronicling of trinkets a Probably, however, such deficiencies will be to som made good in the subsequent topography.

The volume is well supplied with maps and illus the latter largely representing objects of antiquarian One full-page presentment of Anglian ornaments in th Museum is exceedingly well reproduced in colours. frontispiece we are glad to notice the work of that a black-and-white artist, Mr. William Hyde, who present a fine view of Norwich—the spire of its cathedral set lowering sky. Besides the botanical maps there geological, prehistoric, Roman, and Anglo-Saxon.

The Victoria County History Syndicate is to be cong on the launching of the preliminary volume of anothe

SOME RECENT HISTORICAL BOOKS.

Modern Europe.

Mr. W. Alison Phillips is already known to us by an interesting study of Walther von der Vögelweide and by a judicious and well-written History of the Greek War of Independence. His MODERN EUROPE (Rivingtons, 6s. n.) will certainly greatly raise his reputation, and, indeed, should give him distinct rank among historians of the day. The history of Modern Europe from 1815 to 1880 is, of course, full of vexed questions, and we should no doubt have many points which we might discuss with Mr. Phillips; none, however, which would alter our opinion of the book. It has achieved, with a remarkable success, the difficult task of compressing into a compact space the long history of a time of extraordinary complications and entanglements; but much more important—it has never lost vigour and interest throughout the whole survey. The book is clearly that of a man who searches for principles, but who does not ignore, neglect, or adulterate facts. The completeness of the book is really extraordinary. It is very difficult to find anything that is left out, and where some sides of the subject, such as the internal affairs of the different States, are definitely subordinated, the most admirable proportion of treatment is still observed. One omission there is, however, and that an international one. Military history is practically excluded, rather after the fashion of the late John Richard Green. The omission is excusable if not inevitable. Less clearly intended is the omission of any definite discussion of the progress of thought. But, it need hardly be said, the inclusion of these two subjects would have at least doubled the size of the book. Mr. Phillips writes an easy and expressive style, which might be the better, perhaps, for an occasional pruning; he has at least the cardinal merit of securing and retaining interest. The book is by far the best and handiest account of the international politics of the nineteenth century that we possess.

A new edition of Dr. Dyer's HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE has long been wanted, and we are glad to find that its issue has been entrusted to the competent hands of Mr. Arthur Hassall (G. Bell and Sons). Two volumes are now published, and Mr. Hassall promises us a thorough revision of the book in the light of recently published work, and a continuation down to the end of the nineteenth century. These additions should make the book, which was originally a remarkable achievement of compression and arrangement, thoroughly in keeping with the more modern standard of accuracy. We gather from Mr. Hassall's introductory note that the more important changes will occur in the four later volumes. In the volumes before us very few changes have been made, and some alterations that we might reasonably have anticipated are still to seek. Dr. Dyer's notes were largely of the nature of a bibliography, and these Mr. Hassall seems for the most part to have left untouched, thus, as we think, losing a most important opportunity of increasing the value of the book. Dr. Dyer was so accurate and so sensible a writer that his opinions require very little modification: but the secondary authorities, for the whole of the period covered by these two volumes, have been almost entirely replaced, since his first edition, by newer and more exhaustive books. To these Mr. Hassall makes no reference. We might multiply instances, but it may suffice to say that it was with a shock that we concluded in vain our search for a reference to Bishop Creighton's history of the

written by Menasseh Ben Israel to promote th
of the Jews, 1649-1656, but secondarily it has
extremely interesting introduction by Mr.
Three excellent portraits add greatly to the val
The first is a photogravure from an etching by
second a reprint of the original title-page to t
Israel," 1652, and the third a reproduction o
portrait by Rembrandt in the Hermitage Gallery,
certainly of an eminent Jewish Rabbi of th
century, has not so certain an identification
others. The interest of the book itself is both
personal. Historically, it shows the nature of the
from fanatics and merchants almost equally—t
the great mercantile and non-Christian body, a
which it was prepared and, after two defeats,
carried out. Some of this work had been done
students, notably by Mr. Sidney Lee; but in
Lucien Wolf collects and enlarges it very ably
the interest centres round two characters. The ac
siastic Menasseh Ben Israel is well drawn in Mr. W
tion, and we feel a real sympathy with his str
sad disappointments of its close. He was one of
have done great work and "died in exile"
Oliver Cromwell himself also receives in Mr. Wolf
touches illustrative of his masterful will and hi
gaining his ends in spite of the opposition of the su
Protectorate. The volume is a valuable re-stu
sources.

The Fallen Stuarts.

The Cambridge Historical Essays, of whic
STUARTS, by F. W. Head (Cambridge University
No. XII., have long been recognized as attaining a
of merit, including as they do such clever studies
Whibley and Mr. Headlam on Greek politics,
the Constitutional experiments of the Commonw
Figgis on the Divine Right of Kings. Mr. Head's
interesting as any of these, is a sound and scholarly
It may be taken as a sample of what Lord Acton
Cambridge has done for young historical students i
to a first hand study of original materials. In
chief original source is the Gualterio
have supplied some very interesting illustra
tortuous Papal diplomacy of the first half of t
century. Mr. Head has added a useful append
has quoted many passages from the MSS. It is to
he or some other competent scholar would edit th
The book may be commended as a sober and jud
a subject hitherto little understood. It is to be w
that the author had treated the period of the '4
up to the death of Henry, Cardinal of York—the
of the whole story—in more detail. What Mr.
has told us makes us wish for more, and unle
mistaken Mr. Head might have supplied what we
the many interesting and novel points that c
way we may note the proposal of Louis X
Clement XI. that the Holy See should achiev
Italy by the aid of French and Spanish arm
sovereignty. It was not half a century before D
proposing to win the same position for Savoy.
a rule well written; but we cannot refrain fr
following magnificent mixture of metaphor ref

temporary Writers" the best material arranged with skill and discrimination. The picture presented is both vivid and complete. The selection of passages could hardly have been better chosen or better arranged, and it is a distinct advantage that the book carries down the story to include the Swedish plot and the Spanish invasion of Scotland, so that with "The Rising of 1745" we have now a complete companion, in selections from contemporary writers, to the modern historical accounts of the Jacobite movements of the eighteenth century. We say complete, but perhaps we are hardly accurate in so doing, for we find no reference to the Oxford riots of 1716, papers concerning which were laid before the House of Lords and published in the following year, or to the less well known case of "Rex v. Tyrell and others," heard at the summer assizes of Oxford in 1747, a pretty piece of reading and a valuable illustration of contemporary feeling. But these, it may be said, do not concern Scottish history, though they belong to the history of Jacobitism. In any case, it is a proof of the completeness of Mr. Terry's work that we can note only such, and such like, omissions. The maps and portraits, and particularly the reproductions that illustrate the volume, are excellent. We wish, however, that Mr. Terry had stated in each case the sources from which he obtained them (*e.g.*, the portraits facing pp. 22 and 200). It is a distinct loss, too, that no sketch of the history and value of the authorities and books referred to is given, as was done in the case of Mr. Nutt's companion series on English history. Only scholars will know the nature of the different writers quoted, not to mention the MSS. which have been used for the first time by Mr. Terry. The book is, however, not only valuable to historical students, but is full of good reading, both entertaining and dramatic.

English-Scotch Relations.

Mr. R. S. Rait has followed up his essay on the Scottish Parliament with a book of equal value in AN OUTLINE OF THE RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND (500-1707) (Blackie, 7s. 6d. n.). Designed, no doubt, on the model of M. Leroux's studies on the relations between France and Germany, it is less minute and elaborate in execution. It contains, in the first place, a discussion of the question of the racial animosity between the Lowlands and Highlands. Mr. Rait is not disposed to deny that the Lowlanders were English in speech and manners, but he denies that they were English in blood. None the less he admits that there was still a "Celtic heritage of the Lowlands" of which the importance of the great families of Gordon and Douglas was a survival. For his view much is to be said. The battle of Harlaw in 1411 has been made much of by supporters of the theory of racial antagonism; Mr. Rait shows that its meaning has been misunderstood. On the other hand, it seems to us that he somewhat minimizes the significance of the charters of Edgar to "both Scots and English." The subject has, of course, its bearing upon the question of the feudal relations of Scotland with England, which also is discussed by Mr. Rait. The English party in Scotland up to the Reformation—we hardly see the reason for the dividing line—are to Mr. Rait traitors and mercenaries. The later relations are well, if too briefly, sketched, and the account of the Union is particularly well done. There is an interesting appendix on the Feudalization of Scotland. The whole subject is worth a more minute treatment than Mr. Rait has yet been able to give it.

author. The "Essays" are in fact reviews of current lit appeared in a weekly journal, and the opening one ambitious title "English Literature," consists merel on four recently published "Books for Students of Literature." It contains, however, it need scarcely many interesting remarks—especially on the relation poetry and prose—and the same may be said of all th which will also have their value as admirable object l the art of cultured and urbane reviewing. Other skimmed over are The Annals of the English Stage, Mr. Gosse's Poems, Ferdinand Fabre, and the Cont Augustine Filon; there is a capable but not strikin of "Robert Elsmere"; but the most important of the " are, we think, that on Amiel and that on Wordsworth, a penetrating and admirably expressed investigatio Wordsworthian spirit.

Motors.

That large and increasing public which is inte the motor car will welcome, if they have not already w Mr. W. Worby Beaumont's recently published s volume, MOTOR VEHICLES AND MOTORS (Constable Self-propelled carriages are evidently destined to figu in the traffic of the future, and it is highly desirable country should take a proper share in the developme new industry. Mr. Beaumont's work will contribute in degree towards this end. He traces the progress of t car from its early beginnings a century ago or more to recent types, such as enable immense distances to be at express speed. As might be expected, French de applications figure largely in the story. It is curious, h note that that nation appears in the forefront in most relating to travel, whether in the heavens, on the earth or in the depths of the sea. British firms have indeed arouse themselves since the removal of our absu regulations about five years ago, but anything like m superiority in the matter is beyond the reach of hope. A might profitably be directed to the appearance of the and it is worth suggesting that a boat should be taken as t instead of a brougham or a landau. Those who are between the old and the new methods of locomotion wi reference to the tables here presented, that, for certain work, the motor car already has the advantage a economy, as well as in speed. Engineers and others interested in details of mechanism will be able to indu desires to the full as the number of drawings is very l their execution beyond reproach. The amount of space to a consideration of air resistance is, however, very while for Patent-office records and the thermodyn internal combustion engines we must await the appear forthcoming volume.

Commercial Education.

The publication of Mr. Fabian Ware's EDUC FOUNDATIONS OF TRADE AND INDUSTRY (Harper, 3s. 6d.) timed. The temporary withdrawal of the Government f our future administrative authorities a short breathin We cannot imagine a better preparation for the task th them than the perusal of this admirable account o educational methods. Out of the confusion of blue b author has skilfully disentangled the principles that hav Continental and American statesmen in their attempts

subjects been allowed to encroach upon the sphere of Secondary Education. German legislators, in particular, have in all their curricula kept before them the two-fold aim of all honest education. In providing a type of education suited to train a boy for the future surroundings of business they have not failed to include a generous allowance of those more liberal and humanizing studies which will best fit him for the responsibilities and duties of citizenship. One point in the German system is justly praised. The course of education is guided by the deliberate recommendations of the teaching profession, not, as too often with us, by the haphazard predilections of local tradesmen.

More ambitious but less satisfactory is Mr. E. E. Whitfield's COMMERCIAL EDUCATION (Methuen, 5s.). It not only sets forth what has already been done in this direction by England and her rivals, but outlines an ideal form of commercial training in all its stages. According to the preface, the book is intended to serve as a general introduction to the same publisher's Commercial Series. Perhaps this accounts for its diffuseness, and explains the series of snap-shots of this and that particular branch of study which the author gives. Several chapters cover ground sufficiently dealt with by the average elementary handbook of Political Economy. Too much space is devoted to the details of the machinery of commerce, which can surely be best picked up in the business house. Mr. Whitfield believes that commercial subjects can in themselves furnish a liberal education, but after his kindly and flattering reference to Cicero, as the "famous, scholarly Roman orator," one is not surprised that he gives Latin a place in his time-table. Still, as it is to be laid aside with other childish things by the boy of fifteen, it cannot do much harm. An appendix contains a number of specimen papers, from which we gather that the examining bodies of Commercial Institutes do not always rise superior to the old-fashioned methods of Ollendorf. Such sentences as "This young lady has a little mouth" and "Is my face swollen" do not seem particularly appropriate to the requirements of Portuguese trade. Mr. Whitfield writes with evident knowledge and earnestness, but his composition is painfully slipshod, and his discussion of difficulties too superficial and desultory to be of much value.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION AT HOME AND ABROAD (Macmillan, 6s.), by F. Hooper and J. Graham, is similar in aim and treatment to Mr. Fabian Ware's book. While it lacks the latter's statesmanlike grasp of principles, it is fuller in detail and more directly useful to those engaged in the active supervision of commercial schools. A practical experience of the requirements of British trade leads the authors to regard five subjects as essential to any well-considered scheme—modern languages, commercial practice, the study of materials, and the general principles and law of commerce. Such a course obviously requires careful graduation, and could not at present be undertaken by any one type of educational institution. Many admirable suggestions are given us as to the best way of rapidly adapting our existing educational machinery to cope with this or that part of the work. The claim advanced that the commercial departments of secondary schools should receive the same recognition from Government as the teaching of science and art is certainly reasonable. A generous subsidy means improved teaching, and this combined with a uniform system of inspection and examination would at

FICTION.

"Sir Richard Calmady."

THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD CALMADY (M
a novel of considerable length, as novels
running in fact to 618 closely-printed page
take the recital of a human drama on such a scale
considerable confidence, but the confidence in
well-founded. A picture so finely and amply co
detail of which vibrates as it were with thought a
required a large canvas. "Sir Richard Calmady
judgment, among the three or four novels of the
—one other of them, at least, having been als
woman—which, whatever popularity they may atta
ably raise the art of fiction to a higher level.

The idea of a great landowner whose physic
barred him from the usual pursuits, and left him
proper to his position, was the *motif* of Mrs. Cra
Life." Lucas Malet has conceived it in a manner
subtle, and suffused it with the glow of an extraord
dramatic imagination. The opening of the boo
circumstances which attended the birth to the ho
of an heir finely developed both in mind and co
dwarfed and crippled from the hips. We are
once with the most baffling riddle of life a riddl
can find, and to which the author offers us, no
though it cannot be answered in the mass, the
solve it for himself; and in this book we have pres
moving picture of a nature keenly intellectual, s
bred, animated by strong and incalculable pas
himself against the mysterious and immovable ba
fate has imprisoned him, and finding, less by t
experience, some kind of clue to the stran
mystery of his birth.

Given the central conception a comparati
the greatness of this novel does not lie in its
the lines of its construction. There is the
which has to work itself out, there are the
amours, there is the beautiful adventuress who
in the mire, there is his purging and discipline
life and his gradual conversion to a career spent
not for himself—themes well-worn enough, but
convincing, how enthralling they become in t
powerful writer! Lucas Malet has no gospel
arrière pensée, no ideas which she is anxious to d
the mouths of her characters. Like the gre
she aims only at the essential truth of character
We do not think any living writer could suc
found and vivid a realization of mental histo
done in the case of Richard Calmady. He is
yet he is intensely interesting alike in
submission; the impalpable influences of his w
tion, of his alert and cynical intellect, and of both
side with his bodily deformity, are traced with
fulness and power. Unlike that of many "p
novelists the psychology of Lucas Malet is alw
human. For her all the incidents, great or small,
aspects of nature are full of meaning as mirrors of
Add to this a trained eye for detail, whether of si
masterly description, power, and a prose style

the ascetic priest, and the minor characters, Roger Ormiston, Lord Shotover, Dr. Knott, and others—even if Lord Fallowfeild be, unconsciously no doubt, a little reminiscent of Cousin Feenix—are strong and interesting. The story gains enormously in charm from its picturesque setting at Brockhurst, the ancient home of the Calmadys. No recent author that we can remember, not even William Black, reveals so unerring and resourceful a faculty of giving every scene the true romance of its surroundings as Lucas Malet.

In the strength and insight with which the story has been conceived, in the wealth of fancy and reflection bestowed upon its execution, and in the moving sincerity of its pathos throughout, "Sir Richard Calmady" must rank as the great novel of a great writer.

THE LATE REV. E. L. CUTTS, D.D.

Though not amongst the foremost writers of his day in history, archæology, or theology, Dr. Cutts, who died last week ripe in years, was a man of real mark in literature,. For thirty years he held the benefice of Holy Trinity, Haverstock-hill, and was an assiduous reader at our public libraries, producing valuable and appreciated books for a period of over fifty years. Mr. Cutts produced his first book in 1849, a few months after taking his B.A. degree at Queens' College, Cambridge. It was entitled "A Manual for the Study of the Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses of the Middle Ages." Considering the youth of the writer, this well-illustrated book was a remarkably able compilation, and at once gave Mr. Cutts a standing among the antiquaries and ecclesiologists of the day. At the present moment there is no other manual covering the like ground, and the book commands a good price. After admission into Holy Orders Mr. Cutts held successively curacies at Coggeshall and Billericay, Essex, and on the formation, in 1852, of the Essex Archæological Society was appointed its honorary secretary. One of his first duties, and an easy one, when occupying that position was to slay the crack-brained theory published by a brother cleric that Colchester Castle was a Roman temple. A book on the decoration and furnishing of churches, brought out whilst Mr. Cutts was in Essex, did in its time good work in curbing the extravagances of those who were fired by the shallowest side of the Oxford Movement. In 1865 Mr. Cutts was appointed secretary of the Additional Curates' Society. Once in London his spare time was given to literary work down to the very year of his death. In 1872 a well-illustrated book of his on "Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages" was produced by Messrs. Virtue and Co., treating of the monks, pilgrims, minstrels, knights and merchants, &c., with abundant quotations. For the first time, several of these matters were dealt with after an accurate fashion; the hermit, for instance, instead of being the half-crazed, ascetic enthusiast of romance, was shown to be "a sober-minded, civilized person with definite duties."

Soon after this began Mr. Cutts' connexion with the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, of which he was one of the chief literary mainstays for the past thirty years. In 1874 that society issued his "Turning Points of English Church History," which had had a sale of 24,000 copies by 1895, when the last edition was issued. This was followed by "Turning Points of General Church History" and by works on the life and times of Charlemagne, Constantine the Great, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine of Canterbury. He was also the writer of various religious books and treatises, the most important of which was "A Devotional Life of Our Lord," of some 600 pages, published in 1882. Various tales of Church epochs were put forth by Mr. Cutts, the best of which, reprinted in 1899, is "Amina, a Tale of the Nestorians."

In 1888 Messrs. Longmans published Mr. Cutts' account of Colchester, in the Historic Towns Series. His heart was chiefly

Correspondence.

LITERARY AGENTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have read with interest both the article a letter referring to authors' agents which have appe *Literature*.

It would have given me great pleasure, Sir, with you to have written at some length on a subject of which I h particular and varied experiences, a subject, too, of the importance to authors, but arrangements have been m discuss the subject fully and exhaustively in the coming of the *Author*.

I should like, however, to draw attention to one or tw which have come before me, especially as complaints, n from the lesser author, but also from the author of larg larity, are getting more frequent, and in many cases very

First (a point which you have yourself clearly c trated) and the increase of complaints tends to confir success of an agent for one of his employers means hi in the same direction for others.

Secondly, "the detectives of Portugal-street (or under the new address of Old Queen-street)" need to be larly wary, because the majority of agents posing as sec confidential advisers are repeatedly impressing upo employers that the contracts they make must not be refe the secretary of the Authors' Society. The destru obvious.

The same tone was taken by the publishers wh society was first started, and is taken even now when it taken safely.

And, thirdly, in spite of your correspondent's staten is not of infrequent occurrence that agreements hav passed, by these self-appointed lawyers, which no conf adviser ought with self-respect to ask his employers t nay, in some cases insist upon his employers adoptin deduction again is obvious. Under certain circumstance more useful to keep in touch with the publisher or edit the author. If this is not a fair deduction, then the agen competent.

I have put forward these statements with due and del consideration, and can support them by examples whic regret be it spoken, are constantly becoming more freque

It is only fair, however, to state that some agents are greatest benefit to some authors and some authors wou their incomes considerably reduced if it were not fo agents.

As it is, from my point of view, desirable that these and many others bearing on this subject should be dealt wi where, I regret that I am unable to use the medium o influential paper to a great extent.

Faithfully yours,

G. HERBERT THRING,

Secretary of the Incorporated Society of A

39, Old Queen-street, Storey's-gate, S.W.

"SO LONG."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your account of Walt Whitman's work tempts me to ask a question never yet, I believe, satisfactorily answered. What is the origin of the phrase of farewell "So long"? I think it first appeared in print in one of Walt Whitman's Songs of Parting, published nearly fifty years ago. "While my pleasure is yet at the full I whisper 'So long!' And take the young woman's hand and the young man's hand for the last time." Some take it to be Scriptural, others French-Canadian, "Àtantôt." It is undoubtedly of American origin, though now used all over the world.

Faithfully yours, D. P.

11th Sept., 1901.

BYRON AND SOUTHEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the brief notice of Byron's Works in your issue of Sept. 7, the reviewer observes that "the only kind thing Byron ever said" of Southey was that "he was not ill-favoured." The writer has forgotten that, after meeting Southey in London in 1813, he said, "to have that poet's head and shoulders I would almost have written his sapphics." Another remark of Byron's, which most readers will consider more "kind" than just, was his estimate of Southey's "Roderick" as the first poem of the time.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

J. D.

Wonston, Crowborough, Sept. 10.

SHAKESPEARE FIRST FOLIOS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Referring to the account of the sales of the first folio "Shakespeare," in your issue of July 20, 1901, the following extract from the *European Magazine* of April, 1790, may be of interest:—

> The collection of Shakespeare's Plays, 1623 (commonly called the first folio) was sold at Mr. Egerton's auction room for no less a sum than £35 14s. The Dukes of Grafton and Roxburgh were the competitors for this volume. The latter was victorious. At the same sale *Romeo and Juliet*, 4to., 1599, was purchased for £7 15s. and *Hamlet*, 4to., 1604, for £17 6s. 6d. A three-guinea subscription receipt for Alderman Boydell's "Shakespeare" was likewise disposed of at the same time and place for £6 8s.

Yours, CHARLES WALLIS.

Cape Town, Aug. 14, 1901.

PIQUET OR ÉCARTÉ?

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A curious error has been perpetuated through the numerous editions of Dickens' works, and I have never seen any notice taken of it.

In "Dombey and Son," chapter 21, page 252, of the Authentic Edition, the Major and Cleopatra sit down to play "piquet."

"Do you propose, Major?"

MISTAKES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The typographical errata (including accented "Liége") cited by your reviewer as o "More Mistakes We Make" were corrected months ago, so I have not the pleasure that I o have had of sending him a "Thank you."

As a reviewer of my assertions, however, he has imperilled his position, for he suggests that when of Craigburnfoot had a bairn in the cradle whe sixty years old" it is I who imagined such a thin that he would like to see the reference. He doe honour. I modestly disclaim the imagining, fo reason that the credit belongs to Scott. My c once read "The Antiquary." He will find that died her skin was so shrivelled with age that mummy's. This can only reasonably be put down some eighty or eighty-five years, though there of evidential value. Now in chap. 29 we Eveline's death occurred twenty-three years pre fore at that time old Elspeth must have been at sixty. And it was Elspeth herself who said—chap the death of Eveline, for which she was so muc had never "had a day's peace—Has not my hous with my bairn in the cradle? Have not my boats Have not a' that were dear to me dree'd penanc Perhaps this will satisfy Mr. Critic, who obvi know his Scott.

A knowledge of the difference in meaning of and "translating" would also be of service to He would then see that when I speak of Plutar "Heureka," Mr. Clark does know in what lan wrote.

Which shows that there are "ignorant" revi other "ignorant" people such as,

Yours respectfull

C.

24, Iffley-road, Hammersmith, W., Sept. 7.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISH

Art again takes the leading place in Me list. Mr. Baldry's book on "Hubert von Herko Life and Works"—with a binding designe Herkomer—will be ready about the end of t list also includes "Fra Filippo Lippi," by Edw uniform with Professor Langton Douglas' "Fra continuation of Lady Dilke's work on French art i century dealing in the present volume with "F tion and Furniture"; "The Print-Collector' by Alfred Whitman, of the British Museum Pictures at Windsor Castle," by Ernest Law worth Van Dyck Sketch Book," by Lionel Cust being here reproduced for the first time; and the Saints in Christian art entitled "The F Church as Depicted by the Great Masters," by M (N. D'Anvers). In addition to their new "Min Painters" and further volumes in their "Great "British Artists" Series, Messrs. Bell are prepa illustrated "Handbooks of the Great Craftsme editorship of Dr. G. C. Williamson, the editor Masters." The first three volumes will be "

Gower, in two volumes; the first series of "Shropshire Houses, Past and Present," illustrated and described by the late Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P.; the second volume of "The Letters of Thomas Gray," edited by Duncan C. Tovey, (Bohn's Libraries); "The Age of Shakespeare," by Thomas Seccombe and J. W. Allen, in the series of "Handbooks of English Literature," and "The Life of Napoleon I.," by John Holland Rose, M.A. (two volumes).

Messrs. Pearson will publish next week an illustrated book on "How our Navy is Run," by Archibald Hurd, with an introduction by Lord Charles Beresford. Later in the month they will add "Ben Hur" to their "Scarlet Library," with illustrations by H. M. Brock, and issue the third volume of G. Barnett Smith's "Heroes of the Nineteenth Century." For next month they promise a biography of Lord Kitchener, by Mr. Horace G. Groser, a history of "French's Cavalry Campaign," by J. G. Maydon (of the Legislative Assembly of Natal), and a volume on "Modern Billiards," by John Roberts and other experts. Later will come "The Log of an Island Wanderer," an illustrated record of travels in the Southern Pacific, by Edwin Pallander; and "Patriotic Song," an anthology of loyal verse of Great Britain and her colonies, by Arthur Stanley. Their novels include "Monsieur," by Clive Holland—a sequel to "My Japanese Wife"; "Don or Devil?" by William Westall; "The Goddess of Gray's Inn," by G. B. Burgin; "Willowdene Will," by Halliwell Sutcliffe; and "The Peril of the Prince," by Headon Hill.

"New Poems," by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, and "Other Poems," by Mrs. Meynell, are the only new volumes of original verse in Mr. Lane's autumn list, but he will have eight or nine volumes for the Lover's Library and Flowers of Parnassus Series. Volume II. is also announced of "Florilegium Latinum," giving celebrated passages, mostly from English Poets, translated into Latin, edited by the Rev. F. St. John Thackeray and the Rev. E. D. Stone. Mr. William Archer's "Poets of the Younger Generation," which again figures in the list, consists of a series of critical essays on William Watson, Stephen Phillips, Mrs. Meynell, Francis Thompson, F. B. Money-Coutts, and other living poets, and will have thirty-three portraits from woodcuts by Robert Bryden. The more important of Mr. Lane's other books are "King Monmouth: being a History of the Career of James Scott, the Protestant Duke, 1649-1685," by Allan Fea—"Jane Austen: her Homes and her Friends," by Constance Hill, illustrated; "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy," by Professor Bertram Windle, illustrated by Edmund H. New; "Ancient Royal Palaces in and near London"—twenty lithographs by T. H. Way, with descriptive notes by Frederic Chapman; "Thomas Wolsey: Legate and Reformer," by the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton; "Walt Whitman, an Essay," with a selection from his writings, by Edmund Holmes; another album of cartoons by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson entitled "The Widow and her Friends"; "My Vicarage Garden," by Canon Ellacombe; and "From the Heart of the Rose: Letters on things natural, things serious, things frivolous," by Helen Milman (Mrs. Caldwell Crofton), who has also written an introduction to a new edition of Francis Bacon's essay "Of Gardens" which is to appear with a frontispiece and cover design by Edmund H. New. Mr. Lane's new novels are "The Just and the Unjust," by Richard Bagot, "The Usurper," by W. J. Locke, and "The World's Delight," by Mary J. H. Skrine.

Judge O'Connor Morris' new work, "Present Irish Questions," will be published by Mr. Grant Richards in October. It deals specially with the question of the Irish land.

Mr. John Macqueen announces Dr. Maurus Jokai's new Historical Romance entitled "Manassch," a story of life among a primitive people in far Transylvania.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., whose autumn list includes Mr. Guy Boothby's "Farewell, Nikola!" are publishing the following novels:—"The Fighting Troubadour," by Mr. A. C. Gunter, the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York"; "Zike Mouldom," by Ocme Agnus; another book by Mr. [illegible] other Fireside Tales"; "The Ambassador's Venture," by Allen Upward; "A Man of Millions," by Dr. Keigh[illegible] "Lepidus the Centurion," by Mr. Edwin L. Arnold.

Mr. Brimley Johnson informs us that by Mr. Alfred [illegible] desire the future profits accruing to the author [illegible] sale in Great Britain of "Master and Slave" are to [illegible] to the Bethesda Strike Fund.

Books to look out for at once.

"The Dictionary of National Biography." Supplementary [illegible] (Abbott—Childers) and II. (Chippendale—Hosta). Sm[illegible] 15s. net and 20s. net.
[The third and concluding supplementary volume [illegible] October 25.]

"Stringer Lawrence, the Father of the Indian Army." By C[illegible] Biddulph. Murray. Illustrated.

"The Voyage of Ithobal." By Sir Edwin Arnold. Murray.
[An epic poem dealing with the first circumnavigation [illegible] alluded to by Herodotus.]

"How our Navy is Run." By Archibald Hurd. Pearson. [illegible] Introduction by Lord Charles Beresford. Illustrated.

"A Nest of Linnets." By Frankfort Moore. Hutchinson. 6[illegible]
[Historical romance of Bath, introducing Dr. John[illegible] Walpole, the Sheridans, &c.]

"The Right of Way." By Gilbert Parker. Heinemann. 6s.
[A Canadian romance.]

"Despair's Last Journey." By David Christie Murray. Meth[illegible]

"Master of Men." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Methuen. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRIN[illegible]

BIOGRAPHY.

KING MONMOUTH. A History of the Career of James Scott, "the Prot[illegible] 1649-1685. By ALLAN FEA. 9×5¾, 435 pp. Lane. 21s. n.

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AND QUEEN OF HUNGARY. TSCHUDI. Trans by E. M. Cope. 9×5¾, 260 pp. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6[illegible]

JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. By F. A. OGGR. 8[illegible] Unwin. 7s. 6d. n.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

THREE CHRISTMAS GIFTS, AND OTHER TALES. By A. D. BRIGHT[illegible] Simpkin, Marshall. 3s.

WITH CUTLASS AND TORCH. (A Story of the Great Slave Coast.) STABLES. 7½×5¼, 322 pp. Nelet. 5s.

NINE UNLIKELY TALES. By E. NESBIT. 7½×5¼, 297 pp. Unwin. 6[illegible]

BAKER MINOR AND THE DRAGON. By G. E. FARROW. 8×5¾, 240 pp.

TOM AND SOME OTHER GIRLS. By MRS VAIZEY. 7½×5, 279 pp. Ca[illegible]

BLAZING ARROW. A Tale of the Frontier. By E. S. ELLIS. 7½×5, 280 pp. [illegible]

THE PINK KNIGHT. (Dumpy Books for Children.) By J. R. MONSELL. Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.

THE SIX INCH ADMIRAL. By G. A. BIRT. 6½×4½, 157 pp. Grant Ri[illegible]

EDUCATIONAL.

THE FABLES OF ORBILIUS. Part I. By A. D. GODLEY. 7×4¾, 56 pp. [illegible]

RUSSIAN SELF TAUGHT. By C. A. THIS and J. MARSHALL. 7½[illegible] Marlborough. 2s.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL READER. Ed. by C. S. ROUNSELL. 7½×5, [illegible] Marshall. 1s. 6d. n.

THE STORY OF THE PIRATE. (Sir Walter Scott Readers for Yo[illegible] Black. 6d. n.

POEMS OF SHELLEY. (Literature Series.) Black. 6d. n.

A FIRST HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Part I., to 1066 A.D. By C. L. THOMS[illegible] 191 pp. H. Marshall. 1s. 6d. n.

EURIPIDES (Medea). HOMER (Odyssey I.). EURIPIDES (Hecuba). [illegible] Classics. Ed. by REV. T. NICKLIN, A. W. UPCOTT, and E. C. MARCHA[illegible] Bell. 2s. each.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF OTHER DAYS. A Reader for Upper Standards. By J. FINNEMORE. 7×4¾, 260 pp. Black. 1s. 4d.

CARMINA BRITANNIÆ. A selection of Poems and Ballads Illustrative [illegible] History. By C. L. THOMSON. 7½×5¼, 351 pp. H. Marshall. 2s.

BROWNING'S "STRAFFORD." Ed. by AGNES WILSON. MACAULAY'S [illegible] JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH. Ed. by J. DOWNIE. (Blackie's Englis[illegible] 7½×5. Blackie. 2s. each.

CÆSAR, THE GALLIC WAR. Book IV. Ed. by J. BROWN. (Eton L[illegible] 7½×5, 111 pp. Blackie. 2s.

GREEK GRAMMAR PAPERS. By A. C. LIDDELL. 6[illegible]×4[illegible], 105 pp. [illegible]

STRAWS IN THE WIND. By CARLTON DAWE. 7¼×5¼. 340 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
[Society of to-day.]

THE WESTERNERS. By S. E. WHITE. 7¼×5. 370 pp. Constable. 6s.
[The American Indians in the early seventies.]

THE KEY TO THE RIDDLE. By MARGARET S. COMBE. 7¾×5¼. 354 pp. Nisbet. 5s.
[A story of the Vaudois, 1686. The riddle is Life, and the key Divine love.]

A UNION OF HEARTS. By KATHARINE TYNAN. 7¾×5¼. 296 pp. Nisbet. 6s.
[Modern Ireland.]

TWO GIRLS AND A DREAM. By JEAN DELAIRE. 7¾×5¼. 296 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
[The struggles of two girls in London to succeed in art and letters.]

THE TEMPTRESS. By W. LE QUEUX. 7¾×5¼. 345 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
[The story of an artist, an adventuress, and a model.]

BLUE BONNETS OUT. By T. PINKERTON. 7¾×5¼. 319 pp. J. Long. 6s.
[A tale of "the 45."]

A SOWER OF WHEAT. By H. BINDLOSS. 7¾×5¼. 373 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
[Farming life in Canada.]

THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD CALMADY. By LUCAS MALET. 7¾×5¼. 618 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[See Review p. 260]

FORTUNE'S DARLING. By W. RAYMOND. 7¾×5¼. 320 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[English country life in the early days of railways.]

LOVE IDYLLS. By S. R. CROCKETT. 7¾×5¼. 304 pp. Murray. 6s.
[In white binding with green ribbons.]

HUBERT SHERBROOKE, Priest. By TARIKA. 7½×5. 348 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.
[The love story of a ritualistic and celibate Somersetshire vicar.]

THE FIGHTING TROUBADOUR. By A. C. GUNTER. 7¾×5¼. 271 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.
[A tale of the wars of Prince Eugene.]

RICKERBY'S FOLLY. By TOM GALLON. 7¾×5¼. 301 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[Tells of a man who, visiting England on a quixotic mission, is suddenly plunged into a strange tragedy in suburban London.]

ROYAL GEORGIE. By S. BARING GOULD. 7¾×5¼. 333 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[A Dartmoor story of the time of George IV.]

BAGSBY'S DAUGHTER. By N. and B. VAN VORST. 7¾×5¼. 318 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.
[A story of to-day, in Chicago and London.]

LITERARY.

THE WORKS OF WALTER PATER. Essays from the *Guardian*. 9¼×6. 149 pp. Macmillan. 5s. 6d.
[See Review p. 259]

FAME AND FICTION. An Inquiry into certain Popularities. By E. A. BENNETT. 7¼×5¼. 288 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

NOTES FOR A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. By COL. W. F. PRIDEAUX, C.S.I. 7½×5. 88 pp. Hollings. 6s. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA. By R. S. SKIRVING. 7½×4¾. 43 pp. Australian Book Company.
[Criticism of the medical and other arrangements by a consulting surgeon to the Australian Contingents.]

THOMPSON'S GARDENER'S ASSISTANT. New Ed. Divisional Vol. IV. Ed. by W. WATSON. 11×7½. 192 pp. Gresham Publishing Company. 8s.

THE SOVERANE HERBE. A History of Tobacco. By W. A. PENN. 8×5½. 326 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

THE CHILD AT HOME. By MRS. CLEMENT PARSONS. 7¾×5. 81 pp. Nisbet. 1s. 6d.

BUDDHIST ART IN INDIA. By PROF. A. GRUNWEDEL. Trans. by Agnes C. Gibson, with 156 illustrations. Revised and Enlarged by J. Burgess, C.I.E., &c. 10¼×6½. 238 pp. Quaritch. 12s. 6d. n.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH COLONIES. By AGNES F. DODD. 7½×5. 222 pp. Bell. 2s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON. Vols. I. and II. Ed. by AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. 8×5½. 266–286 pp. Constable. 6s. n. each vol.

DON QUIXOTE. Vol. II. (Complete Works of Cervantes Vol. IV.) Ed. by J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY. 7×4½. 245 pp. Glasgow: Gowans and Gray. 1s.

THE REFORMATION SETTLEMENT. By REV. M. MACCOLL, D.D. Tenth Ed. 7½×5. 377 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d. n.
[With a new preface answering critics, and treating of the doctrine of the Beatific Vision.]

REMARKABLE ECLIPSES. By W. T. LYNN. Sixth Ed. 6½×4. 56 pp. Sampson Low. 6d.

A VOYAGE OF CONSOLATION. By SARA J. DUNCAN. (Ed. Library.) 9×6. 128 pp. Methuen.

THEOLOGY.

PAGANISM IN THE PAPAL CHURCH. By W. J. WILKINS. 7¾×5¼. 245 pp. Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d.
[The resemblance between the religious practices of Hinduism and Romanism. Written to show that a departure from "the simplicity of Scriptural practice" means "moving towards the old paganism which the Church only partially overcame."]

"FOLLOW THOU ME." Letters written on Joining the Church of Scotland. (Paper Pamphlet.) By S. MACLAREN. 8½×5½. 30 pp. Inverness: Melven. 1s.

THE PASTORAL EPISTLES. (The Century Bible.) Ed. by R. F. HORTON, D.D. 8×5½. 196 pp. Edinburgh: Jack.

SAINTS AND WORTHIES. Sermons by J. H. BARING. 7¾×5¼. 181 pp. Shellington. 3s. 6d.
[Twenty-one of the twenty-seven sermons are on Biblical characters. The last is on the Miraculous of the "Malin."]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House

PROBLEM No. 230, by H. JONSSON, Sweden.

BLACK. 8 pieces.

WHITE. 11 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLE
L. COLL

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play an

PROBLEM No. 232, by H. Otten, New
pieces)—K at Q R 8; bishops at Q 7, Q Kt
pawns at Q B 2, K Kt 3. Black (3 pieces)—K
Q Kt 5; pawn at Q R 3. White to play and w

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 206, Nemo (3
followed by 2. B–B 4 ch, Kt–Q 3 ch, Q–Kt
&c. No. 207, Koudelik. The author's key i
Waters, however, sends a solution by Kt–Q
No. 208, De Mussett (3), 1. R–Q 7, Kt × R;
No. 209, Shinkman (2), R–Q sq. No. 210, Shin
No. 211, Corrias (2), Q–R 4. No. 212, Nemo
K–K 6; 2. Kt × P, &c., many variations. N
key Kt–Q 3, threatening 2. Kt–B 4 ch, &c
No. 214, Troitzky, 1. R–K B 2, R × R; 2. Kt–
3. Kt–Q 4 ch, K any; 4. Kt–B 3 and wins.
1. P–B 7, R–Q B 5; 2. R–R sq ch, K–Kt
R × R; 4. Kt–K 4 ch, K any; 5. Kt–B 3 an
Tarrasch, White wins by 1. B–R 2 ch, K–K
K × B; 3. K–B 2, K–R sq; 4. Kt–Kt
Kunetitzky (2), R–Q 7. No. 218, Thomson
threatening 2. B–K 6 ch, &c. No. 219, Troitz
the key, and White wins. Thus if 1. Q–
2. Kt–B 7 ch, K–B 5; 3. Q–R 4 ch, &c.
gotsch, 1. Q–Kt 4 ch, K–K 8; 2. Q–K
3. Q–Kt 2 ch, K–Q 8; 4. Q–B 2 ch, K–K 8
K–B 8; 6. Q–B 2 mate. No. 221, Jarosz
222, Pradignat (3), key B–B 2. No. 223, Stepa
by 1. R–Q 7 ch; 2. R–Q 8 ch; 3. P–K 7 ch; 4.

Correct Solutions received as follows
worth (Southall), 201, 204, 206, 211; L. G. I
200, 202, 206, 211, 212; W. P. Brecknock (
213 to 216; Eugene Henry, 208 to 210; J. D.
206, 207, 211 to 213, 217, 218; R. H., 206, 211
(Grand Rapids), 196, 197, 200, 203; A. C. W
to 223.

GAME No. XCIX.—An amusing variatio
Defence.

WHITE. M. Marc.	BLACK. M. Troys.	WHITE M. Marc.
1. P–K 4	P–K 3	13. Kt–P
2. P–Q 4	P–Q 4	14. P–Kt
3. B–K 3	P × P	15. K–Kt sq
4. Q Kt–Q 2	Kt–K B 3	16. P × P
5. P–Q B 3	P–Q Kt 3	17. B–Q 3
6. Q–B 2	B–Kt 2	18. B–B 4 ch
7. B–K Kt 5	Q Kt–Q 2	19. B–Q sq
8. Castles Q R	B–K 2	20. R–Q
9. B–K sq	Castles	21. K–R sq
10. P–B 3	P–Q R 4	22. Q–Kt sq
11. Q P × P	Kt × P	23. P–K R 4
12. R–Kt	R–B	24. P–B

GAME No. C.—Played in New South Wa
tournament at Sydney:—

CENTRE GAMBIT

WHITE.	BLACK	WHITE.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 25. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Two brothers who work in collaboration will form the subject of our Portrait Supplement next week, viz.,

MM. PAUL AND VICTOR MARGUERITTE,

the now famous authors of the great dramatic romance of the Franco-German War—"Le Désastre." The portrait is a reproduction of a highly interesting and characteristic picture which was exhibited in the Salon in Paris this year.

Next week's issue of *Literature* will also contain an illustrated article on Crabbe and Aldeburgh.

* * * *

The Alfred Millenary Celebrations began on Tuesday, and the pilgrims to Winchester have been shown the antiquities, have been lunched and dined, have heard Sir Henry Irving recite "Becket," and have stood or sat through many speeches and addresses, including Mr. Frederic Harrison's brilliant lecture on King Alfred the Great. We shall deal fully with the proceedings next week.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"Love and his Mask." By Ménie Muriel Dowie. (Heinemann.)

"To the South Polar Region." By Louis Bernacchi. (Hurst

The history of the House of Tauchnitz is tol
interesting article contributed to the *Pall Mall M*
Tighe Hopkins. Let it never be forgotten that, th
Tauchnitz began his operations long before the
vention, he never pirated an English author's
always asked and paid for permission to reprint t
had not been a baron already, he should have be
for this spontaneous integrity. As it was, he grew r
forfeiting the friendship of literary men. Many of t
to him are printed in Mr. Tighe Hopkins' article, a
interesting to read. This, by Lord Beaconsfie
characteristic:—

> It is with extreme satisfaction that I ha
> to your wish to prepare an edition of "Coningsb
> tinental circulation, and especially for the Ger
> The sympathy of a great nation is the most precio
> authors, and an appreciation that is offered us
> people has something of the character and val
> attribute to the fiat of posterity.

So is this by Charles Reade, who notoriously
high opinion of his own work:—

> Surely the Tauchnitz Collection is not comp
> my works. It is a noble collection; it contains m
> who are superior to me in merit and reputation
> contains the entire works of many writers who do
> to my knee.

Macaulay's reply to a proposal that he shou
history of English literature in the nineteenth ce
interesting:—

> If I am to bring out any more volumes of m
> must devote my whole time to that work, and
> myself to be seduced from it by any temptation.
> and highly finished account of the English liter
> nineteenth century would occupy me many month
> sketch would do me no honour. I should not el
> on myself the business of estimating the merit
> temporaries. It would be quite impossible for
> the truth without inflicting pain and making enem

So is Charles Lever's modest attitude towards a
print his portrait as a frontispiece:—

> You ask about the portrait annexed to "Ja
> It is not—at least so say my friends—a resemblan
> can myself assure you—that I do not squint, what
> abominably. I must confess I have no longi
> subject, and believe that my trash will read
> without the assistance of "my countenance."

In fact the whole article is full of interesting
should on no account be missed.

* * *

Literary aspirants who believe that their man
rejected only because publishers' readers are inco
probably have their belief confirmed by the ste

We should certainly like to see a type-writer girl's nifty neat verdict on such a work as "The Ring and the Book," or "Diana of the Crossways."

* * * *

The author's method of triumphing over difficulties was ingenious. He hired two authors of "national reputation" at high fees to read his book and report on it. They reported favourably.

> Armed with these letters, I invaded the offices of a prominent publisher whose readers had already condemned the story, and said that I was not prepared to listen with much patience to opinions by his readers, when I held two written opinions by acknowledged writers and scholars that the story was meritorious. The long quest for a publisher ended—the adverse decision was reversed, a very favourable contract was signed—the book is on sale.

It is a pretty story of perseverance rewarded; and if competent readers could really be got to read at the author's expense in the publishers' interest, the publishers would no doubt be grateful. But the author who for a large fee got an unfavourable verdict would probably be discontented.

* * * *

The great American book-stores have been making desperate efforts to break down the boycott imposed on them by publishers for giving discount on net books. Their method has been to put up and finance middlemen to get the books for them; which is pretty much what any one with a knowledge of human nature in general and American enterprise in particular would have expected. Several such sources of supply have been discovered and closed down, but others have been opened up in place of them; and if the victory does not, in the long run, rest with the book-stores, we shall believe that there must have been something wrong with the Political Economy which we learnt in the days of our youth.

* * * *

The new illustrated monthly magazine the *Connoisseur* (Sampson Low, 1s. net) is the most interesting first number of an art journal that has appeared since the initial issue of the *Studio* now some years old. Although it is not largely intended to be of service to the neophyte, but rather to entertain and assist the careful buyer and the expert man of taste, still Mr. Cyril Davenport's article on "Gem Collecting," Mr. Arthur Butler's on "Hall Marks on Old English Silver," or Mr. Horace Townsend's on "Sheffield Plate" will be found of infinite value to all who desire a groundwork of historical information on which to base their growing taste, and the illustrations are copious and admirably produced and the notes on news and sales full and agreeably put before us. A series of visits to the collections of famous connoisseurs begins with an account of the pictures collected by Sir Charles Tennant, prefaced by an extremely good portrait of the collector himself. We look forward to future issues of the *Connoisseur* with great interest.

* * * *

Dr. James Cranston, who died at Stroud the other day, was for six years rector of Dumfries Academy, where Mr. J. M. Barrie was one of his pupils. He had in his possession several caricatures drawn by the future author of "The Little Minister." Dr. Cranston was a well-known Scottish educationist, and translated several Latin works into English, including those of Catullus. He also edited the poetical works of Alexander Scott.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Poor mourners of the ruined year,
  How sad, in summer's vast decay,
Your white and purple blooms appear!
  Like children of some house whose
Is darkened of good fortune's sun
  Who yet will make some small arra
  Of ancient state to keep at bay
The truth, that all their state is gone.

Poor orphans, who have never seen
  The mother-prime that gave you bi
That with her warm breath kindled gre
  Your pallid leaves just free from ca
And nursed but never knew the flower
  Shrill autumn thinks so little worth
  What wonder if, amid his mirth
Of herald winds, you shrink and cower

Sad witnesses of change and death,
  Lost children of a brighter day,
Fulfilled your little space of breath,
  And you, in turn, shall fade away
To some still heaven, perchance (who k
  Where lilac, daffodil, and may,
  Late balm and early primrose gay
Make endless summer with the rose.

ARTHUR

Sir Theodore Martin celebrated his eighty-fift
Monday.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. J.
musical critic. He lived in Robert Louis Steven
in Edinburgh, and was the great-grandson of
"Tom Bowling."

The monks with whom M. Huysmans has
Ligugé are about to leave France in conse
Associations Act. The novelist will not accomp
will return to the Latin Quarter in Paris.

M. Verestchagin, who recently visited the P
made studies for over a dozen pictures of episode
the Philippines, which will be exhibited in North
month.

September 22 was the day appointed for the i
the bust of Paul de Kock at Romainville; but it
be necessary to postpone the contemplated cere
a scarcity of funds.

The printed books at the Bibliothèque Nati
numbering about 1,200,000 and occupying two mil
are being rearranged. The change entails the re
60,000 volumes of manuscripts.

Some young ladies who presented Count
flowers on his departure from Yasnaya Polyana
were arrested by the police, and their schoolmis
with them, was dismissed from her post.

One of the latest adaptations from novels f
"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," founded on
"Notre Dame de Paris," by Mr. Ben Landeck

should not be far wrong in identifying him with an individual whose right to live was amusingly vindicated in our columns last week—the "general reader." As to his qualities, there is a difference of opinion, and we are by no means sure that the general reader, though he certainly exists, is not as impalpable and fleeting, in bodily shape, as an Arabian genie. At one moment he is all for emotions, at another for facts; now he is a religious enthusiast, and now an honest doubter; to-day he will sup on horrors, to-morrow on mild and sugary confections; if for a season he is all for social exclusiveness and luxurious living and aristocratic Guardsmen, he will soon cut himself adrift and find his only solace in the life of the slums. The general reading public, in fact, has in the last thirty years—since the Education Act—become so enormous and heterogeneous a mass that to take a composite photograph of its features is impossible; the result would be only a meaningless blur. There are so many distinct classes; often they do not even overlap. How many readers of Mrs. Humphry Ward read also Mr. Silas Hocking? Some will prefer the ordinary and easily digestible fare provided by many admirable writers, while the strong meat of such a book as "Sir Richard Calmady" is only for the seasoned and mature; and the two classes of readers are not interchangeable. Hence we doubt whether Mr. Bennett's list of common qualities is of much value. We doubt whether it can safely be said that the average reader insists on "an imposing plot, heroical characters, and fine actions." These may be the qualities which make books live, but they are not qualities most conspicuous in "Three Men in a Boat," or in "Sentimental Tommy," or in "A Double Thread." We doubt equally whether our average reader "has a blind spot in his eye for beauty." He is not so callous to the charms of style as is generally supposed. To like bad wine is not the same thing as to dislike wine. Even if he does not, as Mr. Fowler put it in his "Personal View," "collect pretty sayings in a commonplace book," he is certainly affected by a full, rhetorical, and imaginative diction. It is, in fact, one of the chief secrets of the popularity of Miss Marie Corelli. As little does he always want "glaring tints, and crudity of sentiment," or to be "knocked, blinded, or deafened." What about Miss Wilkins, or Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, or Miss Charlotte Yonge? Nor is "a book of revolutionary ideas" always a "success of scandal." "Robert Elsmere" was not. In two points only we believe Mr. Bennett has approached a sound solution of the problem. The general reader shares the common interest which mankind of almost every age has taken in religion—though it is a curious fact that the popularity of the religious novel is peculiar to our own generation. And he much prefers a happy ending—not, however, because he insists that virtue should have its deserts so much as because he reads to be pleased rather than depressed. Apart from these two *desiderata* the general reader reflects only the tastes and movements of society outside the sphere of literature. At the present moment, the writer who tilts at priests and churches and stereotyped creeds and lack of Christian charity "omne tulit punctum." It is an easy method of winning applause, and it does not redound so much to the credit of the general reader as does the fact that his literary leanings do not testify at present so conspicuously as one might expect to the growth of flunkeyism and timocracy. A season of commercial prosperity, an era of social reform, a war, new departures in science or thought, all immediately affect the barometer of popular taste; and they will continue to do so despite all the laudable efforts which Mr. Bennett would have the cultured

Literature Portraits.—XX

RALPH WALDO EMERSO

The union in one philosopher of a remarkabl ideality with an acute appreciation of the virtue a mundane stocks and shares does not, perhaps, sug experienced a being of the highest nature.

Yet so fine a man was Emerson that he could sa of the material as well as the spiritual world and of the noblest men of his century. His range was could grasp the secret of a thousand worlds; it has that his vision at least "has Olympus for one pole, the exchange." But his greatness is beyond dispute. we may not quite agree with the enthusiast wh Shakespeare or Goethe be the Mont Blanc, Emerso lourling *aiguille* of lesser breadth, but well-nigh eq we can, at least, own that he towers above his cont and has left upon literature an impression of nobility such as all the nations of the earth may envy th people.

An Academic Cult.

Although he may be not greatly read in Engl his popularity in the United States flourishes e There is hardly any serious current paper or magazin now in America that does not contain a direct reference to Emerson or his work. No education without a knowledge of what may be called his His aphorisms have often passed into familiar house his ideas, unacknowledged—perhaps unrecognized foundation for many hundreds of "new movements and yet, there are doubts as to his writi "imperishable Scriptures." There are even those away some of the difficulties he offers and account unbounded influence by telling of his remarkable per Mr. Archer recently found occasion to say that wha us to know, to feel, and to declare, is "that here w and radiant spirit, a unique combination of lou the metaphysician, who has contributed to the litera language some of the most inspiring pages and passag holds in that literature an eminent position, peculiarly testably his own." Like most of the essential things also It has been said before, and in many ways; it is excell and yet it sometimes seems to this generation that Emerson, vast as was its initial grandeur, has passed of its usefulness, and, like an old and noble servant o moved with dignity aside, offering, as it were, the ar doing to the lusty and eager heritor of its own fine tr

Emerson himself was so completely altruistic in hi that if it were permitted to him to view from his heights the fact that the crowd who once followed and made him foster-parent of their mental life, less aisles of people who greeted his every word with ac of approval, had grown less and less with each yea admit that what is, is right. A man who can feel mental unity, who can say: "The whole world is festation of Vishnu, who is identical with all things, regarded by the wise as not differing from, but as t themselves. I neither am going nor coming; nor is in any one place; nor art thou, thou; nor are othe

pletely forgotten, overshadowed, and lost? The reader of to-day seeks in vain for the quality of quiet laughter in much of his work.

> The tongue is prone to lose the way
> Not so the pen, for in a letter
> We have not better things to say
> But surely say them better.

And yet even his correspondence is not fraught with wit. It is perhaps a quality we evaluate a little too highly at the present time. Anyway, the young American in the age of "movements" was well satisfied without the grace of humour in the work of Emerson. Culture appeared too vital a thing for many to admit the humorous side of it. But there were those who did. Lowell, for example, who treasured the memory of this time for its qualities of inspiration and picturesqueness, said that nature is always kind enough to give even her clouds a humorous lining, and that which is called transcendentalism was not without its comic side. One sometimes feels that this particular part of the

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

movement has developed with the effluence of time. The spirit of acceptation which enabled the people of America to greet the teachings, amorphous as they sometimes appear, with so long and so warm a welcome has been followed by a more critical and perhaps less wisely generous attitude. He who was the new light, the saviour prove him correct? Who shall say—so ch conditions that a few decades have wrought? range of Emerson," wrote Lowell, "is narrow, read critic must feel at once; and so is tha so is that of Dante, so is that of Montaigne Schiller, so is that of nearly every one except but there is a gauge of height no less than individuality as well as comprehensiveness, there is the standard of genetic power, the culine as distinguished from the receptive min staminate plants in literature, that make no fr but without whose pollen, quintessence of fruct garden had been barren. Emerson's mind is emp those, and there is no man to whom our æsthetic much. The Puritan revolt had made us ecclesias Revolution politically, independent, but we we and intellectually moored to English thought ti the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers an blue water. No man young enough to have felt i cease to be grateful for, the mental and moral received from the writings of his high-minded an countryman. That we agree with him, or t agrees with himself, is aside from the questio arouses in us something that we are better for ha whether that something be of opposition or assent always to what is highest and least selfish in us, f the generation younger than his own would be dis

The Change in View.

That generation younger than Emerson is pass almost passed, away, and some there are who s he himself did of Knox, as "a rash and unsati but charged with pungent and unforgettable trut nesses, which occasionally affrighted his nei us calm, but the unforgettable truths remain, be occasionally obscured by the educatio which they take the stage. He was an aristo preached from democratic pulpits the creed of pa and universal love. He spoke haughtily of fine s protection against the vulgarities of the street a but he did not very much care himself for th of men. Out of the fulness of his wisdom taught a young and excited nation some of th experience and the refinement of antiquity. t naif and the fresh in a day when it seemed dignit to address the cosmos in such words as "Good by I'm going home."

The great minds must always appreciat somewhat confused outlook upon life, but t followed him unthinkingly long ago are now incl him one of the most unsatisfactory great men in While his contempt for the connoisseur, the ep sense, the humorist, alienates the suffrage of which he had much in common, his ineffective dried moral teacher shuts him out from the admira ing such as his personal appeal would have alwa His philosophy has been beaten out too thinly; line of his has been quoted in a hundred feet those dying "Literary Societies" where they praises of an elusive, possibly misunderstood, tra

EMERSON'S HOUSE AT CONCORD.

And yet the men who followed him insisted on his being an inspired prophet. He was accepted here as an ethical light, a practical preacher—one who would provide an utilitarian code, a moral rule, whereby the earnest and the acute could make their way to a sort of prudential paradise far beyond the vulgarities of the street and the tavern, but with fair roads and all necessary conveniences for refreshment. But those among the lesser minds, who look to him for an ethical code or desired a guide for the progress of life, have perhaps discovered after consideration that they appeal in vain. What he says on the matter of an elevating culture is, in effect, his creed for the conduct of many conditions of life. "As respects the delicate question of culture, I do not think that any other than negative rules can be laid down," he writes.

> For positive rules, for suggestion, nature alone inspires it. Who dare assume to guide a youth, a maid, to perfect manners? the golden mean is so delicate, difficult—say frankly unattainable. What finest hands would not be clumsy to sketch the genial precepts of the young girl's demeanour? The chances seem infinite against success; and yet success is continually attained. There must not be secondariness, and 'tis a thousand to one that her air and manner will at once betray that she is not primary, but that there is some other one or

affection and honour, because he was not lying in v
things"; he will ask you "what is vulgar, and the
vulgarity, but the avarice of reward?" And answe
the difference of artisan and artist, of talent and ge
and saint. The man whose eyes are nailed not on
his act, but on the wages, whether it be money
fame, is almost equally low;" he will suggest
valuable thoughts and hint a fine vista of aims a
but he will be found general when his disciple
particular, suggestive when the student demands
rule of life. That is to say if the student be in a
by side with much that is illusive he will come u
crete passages as the following:—

> Genial manners are good, and power of acco
> any circumstance, but the high prize of life,
> fortune of a man, is to be born with a bias to
> which finds him in employment and happiness
> to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or sta
> I doubt not this was the meaning of Socrates,
> nounced artists the only truly wise, as being
> apparently so.

And certainly many of his most dogmatic utterances

"Non-Sequaciousness."

Some of his contemporary admirers hinted at this inconsistent attitude, and many to whom he is a hero at the present time admit his non-sequaciousness—now that Mr. Birrell has used that term in this connexion. As "Vernon Lee" has said, "He openly deprecates any attempts at consecutiveness, he warns mankind against wanting to do that which cannot be done without the wanting, against wishing to be or to have what they are not or have not already. He is the apostle of spontaneity; in his consuming passion for reality he confounds the deliberate with the artificial, and the artificial with the futile. The benefit of Emerson's advice on this head depends on the recognition that there are some things we can never do, some things we can never have or be—namely, all those of whose nature there is not in ourselves already a germ, a possibility." This is a very valuable lesson for Emerson to have taught; it had, however, been hinted at some time before his day in the phrase "Know thyself." But the author we have quoted is ready with an excellent defence if we aver that "the glittering cascades" of his diction confuse. "Yet," she writes, "it is doubtful whether it is not better thus—better that the exaggerations and shortcomings should be corrected by Emerson's readers than forestalled by Emerson himself. It is possible that with men of this mystic, symbolical temper the greater lucidity and practical applicability (since practice is based on reality, and reality can be obtained only by being lucid) might fail to compensate for the diminution in suggestiveness and directness. The prophetically enounced thought works its way deeper, perhaps, into the mind of the hearer when it is such as does not graze off the surface."

Of course, there is much to be said for the indirect as opposed to the direct statement of a thesis. But those who have made the widest use of Emersonian *dicta* in our day have often put forth by no means the best teaching of their master simply because his method has misled them. The matter is looked at from a practical and very different side by Mr. Birrell. He first states that "a wise author never allows his reader's mind to be at large, but casts about from the first how to secure it all for himself. He takes you (seemingly) into his confidence, perhaps pretends to consult you as to the best route, but at all events points out to you the road, lying far ahead, which you are to travel in his company. How carefully does a really great writer, like Dr. Newman or M. Renan, explain to you what he is going to do and how he is going to do it! His humour, wit, and fancy, however abundant they may be, spring up like way-side flowers, and do but adorn and render more attractive the path along which it is his object to conduct you. The reader's mind, interested from the beginning, and desirous of ascertaining whether the author keeps his word, and adheres to his plan, feels the glow of healthy exercise and pays a real, though unconscious, attention. But Emerson makes no terms with his readers, he gives them neither thread nor clue, and thus robs them of one of the keenest pleasures of reading—the being beforehand with your author, and going shares with him in his own thoughts"; and then Mr. Birrell adds, compare him with whom you will, "the unparalleled non-sequaciousness of Emerson is as certain as the Correggiosity of Correggio." In these circumstances it seems that "admiration gives way to astonishment, astonishment to bewilderment, and bewilderment to stupefaction." It may be owned that Emerson was not thus cunning in the art of interesting his readers. He came to the world with the proud mission of showing us the occult greatness of life, the secret miracles of the spirit. His methods were those readiest to his

absorbed and retaught, that it is not easy to judg
recently some of the more important essays have
in a new edition, and M. Maurice Maeterlinck
him as "the good morning shepherd of pale n
with a new optimism that is natural and sensible,"
to give us some picture of the impression Emerson'
within his mind:—"Man is eager for explanations,
must have his life shown to him. He rejoices to fin
exact interpretation of a petty gesture he has bee
twenty-five years; yet there is no petty gesture
main attitude of the common soul. You will not f
quality of the soul of a Marcus Aurelius here.
Aurelius was thought itself. Who among us, u
the life of a Marcus Aurelius? . . . Here i
trimming his trees, Peter who is building his ho
you who talk to me of the harvest, and I who give
yet we are made so that we draw nigh to th
astonished at what we effect. We did not know
of the universe attended upon us, and we turn a
without saying anything, like people who have s
Emerson comes to affirm simply this equal and sec
of life. He encompasses us with silence and wond
shaft of light under the foot of the artisan co
workshop. He shows us all the powers of hea
busied in supporting the threshold where two nei
of the falling rain or the rising wind; and al
wayfarers accosting each other he makes us see
god smiling upon another. He is nearer to us th
our every-day life, the most watchful and persiste
the most upright and scrupulous, perhaps the
He is the sage of common-place days; and comm
are the sum and substance of our being."

If you walk along the Strand you will see
boot-shop window plainly marked with the words "
Shoe, good all through." And so his influen
avatar has managed to reach from the point
interests the author of the most spiritually ex
our period to the mind of the practical make
slight distance for one man's mental attributes to
first he wrote:—"I think nothing is of value, in bo
the transcendental and the extraordinary." For
said:—"No matter whether he makes shoes, or st
It is the privilege of any human work that i
invest the doer with a certain haughtiness." It
of him that he was the lord of extremes, holding t
the nadir in his two hands. The telling anti
thought and language came naturally to him and
touch the spirit of widely different men.

The Poet.

"I do again desiderate some concretion of t
abstracta" was the cry with which Carlyle, in eff
of Emerson's writings, but if, as he owned, sinceri
of vision be among the qualities which make a po
of "Wood-Notes" and "Threnody" must by
that title. The beautiful *abstracta* crystallize
lighter verses and leave us with a very tan
marvellous melody. In many, too, that are some
as a whole, there are lines which are perfect, whic
feeling of absolute delight. The verses which beg

Give all to love;

So with the verses he calls "Manners," he concludes with a note of beauty, unforgettable, unimpeachable :—

Grace, Beauty, and Caprice
Build this golden portal ;
Graceful women, chosen men,
Dazzle every mortal :
Their sweet and lofty countenance
His enchanting food ;
He need not go to them, their forms
Beset his solitude.
He looketh seldom in their face,
His eyes explore the ground
The green grass is a looking-glass
Whereon their traits are found.
Little and less he says to them,
So dances his heart in his breast ;
Their tranquil mien bereaveth him
Of wit, of words, of rest.
Too weak to win, too fond to shun
The tyrants of his doom,
The much-deceived Endymion
Slips behind a tomb.

In the following stanzas one has an example of Emerson undertaking the difficult and hardly lyric task of telling, as it were the story of his mystic nature in verse :—

WALDEINSAMKEIT.

I do not count the hours I spend
In wandering by the sea ;
The forest is my loyal friend,
Like God it useth me.

In plains that room for shadows make
Of skirting hills to lie,
Bound in by streams which give and take
Their colours from the sky ;

Or on the mountain-crest sublime,
Or down the oaken glade,
O what have I to do with time ?
For this the day was made.

Cities of mortals woe-begone
Fantastic care derides,
But in the serious landscape lone
Stern benefit abides.

Sheen will tarnish, honey cloy,
And merry is only mask of sad,
But, sober on a fund of joy,
The woods at heart are glad.

There the great Planter plants
Of fruitful worlds the grain,
And with a million spells enchants
The souls that walk in pain.

Still on the seeds of all He made
The rose of beauty burns ;
Through times that wear and forms that fade,
Immortal youth returns.

The black ducks mounting from the lake,
The pigeon in the pines,
[illegible]

See thou bring not to field or town
The fancies found in books ;
Leave authors' eyes, and fetch your own,
To brave the landscape's looks.

Oblivion here thy wisdom is,
Thy thrift, the sleep of cares ;
For a proud idleness like this
Crowns all thy mean affairs.

The same idea is somewhat differently treated in the following poem :—

THE APOLOGY.

Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen ;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook ;
Each cloud that floatest in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought ;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers ;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong ;
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

The somewhat elusive character of these two poems prove that, as a friend of Emerson told us long since, the many of his best poems can be found only in his life, and intercourse with his intimate friends. This is very plain his contemporaries, but unfortunate for those who come into the world a few generations later and desire just opinion of his work. Such poems, however, as "The Girl," published first in 1858, may be considered fair exa which Emerson may stand or lapse as a poet, for here he lyric opportunity which some of his more intentionally essays in verse deny him. We fear the following ve hardly thrill the modern reader :—

The sun goes down, and with him takes
The coarseness of my poor attire ;
The fair moon mounts, and aye the flame
Of Gypsy beauty blazes higher.

Pale Northern girls ! you scorn our race ;
You captives of your air-tight halls,
Wear out in-doors your sickly days,
But leave us the horizon walls.

And if I take you, dames, to task,
And say it frankly without guile,
Then you are Gypsies in a mask,
And I the lady all the while.

Go, keep your cheek's rose from the rain,
For teeth and hair with shopmen deal ;

It is rather remarkable that one who can write the baldnesses of, say, the fourth stanza, should in the same moment, as it were, be able to give the charm of the last two lines of the penultimate stanza. But such an example is highly characteristic of Emerson; side by side with infinite beauty lie the things that are harsh, clumsy, depressing; near his bravest flights of transcendental beauty jostle what we often find a somewhat ignoble utilitarianism, or so it sometimes seems to those who have not been under the influence of his immediate personality. Those who were thus fortunate have ever spoken of all his works and moods with enthusiasm.

His Personality.

One said, "If Emerson goes to hell the tide of emigration will set that way." Lowell's testimony to his influence and worth is well known. Mrs. Lowell said to a friend, "If he but mentions my name I feel myself ennobled." As he wrote himself, "The boundaries of personal influence it is impossible to fix, as persons are organs of moral or supernatural force." Such diverse personages of his time, as Hawthorne and Walt Whitman and Harriet Martineau, Carlyle and Thoreau, to mention a few out of many hundreds, were among those whose intercourse with him led them to appreciate the beauty of his nature and the comprehensiveness of his outlook upon life. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Life" displays it in every chapter; his immediate friends show it in every word they have written of him. Looked at from any point of view his personality was obviously that of a gentle, wise, and magnetic character.

Biographical.

"I have the feeling that every man's biography is at his own expense. He furnishes not only the facts, but the report. I mean that all biography is autobiography. It is only what he tells of himself that comes to be known and believed." These were the very characteristic words which Emerson himself pronounced upon the subject, and, in effect, he provides his autobiography in his writings, but those who run as they read will not be able to find it. The plain man who does not happen to be a careful student of the young American of 1843-1849 may come to believe the pursuit a little difficult. Ireland, Cooke, Conway, and, after a particular fashion of his own, Oliver Wendell Holmes, have all given us admirable pictures of Emerson's quiet and effective life, while Mr. J. E. Cabot, from his fulness of knowledge has produced a sound and absolutely authentic history. But, as Dr. Richard Garnett says, in a note to his "Life," which makes the best possible use of all these and other sources of information, Emerson did not live his days with any thought of providing amusing matter for his biographers; he neglected an opportunity, as do many great men, and led "a life devoid of incident, of nearly untroubled happiness, and of absolute conformity to the moral law." Born on May 25, 1803, the third son of William Emerson, minister of the "First Church" in Boston, Ralph Waldo Emerson learned to know almost the whole of the intellectual life of the century upon which his influence grew to be considerable. He came of one of the American "Academic Races," estate Boston had grown to be the centre o American literature; it may still have been the gods, but great voices were heard echoing from the

The main influences in Boston were "whi tarianism and ruffled-shirt Episcopalianism atmosphere appears to have been fitted for t of Emerson's mystic and profound mind when began to study theology. Six years later he as minister of the Unitarian church in Bo married Ellen Louisa Tucker, to whom some of as "To Ellen in the South," "The Amulet," & less, written. After a few years his wife die first visited Europe, meeting, in England, Car and Wordsworth. In 1834 he removed from Bo famous old Manse, Concord. A second mar peaceful days followed, during which he lect country and preached his message at home at the of Philosophy at Concord. The story of his life h many times; is not the name of his biographer most valuable account of his life is to be fou The chronological list of these as given in Dr. where may be found Mr. John P. Anders bibliography, is as follows:—

"Nature"	1836		"Conduct of Life
Essays (First Series) ...	1841		"May Day and Ot
Dial (edited)	1841-44		"Society and So
Essays (Second Series) ...	1844		"The Wanderer,"
Poems	1847		(edited) ...
Miscellanies...	1849		"Letters and Soc
"Representative Men"...	1850		"Correspondence
"English Traits" ...	1856		Carlyle and R. W

While the first essays were appearing, experiments inspired by Fourier's ideas—in Alc at Fruitlands and the widely-remembered att Farm—were greatly talked of. About this time to Carlyle that every reading man has a draft munity in his waistcoat pocket. These plans which his friends propounded interested him watched them with a somewhat amused smile.

was almost persuaded to become a Brook farmer. As a matter of fact, however, his spirit was detached and individualistic in a marked degree. "Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of your principles," he wrote. Mysticism, study, his devotion to something afar, his general philosophy, made his earthly existence so slight an occurrence in his career of living that, as one of his biographers has said, the incidents of time and space seem quite secondary matters to one who has been long living in the companionship of his thought. In what seemed at the time the great matter of Brook Farm his "crystal isolation" determined his action—the highly intellectual picnic was to get itself enacted, so to speak, without his aid. Although there was tragedy in it, one cannot but be grateful to those ladies and gentlemen who provided Hawthorne with the ground-work of his novel "The Blithedale Romance," which will keep its memory fresh. "The Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education" has long since passed away, but the romance remains, humanly speaking, for all time. The men and women who initiated the experiments have gone, but they were the spiritual children of Emerson, and their example, their ideal, has brought forth fruit.

After publishing his poems, Emerson again visited England and lectured here. About 1860 his power was at its zenith, and afterwards his life appears to have passed in unbroken serenity. The lectures were heard with avidity, his books were read with delight; his serene power was lauded in a hundred schools. "No modern thinker has so courageously fulfilled the duty of hope," said one of his recent critics; "none has written in so invariably happy and courteous a temper." This phrase naturally reminds one of his long connexion with Carlyle. In regard to his supposed likeness to Carlyle, one of his warmest admirers, Russell Lowell, has pictured him, very truly and amusingly, in his early verses the "Fable for Critics." It wearied people of his generation to hear Emerson constantly named with Carlyle, and thus Lowell comes to make his informing contrast;—

There are persons, mole-blind to the soul's make and style,
Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle;
To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer,
Carlyle's the more burly, but E is the rarer;
He sees fewer objects, but clearlier, truelier,
If C's as original, E's more peculiar;
That he's more of a man you might say of the one,
Of the other he's more of an Emerson;
C's the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,—
E the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim;
The one's two-thirds Norseman, the other half Greek,
Where the one's most abounding, the other's to seek;
C's generals require to be seen in the mass,—
E's specialties gain if enlarged by the glass;
C gives nature and God his own fits of the blues,
And rims common-sense things with mystical hues,
E sits in a mystery calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp common sense;
C shows you how every-day matters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night,
While E, in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere every day;

and so forth until a good deal of kindly jest and criticism has been spent upon one who could have been laughed at a good deal more bitterly and remained unhurt.

Last Stage of all.

"Up to this moment," I inquired, "how many criminals you reformed?"

"Not one!" said Hollingsworth, with his eyes still fixed on the ground. "Ever since we parted I have been busy with murderers."

[From "The Blithedale Romance." Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. (By permission of Messrs. Nisbet and Co.).]

"It was my fortune," he says, "to be sent to Concord at Mr. Redpath's suggestion, to see if Mr. Emerson would come in and give us a lecture. I went out and met the man at the Manse-house. He greeted me very cordially, gladly accepted the invitation to come in and lecture. The old South was filled with as choice an audience of the blood of Boston as has ever assembled in that old church. Emerson came in and was introduced by Father Neal. He began reading his lecture the audience was very still. After a few moments he lost his place, and his grandchildren sitting in the front row of seats, gently stepped towards him reminded him that he was lecturing. He saw at once he was wandering, and with the most charming, charming apologetic bow he resumed his place—an incident that seemed to affect the audience more than anything that could have occurred. A few moments later he took a manuscript in his hand, and turning round with it, laid it on a side table." The scene was closed by a tactful American who went to Emerson and warmly thanked him for the lecture. This was the last public appearance of one whom the whole world held in veneration. His last public act was for charity and the cause of tender thoughts and tears to those who were near at hand. In 1882 he passed peacefully from what he considered as a part of some great whole. His so

"Good-bye," verses of which he said, in forwarding them to Mr. Freeman Clarke for publication, "I send you a corrected copy, but I wonder so much at your wishing to print them that I think you must read them once again with your critical spectacles before they go further. They were written sixteen years ago (1823) when I kept school in Boston and lived in a corner of Roxbury called Canterbury. They have a slight misanthropy, a shade deeper than belongs to me." This "Good-bye" was, however, intended as a farewell to Boston and the business of the city, rather than an adieu to the world at large as it has sometimes been thought:—

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A riven ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,—
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone
Bosomed in yon green hills, alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned:
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

EGAN MEW.

THE SECRET OF EMER

A "Personal View"

By Dr. RICHARD GARNETT, C

Much may not unjustly be said in disparagem
but the fact remains that within little more tha
his countrymen will be keeping his centenary,
proceedings will be followed with lively interes
English language is spoken, and here and there
where it is not. After this, discussion as to the fa
eminence may be waived as superfluous; but
useless to seek for some formula summing the m
expressing, if this be possible, the peculiar secret
tion. No such definition can be exhaustive, the
of genius, however great their diversity, alway
quality in common, that they are incommensura
approach as near as is feasible, and, reversing
himself tells us of the instinct of the human m
circle as widely as it can around every object, dra
to the original as may be, in the hope that one n
come to be inscribed in process of time.

If one strove to state the peculiar characterist
in the fewest possible words, it might not be a
him as a seer without pretensions to the supernatu
midway between mystics like Blake and Swed
teaching is professedly based upon communication
world, and reasoners like Stuart Mill or Herbert
it may be objected, does the poet, who, though he
Dante, claim to have perambulated Hell, Heaven,
must be able to affirm with Coleridge,

I on honey-dew have fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

But there exists a clear distinction between po
including under this term all obviously inspired w
their form of expression be verse or impassion
Emerson. It is the distinction between inspiration
The poet, when he really writes as such, is
in an abnormal state. He is conscious of a visita
out, of the presence of something that has come
his seeking, and might any moment depart, leaving
and mute. "The mind in creation," says one of
poets, "is as a fading coal, which some invisible
an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brigh
literally and figuratively, may be described as i
is as conspicuous in great imaginative prose-w
Carlyle and Ruskin, even in writers of the grade
Jeffreys, as in the poets themselves. In Emer
exceptionally wanting, but is replaced by the
though perhaps not finer, endowment of intuition
not a prophet, but a seer. It is usual to class hi
and the points of contact are assuredly numer

within. And, as a crystal or a gem cannot be partly genuine and partly false, Emerson is commonly either very right or very wrong. You cannot say of his deliverances, as so often of Carlyle's, that they are a mingling of truth and error; they must in general be taken altogether or rejected altogether. If they are accepted, this is by no means due to the author's powers of reasoning, or to any special gift of eloquence, or to the ability to overwhelm the contrary views with sarcasm and invective. The appeal is simply to the intuitive faculty of the reader or hearer, who is supposed to be capable of verifying what he was incapable of discovering for himself. This is precisely the position of Blake or Swedenborg, and Emerson is hence more fitly classed with the seers, whose insight comes to them by simple intuition, than with the poets and prophets, who require to be taken out of themselves.

To all but a thorough mystic Emerson's advantage over Blake and Swedenborg must appear unspeakable. Their supernatural pretensions are a continual offence, inasmuch as, by a continual propounding of what it is impossible to accept, they force upon the most friendly hearer the alternative of deception or delusion. Neither of these has any possible application to Emerson; he might as well be accused of burglary or arson. It is much to have demonstrated that there is no necessary connexion between spiritual insight and supernatural phenomena, and that a seer need never have had a trance in his life.

From a purely literary point of view, Emerson's peculiar gifts may well be less advantageous to him. They disable him from the practice of literary art on any extensive scale. Art implies the subordination of parts to the total effect. Something must be kept in the shade. Emerson's disquisitions, consisting mainly of a succession of detached thoughts complete in themselves and but loosely connected with each other, are incapable of this treatment. As they resemble crystals in their purity, their individual symmetry, and their permanent worth, so also in their incapacity for combination, save as constituents of a chain or a pattern. As a German æsthetician might say, Emerson's composition is deficient in architectonic; he builds up nothing. How weak the instinct for formative art was in him, his Essay on Art, valuable and suggestive as it is in many respects, sufficiently indicates. The same indifference to art is notable in the other great teacher of his age, Carlyle. Yet one feels sure that this consummate master of portraiture with pen and ink must have appreciated a fine portrait with the brush when he saw one; one has not the same confidence as regards Emerson.

Carlyle was an artist in other respects; he delighted in the concrete, and he excelled in giving his conceptions imaginative form. The concrete is in a sense the element of art, whose most airy conceptions must be moulded out of something, and their embodiment in imaginative form is, at least as regards its higher departments, the very cause and condition of its existence. Emerson's remarks frequently

in its totality. Much less can he create a [illegible] ment, as Carlyle has done in "Sartor Resartus." H[illegible] loss must be may be realized if we can imag[illegible] poetry and all the wisdom of "Sartor Resartus" [illegible] but Teufelsdröckh and Weissnichtwo and Ent[illegible] whatever imparts substance to the vision take[illegible] Emerson could have embodied his gospel in a figure [illegible] dröckh, or even in lifelike portraits of some of the [illegible] disciples with whom he was actually familiar, such [illegible] or Alcott, he would have appealed to much wider [illegible] gained greatly in influence and popularity. Ruskin [illegible] able as Emerson of evolving an ideal charact[illegible] delineating a real one. The sight of so extensive [illegible] "Modern Painters" is somewhat alarming; one [illegible] echo Carlyle's naive ejaculation on beholding [illegible] house and furniture, "Can all that have come out [illegible] But Ruskin's subject compels him to deal with th[illegible] He means to preach and he does, but he cannot [illegible] five minutes without importing some gorgeous la[illegible] beautiful natural object, or striking trait of human [illegible] or supreme work of art.

Emerson has, nevertheless, one signal advantage [illegible] his contemporaries who claim to be something [illegible] narrators or reasoners. None of them is so like [illegible] in the very element of beauty. The beauty whi[illegible] commend itself to him when it came as art at one [illegible] the primal source captivated him entirely when [illegible] itself as nature, or as human characters, or institutio[illegible] with the reason of things. He then writes as wit[illegible] pleasure; his words are the aptest and choicest. [illegible] language has in a remarkable degree the power of e[illegible] sentiment of beauty. Unlike the ambitious splendours [illegible] the dainty device of Pater, his words never appear to [illegible] for the sake of rhetorical effect, or selected for pecu[illegible] but to come of their own accord as self-conscious th[illegible] no others are the right ones. Save for an occasio[illegible] at unseasonable smartness, his diction never loses t[illegible] propriety. It may be said to him, as he says to his

> Thou can'st not wave thy staff in air,
> Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
> But it carves the bow of beauty there,
> And ripples in rhymes the oar forsake

The character which we have attributed to E[illegible] seer without supernatural pretensions invites comp[illegible] two illustrious Englishmen of whom the same may [illegible] be predicated, Coleridge and Wordsworth. Colerid[illegible] perhaps be entirely acquitted of an occasional proper[illegible] querade in prophetic attire; but undoubtedly the m[illegible] he is the less he is of a seer. His claims to the gift [illegible] rest less upon his philosophical than upon his critical [illegible] which are sometimes so marvellously illuminating [illegible] directly derived from the source of all light, and [illegible] corroboration by the exercise of the reasoni[illegible]

in isolated sayings, nearly always polished and symmetrical, and in a few poems like "Rhodora," so beautifully finished as to render the generally amorphous character of his poetry almost incomprehensible. Another puzzle arises out of the lack of humour common to both these illustrious men. One has just as much of it as the other—that is to say, neither has any; and yet, by some grace of innate refinement or benediction of the Muses, Emerson never appears absurd from insensibility to the humorous, as frequently happens to Wordsworth.

THE DRAMA.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES."—"ARE YOU A MASON?"

A newspaper paragraph seriously disconcerted me the other day by referring to some Edinburgh gentleman as "the original of Sherlock Holmes." Whatever the facts may be, I would much rather not think of this great man as modelled on any actual person. I should as soon believe in "the original" of Vautrin or of Monte Christo or of Falstaff. There was, by the way, an original of Falstaff, but who really knows or cares anything about him? No; Sherlock's father was M. Lecocq, and his grandfather was Zadig. And his twin-brother (if you don't believe me see the portraits of Sherlock in the *Strand Magazine*) is Mr. William Gillette, the American actor, who has helped, or been helped by, Dr. Conan Doyle to construct a play about him, and, what is more, takes the principal part in it himself. It is a wonderful thing to meet the legendary Sherlock face to face, to be on familiar terms with him like Dr. Watson (have we not always envied that naive medical man?), to see him at work, burying his thoughtful brow in his capable hands, or meditatively puffing at his pipe, or injecting cocaine (despite Dr. Watson's earnest remonstrances) into his wrist-veins, or toying with a revolver, or wearing elegant evening dress with the best of 'em, or holding a horde of ruffians at bay with a mere frown. I say it is a wonderful thing—most of us would have as soon expected to make the personal acquaintance of Li Hung Chang, or Aguinaldo, or M. Santos Dumont, or the other heroic figures of the illustrated newspapers—but like all such introductions it is a little disappointing. And the reason for that is that imagination, in such cases, always transcends reality—a reason by the way which Lamb gave for objecting to *Lear* on the stage. The idea we have formed of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra and the rest from Greek legend is something bigger than the dust and gold ornaments found at Mycenæ, whatever Dr. Schliemann may have thought to the contrary. Still, there are two sides to every question, and a flesh-and-blood Sherlock in the playhouse will be eagerly welcomed by the unimaginative. The pity of it is that the particular adventure of Sherlock Holmes which is shown at the Lyceum is not absolutely characteristic; it does not exhibit the quintessential—that is to say, the detective—Holmes so much as the man of cool courage. Now, much as I admire Sherlock's iron nerve, I had always thought that the very best part of him was the brain—the Newtonian brain which deduced the process of the suns from the fallen apple, the Napoleonic brain which marshalled big battalions of facts, the Nasmyth steam-hammer brain which cracked nuts with the nicest adjustment—in short, the Sherlockian brain. And in the Lyceum play, though Sherlock cannot be Sherlock behave in the Stepney gas chamber? W step is to tell the ruffians that he proposes to ide at Bow-street next morning; his next is to smas atoms with a chair; and his third to use the re cigar as a will-'o-the-wisp. "Follow the light ruffian is heard to shout out of the darkness, a follow it to the window only to find that the c stuck in the shutter while Sherlock escapes by the But I am bound to add that Sherlock's brain does fair. For, knowing that the glow of a cigar could be seen by the vast audience of the Lyceum, it has a small red electric light. Evidently mechanical e have a great fascination for Mr. Gillette. He penses with the curtain by turning black darkn when the act begins and *vice versa* when it ends. my conservative notions that the old-fashioned cur as well; but Mr. Gillette comes from the land of E a perfect right to play with electricity if he choose

He is, however, something else than an electri He is a highly accomplished and conscientious acto playgoers who have already seen him over here *Johnson* and *Secret Service* know very well—and gives you the impression, right or wrong, of be character off as well as on the stage. An actor w just that impression is, of course, the very man to the iron-willed Sherlock Holmes. Whether the a his voice for the part or not I do not know; but i thing, toneless, almost dead. Mr. W. L. Abingd fully lurid as the Napoleon of Crime; and Miss G a female villain with much gusto.

At the Shaftesbury there is to be seen a farce the American idiom "from the German of Laufs whoever they may be. As it is called *Are You a* wise will already have guessed that it deals w husbands who account to their wives for "nights flection of visits to a masonic lodge. This joke is lo another which is concerned with dressing up a man It all takes place amid incessant noise, and, to my t vulgar, brainless affair, which substitutes tomfool fun. But I see that many newspapers report very f it, and I am quite willing to admit myself an o qualified from a proper appreciation of riotous a and practical jokes.

A. B. W

"Taste is the feminine of genius." Few venture to think, would be able to say at once t known aphorism comes out of "Polonius: A Collec Saws and Modern Instances" made by Edward The saying is FitzGerald's own, though the book m of excerpts from other writers. Such miscellanee stitute the chief interest of "Notes for a Bib Edward FitzGerald," by Colonel W. F. Prideaux that, "perhaps, the first appreciation of FitzGe which had appeared in public" was a very favourat the "Six Dramas of Calderon freely translated," Archbishop Trench in his "Life's a Dream" (18 Prideaux's notes are intended rather as an ine study of FitzGerald than as an exhaustive biblio confines himself to the issues which were printed in

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MEN OF OUR TIMES.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY SUPPLEMENT. Vols. I. and II. (Smith, Elder, 15s. n. per volume).

The supplementary volumes of the dictionary are three in number. Two are before us, and the third is announced for October 25. An unique feature is the memoir of the founder and publisher of the dictionary, George Smith, written by the editor and printed as a preface. It is an interesting record of the useful though uneventful career of a hard worker whose activities were multifarious. George Smith was not only a publisher, but an export agent, a shipowner, a proprietor of two newspapers, and of the mineral water with which, as many advertisements have proclaimed, her late Majesty Queen Victoria used to dilute her whisky. He was probably better loved by more eminent men of letters than any publisher of his generation. His relations with a few of them—with John Ruskin, and James Grant, for instance—may have been strained; but most of the rest, from Thackeray to James Payn, bore enthusiastic testimony to his worth. And he was one of the few publishers who have been at once able and willing to render literature disinterested service. This dictionary, which is his finest monument, is the best thing of the kind in any language; and he produced it at his own cost, whereas similar dictionaries elsewhere have been subsidized from the public funds. The few public honours which he received were quite inadequate to his deserts. Most of the names that appeared in recent birthday honour lists were less worthy of the distinction than his.

We are informed that more than two hundred of the names in the supplementary volumes "represent accidental omissions from the previously published volumes." It is not really a large number, considering the scale on which the work was done; and, so far as we can see, none of the omissions were of grave importance. A few Indian warriors, a few mediæval chroniclers, a few seventeenth-century divines—these are the principal persons whose claims to biographies were overlooked. The main purpose of the supplement is to deal with distinguished persons who died at too late a date to be included in the original work. The length and character of the list is melancholy evidence of the loss we have sustained during the period in all departments of activity. We find lives of statesmen like Gladstone, Bright, Childers, and Lord Randolph Churchill; of poets like Browning, Matthew Arnold, and the author of "Ionica"; of novelists like William Black, R. D. Blackmore, and Wilkie Collins; of historians like Froude, and Freeman, and Creighton; of divines like Edward White Benson, and Harold Browne, and Harvey Goodwin; of such eminent men as Sir Samuel Baker, Colonel Valentine Baker, Ben Brierley, Lewis Carroll, Richard Congreve, Birket Foster, Archibald Forbes, Sir John Gilbert, Sir George Grove, Sir Augustus Harris, and Admiral Hornby.

The supplement differs from the body of the work in the fact that many, if not most, of the contributors were writing of men whom they had known personally; and the difference is reflected in the tone of many of the contributions. The rule "no flowers by request," though still no doubt maintained, has not been enforced quite so rigorously as heretofore. A certain latitude is given to enthusiasm; and there are sometimes reticences which would not have been observed by the historian dealing dispas-

he displayed in dealing with [illegible] " [illegible] always pay the personal attention which political [illegible] the less elevated kind expect." Mr. Paul does not [illegible] to the new explanation given in Lord Selborne's "M[illegible] (1898) of Gladstone's sudden dissolution of Parliament [illegible] an explanation, we may add, corroborated in the [illegible] of Mr. Childers. Mr. T. S. Leadam's life [illegible] Bright is by comparison colourless. Mr. Sidn[illegible] Life of Lord Randolph Churchill is picturesque, the [illegible] from the speeches being remarkable for their aptit[illegible] longest of the literary lives seems to be that [illegible] Browning by Mr. Edmund Gosse, which covers fourte[illegible] and includes a considerable enumeration of personal [illegible] lists. Dr. Richard Garnett writes very soberly [illegible] Arnold. He is perhaps the most successful of the [illegible] in suppressing his enthusiasms. Mr. Stuart J. Re[illegible] R. D. Blackmore is unique in resting upon no author[illegible] "personal knowledge and private information." It [illegible] the most interesting and valuable of the lives. Othe[illegible] lives to which we will draw attention are those of [illegible] pl "Alpine Guide" fame, by Mr. Douglas Freshfie[illegible] Stuart Blackie (very picturesquely written) by [illegible] Alexander Gordon, of Edward Bradley, the author [illegible] dant Green," by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, of Dean [illegible] Mr. A. F. Pollard, of Wilkie Collins by Mr. See[illegible] Lewis Carroll by Mr. E. V. Lucas, of James Anthon[illegible] by Mr. A. F. Pollard, and of P. G. Hamerton by Dr. [illegible]

ECONOMIC FACT AND FANCY.

Mr. Hobson has taught us to expect from him [illegible] and well-written work, and his latest volume T[illegible] QUESTION (Nisbet, 7s. 6d. n.)—is clearly the work of [illegible] writer who is genuinely convinced of the importa[illegible] beliefs. Mr. Hobson is an idealist, and his books p[illegible] attraction which only the work of the enthusiast a[illegible] can possess. They also have the inevitable faults of [illegible] The first thesis is apparently as follows. There [illegible] Social Problem, not many Social Problems. Politic[illegible] professes to deal with the economic side of this Social [illegible] but in reality it is useless, because it professes [illegible] value by money, and "money measures not wealth [illegible] But what is want but utility? And surely value [illegible] determined by utility, and can therefore be roughly me[illegible] the money Mr. Hobson so heartily despises. Again, [illegible] economy treats of the economic man, a being who is a[illegible] Mr. Hobson. We cannot help thinking that our [illegible] unduly hard upon the economists. No one who has [illegible] Mill's Fifth Book could accuse him of dealing with a[illegible] and inhuman science. Moreover, no one has yet [illegible] the old arguments that ordinary men in the ordinary [illegible] of life are "economic men," that, even granting the [illegible] of many other motives than that of "enlightened self-[illegible] it is important first to realize the effects of the o[illegible] and then to allow for the others. You must [illegible] your skeleton before you can draw your full figur[illegible] Mr. Hobson suggests that economics are only valuable [illegible] as an abstract science, that economists can give [illegible] statesmanship or to the solution of the Social Prob[illegible] who can deny that abstract economics have had a[illegible]

expect to find more than mere suggestiveness in his books. Yet when one comes to examine the truths he enunciates with such a joy of new discovery and often in an unnecessary paradoxical manner one finds that after all they are mostly old familiar friends. Mr. Hobson makes one think that he is in such a hurry to preach his own particular gospel, and incidentally to condemn those who differ from him, that he has not had time to read carefully the writings of those despised economists, for in the pages of Mill and of Marshall may be found all that is of real importance in Mr. Hobson's work. The rest is largely skilful juggling with words or fighting with enemies which, if indeed they were ever more than misty ghosts, have long since ceased to exist.

Mr. Macrosty's book TRUSTS AND THE STATE (Grant Richards, 5s.) is very different. It is the first volume of a new Fabian Series, which is to consist of "volumes dealing from the Fabian point of view with politics and economics." It has the severely practical aspect of so many of the Fabian documents, and deals not with vague and attractive ideas as Mr. Hobson does, but with material facts and figures. The chief fault we have to find with it is its title. "Trusts" are an absorbing subject, and we are all anxious to hear the opinion of experts upon this new or apparently new economic phenomenon. But of Trusts themselves Mr. Macrosty tells us comparatively little. About half his book is taken up with an historical sketch of English economics, which is fairly accurate, not particularly inspiring, and written—as indeed the whole book naturally is—with a strongly marked bias. There is also much that is interesting and sympathetically written about Co-operation, Trades Unions, and the like. Mr. Macrosty's main point is that commercial enterprise has passed out of the region of individualism proper and is now almost entirely dependent upon consolidated organizations managed by salaried experts. This is the intermediate stage, which is to lead us to State control and to—jawbreaking word—collectivization. But it is not quite clear that either trusts or municipal water supplies, or even Imperial dockyards and the Post Office, do necessarily lead us to State Socialism, and Mr. Macrosty does not make it at all evident that such a consummation is desirable. We are aware that he thinks it desirable, but we do not gather his reasons. Our freedom no doubt must be restricted to some extent; and great trusts may well be obliged to submit to more publicity, even to more interference, than the multitude of small traders, in whose numbers lies safety. But that does not carry us necessarily to the doctrine that freedom should cease or that the *régime* to which Mr. Macrosty looks forward would not be undermined by red tape and incompetence.

After the numerous more or less Utopian schemes for social reform with which we are deluged, Mr. Mackay's book PUBLIC RELIEF OF THE POOR (John Murray, 2s. 6d. n.) is as refreshing and bracing as cold spring water after sweet and cloying liquors. Mr. Mackay's precepts are dictated by common-sense and far-seeing charity. He is convinced that "pauperism and dependence among the poorer classes are largely artificial and unnecessary conditions," and that "what is wanting to secure the great reformation which lies within reach is a reasoned conviction of the possibility of dispauperization." The six lectures which form the substance of the book present the arguments which establish the theory and enunciate the general principles. While most social schemes involve great changes, revolutions, upheavals, and are yet quite uncertain as

The principles elucidated by Mr. Mackay destitution is economically avoidable, and that depends on two things: the quickened econom our industrial population, and the relaxation o feudal *status* of servitude which, as the pa lingers in our midst, arresting progress and deve business is to secure a free outlet for the true co of social life, and to lessen the retentive para man's primitive immobility and indolence, c mind which are apt to be impervious to the ben economic motive."

These principles Mr. Mackay illustrates an his tracing out of the origin and history of t Law, and his description of its present conditi The fifth chapter considers the relation bet voluntary agencies of relief, and in the last an of the present drift of events. The whole volu and we trust that it may be widely read.

In THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MONEY (Mac Mr. Carlile has endeavoured to trace from the point the various changes undergone by money. that monetary historians usually confine them the passing of statutes or the adoption of st of realizing that "the function of legislation h mainly to the consecration of facts that are already For instance, the Act of 1816, which is gen the point of transition from a silver to a go England really only stereotyped existing c ordinary silver coins had become so worn that t face value was greater than their intrinsic wort coins, in imitation of this state of things, wer a face value greater than the value of the met them. Gold, Mr. Carlile believes, had become t standard in the eighteenth century. The book, into two parts—the first describing "Historical T Monetary Standard"—and the second "The Orig Nature of the Standard" is an interesting an piece of work. It is a pity that Mr. Carlile does ences to any of the original sources, but mer authorities. His style is on the whole pleas become at times verbose and slightly obscure.

The second volume of Mr. Edmond Kelly's C HUMAN EVOLUTION (Longmans) deals with t Collectivism *versus* Individualism. Mr. Kelly enthusiastic, yet broad-minded and moderate firmly in collectivism as an ideal at which to a that the times are not yet ripe for the collectivis tivism cannot be imposed upon a nation not read grow up, if at all, gradually and naturally, but should do this, men's minds must be prepare must be clearly set before them, and the work of be undertaken seriously. The first part of the individualism, its nature and history, its "inst property," and its results. Mr. Kelly feels tha tions are evil, that the amount of crime, misery, world are so great that every man and woman think at all, find it intolerable. Mr. Kelly's ow for instance, of New York should succeed in ron to thought. Next, in Book II., we have collecti and discussed, some of the objections to it an

Everything is divided up into neat headings, paragraphs, sections, and subsections, and in the midst of such an orderly but scrappy array it is quite bewildering to come across appeals to "you, reader," a method of address to which we are unable to reconcile ourselves.

In the Far West, as in the Middle Ages, there are still writers who take all knowledge for their province. Their books, which they produce with refreshing ease, are largely made up of long quotations from the most diverse writers. Even when they nominally confine themselves to one subject, they take care to choose a satisfactorily wide one, which will give scope to their versatility and to their notebooks. Dr. E. A. Ross, the author of SOCIAL CONTROL (Citizen's Library, Macmillan, 5s. n.), is Professor of Sociology in the University of Nebraska. We should imagine from his book that he is a useful and capable teacher, whose lectures prove stimulating to his pupils. He is clearly a man of wide reading, and touches a number of notes whose multitude must occasionally prove bewildering to his readers. The chapter on Personality may serve as an instance; it contains an astonishing number of illustrations, but we must confess our ignorance of the personalities of the presumably Western heroes Sam Houston, Phil Kearney, and Custer of the Yellow Curls. Neither are we quite certain of the significance of "ankylosis." When, breathless, one arrives at the end of Dr. Ross' volume, and meditates upon its contents, the first conclusion is that it might all have been equally well said in about half the space; the second, that the style is unnecessarily precious at times and the quotations too numerous and commonplace. For the rest, no doubt, the book will prove useful to young students of sociology, who must, however, remember that "no light responsibility is laid upon the investigator who explores the mysterious processes that take place in the soul of a people, and dissects in public the ideals and affirmations elaborated in the social mind. The fact of control is, in good sooth, no gospel to be preached abroad with allegory and parable, with bold type and scare head-lines." Finally, we may quote two sentences from the chapter on Art. "In many the first straying from the ego is not toward fellowship, but towards the vast. Not sympathy, but thirst for largeness, carries them out of themselves." Here we feel that we have found the keynote to Professor Ross' work.

Mr. Max Hirsch, of Melbourne, the author of DEMOCRACY VERSUS SOCIALISM (Macmillan, 10s. n.), was moved to produce this book by his evidently sincere conviction that Socialism could not prove a cure for social injustice, and that the writers who share this view have devoted far too much time and space to purely negative criticism. He himself has endeavoured to write a book which shall deal with Socialist conceptions and proposals as a whole. His work is divided into five parts, the first of which analyses and describes Socialistic teaching, the second and third criticize Socialist economics and ethics and explain the author's own views as to true economic and ethical principles. The fourth shows the conflict between the industrial and distributive proposals of Socialists and the probable results of the former. In the fifth Mr. Hirsch describes the social reforms he would himself wish for, and the means which he considers best adapted to promote social justice. The book is evidently the work of a conscientious and hard-working man. Mr. Hirsch has read the vast literature of his subject carefully, and his own proposals (the institution of the Single Tax on land, which by checking monopoly enables the State to secure equal rights and equal

THE MOORS.

THE LAND OF THE MOORS. By BURGETT MEAKIN. (Sonnenschein. 15s.)

The second volume of Mr. Meakin's exhaustive Morocco is more interesting, though not more valu the first. "The Moorish Empire" necessarily contai deal of jejune chronicle, where the dull crimes Sovereigns were unrelieved by any of those efforts and art which often redeem Oriental despotism. "Th the Moors," on the other hand, deals with the com is, without too much insistance on historical even when they awaken European associations. In the Tangier, for example, it would have been absurd to interesting episode—brief and fruitless as it was rule in that beautiful town, the loss of which was among blunders of our statesmen in the days when Imper undeveloped. Mr. Meakin is, as usual, full and accu information on this subject, and his account is by some excellent contemporary illustrations of Tangie in the day of Charles II., who himself regarded it as a immense magnitude in the Royal diadem," while Mr. Pep it would be "the most considerable place the King o hath in the world." No such glorious anticipations wer as to the future of Bombay, which Catharine of Bragan to the Crown at the same time as Tangier; but the two cities has reversed all prophecies. Bombay is the of Indian commerce, whilst Tangier is a not very sanit and pleasure resort for a few Europeans, restricted b ignorant and uncivilized Government that the Mediter known since the invasion of the barbarians. Tangi has been full of contradictions. The English began, to the Portuguese, by breaking images and sacking but very soon the new possession came to be regarde of papacy, where "Irish troops and Roman bastards port themselves unchecked." The history of the of Tangier might supply one of the few argument ingenious pleader might adduce in favour of the cul the Irish language; for when the garrison was clos the Moors in 1678, it kept up communications with th messages shouted in Irish through speaking-trumpets present day the advocates of the Irish tongue appear t able to dispense with such artificial aid to making t audible. The whole history of Charles' mismana Tangier is a lamentable example of opportunities thr As Pepys said, "this place was to the King, as Carnarvon says of wood, that it is an excrescence of provided by God for the payment of debts"; whe found to cost money, instead of bringing it in, it doned, and the "jewel of the diadem" was treated paste.

Mr. Meakin's admirable accounts of all the chie Morocco—Tetuan, Laraiche, Sallee, Rabat, Mazagan, Fez, Mequinez, Marrakesh, &c.—the sacred towns Idris, Zarhon, Shefshawan, and Wazzan, and many of places, are a mine of information, carefully selecte best authorities, and supplemented and verified by exploration. It is not an easy thing to explore Moro must disguise oneself as a native (though not neces Mahomedan) in order to escape the imputation of a sus

greater, though Pellow believed that "hollowing and staring" at the royal beast and abusing him in the language of the country—supposing him ignorant of English—would suffice to cost him. The Arabs are said, however, to have discovered a better method, founded upon a knowledge of the lion's sense of decorum; they preferred to meet him naked, and Leo Africanus reported, somewhat sceptically, that if a woman did so the lion would "with crying and roaringe cast his eyes upon the groundé and so depart." The volume ends with a brightly-written description of the author's personal experiences when travelling in Morocco, which has perhaps too much the air of a magazine article to be quite in keeping with the solid and detailed information presented in the rest of this useful and elaborate volume. The numerous and excellent illustrations are an attractive feature.

BOSWELL ONCE MORE.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. Edited by Augustine Birrell, and Illustrated by Portraits selected by Ernest Radford. In six volumes. (Constable. 6s. n. per volume.)

The editions of Boswell increase apace; and, since "the immortal biography" is "a book which no gentleman's" (or, indeed, no moderately well-educated person's) "library should be without," it is well that the variety of the supply should keep pace with the demand. By this time, however, the biography, with all the possibilities it offers to the commentator, has probably been edited and re-edited as elaborately as human ingenuity can contrive, and nowadays the interest in a new edition is almost inevitably bibliographical rather than literary. It would be difficult, for example, to surpass Dr. Birkbeck Hill's encyclopædic recension for thoroughness, or Mr. Arnold Glover's for dainty convenience; and most other recent editions range, as it were, between these two, like men-at-arms in a goodly line, "tallest on the right, shortest on the left." So, when a new reprint of Boswell comes before us, we ask, naturally, what the publisher or printer rather than what the editor has done for it; and the rivalry of the booksellers in respect of this particular book is now almost exclusively a rivalry of form and decoration.

This consideration, indeed, is particularly true of the handsomely bound edition which Messrs. Constable are now engaged in producing; for in this case both the notes and the introduction, for which Mr. Birrell is responsible, have, if we mistake not, appeared in an earlier reprint issued by the same house some few years ago. Indeed, it seems that the same plates have been used for printing both editions, and the result is not altogether satisfactory, for the page of type designed for the smaller edition is not in very happy proportion with the wider margin now employed. The result is that the typography looks too delicate for the volume, and there is a loss of that harmony between external and internal decoration which is the high-water mark of artistic manufacture.

The new edition, however, is far from being a mere replica of the old, for it contains a very interesting and well-conceived novelty in the shape of an exhaustive series of portraits, upon which, since they form the principal feature of the edition, a good deal of thought has been very properly bestowed. Mr. Ernest Radford [illegible]

commentary upon the passage they reinforce. We however, to a certain lack of confidence in the fa Mr. Radford seems to us to have performed the t his undertaking.

The preface which he supplies is couched in t altogether. It is partly marred by an affectation is quite out of keeping with its surroundings, a sort of facetious slovenliness of arrangement whic of nonchalance and flippancy to a task in whic possible room for the display of such foibles, from saying that a share of wit and humour is with the atmosphere of Boswell; humour, inc essence of the original. But literary affectation seem a violence to the occasion, and both of t Mr. Radford's notes.

This, for instance, is what we mean by trivial style:—

> The Johnsonian of whom I pretend to k imaginary creature, knowing so little of art t be a considerable tract of uncultivated land on estate; and now that his hero's life is about t with portraits, it may seem that the time has arr ing a little at least.

Or again this:—

> Though it may not have been easy, the for whatever it is, enabled Mr. Leask to suppr signs of his mirth; and the consequence is t its class and kind is one of the very best.

Each of these passages offends the taste in a but none of them is conceived in a tone the leas Johnsonian commentator. Even more fantastical Mr. Radford's little comments in the tab Illustrations."

> William Hogarth. 1697-1764.
> National Portrait Gallery.
> Thinks Johnson may be an idiot.

An entry like this is in the worst literary t only otiose, but positively stupid. By such error Mr. Radford detracts very seriously from a really labour of research and selection.

Mr. Birrell's part in the edition is already collector of Boswelliana. He does not, perhap ponderous view of the duties of an editor, bu performed a congenial task with all his accust and grace. "When you know you must is writes with his easy air of graceful concessio course is to decline competition." And so no elaborate system of annotation, contenting with the best of Malone's notes, supplement but only a few, of his own, and confining functions mainly to the provision of a characteris engaging introduction which, if, after the fashion o essays, it does not penetrate very deeply into it least completely successful in arousing the rig reader, and in putting him in vein for the Garg wit and wisdom which Boswell and Johnson hav him. In short, Mr. Birrell lets his author spe standing modestly aside in the presence of n whose literary quality no amount of commentary enhance.

does scant justice to the pains and judgment of the collector. A very little extra trouble would have prevented this; as it is success has been missed, as it were, by a hair's-breadth. This is a great pity, for the edition, of which the volumes are handsome and light to the hand, might have been made quite unique of its kind, whereas in its present form it seems to us much better in conception than in execution.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Josephine.

Mr. Frederick A. Ober's biography of JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH (Unwin, 7s. 6d. n.), is written in the style of a sentimental historical novel, which is by no means the best style available for the purposes of the biographer. The author appears to have had access to "family archives" which gave him an advantage over other biographers in dealing with Josephine's early life in Martinique; but they do not appear to have been a very rich mine to dig in, and the new matter is of little interest or importance. The general purpose of the book seems to be to whitewash the Empress; Mr. Ober's method of dealing with adverse evidence is the very simple one of saying that he does not believe it—not a very effective method when evidence is strong. Nor does he present that adverse evidence with the impartiality proper to an historian. His great concern is to discredit the legend that the wife of Napoleon was the cast-off mistress of Barras, and that Napoleon got the Italian command as a reward for marrying her; and he imagines himself to have disposed of the story by quoting Carnot's statement that it was he, and not Barras, who proposed Napoleon for the appointment. But this statement, even if true, really proves very little. Even if Carnot proposed the appointment, its confirmation may very well have depended upon the good will of Barras; and if Napoleon and Josephine believed in the influence of Barras, our opinion of their conduct can hardly be affected by the discovery that Barras imposed upon them. Nor is it fair to represent that the case against Josephine rests solely upon the gossip of jealous women. It also rests upon very circumstantial statements made by Barras himself in his recently published memoirs. The whole book, however, is written in the tone of the special pleader, as witness the statement that, in associating with the murderers of her husband and her friends, Josephine "merely accepted the inevitable." There was nothing whatever inevitable about her conduct. She was perfectly free to go back to her mother in Martinique if she chose. As a matter of fact, she was a woman with a singular lack of sensitiveness, as Napoleon soon discovered, and as his letters to her bear ample witness.

Travel in the First Century.

The subject of TRAVEL IN THE FIRST CENTURY (Cambridge University Press, 5s.) is an attractive one, though it undoubtedly loses somewhat in special interest when we remember that travel in the eighteenth century was very similar to travel in the first century; if anything it was a little less convenient. Horace and Dr. Johnson made their journeys in similar fashion, save that the former had the advantage of good roads. As a clever writer has remarked, Trajan and Peel took the same number of hours to travel from Rome to London. Miss Caroline Skeel has, so far as the limits of an essay allow, gathered together in this volume, which was written for the Gibson Prize at Girton, the chief on the few references which can be found to riding on [illegible] In addition to the one or two which she quotes we [illegible] Pliny's remarks (Epp., i., xvii.) about the way to [illegible] Laurentian villa, which show that journeys on horseback [illegible] uncommon whenever the route lay out of the main road.

Grasses.

Professor Marshall Ward, of Cambridge, has written [illegible] (Cambridge University Press, 6s.) "in the hope" th[illegible] be used in fields and on hillsides as well as in laboratories specimens of our ordinary grasses in the hand. It is a [illegible] of our common native species of grasses, so arranged [illegible] readers may learn how to examine and understand the [illegible] parts of "these remarkable plants," with plenty [illegible] statements about the biology and physiological peculi[illegible] grasses. The scheme of the book is clear and compa[illegible] somewhat reminding a critic of that of the best flo[illegible] France, but full of original touches, such as we have [illegible] expect from Professor Ward. Two chapters are devote[illegible] liminary information about the vegetative organs of gr[illegible] then the author supplies a list of grasses classified acc[illegible] their vegetative characters.

A chapter of information about the anatomy and hi[illegible] grasses is followed by a list of grasses classified acc[illegible] the anatomical characters of the leaf (readers should [illegible] larly notice the descriptions of two *glyceria* ope[illegible] *fluitans*); a well-illustrated disquisition upon g[illegible] flower introduces a catalogue of grasses grouped acc[illegible] their "flowers and inflorescences," (which will fasci[illegible] young botanist who takes the book out of doors to [illegible] living specimens); and after information about the [illegible] "seeds" we have a synopsis of grasses classified [illegible] to their grains. A useful "bibliography," from which [illegible] of Babington need not have been omitted, precedes [illegible] best indices ever issued with a small English scientific [illegible] is in many respects a model botanical handbook.

Science.

In old time the great Cathedrals were led to deve[illegible] own "uses." In the same way it is in our own day [illegible] more and more the custom for the principal seats of l[illegible] evolve their own laboratory courses, to which only spe[illegible] books are appropriate. Nay more, by the issue of [illegible] EXERCISES IN PRACTICAL PHYSICS (Cambridge University [illegible] Drs. A. Schuster and C. H. Lees, of Owens College, h[illegible] that, in one and the same institution, a difference of r[illegible] bring about radical changes, even in a few years. [illegible] decessors, Prof. Balfour Stewart and Mr. Haldane G[illegible] a series of which, unfortunately, the volumes on Light [illegible] have not yet appeared, but which in general scop[illegible] superior to anything of the kind attempted either [illegible] since. But its very comprehensiveness detract[illegible] its value for certain purposes, and the modern [illegible] to specialization leads, however undesirably, to [illegible] duction of books addressed to candidates for a [illegible] degree, in this case that of B.Sc. at the Victo[illegible] versity. Within the limits assigned, however, this ne[illegible] admirable both in design and execution, and in ac[illegible] their unwritten motto "Be ye diligent in correctin[illegible] the authors impress upon the student the most impor[illegible] tasks. Another feature of the book is the comparati[illegible] number of experiments which have to be gone throu[illegible] sequence of the special purpose of the book just referr[illegible]

expressly disavow any attempt at completeness it is not possible to find fault with them for leaving gaps here and there, provided that these are not of vital consequence. A few trifling printer's errors have escaped notice in the revision, and the punctuation marks have, for the most part, been allowed to take care of themselves.

The third instalment of Huxley's collected papers, THE SCIENTIFIC MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, VOL. III. (Macmillan, 30s. n.), covers the period 1861-1872. In some ways it is the most important part of his career. It includes the work of his ripest years, before the burden of official responsibility and ill-health had begun to weigh on him too heavily. Here are to be found his papers on the classification of birds; the mutual affinities of dinosaurs, birds, and reptiles; the methods and uses of ethnology; and the relations of the organisms of yeast and mould (*Penicillium*, *Torula*, and *Bacterium*), besides addresses to learned societies, which may even now be perused with pleasure and profit. The entire list extends to thirty-eight separate headings, and in all of them may be discerned his keen powers of observation, his swift critical and logical acumen, and his lucidity of exposition. At an early period he confessed to Sir H. de la Bèche that "he did not care for fossils." When Palæontology began to be looked upon less as the handmaid than the nurse of the theory of evolution his change of attitude was very striking. From this time forward Huxley gradually drifted away from his physiological studies, and became more and more absorbed in the grand generalisations opened out by the "Origin of Species." Of special interest to him were the problems of avian and reptilian morphology presented by the still-surviving *Ratitæ* and the extinct forms *Archæopteryx* and *Compsognathus* on the one hand, and the dinosaurs with their peculiar affinities on the other. Ultimately he was led to unite the two classes in one province—*Sauropsida*—just as fishes and amphibians fell into the province *Ichthyopsida*. Another demonstration of the highest interest to all evolutionists was the genealogy of the *Equidæ*, traceable through Marsh's discoveries from Eocene to modern times in a continuous chain, though the linking of the early and final forms would have been deemed audacious in the extreme had it rested on conjecture only. Yet Huxley never allowed judgment to wait upon enthusiasm, and his care to avoid overstepping the bounds of legitimate inference is well shown by his coinage of the word *homotaxis* to express the similarity of arrangement of strata in detached or widely separated areas, without implying that layers in which even the closest parallelism can be traced are necessarily contemporaneous in date. Many of the papers furnish food for reflection, but it may be remarked that those on ethnology do not, either by their number or the nature of their contents, represent the full value of Huxley's services to that science. With the year 1870 a turning point in his career is reached when, as president or officer of this or that society, or as a member of the London School Board, or of a commission of one kind or another, his energies were directed into other channels, during such intervals of decent health as an overworked system allowed him to enjoy. Two years of this period are covered in the present volume; the remainder will be dealt with in the final volume now in course of preparation.

New College.

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, by H. Rashdall and R. S. Rait, M.A. (College Histories Series) (F. E. Robinson, 5s.), at any rate to Walter de Merton and Willia that life had greater affinity to Scotch than to I sities of to-day. The Universities, as Dr. Rash were originally "great guilds or autonomous co N. Europe of teachers, in the south of stude gradually acquired legal status and privileges, endowments. The College system introduced the University system. A College was only a a way of supporting students who were attending the University. That in course of time the shadowed the University was due partly to their and *esprit de corps*, but still more to the sy introduced, as Dr. Rashdall claims, by Willia and destined "to revolutionize Oxford educatio the teaching of the University Regents (*i.e.*, M still called *Magistri Regentes* in the Latin fo Convocation) and practically to transform the Uni federation of educationally independent and isola But Dr. Rashdall is probably right in holding t College founders had no conscious intention or pr a change. Wykeham, for example, was not educational reformer that he is sometimes credit His immediate design, as specified in his found was to remedy the falling off in the number account of the Black Death and other epidemic which drew them to other avocations, and the lack which led to "Idleness and frivolous vanities"; educational idea being "an increased appreciati of sound grammatical teaching." But the two not by which the "sole and munificent founder of the Winton Colleges" sought to carry out the so ideas of his own time, have after many vicissitude of which they became instances of the very ab intended to cure, well justified his care and libera story of those vicissitudes through the Reforma the Revolution and the Restoration, the dead of the eighteenth century, and the awakening li half of the nineteenth, we must refer the picturesque pages of Dr. Rashdall. The fou notary, clerk of the works, architect, Royal pluralist, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Hig England—played a leading part in English hi founding Winchester and New College *exegit perennius*.

SOME FAVOURITE BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHO Shaylor (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), is a neatly book by an author who has published one or two o books of the same kind. It is designed mainly "general reader" to learn more than he generall names the sound of which is familiar to him, to "p to further study of the great classics by a sho writers, and an extract or two from their writi gratulate Mr. Shaylor on his selection, which i judicious.

Those who like small talk about "royalties care whether it is well substantiated or not will shoulder to shoulder and form a public for E. M. C tion of Mrs. Clara Tschudi's ELIZABETH EMPRE (Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.). The writer makes no prete any first-hand knowledge of her subject; and it

War." This introduction points out that several of our disasters in the early stages of the Boer campaign resulted from the violation of one or another of these maxims. The moral is, that it is necessary for soldiers to be clever as well as brave, and studious as well as clever, not only remembering the maxims but knowing the military history which illustrates them. A good deal of this history, with hints for further researches, will be found in the notes appended to the maxims.

Canon Twells has some claim to our remembrance as a hymn-writer, if only as the author of "At even, ere the sun was set," which is certainly one of the most popular hymns in the language. He was also a thoughtful preacher, who had ideas of his own on the subject of sermon writing, and expounded them in an interesting little book called "Colloquies on Preaching." But the MEMOIR OF HENRY TWELLS, which was the last work of the late Dean of Peterborough (Wells Gardner, Darton, 6s.) contains a great deal of matter—chiefly letters in verse—which would have been better omitted. Canon Twells had a remarkable facility in rhyme: he could turn out friendly letters in this medium with singular ease, and no doubt they were very welcome to the recipients, but they are certainly not worth reprinting, and they rather tend to give a false picture of the man. It is interesting to note that the subject of this memoir was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, under Dr. Prince Lee, afterwards Bishop of Manchester, where he had as schoolfellows such future dignitaries of the Church as Benson, Lightfoot, and Westcott. He was for some years a Proctor in Convocation for the Peterborough Diocese, and he founded and endowed the Church of St. Augustin's at Bournemouth.

It seemed doubtful, at a first glance, whether the papers brought together by Mr. Richard A. Armstrong under the title of MAKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Unwin, 3s. 6d. n.) were to be regarded as lectures or as sermons. Reading a few paragraphs aloud, and fancying that we heard a sound as of the thumping of a hollow tub, we gathered that they belonged to the latter category. The presumption is, however, that the bulk of the congregation which listened to them was very imperfectly educated, and it is not unlikely that they set that congregation thinking, and even induced some members of it to read the works of Darwin, Matthew Arnold, Ibsen, Newman, and Martineau. In that case they served a useful purpose. There are not wanting indications that Mr. Armstrong could do better work (from the literary critic's point of view) out of the pulpit than in it.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JEAN INGELOW (Wells Gardner, Darton, 3s. 6d.) is an anonymous book raising by its title expectations which the contents do not fulfil. The earlier chapters merely give conjectural gush about Jean Ingelow's childhood. The later reminiscences are rarely personal, and mainly trivial. We read, for instance, that "two of her fellow pupils of whom she sometimes spoke were the Misses Rogers, beautiful girls of good family in Lincolnshire, both of whom died young." And that is all. With that idle remark the Misses Rogers, whoever they may have been, pass and are no more heard of. We are told again that Jean Ingelow had many admirers, but we are not told so much as the name of any one of them. The most interesting story in the book is that, when Tennyson met Jean Ingelow, he exclaimed: "I declare you do the trick better than I do." But this is really the only interesting story that the book contains. Closing the volume we feel that the life of Jean Ingelow remains to be written, and ought to be written, and that Mr. Mackenzie Bell, whom the anonymous author frequently quotes, would probably write it as well as any one.

FICTION.

"Back to the Army Again."

All of the many different kinds of novel readers
LOVE AND HIS MASK (Heinemann, 6s.), by Méale Mur
(Mrs. Henry Norman). It is a book that skilfully
the more interesting points of a war story, the intimat
of the now popular love-letters, the joys of an aristocra
the consideration of the subtleties of a woman's heart
delineation of the conventional, straightforward, nol
less, necessary mind of man. The simple hero who p
attracts the beautiful woman, and widow, Mrs. Leslie
unknown to her. It is Major-General the Hon.
Riddington, V.C., C.B., commanding the 6th Brig
of those heroes a little more frequent in the
flection of lady novelists than in the rough-and-tumble
continent of lost reputations. He has been in the
has won his commission; he is a little over forty; he is w
by the English men and women of his day. Leslie has
the age when a woman knows she wants something
and knows also that he will never understand, or ra
he will always misunderstand, what it is that she wan
she had ruled him out of the sum altogether. What sh
could never be had, she argued, from any man if she k
so she had decided to secure it to herself by *not* know
The idea, though a new and unused idea, was, in its
simple. She had ruled him out, but she had carefully
the man who was to be her *quantité négligeable*." Basil Ri
is the man for her purpose; to him, unknown and unkno
writes her secret meaning. That no one shall know is a
that she strictly observes; a typewriter and other m
attributes help to this end. "Secrets," says the
"are commonly supposed to be difficult to keep; fo
especially so. This is really because most people are
hearted in their desire to keep secrets—again, women par
so. It may not be good for her to do so, but
can keep a secret, even as the marble conceals
of legend—through a hundred years." Although we
personally know any lady who has kept a secret for a
years, the fact that a woman can be close if there be
personal need for it has been proved often enough. L
be secret—she is a most delightful woman, simple as
and believing herself to be remarkably complex—bu
stances are against her and, as the story develops, thi
out. Toby Tollemache and Basil Riddington, who at
appear to have equal chances for the hand of Leslie
"ruled out" man, are the pleasantest of fellows. Th
characters of the book interest us at once and hold us
out; the story is a refreshment from the beginning to
We like it better than Mrs. Norman's previous novels
this opinion we shall, we believe, find ourselves in ag
with the general public. "Love and his Mask" will
the most popular novels of the autumn season.

Mrs. Voynich.

Mrs. Voynich fully demonstrated her power i
Gadfly," but, not content with the victories that volume
her, she has, in JACK RAYMOND (Heinemann, 6s.), ch
almost impossible subject, determined, as it would ap
show us that in the most difficult circumstances her ta
command our admiration. There is hardly anything

ley and his mother bring new light and love into the soul of Jack. The narration of his devotion makes an extremely unconventional book in which extraordinary insight is blurred by lack of external information, happy inspiration marred by what appear to be purposes foreign to art. There are drama and sympathy in the book, but Jack Raymond remains not quite articulate and real. He is of the kind of subjective character that clever lady novelists create to further their own usually altruistic or reformatory ends. Such novelists as Ouida, Livingston Prescott, and Olive Schreiner have produced this kind of man and very effective and heartrending he is—but is it art? Mrs. Voynich is so bold, so cunning, so alert in her work that one is inclined to beg her to consider the question. If the early part of the book is intended by its moral to ameliorate the condition of youth this inverted ideality will militate against so admirable a purpose. To overstate a case is not the way to win it. If on the other hand the opening of the story is intended as a prelude to a work of art, it lacks the spirit of beauty. Judged by the highest standard, the only one suitable for any writing of this clever lady, "Jack Raymond" is unsatisfactory. It is an unpleasant essay in a direction that is most difficult to all who take the profession of novelist seriously. Its unconventionality is not atoned for by its undoubted sincerity.

Mr. Richard Marsh.

Mr. Richard Marsh is acquiring a reputation as a weaver of mysteries, and as a prolific writer who may generally be trusted not to waste too much time in beating about the bush. In MRS. MUSGRAVE AND HER HUSBAND (John Long, 3s. 6d.) he secures for us a plentiful crop of murder and suicide, and manages by this simple device to give his story a fillip whenever it shows signs of becoming dull. To do him justice, the interest is sustained well enough (it is a short story, and there are five violent deaths in it), but the main features of the tale can scarcely be called pleasant. There is cleverness displayed in the construction, although suicide is always a poor way out of an *impasse*, and the scene culminating in the murder in a railway carriage is not badly done. It was presumably for the sake of heightening the agony that Mr. Marsh chose to pile these horrors upon the unfortunate heads of a newly-married pair. They appear an amiable couple, and we are sorry for their troubles, but this sort of direct appeal for pity is apt to overshoot its mark. Mr. Richard Marsh is of the forcible school, and his seasoning is scattered with too generous a hand. Fortunately for him there are plenty of people who like a high flavour.

Some of the same author's stories in BOTH SIDES OF THE VEIL (Methuen, 6s.) are also exciting enough. They are a curiously mixed collection, however, and not a few, especially towards the end, are weak and dull. It may be that the arrangement is faulty. Mr. Marsh has never been remarkable for his attention to detail—his proofs, for example are more carelessly revised than those of any author we remember—and he begins this volume with so startling a pair of stories that such quiet interludes as "The Match of the Season" and "A Rubber or Two" strike the reader as somewhat commonplace. Two or three of the stories are connected with spiritualism, which gives the author an opportunity for a title and for a rather attractive cover.

American-Historical.

The purveyors of historical romance are having a great

while Colonel George Rogers Clark and his sul
finest of fine fellows. Alice Roussillon, too, is
thing out of the common. But the writing
once careless and clumsy. No doubt this is of l
in these days. America demands historic
publishers know how to push a story that
popularity; and the author can readily consol
own phrase) with "the beatitude of him whose
are latest." We do not imagine that his book
remarkable popularity in England.

Court Dress.

PRINCE CHARMING, by "Rita" (Sands,
pretty little fantasy indeed. There is plenty
Court flattery, and tinsel compliment, but wit
of sound principles concealed in the backgr
thing in Anthony Hope's earlier vein, when he
books as "The Heart of Princess Osra," an
at the most serious parts, anything but go
experiences of the unknown Prince in Eri
author's fanciful name for Hibernia) make
episode as could be wished. "Rita" has
most of her sex, and she has also vivacity an
pleasant talent for handling conversation. Sh
correct her proofs more carefully, or employ a
duty off her shoulders. But in all essentials th
book of its kind.

MY HEART AND LUTE, by A. St. Laur
Stoughton, 6s.), would not be a bad story
dialogue, which is like nothing either human or
Lord Rodwell is asked, "Have you ever m
replies "Never, 'pon my honour. Delighted,
you know?" On another occasion he greet
"Ah! Lady Wentworth, delighted to come,
It is a trick of certain writers to fall back on th
you know?" when they wish to suggest inanity
it—not in the characters alone, but in the whol

MR. LEOPOLD LUGWELL: HIS BIRTH AN
Philip Sterne (Blackwood, 6s.), deals with a
chiefly unpleasant, in a manner that is decid
except for some rather tedious conversation
laboured repartee. Mr. Leopold Lugwell fi
title than he does anywhere else. In fact, h
all into the story, which plays round the chara
and mother, a strangely assorted couple of unf
ings. The book is a trifle long-winded, but qu

It is remarkable that, no matter how bad
can generally muster opposite its title-page a
notices, if not of itself at least of some
author. THE CHARM OF LIFE (Griffiths, 3
author of "An Episode at Schmeks," and this
work appears to have been regarded with i
the reviewers. We fear that the most co
gentlemen will scarcely mete out the same
anonymous writer's last novel, which is a
work indeed. The main idea of the sto
sentimental; it is told with portentous dulnes
patches of (unintentionally) comic melodrama
writing the less said the better.

DUPES, by Ethel Watts Mumford (Put

LIBRARY NOTES.

In last week's *Literature* we gave a select bibliography of Alfred the Great. The Manchester Public Libraries have now issued a special list of works which more than ever shows what a great contribution has recently been made to our knowledge of Alfred. The list is divided into sections on the life, writings, kingdom, fleet, and general history of the king, and is excellently annotated. A certain number of volumes appear to have been dragged in, but the list should provide an admirable basis to work upon.

"The Library Association Year Book" for 1901 reproduces most of the annual features which render it of use to those interested in libraries. Under the head of examinations and classes are printed the questions set at the professional examination. Last year we commented unfavourably upon the questions, which were mostly quite out of the region of practical librarianship. The present papers are of far greater utility. They demand knowledge of importance to any librarian, and are of a kind to encourage the aspirant for a certificate. Some, however, presuppose a too great critical faculty on the part of the examinee, who is asked to state at length matters of opinion rather than of fact.

Petty thefts constitute a well-known annoyance to the librarian. The offence is often so needless in kind that it is arguable whether it is not the result of some kleptomaniac tendency. From a certain Church paper in a London library the Sunday-school lessons have been weekly "commandeered." After all a kleptomaniac may be of some service in a library. The harm often done to the reference department by the acceptance of worthless gifts was referred to in a paper read at the Plymouth Conference of Librarians. Let librarians who suffer from depredations place a few open shelves in the news-room and on them their unwished-for gifts, surmounted, if necessary, by a card, "Please take one." It is conceivable that the book and paper thief might be moved to repentance.

Mr. G. K. Fortescue's presidential address to the Library Association has drawn attention to the abortive catalogue of the British Museum in 1841, of which only letter A was published. On a vote of over £21,000 for the Museum Sir Robert Peel was asked when the catalogue would be completed and printed. He replied, "Owing to the assiduity of persons entrusted with the preparation of the catalogue it is now nearly in a complete state, and will soon be available to the general readers . . . . I may state that the catalogue will be printed by the 31st December, 1844." Rarely are such precise Ministerial assurances so wide apart from actuality.

The Librarian of the South African Public Library, Cape Town, writes to us as follows :—

> I have not seen the article in the *London Argus* of June 21st dealing with Public Libraries at the Cape, to which you refer in your issue of July 6th, but I hope it is not so misleading as your extract would lead one to suppose. The writer has evidently obtained a "general abstract of returns from all libraries" for the year 1899, which cannot be relied upon for statistical accuracy when required for librarians' purposes. Had the writer turned to the balance sheets and reports of the various institutions he would have learned that the sum of £2,325 was the grant to this library for a year and a-half, and that the income given as £3,792 was a total containing amongst other things the balance brought forward from last year. The general abstract of returns only contains such information as is asked for by the Colonial Government. For other not less interesting matter we have to consult the reports themselves. I cannot tell whether the writer made clear that there is no free library in South Africa such as

Correspondence.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the course of his thoughtful article o Morris, which appears in your issue of the 14th Wallace L. Crowdy quotes the words "fully conse own position in English letters, and regarding Mr. Sw his only equal among living poets" which form description by me of Morris (that occurs in an artic published in the *Fortnightly Review* for November, then adds, "we doubt whether the author of 'Th Paradise' ever considered himself in comparison Swinburne."

Perhaps I may be permitted to mention that i years that elapsed between the death of Tennyson in Morris' own death in 1896, the remark to which M demurs was justified fully by Morris' conversatio presence; though concerning the claims as a poet o life-long friend Mr. Swinburne, Morris spoke always characteristic force of eloquent persuasiveness as t least one of his auditors feel that it is only the really who can judge adequately of a supreme poet.

I am, &c., MACKENZIE

London, Sept. 17.

LITERARY EARNINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With respect to your remarks, published issue of last week, touching the question of remune journalistic work, will you kindly allow me to make ment? While a thousand words or so can be written hour or thereabouts, the information itself may be the o of years, or perhaps considerable expense has been in obtaining the information, irrespective of the time an expended. This remark is, of course, an obvious one; considering the prospects of journalism as a "profes important matter of expenses must never be lost Taking into account the cost of obtaining the materi time and trouble expended, the remuneration re frequently by no means excessive, to say the least.

Yours respectfully,

September 15, 1901. J

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHER

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS A WRITE

President Roosevelt's first book was his history Naval War of 1812," published in 1882, when he w twenty-four years old. His next contribution to l curiously enough, will be another study of the sam occupy the first place in the sixth volume of Mr. Lair history of the Royal Navy, which Messrs. Sampson about to publish. When it was first announced Clowes had invited both Captain Mahan and Mr. Ro assist him in his work, a New York literary journal cong itself that at last English readers would be told the wh

Powell and Selous in England, his books are extremely popular —especially his hunting books. His "Naval War of 1812," too, is in its eighth edition, and his history of "The Winning of the West," in four volumes, appears both in the library and cheap editions, while a volume of "Episodes" from the same work—useful for the American student rather than the general reader—came out not long ago. The President publishes his books with several firms, including Messrs. Scribner and the Century Company, but mainly with Messrs. Putnam. They issue all the works just mentioned, as well as his "American Ideals and Other Essays, Social and Personal," which is of special interest at the present moment. He also contributed the volume on New York to Messrs. Longman's "Historic Towns Series." His latest book is his "Oliver Cromwell" (Constable), the special interest of which—as Mr. Frederic Harrison remarked at the time—lies in the fact the author has opportunities for judging the career of the Protector "from a practical experience such as none of the previous biographers (and hardly Mr. Morley himself) have possessed." The following is a list of the President's principal publications:—"The Naval War of 1812," 1882; "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," 1885; "Life of Thomas Hart Benton," 1886; "Life of Gouverneur Morris," 1887; "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," 1888; "The Winning of the West," 1889-95; "New York," 1891; "The Wilderness Hunter," 1893; "American Ideals," 1898; "The Rough Riders," 1899; "Oliver Cromwell," 1900. He is to be part author of the Deer Family in "The American Sportsman's Library" (Macmillans).

The first of Messrs. J. M. Dent's new season's children's books will be a new edition of "Grimm's Fairy Tales," edited by Marian Edwards, with illustrations by R. Anning Bell. They have a new series of little books for young children, entitled "The Bairn Books," to be opened with "A Farm Book" and "A Book of Days," illustrated by Charles Robinson. The same publishers, with their usual enterprise in embarking on series of reprints, announce "The Cloister Library," a new series to contain a selection of works of a meditative character. The first volume will contain Sir Arthur Helps' "Cloister and the Crowd" and "Companions of my Solitude." This will be followed by St. Teresa's "Way of Perfection," with a prefatory note by Dr. Alexander Whyte; and other volumes will be Crashaw's Poems, Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," the Letters of St. Francis of Sales, Herbert's "Temple," The "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius of Loyola, and selections from Dora Greenwell's Writings.

"Scottish Men of Letters of the Eighteenth Century" is a volume which Messrs. A. and C. Black have in preparation, by the Rev. Henry Grey Graham, whose "Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century" has just reached its third (revised) edition. It refers also to Women of Letters to whom Scotland is indebted, such as Mrs. Cockburn, Lady Anne Barnard, Lady Nairn, and others. Messrs. Black also have an illustrated volume of travel in the South Seas, entitled "Sunshine and Surf," written by Douglas B. Hall and Lord Albert Osborne; and "Human Nature and Morals, According to Auguste Comte," with notes illustrative of the principles of Positivism, by Dr. John Kells Ingram.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. will publish this autumn Mr. P. E. Newberry's "Foreign Tributaries of Thothmes III.," his second memoir on the great tomb of Rekhmara at Thebes, and also an "Introduction to the Study of Egyptian Scarabs" by the same author, illustrated by over a thousand specimens. Messrs. Constable will also shortly have ready "English Coronation Records," edited by Leopold G. Wickham Legg, with many illustrations and a long [illegible]

J. Guthrie, sometime editor of "The Elf," viz. of Edgar Allan Poe," in six quarterly parts, pri eighteenth century manner," and the first thre "Brownie Series," little square volumes in "The Rainbow Garden," from the same volume of stories and drawings by Miss Gra niece of Charles Kingsley.

The fresh items in the new list of books i the Clarendon Press include "The Lay of Hav edited by Dr. Skeat; Volume IV. (Latin Work Complete Works of John Gower," edited by G "The Works of John Lyly," edited by R. "The Troubadours of Dante," by H. J. Chay German Prose Composition," by E. Ehrke; " spondence of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex," man; "The Welsh Wars of Edward the First," "The Memoirs of Bishop Burnet," derived Harl. MS. 6584, Bodleian Add. MSS. D. edited with Notes and a Prefatory Essay on History, by Miss H. F. Foxcroft; "Εἰσαγωγή J. Cook Wilson, M.A.; "Selections from Platonists," edited by E. T. Campagnac, M.A.

"Dragons of the Air," by Prof. H. G. (from Messrs. Methuen), is a popular history of able flying animals which ever lived.

"Mastersingers: Appreciations of Music a is the title of a new musical book to be publi by Mr. William Reeves, including an Essay on The author is Mr. Filson Young.

Messrs. Dent inform us that the co-operati Hazlitt, grandson of the critic, has been obtaine coming edition of Hazlitt, and he has put at t store of portraits.

THEOLOGICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Messrs. publishing among other religious works: "O and Modern Ritualism," by the Rev. F. Meyric firmation and Communion of Infants and Young the Rev. H. Holloway, with a preface by Vi "A Thousand Things to say in Sermons," by the Corbett; "Religious and Social Work amongst Lucy Freeman; a new volume of sermons for Canon Skrine; "The Coronation Service," incl and order of the service as used at the Coro Victoria, by the Rev. J. H. Pemberton; and la "Sermons for the Coronation," by various prea a selection of Coronation hymns and tunes, incl verse for the National Anthem.

Apart from the new work by Dr. Spence on "Ea and Paganism" already referred to in *Lite* Cassell announce an important volume on "The of the Redeemer," by various writers, including Gloucester, Dr. Lefroy, Dr. Croswell Doane, Bis U.S.A., and Principal Fairbairn. They are al newly-illustrated edition of the "Child's Bibl also be issued in twelve monthly parts, beginning

Messrs. Macmillan's announcements for thei logical Library are:—"The Brahmo Samaj an in their Bearing upon Christianity: A Study in by Frank Lillingston, M.A., Lecturer in Heb History at Selwyn College, Cambridge; "H siastical Polity," Book V., edited by the Rev. "Laud's Controversy with Fisher," edited by Simpkinson; "Sermons," by the Rev. H. C. B Earliest Gospel: A Historico-Critical Commenta According to St. Mark," by Professor Allan Luke the Prophet," by Dr. Edward Carus Selw Credibility of the Book of the Acts of the Hulsean Lectures for 1899-1 by the Preside College, Cambridge; while from America, in the

the same press—the new edition of "Nova Legenda Angliæ," in two volumes, re-edited by Dr. Carl Horstman. The text is based on the printed edition of Wynkyn de Worde (1516), and includes much fresh material. The first part of Dr. Stockoe's "Manual of the Four Gospels" will also be published shortly.

Messrs. Methuen announce "An Old Testament History," by Dr. G. W. Wade, Tutor at Lampeter College. The next volume in their Library of Devotion will be "The Song of Songs," being a volume of selections from St. Bernard, edited by Mr. B. Blaxland.

On October 11 Messrs. Methuen will publish Dr. A. Robertson's "Regnum Dei"—the Bampton Lectures of 1901, reviewing historically the main interpretations of the teaching of Christ. Next month they will issue a life of Bishop Butler by the Rev. W. A. Spooner in their series of "Leaders of Religion."

Messrs. A. and C. Black announce "A Historic View of the New Testament," by Dr. Percy Gardner—a volume containing the lectures delivered by the author on the new Jowett foundation in London. The views set forth by the writer are the same as those maintained in his "Exploratio Evangelica," of which these lectures may be regarded as a summary adapted for more general circulation. The same publishers are preparing a new life of Christ ("The Story of Stories"), written for children by the Rev. R. C. Gillie, and illustrated by famous pictures.

The next volume of Messrs. Putnam's "International Handbooks to the New Testament" will be Dr. Orello Cone's work on the "Epistles to the Hebrews, Colossians, Ephesians, and Philemon, the Pastoral Epistles, the Epistles of James, Peter, and Jude," with a sketch of the Canon of the New Testament. Other theological books from Messrs. Putnam include "The Christ Ideal," by Horatio W. Dresser; "The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth," by the Rev. Henry Frank; and "The Passing and the Permanent in Religion," by Dr. Minot Savage, author of "Life Beyond Death."

Books to look out for at once.

"The Edinburgh Folio Shakespeare." Part I. Edited by W. E. Henley. Grant Richards.
[The first part of the new Shakespeare, printed at Edinburgh by Messrs. Constable. The cost of each part (there are to be forty parts altogether, paged to make ten volumes) is 5s. n., but the work is sold only in complete sets.]

"Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.: A Study and a Biography." By A. S. Baldry. Bell and Son. £3 3s. n.
[With Photogravure Plates, &c., and Binding designed by Professor Herkomer.]

"Arts Under Arms: An University Man in Khaki." By Maurice Fitzgibbon, Moderator in Classics, Trinity College, Dublin, late of Forty-fifth Company (Irish Hunt Contingent) Imperial Yeomanry. Illustrated. Longmans. 5s. n.

"Pictures of War." By John Stuart. Constable. 7s. 6d.
[A Boer War Book. Maps and Plans.]

"Glories of Spain." By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S. Macmillan. Illustrated.

"The Spanish Settlements within the Present Limits of the United States, 1513-1561." By Woodbury Lowery. Putnam. 12s. 6d.

"Old Dutch Towns and Villages of the Zuider Zee." By W. J. Tuin and J. G. Veldheer. Illustrated. Fisher Unwin. 21s.

"With the Flag at Sea." By Walter Wood. Constable. 6s. Illustrated by H. C. Seppings Wright.

"The Lost of the Masai." By Sidney Langford Hinde, H.M. Collector British East Africa Protectorate, and Hildegarde Hinde. Illustrated. Heinemann. 15s.

"Dragons of the Air." By Professor H. G. Seeley. Methuen. 6s.
[A popular history of the extinct species of flying animals. Illus.]

"Famous Violinists of To-Day and Yesterday" and "Famous Pianists of To-Day and Yesterday." By Henry C. Lahee. Putnam. 6s. each. Illustrated.

"Owen Glyndywr, the National Hero of Wales." By Arthur G. Bradley. Putnam. 5s.
["Heroes of the Nations" Series. Illustrated.]

"Heroes of the Nineteenth Century." By G. Barnett Smith. Vol. III. Pearson. 5s.

"From the Heart of the Rose: Letters on Things Natural, Things Serious,

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINT

ART.

FRANCESCO RAIBOLINI Called Francia Great Masters in Painting an By G. C. Williamson. 8×5½. 160 pp. Bell. 5s. n

THE STUDY AND CRITICISM OF ITALIAN ART By B. Berenson 9 Bell 10s 6d

DUTCH PAINTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Vol IV Rouman 12½×9½. 248 pp. Sampson Low £2 2s n.

BIOGRAPHY.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JEAN INGELOW AND HER EARLY 7½×5. 168 pp. Wells Gardner. 3s. 6d.
[See Review, p. 283.]

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA The Philosophic Reformer of the First G. R. S. Mead 9½×6. 159 pp. The Theosophical Publishing Company

THE QUEEN'S COMRADE. The Life and Times of Sarah, Duchess of By F. Molloy Two vols., 8½×5½. 658 pp. Hutchinson. 24s. n.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY Supplementary vo Ed. by Sidney Lee. 9½×6½. 430+462 pp. Smith, Elder. 15s. each
[See Review, p. 227]

THE CHILDHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Mrs Gerald Gurne 238 pp. Nisbet. 6s.
[Contains some unpublished correspondence between the Duchess o the Bishops of London and Lincoln and new matter relative to the Queen

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE BEDTIME BOOK. By Mrs. E. Ames 8½×10. 100 pp Grant Richar

MOTHER HOLDA STORIES. By Edith H. Scott. 7½×5. 150 pp Allen

HOW THE DREAMS CAME TRUE. By the Author of "When the Sw Again. 7½×5. 192 pp. Religious Tract Society 2s

TREGGS TRIUMPH. By Evelyn Everett-Green. 7½×5. 192 pp. R.T
[A story of the struggles between master and men in the early days of

ANTHONY CRAGG'S TENANT By Agnes Giberne. 7½×5. 256 pp
[Cragg is a furniture dealer.]

MORE ABOUT PEGGY. By Mrs. G. De H. Vaizey. 7½×5. 287 pp R.T

EDUCATIONAL.

POEMS OF LONGFELLOW (Black's Literature Series.) 6½×4½. 96 pp

ENGLISH HISTORY FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES. 1307-1326. (Black Series.) By N. L. Frazer 7×4½. 128 pp. Black. 2s. 6d.

JULIUS CÆSAR. (Black's School Shakespeare.) Ed. by L. W. Lyde. 7 Black. 1s. n

CÆSAR, GALLIC WAR I.-III. (Classical Texts.) Ed by J. M. Hardwic 171 pp. Blackwood 1s 6d.

JOHN BULL, His Origin and Character, and Other Papers on Education By 7½×5. 78 pp. Allen. 5d n.

FICTION.

THE ROMANCE OF A HILL STATION, and Other Stories. By "Valeri 149 pp. Unwin 2s 6d.
[Short Stories of Anglo-Indian Society.]

UNPROFESSIONAL TALES. By Norman 7½×5½. 248 pp. Unwin 6s
[Stories and Scenes partly from real life, partly fanciful.]

BY FANCY LED. By Leslie Keith. 8×5½. 296 pp H. Marshall. 3s 6d
[A modern English love story.]

THE TRIUMPH OF HILARY BLACKLAND By R. Mitford. 7½ Chatto and Windus 6s
[A tale of the Matabele war.]

HERB OF GRACE. By Rosa N. Carey 7½×5½. 484 pp. Macmillan. 6s

MEMORY STREET. By Martha Baker Dunn. 7½×5½. 312 pp. Jarrold
[A Story of New England life and character, by an American authoress

THE FOURTH ESTATE By A. P. Valdes. Trans by Rachel Chall 461 pp Grant Richards 6s
[The scene is in Spain. The story contains the quarrels of two editor

YOUTH GOES A-MARKETING. By J. A. Pearce. 7½×5½. 342 pp. All
[Cornish mining.]

HEARTS IN REVOLT. By H. Gilbert. 7½×5½. 357 pp. Allen. 6s.
[Lower middle-class life in London in the early seventies depicting th young man against religion, loved by a girl who is torn by her love for h sense of religious duty.]

ONE OF THE RED SHIRTS. A Story of Garibaldi's men. By H. Hayen 368 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

STEPHEN CALINARI. By Julian Sturgis. 7½×5½. 377 pp. Constabl
[Some of the chapter headings are "In Summer Term," "To the Gay Start for Stamboul," "In Fight and Fever," "At a Political Meetin Cathedral City."]

DEBCLAVEL. By Mary E. Palgrave. 8×5½. 392 pp. Religious T 3s. 6d. [England two hundred years ago.]

DAUNTLESS. By E. Martin. 7½×5½. 305 pp. Pearson. 6s.
[A story of the time of the Civil War.]

A STOLEN OBERON. By Charles Dawson. 7½×5½. 297 pp. Dawson

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO REMEMBER. By E. H. MILNE. 7½×5. 278 pp. Warne. 2s. 6d.
[A clear and practical examination of the memory, its helps and its difficulties, and of the proper use to be made of "Systems."]

CEREMONIES AND PROCESSIONS OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF SALISBURY. Ed. by C. WORDSWORTH. 9×6. 227 pp. Cambridge University Press. 15s. n.

THE AMERICAN INVADERS. Their Plans, Tactics, and Progress. By F. A. MCKENZIE. 8×5. 126 pp. H. W. Nell. 6d.
[Letters from the *Daily Mail* showing how America is wresting from us our commercial supremacy.]

THE LIBRARY. Vol. I. New Series. Ed. by J. Y. W. MACALISTER. 10×6½. 461 pp. Kegan Paul. 12s. n.

THE "GOTHENBURG" EXPERIMENTS AND PUBLICHOUSE TRUSTS. By J. ROWNTREE and A. SHERWELL. 8×5½. 176 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.
[A detailed examination of the methods and results of the few experiments already made towards the elimination of private profit in publichouse management, with summary of the conclusions arrived at in the authors' previous book, "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform." The information thus compactly given is indispensable to all interested in the question.]

A MOTLEY CREW. By MRS. G. W. STEVENS. 7½×5½. 323 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.
[Reminiscences, observations, and attempts at play writing.]

THE CORONATION SERVICE ACCORDING TO THE USE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By REV. J. H. PEMBERTON. 7½×5. 69 pp. Skeffington. 2s. n.

THE AGE OF CHAUCER, 1346-1400. (Handbooks of English Literature.) By F. J. SNELL. 7×4½. 242 pp. Bell. 3s. 6d.

HANDBOOKS OF PRACTICAL GARDENING. Vol. II. The Book of the Greenhouse. By J. C. TALLOCK. 7½×4½. 103 pp. Lane. 2s. 6d. n.

FABLES AND FOLK-TALES FROM AN EASTERN FOREST. Collected and Translated by W. SKEAT. 8½×7. 92 pp. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.
["Taken down from the lips of the Malay peasantry during the progress of the Cambridge Expedition of 1899." With notes, index, map, and admirable illustrations by F. H. Townsend.]

POETRY.

POEMS. By R. MALLETT. 7½×5. 234 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. n.

ARROWS. By ALICE F. BERRY. 7½×5. 126 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.

FOLIA CADUCA. By R. BEACON. 7½×5½. 120 pp. Nisbet. 2s. 6d.

TESTAMENTS. By JOHN DAVIDSON. No. II. The Testament of Man Forbidd. 9×7. 29 pp. Grant Richards. 6d. n.

ALFRED THE GREAT. A Drama in Three Acts. By E. L. HILL. 7½×4½. 87 pp. Unwin. 2s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE WORKS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT. Vol. XII.—Miscellanies. Ed. by W. E. HENLEY. 9×5½. 482 pp. Constable. 7s. 6d. n.

DE QUINCEY'S CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER. Ed. by J. DUNLOP. 7×4½. 333 pp. Black. 3s. 6d.
[Contains Professor Masson's notes, article on De Quincey from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and introduction and notes by the editor.]

SCENES FROM CLERICAL LIFE. By GEORGE ELIOT. 6×3½. 644 pp. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.

LOVE POEMS OF LANDOR (The Lovers' Library). 5½×3. 114 pp. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.

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DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. An Illustrated Memorial of his Art and Life. By H. C. MARILLIER. 2nd Ed. 15×9. 171 pp. Bell. £2 2s. n.

HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE. By OWEN SEAMAN. New Ed. 7×4½. 100 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.

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USE-INHERITANCE. Illustrated by Direction of Hair on the Bodies of Animals. By W. KIDD, M.D. 8½×5½. 47 pp. Black. 2s. 6d. n.

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THEOLOGY.

A THOUSAND THINGS TO SAY IN SERMONS. By REV. F. ST. JOHN CORBETT. 7½×5½. 249 pp. Skeffington. 5s.

ON THE PATH OF PROGRESS, or the National Church and a needed Forward Movement. By H. L. JACKSON. 8×5½. 96 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d.
[Revised sermons appealing for a broader basis for Anglican thought and practice, sincere but not strikingly original.]

THE EARLIEST GOSPEL. A Historical Study of the Gospel According to St. Mark. By A. MENZIES, D.D. 9×6. 208 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.

THE ETHICS OF JUDAISM. Part I. By M. LAZARUS, Ph.D. Trans. by Henrietta Szold. 7½×5. 300 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. n.

THE HEARTS OF MEN. By H. FIELDING. 9×6. 324 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d. n.
[The interest of this book which the author thought of calling "What is the meaning of Religion?" is largely autobiographical. Mr. Fielding has written many successful books about Burma and the East. . . . He has been impressed with the divorce between Christian doctrine and practice, and among the lonely hills of Burma he was led to reflect on the origins of religion. His main thesis is that creeds vary according to the religious instincts of different peoples, and he has much that is suggestive to say in comparing Christianity and Buddhism, and in discussing their psychological origins.]

BY THE RIVERS OF AFRICA. From Cape Town to Uganda. By ANNIE R. BUTLER.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House

PROBLEM No. 233, by M. DONABELLI, Italy.

BLACK. 11 pieces.

WHITE. 13 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM
K. FR

BLACK.

WHITE
White to play and

PROBLEM No. 235, by J. Schwers.—White: K R 2; B at Q B 2 and K R 4; Kt at Q 4; pawns at K 3. Black (4 pieces)—K at K R 4; Q at Q B 2 and K 2. White to play and win.

NOTES AND NEWS.—At the recent meeting Chess Association there was a suggestion of a Holland and London, and the proposal is now b the British C. C. Hertfordshire is one of the stirred up to form a Chess Association.—It is s in Europe next year, Mr. Pillsbury will ent tournaments, including Monte Carlo, Hanover, is reported on good authority that he has Lasker; but the match is evidently far away A New South Wales championship tournam recently, leaders being J. K. Christenson an Mr. Christenson won the championship tourney of Arts Club.—Mr. A. F. Mackenzie (Jamaic has won many prizes recently in problem comp

GAME No. CI.—Played by correspondence two years:—

QUEEN'S PAWN GAME.

	WHITE. F. England (Stockholm).	BLACK. J. Fillitzius (Gothenburg).		WHITE F. Englund (Stockholm).
1.	P–Q 4	P–Q 4	28.	Kt–Q 2
2.	Kt–K B 3	Kt–K B 3	29.	Kt–Kt 3
3.	P–K 3	P–B 4	30.	Q–R 3
4.	P–Q Kt 3	P–K 3	31.	Kt–Q 2
5.	B–Q 3	Kt–B 3	32.	Kt–B 4 (c)
6.	B–Kt 2 (a)	B–Q 2	33.	Q–Kt 2
7.	P–Q R 3	Q B–B sq	34.	Kt–K 5
8.	Q Kt–Q 2	P–Q P	35.	Kt×P (d)
9.	P×P	B–Q 3	36.	B×P
10.	Kt–K 5	Castles	37.	Q×P
11.	P–K B 4	Kt–K 2	38.	Q–Kt 3
12.	Q–K 2	Kt–K sq	39.	R–K 7 ch
13.	Castles	P–B 3	40.	P–Q 5
14.	Q Kt–B 3 (b)	P–K Kt 3	41.	B–Q 4
15.	Kt–B	Q–Kt	42.	R×R ch
16.	P–Kt 3	Kt–K 3	43.	Q–K 3
17.	K B–K sq	B–Kt sq	44.	B×Kt
18.	P–B 4	Kt–B 3	45.	P–B 6
19.	P–Q B 5	Q R–K sq	46.	P–Q 6
20.	P–Q Kt 4	B–B 2	47.	Q×R
21.	P–Kt 5	Kt–Q sq	48.	Q×Kt
22.	Q–Q B 2	Kt–B 4	49.	K–Kt sq
23.	P–Q R 4	Q–B sq	50.	Q–K 6 ch
24.	K–R sq	B–Kt 2	51.	Q–Q B 6
25.	Q–Kt 2*	Kt–K 2	52.	Q–Kt 6 ch
26.	B–K 2	Q–Q 2	53.	Q–Q 5
27.	Q B–K sq	K–B 2		White

(a) Or P–Q B 3, to prevent Kt–Kt 5, by which Black might exchange Kt for B.

(b) Of course intending, if P×Kt, 13. B×P ch, &c. Or (4. P×Kt: 15. B P×P. Kt–B 4. 16. P×B, Kt×P (Q 6): 17. Q R–Q sq, with a good game.

BLACK.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 26. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Next week we shall publish, as in previous years, a Supplement containing a full list, classified according to subjects, of the Publishers' Autumn Announcements.

The LITERATURE PORTRAIT for next week will be one of special interest. The writer whose portrait will be presented to our readers will be

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The likeness is a highly characteristic one, and has, like others in our series of portraits of living authors, been specially taken for *Literature*. It will be reproduced in photogravure, and will thus be well suited to form a framed picture for the library. In order to avoid delay, orders for this portrait should

"Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget." Ed. Paget. (Longmans.)

"The Sovereane Herbe. A History of Tobacco." By Penn. (Grant Richards.)

"King Monmouth." By Allan Fea. (Lane.)

"The Just and the Unjust." By Richard Bagot. (L

"Glories of Spain." By Charles W. Wood. (Macmi

"From the Heart of the Rose." By Helen Milman.

"Master of Men." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Me

"The Giant's Gate." By Max Pemberton. (Cassell

"Arts under Arms." By M. Fitzgibbon. (Longman

"War Notes." By Colonel D. Villebois Marcuil. (

"Pictures of War." By J. Stuart. (Constable.)

* * * *

We have noted elsewhere the success of t Millenary celebrations at Winchester, and have gi Mayor the credit which he so thoroughly merits. But the interesting historical address that he gave on t Hyde Abbey he allowed his wishes somewhat t probabilities, if not facts. In 1788 the site of the gre of Hyde Abbey was selected as an appropriate plac detention of felons. The notes then taken on the sp Howard and communicated to the Society of A (*Archæologia* XIII.) rendered it exceedingly probabl coffins and the dust of Alfred, his queen, and his so the Elder were then destroyed and scattered. Mr threw just ridicule on a local antiquary who dug in place in 1863 and found a skull which he labelled " but yet he seems to think the illustrious remains are and advocates extensive research. If perchance they beneath the sod—an almost impossible surmise—may be left in peace? And will it not suffice to erect ther as suggested by the Mayor, and merely to inscribe, " spot rested the remains of Alfred"?

Concerning another particular in the same adl Bowker will pardon us for offering a comment. We show him to read Mr. Round's masterly criticism of t Domesday Survey, as recently put forth in the fir of the Victoria County History of that shire. He will that the ordinarily accepted view of the Conqueror's t of Hyde Abbey is a greatly exaggerated one.

* * * *

Many visitors, especially Americans, repaired to th Museum last week, on the day that the King Alfred proceedings opened, to see the exhibition of Alfre An admirable little catalogue was prepared, which much credit on the Museum authorities, and was sold

We have received from Mr. Heinemann Mr. W. Nicholson's fine portrait of the late President McKinley, which many people will like to possess at the present moment. It was drawn in 1900, and is in the artist's well-known style of black massed shadows carried over every unnecessary detail. We do not think it the happiest of Mr. Nicholson's pictures, but there is a strength and dignity about it which grows upon the spectator, and its method lends itself to a telling reproduction of the vigour and determination which characterized the lower part of the late President's countenance.

* * * *

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Pinwell, the widow of the late George J. Pinwell, the artist, has been granted a Civil List Annuity of £75 a year. No small share in this result is due to the efforts of Dr. G. C. Williamson, who wrote the book published by Messrs. Bell last year upon Pinwell, and drew the attention of the public to the condition in which, owing to the failure of the Liberator Companies, his widow has been left. Mr. J. W. North, A.R.A., Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., and many other artists also made constant efforts on behalf of Mrs. Pinwell.

* * * *

What will in future be the only complete edition of "The Dolly Dialogues" will be published, at six shillings, next week by Messrs. Nisbet. It will contain several new dialogues; will be illustrated by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy; and will appear in two bindings—one similar to that adopted for most of Mr. Anthony Hope's novels, and the other in a new and special design.

* * * *

Mr. George Allen has a volume of "Two Plays" by Maurice Maeterlinck in hand, as well as his new volume of essays. The plays are "Sister Beatrice" and "Ardiane and Bluebeard," translated by Bernard Miall.

* * * *

It was announced that the autobiography of the anonymous and exiled author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," which Messrs. Harper are about to publish, would be illustrated. The portraits, &c., have, however, been withdrawn at the writer's request, lest they should lead to her identification. The new book, which is entitled "The Tribulations of a Princess," contains an account of the writer's career at different European Courts, and contains many intimate recollections of various ruling Sovereigns.

* * * *

The "Letters of John Richard Green," edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen, will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. The letters form in reality a biography, since Mr. Stephen has furnished introductory narratives for which information has been supplied by Mrs. Green.

* * * *

Details are forthcoming of the "Illustrated History of English Literature," by Dr. Garnett and Mr. Edmund Gosse (Heinemann). In one type there will be a consecutive history of English literature from Anglo-Saxon times to our own day, and in a different type a biography of each author will be supplied, with at least one characteristic quotation. The volumes will be illustrated by portraits, many of them [illegible]

Professor Goldwin Smith has promised a don[illegible] to Toronto University, as a tribute to King Alfre[illegible] of his old University of Oxford.

It is stated that the Dowager Duchess [illegible] engaged in writing the memoirs of the late Duke, [illegible] will probably be published during the next few mo[illegible]

We regret to hear of the death of Sir Edward [illegible] Tuesday. Besides editing the Globe edition [illegible] d'Arthur," Sir Edward was the Author of "Thes[illegible] and Politics," "Miracles and Science," "Jewish [illegible] Politics," "Talk at a Country House," and [illegible] Hamlet.

Sir Rennell Rodd, who is hardly less well k[illegible] than as a diplomatist, is shortly to take up h[illegible] Rome as First Secretary of the British Embassy.

The Hon. Francis Lawley, who died suddenly [illegible] week, was born in 1825. He went through the [illegible] War as special correspondent of *The Times*, and [illegible] been a member of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Mr. Marion Crawford's play, written for Sar[illegible] on *Francesca da Rimini*, will be translated by M. M[illegible] who made the French version of *Hamlet* for Sarah [illegible]

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is at work on a [illegible] Hurrell Froude.

Miss Corelli has offered a number of man[illegible] belonged to her stepfather, Dr. Charles Mackay, [illegible] man Library at Perth, of which town he was a nat[illegible]

Mr. W. M. Crook, at one time the editor of [illegible] met with a serious accident on the Théodule G[illegible] Injuries are not so serious as was at first believed.

An Australian circulating library reports th[illegible] easily heads the list in point of popularity wit[illegible] Bulwer Lytton and Sir Walter Scott come next, w[illegible] though fourth, is not far ahead of Captain Marry[illegible] Lever.

Mr. William Michael Rossetti, editor fifty-[illegible] of the *Germ*, entered his seventy-third year las[illegible] and Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., was ninety-eight la[illegible]

* * *

SEPTEMBER.

As one who lieth on a bed of death,
And knowing in truth that he hath soon t[illegible]
For months and months in silent dream de[illegible]
And mind grown clear, his whole life pondere[illegible]
And sees it fade before him like a breath
That smokes a glass, so thou, hushed mont[illegible]
The whole year's memories in thy quiet g[illegible]
Of inward thought that no speech uttereth.

Here, haply, musing by thy silent fields,
Thy ripened woods, thy brown, shorn harv[illegible]
And hazy hillsides, he who seeks may find
The sort of soul he is, and at thy doors

But he had a sympathy, a sense of beauty, and a power of drawing the sort of picture that lingers in the memory which forbid the just judge to non-suit him on the strength of his "Psalm of Life." His most popular work is often bad; but his best work is very good, and it is a sound rule of criticism that the best work must decide the verdict. The rule is the more worth repeating because an American critic, Professor Triggs of Chicago, has just been setting the literary circles of the United States by the ears by some remarks about Longfellow which suggest excommunication by bell, book, and candle. And the interest of those remarks lies in the fact that they judge Longfellow by a standard that Longfellow never attempted to conform to, and proceed to lay down a number of rules for the guidance of American poets in general. It is a case of Chicago getting hold of culture and telling it what tune to hum. There must be nothing "feudal" or "traditional" about that tune. It must be inspired by "the sweep of the prairie winds and the whirl and jar of this industrial age." It must express the "roughness, bareness, and uncouthness" of the Americans. Such is the *Ars Poetica*, edited, revised, and brought down to date by Professor Triggs of Chicago; and the observations which it suggests to us are various. The first is that we do not see any reason why Americans should wish to be any more bare and rough and uncouth than they can help. For them, as for other people, progress has consisted, not in cultivating uncouthness, but in getting away from it. Their poets, as might have been expected, have got further away from it than their cow-boys. Their Mr. Joaquin Miller, whose flowing locks and weird sombrero made him the lion of a London season, was the last of their poets who was uncouth to any extent worth speaking of; and we have heard that even he is uncouth no longer. Our second remark is that the notions of Professor Triggs are not new notions, but were worked out, long ago, by Walt Whitman, as was pointed out in the appreciation of Walt Whitman's work lately contributed to our columns by Mr. Lacon Watson. Walt Whitman deliberately repudiated everything that he regarded as "feudal," and deliberately set himself to express his contemporaneous United States. The result is something like the catalogue of a jumble sale, occasionally redeemed, indeed, by flashes of genius, and also by occasional throwbacks to the despised "feudal" methods. For which reason, as well as for other reasons, we conclude that Professor Triggs is sadly led astray by the pride of patriotism when he exhorts the American poets to burn their boats and bridges, and live on the country instead of maintaining their line of communications with the old world. For the American is not a poor Indian with an untutored mind, or any other sort of wild man of the woods. His *status* is that of the heir of all the ages who happens to have gone West. He may have learnt something by going West—though it is from the East that wisdom has always come. As a sacred poet he has learnt, as we once pointed out in a review of an anthology, to be more at his ease in Zion than the Eastern poets—even to the point, if one may so put it, of putting up his legs on the mantelpiece. But he has learnt nothing there which entitles him to dispense with the wisdom of the East in the writing of poetry any more than in the building of houses or in the cooking of food. Otherwise, he would have to begin at the bottom of the ladder, and would take a very long time to climb it. And that, of course, is what American poets know. Their writings may be influenced by their prairies and forests—as were the writings of Châteaubriand before any American literature worth mentioning existed, but they are

Literature Portraits.—XX

PAUL and VICTOR MARGUERI

Instances of collaboration on the part of br frequent enough in modern French literature. At the list stands the notable instance of the Goncour which recalls a series of works of profound obser brilliant style sprung from an intellectual union severed only by death. Closer to our own day writers, the brothers Rosny, have so combined their li and their talent as to achieve a perfect union, and reads "Nell Horn," that penetrating study of Engl "Vamireh," the romance of prehistoric man, would s duality of authorship. A third example of a similar tion has for some years held the public attention by able literary product—that of Messieurs Paul a Margueritte.

Unlike the Goncourts, these writers did not *début* in the world of letters simultaneously. Paul M entered it some years before his brother. The son Margueritte, who met a hero's death on the field of S Margueritte owed to his father, who was in his time able writer, much valuable guidance. The infancy brothers was passed in Algeria, where their father was They learnt at an early age to love the beautiful and p aspects of that country—the white Arab quarters, th and the blue sky, the stern beauty of Mount Atlas a forests. From his earliest youth Paul was nervous a sionable. To his passionate study of writers such a and Zola must be traced the gloomy outlook upon marks his earlier writings; it led him also to attentive, and pessimistic study of modern life.

His story "Tous Quatre" is a work frankly violent, and crude in form, and savouring of cynicis same time he produced a work of an entirely diff which shows at the outset the variety of his talent. It w mime, *Pierrot Assassin*, which the author himself prese salons of Alphonse Daudet, and which was an interesti to revive the traditional type of the classical make of him a modern personage, reflecting the aspir doubts, the despairs of a young writer. "J'imagin the author himself, "un Pierrot conforme à mon mo esthétique tel que je le sentais, ce fut un être névrose fantomal."

Since these first two works, so different in their M. Paul Margueritte has inclined now to one, now to of the two directions which they indicated. He twofold current, one of exact observation, and the imagination. In the "Force des Choses," "Jours d' there may often be found a happy blending of exact d pression, a certain soaring of the fancy, a suggestion which gives to his talent a strikingly individual In "La Maison Ouverte," "Pascal Géfosse," "Ama Cuirassier bleu," "Ma Grande," he revealed a uniqu gift and the possession of a style at once luxuriant delicate subtleties of expression.

While Paul Margueritte was entering successfull career of letters, while, strong in the protection o

on the point of giving it up when Victor offered to write it in his place, and, adapting himself with great skill to the ideas and style of his brother, he wrote over the latter's signature an article which was ready when required, and revealed no evidence of the substitution of another hand. This event, trivial enough at first sight, had a profound influence on the future of Victor Margueritte; it gave him confidence in himself and aroused in his mind the ambition to devote himself henceforth to the career of letters and become something more than an amateur. Paul offered his brother to share with him the fame he had already acquired. They decided that henceforth nothing should appear that was not signed by both names. It must be remembered that Victor had already a distinct personality and accomplishments which promised well for this collaboration. Some of his verses are full of exquisite tenderness in form and in sentiment, such as those in which he describes an evening in Africa.

. . . . Et le soleil descend dans le soir orageux ;
Le parfum est si lourd que le cœur en défaille . . . .
Saturant l'air voilé par l'épaisse chaleur,
On le respire jusqu'au travers des murailles,
Le pénétrant parfum des orangers en fleur.
Des jardins et des bois, du ciel et de la terre
Il s'exhale, profond jusqu'à l'écœurement.
Et voilà qu'on sanglote, à ce point solitaire
Que le goût de la mort énivre brusquement.
Il se mêle à l'odeur amère et suffoquante,
Et ce serait vraiment une divine mort,
Se dissoudre à jamais dans cette tiédeur lente,
Dans ce silence parfumé, comme on s'endort.

The first work produced by the collaboration of the two brothers was a collection of children's tales—"Poum," apparently frivolous, in reality conceived in an indisputably philosophical spirit. Such a familiar and simple presentation of great thoughts is a method adopted by some even of the greatest French writers, among them La Fontaine. The Margueritte then devoted their genius for exact analysis to the study of woman at the end of the nineteenth century—that complex and elegant being who moves upon the canvas of Sargent, Boldini, Hellen, and von Glehn—and "Les Femmes Nouvelles" was the result.

The two writers next determined to apply their powers of psychological observation to a much greater subject. It was the moment when Zola had just published "La Débâcle," a work of unquestionable power, but somewhat restricted in its outlook. Zola had selected as types of the French army in 1870 certain soldiers who embodied the virtues and the vices of the trooper. He restricted himself to the special study of these types, showing the effects on them of defeat, and noting the passions, too often the evil passions, which the horrors of war begat in them. He drew only details, true no doubt and well observed, but never general effects.

The two Margueritte took a different point of view. Their aim was not to give a study of certain individuals during the campaign of 1870, but to present the epic and dramatic history of the war; they tried to see not one corner of the fight, but the entire field of battle, the regiments and army corps, not the companies and detachments. Zola, in short, had made a minute easel painting, the Margueritte undertook to produce a great fresco. War, invasion, besieged towns, the Commune, what scenes could be more dramatic? Nothing could be more poignant, more tragic, nothing at the same time of greater true proportion; they penetrated the secrets of str
Désastre," the first part of the work, has been follo
by "Les Tronçons du Glaive." Apart from their
accuracy and truth, both these two works are dist
their picturesque quality; the reader will find in the
in brilliant diction, the stir, the noise, the colour
aspects, at one moment so enthralling, at anothe
and tragic, of those battlefields which became
massacres so terrible. These two books are so
productions of these two writers. Their early
laboration were mainly experiments, but here we h
a decisive literary and historical achievement.

Edmond de Goncourt has described in his "Mé
particular qualities which Jules de Goncourt
respectively brought to their fraternal collabo
brothers Margueritte have shown themselves unwi
any such revelations, either in writing or in
Yet an important psychological document may en
this subject. It is the recent portrait, exhibited in
1901, where the painter, M. Anquetin, has represe
writers at their table, with a picturesque military
and by studying the faithful representation, which t
given us of his subjects, we see something of the me
of the brothers Margueritte, and we can learn t
part which each would play in the work of collabora
Margueritte (who appears on the left of the pictu
strongly marked keen features, his resolute and
glance, appears as a man of action, one who would a
subject heart and soul with the determination
while Paul Margueritte, more conscious, more refl
investigate his theme with more scrupulous cons
and bring to the impetuosity of his brother the
appreciation which marks his individuality.

Whatever be the qualities which each of thes
brings to their common work, that work—and it
which matters—has a strong personality as
Désastre" and "Tronçons du Glaive" are conce
writers are in their full physical and intellectual v
have not said their last word, and they have cer
give us their "chef-d'œuvre."

HENRI

Paul Margueritte, son of General Auguste Ma
born at Lagherat, Algeria, in 1860. He entered th
Minister of Public Instruction, but he soon follo
for letters, and rapidly acquired fame as a writer
He has published "Mon Père" (1881, new e
"Tous Quatre" (1885), "Maison Ouverte" (18
Gélosse," mœurs du jour (1887), "Jours d'Épre
bourgeoises (1889), "Amants," roman contemp
"La Force des Choses" (1891), "Sur le Retour;
Bleu" (1892), "Ma Grande" (1893). Since
Margueritte, born in 1866, an officer in the army, ha
with his brother, and published with him "
Femmes Nouvelles," "Le Désastre," "Les
Glaive." Many of these stories have first app
Revue de Paris, which is just publishing a third
of their work on the 1870 war. The brothers Marg
also in many daily journals. They publish each we
or a "chronique" in the *Echo de Paris*, and also
Gaulois. MM. Plon Nourrit et Cie. are the publish
MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte's works.

Last Saturday began this year's festival o

AUSTRALIAN VERSE TO-DAY.

A "Personal View."

Thirty years ago and more Adam Lindsay Gordon published in Melbourne his last (and his good) book of ballad-verse—"Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes"—which the eager pen of Marcus Clarke exalted into "the beginnings of a national school of Australian poetry." And, partly because Gordon was an ardent horse-lover, partly because his verse was alive and strongly tinged with local colour, Australians accepted their favourite journalist's *dictum*; though, significantly enough, it was always the racing rhythms of "How we Beat the Favourite" that roused bushmen to enthusiasm rather than the scrub and stockyards of "From the Wreck" or the wattleblossom sentiment of "The Sick Stockrider." These appealed to the new chum, the tourist, the townsman, who straightway (having read Clarke's preface) felt themselves transported into a fantastic and almost legendary land, full of trees without shade and flowers without perfume and flights of cockatoos shrieking like evil souls. So the cult grew, while with Gordon men associated Kendall—Australian indeed, but introspective, inactive, life's victim:

> The world is round me with its heat,
> And toil, and cares that tire;
> I cannot with my feeble feet
> Climb after my desire.

Surely there was never a "national" poet so untypical of his countrymen! And as for Gordon, his verse is Australian just as much and as little as "With Kitchener to Khartoum" is Sudanese or "The Silverado Squatters" American.

But while this cult absorbed the critics, Australians were beginning to speak for themselves. Timidly at first, with avowed imitation of the leaders ordained for them, the young men who did things found voice also. Of the track and the camp-fire songs are born; the primitive emotions run to verse in all climates and among all races. One sits down to write prose; its muse is really *sessilis* rather than *pedestris*. The tramp of your horse's feet or your own beats your thought into simple but live rhythm; you hum it to yourself as you go, you chant it—with some bashfulness—to your mates in the evening; presently you think so well of it that it goes by mail (and that way, in Australia, is not as prosaic as it sounds) to seek favour of an editor. And for twenty years there has lived in Sydney, New South Wales, one editor at least with ears on the strain to catch the note of any genuine singer, and a hand to welcome any man who could tell his fellows without cant what things he saw and felt day by day in going about his ordinary business. With the politics of the *Bulletin* we have nothing to do here; its services to Australian literature are great, and are these—that it has consistently chastened the ambitious writer and exposed the pretentious, but has never refused a hearing or encouragement to any one who had something to say and was

knows better the life of small townships and [illegible] unhoping, unending round of the swagman out back claim Dyson; Brady weaves the sailor's chantie verse; Adams interprets New Zealand, more roma his fellows perhaps, and getting not so near the he The earlier comers, Paterson and Lawson, were England as they deserved; since then critics [illegible] tired of this simple verse, and new-comers have b with more or less sarcasm—"*another* Australian place must be full of them!"

There are, no doubt, reasons for this tired Australian writer is apt to lack judgment an value finished style; the Australian public supposed by its publishers to call) for bulk in most volumes published in Sydney or Melbourne su quence from undue padding. Somehow, when a to the temptation of interpolating his poorer his better, it is always on the padding that t eye lights. Nor can a poet complain of s justice; though he, too, has his excuse, for bookb colonies are few in number, and the author must ap them, to some by style and some by subject and s animal spirits. It is not exactly anybody's fault t fers have been of late judged mainly on their dem it has happened, more's the pity. And if any o why, in this age of minor poets, it is worth while judgments and obtrude again the work of a few singers—well, it is so just for this reason: th minor poets sing of their personal affairs and group from the South Seas is typical and expl home, of its countrymen, of a race that is differen physically and intellectually from the stock islands. One must not raise the question, alw whether their verse is really "literature" in t sense. To the Englishman the best of it will re to the Australian even its crudities are dear, becau the tang of his scented bushlands. Only lite studies with zeal work of all sorts done beyond and for reason of race and training the Channel sev far more sharply than all the oceans. One's own f after all, as well worth understanding as the peo road.

The Australian who writes because it is in h not much of a reader—in the literary sense, that all sorts of journalism, but sustained work of goo not come his way. In expressing the emotions he the world he is apt to follow cheap and shoddy p the only models he has (so that his love-verse, for be either penny plain or twopence very highly c his own ground, however, he talks in altogether diff You open on

> You have crossed my life with your fair sw
> You are filling my lone heart's vacant plac

She dipped her red shafts low in the slush as a spoonbill dips her beak,
The black mud clung to the wheels and fell in the wash of the Wilga creek,
And the big roans fought for footing, and the spreaders threshed like flails,
And the great wheels lifted the muddy spume to the bend of the red float rails,

(Just a dray crossing the five-mile swamps of a flooded creek); or

Where the mulga paddocks are wild and wide,
That's where the pick of the stockmen ride
At the Back o' Bourke!
Under the dust clouds dense and brown,
Moving southward by-track and town,
That's where the Queensland mobs come down
Out at the Back o' Bourke!

or the burden of the shearing song

For the Western creeks are calling,
And the idle days are done,
With the snowy fleeces falling,
And the Queensland sheds begun!

Simple, enough, no doubt: but so Ogilvie stirs his mates. As for Brady and his sailors—

They swung across Newcastle bar
And sou' by east away;
They saw the Cross hung out afar
Below the Milky Way:
They saw the land die down a-lee, and heard the rollers go
Across the road, along the road, the road to Callao!

It may not be literature, but it has the lilt:

A mermaid's not a human thing,
An' courtin' sich is folly;
Of flesh and blood I'd rather sing
What ain't so melancholy.
Oh, Berta! Lou! Juanita! Sue!
Here's good luck to me an' you—
Sing rally! ri-a-rally!
The seas is deep: the seas is wide:
But this I'll prove what o'er betide,
I'm bully in our alley!

With such verse the men who are doing much work stir themselves to do more. For the dreamer and the tired man there is verse of other quality:

There was no water in the land,
Deep in the night of each ravine
Men, vainly searching for it, found
Dry hollows in the gaping ground,
Like sockets where clear eyes had been,
Now burnt out with a fiery brand.

The West—the far, unknown, central plains that Leichhardt vanished into, and many a man since—is never far from the dreams of our poets: witness Quinn—

"And how are these wayfarers called,
And whither do they wend?"
The Weary-Hearted—and their road
At sunset hath an end.

"Shed tears for them." . . . Nay, nay, no tears!

I have said little of what I meant to say. been better, perhaps, to do nothing but quote, fo much left out—the work of Paterson and Lawson Stephens, because England knows a little of them of Quinn's and Daley's, and all Brennan's, bec mainly personal and appeal to a smaller audience country; a dozen others, because they write graceful imitations, using Australia merely as an ground for otherwise commonplace figure-drawin may be found, perhaps, for one more singer; for her own feeling for Sydney, Louise Mack echoes the dragging desire of the true Australian towards

Dreaming, I tell you all my tale—
Tell how the tides that wash your fee
Sink through my heart and cut its cords:
Dreaming, I hold my arms, and drag
All, all into my heart—the flag
On the low hill turned harbourwards,

And all the curving little bays,
The hot, dustridden, narrow streets,
The languid turquoise of the sky,
The gardens flowing to the wave,
I drag them in. O City, save
The grave for me where I must lie!

ARTHUR

THE MILLENARY OF KING AL

The national commemoration of the thousandt of the end of Alfred's reign has come and gone Bowker well merits the congratulations that h on the remarkable success attending the whole and of the demonstrations of the Anglo-Saxon race in great founder of England; for without the litera and broad-hearted labours of the Mayor of W celebration might have been easily vulgarized character.

The proposal, at one time made and strongl the national celebration should be held in the happily thwarted; for, as Dr. Garnett recent Winchester, in Alfred's days, was a well establishe London was little better than a marsh. Winches claim to the honour; it was Alfred's ordinary seat of his government, and the place of his burial. tion of the particular year for the demonstra fortunate and more open to criticism. Histor is always to be desired, and yet one result o gatherings will be to rivet in the minds of av speaking folk the idea that Alfred died in grace 901. Whereas the King's death was certain but either in 900 or in 899. We happen t thoroughly trained an historian as Bishop Stubbs by Mr. Stevenson's arguments in the *English Hist* that the death year was 899.

If the greatest praise is due to Mr. Bowker f and method of the recent three days' festival, gathering together of so remarkable an assembly and representative men, it should not be forg

address, Mr. Bowker, who had but just entered the civic Council of Winchester, was first to do what lay in his power to carry out this suggestion, and speedily entered into cordial communication with Mr. Frederic Harrison in the hopes of securing due honour to the memory of the great founder of our national unity. The movement met with much favour both at home and on the other side of the Atlantic, but it has had to encounter a series of sad reverses. The raising of funds and the sustaining of interest in the project were naturally much impeded by the outbreak of the Boer War. Then all else was forgotten in the nation's sorrow for the death of Queen Victoria, accompanied by another great diversion not only of money but of thoughts; and it needed the display of a rare amount of resourceful tact and perseverance on the part of Mr. Bowker and one or two of his zealous supporters to prevent the evaporation of the project. Another severe blow was the death of Sir Walter Besant, who had taken a most lively interest in the matter, reviving on one occasion the flagging interest of the Winchester citizens by a stirring lecture. The date for the meetings of this year had long been fixed for July; but as the time drew nearer, first one important personage and then another pleaded for delay, and the date had somewhat hurriedly to be changed to September. Again, on the very eve of the celebration came the cruel assassination of President McKinley, and there were not wanting those who strongly urged another postponement. The time for the great project was, however, rightly adhered to, with the full assent of the American Minister. Difficulties such as these, with others none the less real because they were of a minor and more local character, would have been sufficient to have crushed many another project; but it was only fitting that they should fail to turn from their purpose those who were intending to perpetuate the memory of a man whose higher qualities were drawn out in the midst of adversity and personal suffering.

Winchester, which was a venerable city when Alfred was a boy, and which preserves to the present day far more of its older features and original plan than any other city of the United Kingdom, was scarcely recognizable last week by those who knew it best. The substantial traces of antiquity were, of course, not overshadowed, but there were few parts that did not blaze with bunting, or blossom out into greenery and flowers. The result was all the more charming, because no common scheme of uniform decoration prevailed. Winchester, in the course of its long and eventful history, has seen many an imposing and historic procession pass through its streets; yet it is safe to say that not only Winchester but London itself has never witnessed so remarkable and in every way distinguished and representative a procession as that which was marshalled last Friday through the streets of the ancient capital of Wessex. It was not only that the gathering was, in the best sense of the term, Imperial and to some extent International in its character, but it represented every possible phase of real national life, a feature that was lacking in the almost exclusively military pomp of the two great jubilee processions of recent years. The sea and land forces of the King were rightly and duly represented; but the procession was mainly formed from the ecclesiastical, municipal, scientific, artistic, literary, charitable, and artisan sections of the community. Is it possible to point to any other occasion when archbishops and bishops and every rank of the clergy have walked in procession with lord mayors and mayors from every part of the kingdom, with representatives

These all, with many other representative b enumerated, made their way from Castle-square thr High-street to the Broadway. There, about noon on Septe on one of the oldest and most historic sites of the aged unveiled by an ex-Premier of England, the nation's m for the moment, amid the booming of big guns from around, the finest colossal statue that the land possess on two huge blocks of grey Cornish granite towers t bronze figure, in itself some eighteen feet in height, " comely and gracious of aspect." In the uplifted r the sword is grasped, but held with the cross-hilt u thus suitably betokening that the great hero-saint sword only in defensive attack, and that his fame re higher Christian graces of justice and mercy. The fa bearded, though Alfred's coins show a smooth-shave but this lapse from accuracy by Mr. Thornycroft can forgiven, for the ideal of the statue is most nobly portr

Lord Rosebery, famous for his skill in selecting phrases and the most picturesque expressions just notable occasions was, in Winchester, at his best. " A Truthteller " was to him the most suitable name for su " a far nobler and more distinguished title than the prostituted epithet of Great . . . . there was him of the Alexander or the Cæsar." With Lord R single point of criticism on the statue we find ourse accord, namely that for the one word " Aelfred " seul the granite " Alfred " should be substituted. Eve are not quite agreed as to the orthography of Saxo thousand years old in modern characters; but for our children he will always be Alfred. Lord Rosebery has been well reported in the daily press; but we ma that an " authorized edition," admirably printed, purchased of Mr. A. L. Humphreys, Piccadilly, for th one penny.

During the three days when the commemora in active progress, Winchester rightly heard m such men as Mr. Frederic Harrison of Alfred as the the English nation and the father of English literat Sir John Evans, the best exponent that could be fo learnt of Alfred's coinage and his other relics; from Irving they had dramatic readings; and from the primate the lesson to be learnt from Alfred's piety a faith. But amidst all the flow of oratory and the t well qualified professors that which will be remembered as the most moving portion of the whole proceedin singing within the grey walls of the ancient and cathedral, at the conclusion of the special service, of th hymn :—

For all the Saints who from their labours rest
The earnest life and piety of Alfred seemed the keyn celebrations.

CRABBE'S ALDEBURGH.

It would be an exaggeration to say that th associations of Aldeburgh begin and end with Cra place is also linked with such literary names as those Collins, Grant Allen, and Mr. Edward Clodd. Gran particular made good " copy " out of its peculiarities.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

This reproduction of a portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A., forms the frontispiece to the reissue which Mr John Murray has published this year of "The Life and Poetical Works of George Crabbe," by his Son, with the excellent engravings included in the same publisher's 1860 edition.

characteristic of Crabbe's genius was that he was always some half a century or so behind the times in which he lived. He started behind the times, and he never tried to catch them up. His point of view was always that of the eighteenth century, though he flourished well on into the nineteenth. The fact has puzzled some of the critics; but it need not puzzle any one who has been to Aldeburgh. Such a mental condition would almost be possible in the Aldeburgh of to-day. Before the railway, and the daily papers and the lodging-houses, it must have been not only possible, but inevitable.

Nowadays, as all the world knows, Aldeburgh is a watering-place, with pretensions. The boating is good; the bathing is well-spoken of; there are golf links; there is a new hotel; there are high prices. But the watering-place has by no means swamped "the borough"; and it needs only a slight imaginative effort to see the place without its latter-day accretions. The railway station does not matter much. It is dirty and unobtrusive; and even if you want it, you may have a difficulty in finding it. A modern hotel must go; but it is not a very large one. So must the bathing machines; but there are not very many of them. There are also a few lodging-houses, and a few

There is even something terrifying in its aspec
you see it for the first time in the twilight.

The pious literary pilgrim who essays to t
footsteps through the borough finds no superabu
marks to confuse him. It is useless to look for a
his birthplace; for his birthplace is now at th
sea. But you may see a monument in the chur
poet served as a curate; you may stroll dow
Quay—a moist, unpleasant place on the river wh
his boyhood, performed the very unpoetical t
trading ships with cheeses; and you may find a
still called Crabbe's house, and a room in the W
which is still called Crabbe's room. The house
by a grocer and general dealer. It has some old
remarkable cellars which you explore with a lant
without some risk of banging your head against
romantic past those cellars were probably us
smuggled goods—not, we will hope, by the poet o
of his family, though the gentleman who kin
counter to guide you through their dark intric
consider the hypothesis untenable. As regards
in the White Lion there is an equal lack of defin
The landlady does not know whether the poet wro
or not; but she supposes that he smoked and d
any other client of the house. She herself uses
nursery. A suggestion that the room might be
Crabbe Museum, with old furniture, old books, o
some relics, does not entirely please her.
conscious of nesting a nursery than of nesting a
the landlord views the proposal with more favour
its execution might not be an entirely barren sa
ment. Now that Aldeburgh, stimulated by Mr
who owns and edits the local paper, is bestirrin
view to a worthy celebration of the 150th anniver
birth, he will certainly turn the matter over in
very possibly see his way to adopting the idea.

This is practically all there is in the way of lite
—except for those who will take the trouble to go
Borough" line by line, rummaging for allusions. P
will perform this useful service in view of the fo
festations. In the meantime any student not abs
with antiquarian zeal can get along without th
important thing is not that Crabbe sat on such a
worshipped in such and such a pew, admired sn
prospect, or picked flowers in such and such
can dispense with these identifications, as one ca
the identification of the cheeses which the poet
Slaughden Quay. It is not even profoundly
observe that the natural surroundings correspon
account of them. His method of description was
of the auctioneer's catalogue—a method which na
the direction of accuracy. The really interesti
is that everything that seems peculiar in Crab
and genius is explained when you have spent an
the place in which he was born and brought up.

Tennyson might have been thinking of Aldeb
spoke of a place where no one comes or hath
making of the world. Even now, when you go
and get your morning paper soon after breakfast,
about links, and caddies, and tees, and putting,
very much as if you had got to the back of beyon

in which the only sort of cleverness that was understood was the shrewdness of the peasant, and the only recognized ambition the ambition to get on in life. He was quite out of sympathy with the environment, but it set its mark on him none the less. A certain note of something which we may almost call "low cunning" pervades his poetry, making it racy of the soil. It is obviously the work of a man who has grown up in a circle in which it is the general habit to poke your nose into other people's business, and discuss it with your neighbours in minute detail and at unconscionable length. A Londoner could not have written as Crabbe wrote. Nor could a man who had travelled, or a man who had been to a public school or a University.

The influence of Aldeburgh society must, however, have been in the main an unconscious influence. Crabbe can never have been aware that there was anything distinctively provincial in his profound interest in the cackle of his burgh and the private affairs of its inhabitants. The influence which he consciously sought and accepted was unquestionably the influence of books. There was no one to tell him what to read and what to reject—what belonged to the past and what to the present. He cut slices, so to say, out of the cake of culture at random. He thought things out in his own way—since no other way was available. He acquired certain fixed ideas, which were not the less firmly fixed because they were the ideas of a previous generation. He had a natural stubbornness of character which enabled him to

divinely appointed measure for all poetical compo would have been as hard for him to quit it as for an become a pianist. One hardly knows whether he h himself by using it or not. What one is quite sure o addiction was the result of the circumstances of his Aldeburgh.

To his isolation at Aldeburgh one may also reaso bute his profound belief that any one who wrote thereby entitled to eleemosynary support from public "patron," in that sense, had practically ceased to time when Crabbe began to write. But he had no him this. He had read about patrons; he had tho them; he had created for himself an imaginary wor the purses of the patrons were at the disposal o Finally he went to London to seek a patron; and h before potential patrons in an old-fashioned way that puzzled them. He wrote begging letters to Lord Nor Shelburne, to Lord Thurlow—obviously with a profe

THE OLD MOOT HALL, ALDEBURGH.

(By permission of Mr. C. C. Clarke, Aldeburgh.)

tion that it was the bounden duty of these great men his assistance. He complained to Lord Shelburne, fo that the result of his application to Lord North was ing refusal brought me by an insolent domestic" whi mined my suit and my opinion of his lordship's privat He offered, so to say, to "crack up" Lord Shelbu gistic verse if his necessities were relieved, and he specimen eulogy beginning:—

him, and persuaded others to help him. Lord Thurlow gave him a bank-note, and the Bishop of Norwich ordained him and the Duke of Rutland made him his domestic chaplain, and he subsequently held fat livings. It is a strange career; the direct result of a tenacious hold upon notions only possible in those days to a young man from the country, drawing his knowledge of the world from books, and combining a peasant's obstinacy with a peasant's disposition to cringe before his "betters" when there seemed a chance of getting something out of them, and revile them when they would not give. But Crabbe was just such a young man; and one understands his story the better for having been to Aldeburgh.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

THE CREATOR OF "JACK HARKAWAY."

Bracebridge Hemyng, who died last week, has a whole column to himself in the British Museum Catalogue. In the late sixties and early seventies he seems to have written a number of novels which got themselves published, though they made no noise in the world. It appears from the same work of reference that he also, at the same period, wrote essays about the Social Evil. But the work for which he was really notable is not mentioned in the catalogue, presumably because it never appeared in volume form. Those who know him at all know him only as the creator of "Jack Harkaway"—a famous character introduced to the world in the pages of the *Boys of England*. This paper belonged to a certain Edwin J. Brett, who made a fortune out of it, and, having begun life in a very humble way, lived to acquire a country seat in the Isle of Thanet and a collection of ancient armour which has furnished a subject for articles in the high-class magazines. His principal contributors were Percy B. St. John—Sir Spencer St. John's brother—who was the Paris correspondent of a London paper during the revolution of 1848, and Bracebridge Hemyng, a barrister, from whose brain sprang "Jack Harkaway." They did not make their fortunes, for Percy B. St. John worked for a weekly wage, and Bracebridge Hemyng sold his copyrights for ridiculously small sums of money.

Let there be no mistake about the immense popularity of "Jack Harkaway." Desiring to ascertain whether my belief in it was illusory, I raised the point at a gathering of literary men. Every one under forty remembered "Jack Harkaway" well. Almost every one recollected the time when he had waited with an uncontrollable excitement for the next instalment of Jack Harkaway's adventures. This was conclusive evidence; though, as a matter of fact, the case is proved independently by the persistence of the Jack Harkaway stories. It must be thirty years since the cycle began with Jack Harkaway at school. It has continued almost without intermission. We have read, or had the opportunity of reading, about Jack Harkaway at sea, Jack Harkaway at Oxford, Jack Harkaway among the brigands, Jack Harkaway travelling round the world, Jack Harkaway going everywhere and doing everything. This very day I saw a poster advertising the narrative of Jack Harkaway's enterprises in the Transvaal. Neither Sherlock Holmes nor Captain Kettle has held his public for so long.

As for the secret of Jack Harkaway's great popularity—that is a difficult matter to explain. Perhaps the name had something to do with it. It would be hard to hit upon a name

Once, in one of the desert islands of real life—in an inn at Rock Ferry which harboured me on when I had missed the last boat for Padstow—stranded with no one to talk to and nothing some old volumes of the *Boys of England*, con of the Jack Harkaway stories. It was an opp be missed of renewing an old friend's acq seized it and read long and late; but the ol pointed me, as the old friends one has lost sight often do. One scene I remember. Jack Harkawa emptied the six chambers of his revolver at a bri brigand dodged the bullets by rapidly jerking right or left. Probably there were many scenes li upon a time I had delighted in them. Now, though I found them unobjectionable, as a "general reader dull. To parody the well-known saying, I coul about that story any different from any other sto sort; and I went to bed with the dolorous fee one grew older, one was doomed to lose, one all one's capacities for innocent enjoyment.

THE DRAMA.

"IRIS."

The construction of Mr. Pinero's new five- raises once more the old question of what a dra show his audience and what, on the other hand, tent merely to tell them. We leave his eponym the end of the third act a comparatively " personage, weak, to be sure, and with the germs We find her degraded in the next act, a hopelessly In the two years which are supposed to have " interact " (a word which has the authority of field, and which, I think, might be usefully rev passed through a whole series of adventure gradually brought about her ruin; and all tha knows of these adventures is gathered from th lips. The question whether this is sufficient w hotly disputed among playgoers. Some will say tha considered, it is no more evidence than "what the For my part, I think Mr. Pinero's method is fu the result. The dramatic significance of an actio in the details of its progress all along one li beginning and end of that line, its *points de* dramatist shows us in one scene Jack's bean, careful to let us know the bean's magic properties us in his next scene the beanstalk fully grown; t to show us its steady growth. And that is the see Iris, at the end of the third act, letting her po lover go "out West," promising to struggle wit self in his absence, until in two years' time he s come back and marry her. But we have also seen luxury-loving and too weak-willed to give her success in a struggle with poverty. Further, we h after refusing a cheque-book offered her by a frien (whom she has jilted), unable to resist fingering the table, and ultimately dropping it into her last significant little action we are prepared for are not at all surprised to find her in the ne " guilty splendour " in the millionaire's flat. No

as that of Ibsen, who very often gives us plays (*e.g.*, *Ghosts* and *Rosmersholm*) whereof an integral part of the story has happened before the curtain rises on the first act.

Thus Mr. Pinero's play falls naturally into two parts. The first (Acts I., II., and III.) deals with Iris' character and shows us the dilemma in which she is placed. The second (Acts IV. and V.) shows us the horn of the dilemma upon which she is impaled and her ultimate fate. It is the doubt about Iris' character which makes the transition from the first to the second part so poignantly interesting. The moment the curtain rises on the third act our doubt is set at rest; we know which way Iris has gone; and all our curiosity is shifted to the question, How did she get there? That question is fully answered in Iris' confession to her young lover, who comes back to claim his courageous, patient bride, and finds her the millionaire's wretched mistress and slave—one of those ironic situations, by the way, the invention and proper conduct of which mark the born dramatist. As to the doubt about Iris' character, it is skilfully suggested to us from the very outset. In the first act we see Iris, then a rich young widow, who is to lose her fortune if she marries again, feeling herself slipping into love with penniless young Trenwith, and, to save herself from a poverty which she has not the strength to face, offering her hand to the wealthy Maldonado, whom she does not love. Yet, the very next moment, she takes back her plighted troth, and throws herself into Trenwith's arms. The young lovers are subsequently found in a fool's paradise on the Italian lakes—a paradise rudely shattered by the intelligence that, through the fraud of a trustee, Iris has lost her whole fortune. At first she bears up bravely and is evidently for the moment sincere in her resolution to endure poverty in patience at home while Trenwith is preparing a home for her out West. But then comes the business of the tempting millionaire and the cheque-book, and once more we are in doubt whether self-indulgence or self-denial will get the upper hand. When we learn in due time the unhappy outcome and see the woman in her ruin, we also learn that the woman's native weakness of character has been handicapped by heavy odds. She has tried her best to escape from Maldonado, but the man has laid his revenge-plot too well. She was never of the stuff to prefer starvation in the gutter to a handsome flat in Mayfair. Perhaps, even then, she does not see how low she has fallen until her old lover shrinks from her and leaves her without a word. She had thought he would forgive her, and rescue her—for was not her first fault committed through love of him? No? Then, though her heart is broken, she will try and make some sort of a life with Maldonado. But Maldonado by this time has had enough of it. He "sees red," as the French say. Mad with balked love, with jealousy of the other lover—the full extent of which he has only just discovered—he thrusts Iris into the street, and vents his impotent, blind rage upon the furniture. It is a "curtain" of daring novelty; but what haunts the spectator is not that, but the pale, stony face of Iris as she slinks away into outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The woman who began in a fool's paradise ends in an inferno. A cold shiver of horror runs through the playhouse.

On this account the playgoers—and there are many—who do not go to art for shivers will not like *Iris*. And yet it is impossible to deny that this is absolutely the right ending for the play. The conventional *dénouement* of violent death would be trivial by comparison, and certainly not so true. For sheer

CURRENT LITERATU

"KING MONMOUTH."

Mr. Allan Fea has been fortunate in his choice
ing subject for his latest work, and in King Mon
21s. n.) he has given us an excellent specimen of
research, printed in a most readable form. We ha
to us here, almost for the first time, a complete bio
unfortunate "Protestant Duke." In the successful
of such a volume Mr. Fea was specially aided by
knowledge of old English country houses and th
histories, with the result that he has enabled us t
facility the semi-royal progresses of Monmouth th
land, in the golden days of his prosperity before th
the Rye House Plot.

Mr. Fea opens his book with an impartial a
mystery surrounding his hero's parentage. The vexe
to whether the Duke was the son of a king or a colon
undecided, although to our mind the evidence s
whole, to favour the theory that Monmouth's
"Robin" Sidney, who must not be confused with
brother Henry, Lord Romney. From Sidney's diar
has extracted much useful information, but he n
dubbed its compiler the "first Earl of Romney,"
without issue, Henry was the only member of the S
bear that title.

Of the handsome Duke's boyhood and early car
his reckless love-affairs, his street brawls, his je
the country, and his constant disputes with the D
an entertaining record is furnished. Moreover, we
read a more clear or trustworthy version of the Ry
spiracy, so far, indeed, as Monmouth's share in it wa
than that rendered by Mr. Fea. But the most imp
of the "uncrowned king's" life is, of course, tha
prised his foolish campaign in the south-west. Her
trustworthy history, based on original documents, w
found to be in striking contradiction to the more
but far less faithful, account drawn up by Mac
proved once more to have been at fault in attributi
Penn, the Quaker, the management of the nefarious
in connexion with the pardon of the Taunton scho
Fea prints the sensational letters written by M
seeking to obtain a pardon, after his capture. Of
James, dated July 12th, 1685, we reproduce a
permission of the publisher:—

I had forgot to tell your Ma[illegible] th
be very necessary to send some trooper down i
for there are several Gentlemen there tha
Arrear in gaigl [illegible]. I hope your M
be angry with me if I take this opportunity
in mind that there are several that [illegible]
for their own sakes, without considering
Service but Jam[illegible] you are the just and
see such people will have any credit a
[illegible] not be angry with me if I tell you

the probable guilt of the treacherous Sunderland. Monmouth's mother (whose maiden name, Mr. Fea thinks, was Walter, and not Walters) is dealt with a little too leniently. Her loose life and faithless disposition were so conspicuous that we fail to recognize as a point in her favour the fact that she had "many personal charms," or that "she came of a good stock."

More romantic is the love story of Henrietta, Lady Wentworth, who was referred to by Monmouth on the scaffold as his "wife in the sight of God." To the heiress of the house of Buccleuch, a mere child when married to Monmouth, it is hardly surprising that her gay young husband so soon proved false. That Lady Wentworth was genuinely in love with the Duke cannot be denied; that she went out of her way to encourage his advances is also a fact. James, Duke of Monmouth, was, in truth, but an ignoble and poor-spirited individual whom we see through the glamour of romance which casts a false light upon his career. Imperfectly educated, he was a very prince of rakes, as befitted a son of Charles II., or Robert Sidney, and of Mrs. Barlow. He was often a coward. He was selfish and ungrateful. Dazzled by the brilliance of the prospect suddenly laid before him after his recognition by Charles in 1662, led away by designing politicians whose tool he too readily became, enervated by a life of luxury and dissipation, he was forced to play a part in politics which he was never competent to fill. Nature had merely destined him to be a fine gentleman, nothing more. Nor must it be forgotten, whenever the question of his claims to the throne may be treated of by future writers on the history of his times, that he was not even, in any event, the eldest natural son of Charles II., as has been generally supposed; so that he has enlisted a good deal of sympathy from posterity, as he did a measure of popularity from his contemporaries, to which he was never fairly entitled.

The volume includes an admirable series of portraits reproduced from contemporary sources.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Queen of Scots, and Who Wrote the Casket Letters. By Samuel Cowan, J.P., of the *Perthshire Advertiser*. 2 vols. (Sampson Low, 28s. n.)

The controversy about Mary Queen of Scots is unending, and it is conducted with wit and knowledge on both sides. It is incontestable that all the difficulties are not yet solved; and it is highly probable that they never will be solved. For our own part we are willing to wait till Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Hume Brown, both writers of the fullest historical competence, and the former with the essential gift of genuine historical imagination, shall give us, in their second volumes, an exhaustive summary of recent work as well as of the original sources. Meanwhile Mr. Samuel Cowan, J.P., of the *Perthshire Advertiser*, comes forward frankly as a partisan, with a very free condemnation of those who disagree with him. He does not appear to us, we may say at once, to justify his position. He is very free in assertion, particularly in regard to the Casket Letters. Mary, we are told, could not have done such and such things or written such and such things. Why not? Because they do not fit in with Mr. Cowan's view of her character. This is hardly conclusive. A great deal of time is spent in these two stout volumes upon abuse of the plaintiff's attorney. A good deal is told which is quite [illegible]

subject, the Casket Letters, for example, he k[illegible] apparently, of Bresslau, Sepp, or Gerde. And w[illegible] face to face with facts he is far too much inclined t[illegible] what does not suit his conclusions. The chief c[illegible] which he arrives are that Mary was in no way con[illegible] murder of Darnley or cognisant beforehand of it, [illegible] Casket Letters were written by Maitland Buchana[illegible] Douglas, and Thomas Crawford, inspired by Mo[illegible] Ruthven, and Lindsay. On the first point it is pr[illegible] sible to come to a certain conclusion; but Mr [illegible] nothing to banish the grave suspicion which Mary [illegible] conduct no less than her behaviour at the time [illegible] has naturally engendered. On the second point [illegible] reasons are produced for the concert of so larg[illegible] persons in the alleged forgery; and the high im[illegible] so many people being able to keep their own c[illegible] last is not even considered. Of course, in the [illegible] Casket Letters there are serious arguments to be [illegible] sides; but when all is said there remains the fact [illegible] are genuine, Mary's character and life are consis[illegible] explicable, and that if they are forgeries her histo[illegible] indeed to explain on any coherent theory.

In matter of detail we may note that Mr. C[illegible] good deal of having recently discovered the "or[illegible] for the murder of Riccio, and with regard to the per[illegible] part in it triumphantly observes that Tytler, Hosa[illegible] are all of them wrong. He does not mention th[illegible] given in Ruthven's relation are exactly the same as [illegible] in the bond which he prints in facsimile, though [illegible] did not actually sign it, or more probably signed [illegible] As to the general style, and the general historical [illegible] the book, there is not much to be said that is favou[illegible] wonder is that an insurrection did not get up [illegible] Elizabeth and put Cecil in the Tower. That [illegible] called for, as the execution already referred to a[illegible] ing of innocent persons on the rack were unpar[illegible] need not condemn the French Revolution when [illegible] such cold blooded murders at our own doors." [illegible] 1561, "This year the King of Navarre fell in love [illegible] The King was by the way in France and Mary in [illegible] will be seen we think that whatever may be the [illegible] the whole matter, Mr. Henderson, at present, hold[illegible]

The Bibliographical Society's last two publica[illegible] Actions, Vol. V., Nov., 1898 to June, 1900, and [illegible] No. IX., A Book Bound for Mary Queen of [illegible] somewhat belated, are characteristic of its high[illegible] research. The principal contribution to the "T[illegible] is Mr. R. S. Faber's paper on "Printing in Sicily [illegible] A controversy long raged whether at Palermo [illegible] was printed the first Sicilian book. It is now gener[illegible] that the "Consuetudines" printed at Palermo i[illegible] precedence of all others. The printing is of a hig[illegible] the troublous days of the Spanish domination were [illegible] to the fostering of the newly discovered art. On M[illegible] paper, now printed as a Monograph, we had occasio[illegible] when it was read before the Society last Decem[illegible] completed it by adding to it the list of Mary's boo[illegible] the Bannatyne Club in 1853, and some notes on t[illegible] which can now be stated definitely to have be[illegible] Queen's library. Seven, or eight, is the chronicled [illegible] there may be others as unnoted as was the "P[illegible] subject of the Monograph) itself before it cam[illegible] Sunderland sale of 1883. The chances of this a[illegible]

MR. LANG AND THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

MAGIC AND RELIGION. By ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, 10s. 6d.)

Two or three years ago, when Mr. Lang produced his amusing miscellany entitled "The Making of Religion," he deemed Mr. Frazer's "Golden Bough" worthy only of a passing notice in somewhat disparaging terms. A second edition of that work having recently appeared, in which the matter is enlarged to twice its original bulk, and fills three stout volumes, Mr. Lang proceeds to examine it more closely. It is true that "Magic and Religion" is miscellaneous in form, dealing, amongst other things, with such well-worn topics as "Science and Superstition," "The Theory of Loan-gods, or Borrowed Religion," "Cup-and-ring Markings," "First-fruits and Taboos," and "Fire-walking." All this, however, is merely the sawdust and shavings in which the infernal machine which Mr. Lang deposits, with his compliments, at Mr. Frazer's door, is neatly packed up. The "operative part," as lawyers say, of the book begins with Chapter III., which bears the general title of the volume as its particular heading. Like those who preach from pulpits, Mr. Lang begins with a Scriptural text—and he is really so original in his treatment of it that we must let him speak for himself:—

> "The sin of witchcraft is as the sin of rebellion." The idea which inspires this text probably is that a person who seeks to obtain his ends by witchcraft is rebelling against the deity or deities through whom alone these ends should be sought. Witchcraft is also an insult and injury to the official priests, who regard the witch as the surgeon regards the bone-setter, or as the geologist regards the "dowser" or water-finder who uses the divining-rod.

Before expounding his text the preacher should look it out and see that he has it correctly. He should, at all events, do so before sending his sermon to the press. Mr. Lang will find that the text runs thus:—"For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft (1 Sam., ch. xv., v. 23)." The idea which inspires the aphorism is not very recondite. It means that disobedience to the specific directions of the Lord's prophet in reference to a particular occasion, and in circumstances to which the general Mosaic law does not apply, is no less a sin than wilful breach of the straitest precept of that law, and will be visited on the offender accordingly. Mr. Lang's inversion of his text reminds one of the negro evangelist who took Jonah for his subject, informed his hearers that the prophet swallowed a whale, and went on to remark that he must have been a devil of a fellow for fish.

Mr. Lang's original criticism of the "Golden Bough," in his "Making of Religion," was that it was a sort of "Jack-in-the-Green" business. Pursuing the same vein, he now denominates those who hold that spirits and gods of vegetation had a considerable share in the formation of ancient theologies as the "Covent Garden School"; but his objections to the "Golden Bough" in its revised form are by no means limited to the fact that Mr. Frazer is a prominent exponent of this not very novel doctrine. In the new edition of his book Mr. Frazer expresses the opinion that magic has universally preceded religion, and that mankind invented the latter mainly because they found that the former could not be depended

having any religious signif[illegible]nce wh[illegible]tever att[illegible] Religion, in the ethnological acceptation of the w[illegible] prayer and sacrifice to the unseen beings whom [illegible] as benevolent or malevolent powers, and some at[illegible] ever rude, to give these beings visible and tangible [illegible] Unless something of this kind accompanies it, no su[illegible] be properly admitted as evidence for the theory o[illegible] religious sense. Mr. Frazer's position is not una[illegible] Mr. Lang's attack on it has not been directed to [illegible] points. It would have been more to the purpose [illegible] that magic and religion are not so easily separa[illegible] Frazer seems to think; that a certain amou[illegible] survives even in the most advanced religions; and t[illegible] obviously not be impossible for religious concep[illegible] formed and brought to maturity without the ne[illegible] stage being entered at all.

Nor do we think Mr. Lang fortunate in his [illegible] some minor matters of opinion advanced by Mr. [illegible] may instance, in the first place, one which Mr. Lan[illegible] last—the peg on which Mr. Frazer's whole wor[illegible] suspended by its author for exhibition—the "Golden Bough" itself. Mr. Frazer takes as t[illegible] venient and striking example of his main thesis [illegible] embodiment of spirits of vegetation—the tree nea[illegible] of Diana in the grove of Aricia, from which no [illegible] be plucked, unless the person who plucked it were [illegible] meet the priest of the temple in mortal combat, s[illegible] of right to the priestly office if he killed him. [illegible] well known to the general reader, through Maca[illegible] quoted lines:—

> The trees in whose dark shadow
> The ghastly priest doth reign,
> The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain.

But the fatal bough plucked at Aricia was n[illegible] bough at all. What has it to do with the only g[illegible] known to mythology or poetry, the fabulous one sa[illegible] to have been plucked in the grove of Avernus by [illegible] passport to the underworld? Nothing whatever. [illegible] asks Mr. Lang, as other readers of Mr. Frazer's v[illegible] asked before him—why, in the name of sound [illegible] common sense, does Mr. Frazer call the bough o[illegible] "golden bough," put the "Golden Bough" on hi[illegible] and adopt Turner's beautiful but wholly fanciful [illegible] Avernus as a frontispiece? Mr. Frazer's ans[illegible] according to Servius, or some preceding comm[illegible] Virgil whose notes were incorporated by Ser[illegible] work, people generally in those times recog[illegible] sort of connexion between the two; a connexi[illegible] founded on the circumstance that in each [illegible] bough was intended to serve as a passport [illegible] the difference being that the golden bough, unlike [illegible] one, entitled the holder to make the return journey. [illegible] with Mr. Lang that this analogy, if not wholly ill[illegible] slight to justify the use to which Mr. Frazer has ap[illegible] similar objection may fairly be made to Mr. Frazer's [illegible] of the plucking of the Arician bough. Mr. Frazer s[illegible] because Diana has, amongst other attributes, thes[illegible] spirit, the ghastly priest was slain by his succes[illegible] carnation of the tree-spirit, his life being safe out[illegible]

Aricia. Hence (it is physically conceivable, but I lay no stress on it) the asylum was at last limited to one fugitive slave at a time. It was not like the forest in the Indian fable, populated by "millions of hermits," who cannot have been very solitary anchorites. Any fugitive slave who took sanctuary had to kill and dispossess the prior occupant. There was only sanctuary for one at a time. More would have been most inconvenient. In any case the one solitary duty of the ghastly priest (as far as we know) was to act as *garde champêtre* to one certain tree. Why this one tree, we do not and cannot know.

Mr. Lang ought to know that the right of asylum in sacred places, although common enough in Greece, never existed, so far as the learned are aware, in Italy, and is unknown to Roman law. It is futile to cite the mythical "asylum" of Romulus, which could have been nothing more than a suburb where strangers and outlaws were permitted to settle under the protection of the original Roman burghers. And on any intelligent reading of the authorities it is ridiculous to suppose that the only function of the *rex Nemorensis* was to guard the tree. As the principal priest of what was, according to Lanciani, the largest temple, and probably the richest sacred benefice, in Italy, his primary duty was to perform the usual sacrificial rites for the benefit of the numerous pilgrims who frequented the shrine, to superintend the *lectæ virgines* who formed the staff, and generally to manage and direct the affairs of what recent excavations prove to have been in fact a very large hydrotherapeutic establishment. To describe him, with Mr. Frazer, as a "murderer," always liable to displacement by another "murderer," is misleading. A gladiator who fairly defeats and takes the life of his adversary in single combat is no murderer. The "ghastly priest" was simply an official who gained a lucrative post by a peculiar and not inappropriate form of competitive examination. We could never believe that he was necessarily a fugitive slave, though the class of fugitive slaves largely contributed to the ranks of the gladiatorial profession; and the sole authority for the proposition that he was a fugitive slave is Pausanias, a foreigner, whose evidence should not be construed too literally. Inadequate as we have always thought Mr. Frazer's treatment of the Arician *sacra*, we do not think that Mr. Lang has improved upon it, nor can we accept his explanation of the traditional connexion of Orestes and Hippolytes with Aricia as "an aetiological myth." It is more probable that the adventures of these worthies were depicted on the temple walls as parts of the general Artemisian legend. From this to the popular notion that they had actually had to do with the foundation of the temple the transition is easy.

Another matter which provokes Mr. Lang's wrath is the fanciful connexion which Mr. Frazer traces between the mockery and scourging antecedent to the Crucifixion, as described in the Gospels, and similar incidents belonging to the Jewish feast of Purim and the Babylonian Sacæa. In his haste to bring Mr. Frazer to book Mr. Lang incoherently charges him at the outset, almost in the same breath, with professing to discover in these incidents "the origin of the Christian Faith" and "the origin of the belief in the divinity of Christ." Turning to Mr. Frazer's book, we see that he was led to make the comparison by another equally fanciful resemblance suggested in a recent contribution to a foreign periodical. A German, eagerly seeking some new thing, fancies that he sees through his spectacles a resemblance between this part of the Gospel story evidence warrants." Here Mr. Lang rubs his han to use a phrase of his own, that he has the avail"; and he devotes 128 pages of his book difficult task of turning what he describes as hypothesis of the origin of Christianity" inside o it to shreds. We shall say no word tending complacency with which Mr. Lang may fairly c monumental effort. As for Mr. Frazer, he delighted that so eminent a critic as Mr. La thought so slight a matter worthy of so much seri

Apparently Mr. Lang has somewhat fa stand Mr. Frazer's real attitude in regard t discussed in his book; and it is not surpris deaf to the singular charm which has won for Bough" its popularity. Mr. Lang calls it hypotheses, eighteen storeys high." Mr. Fr claimed for it the modest merit of being a lar facts, intelligibly arranged, bearing mainly on t aspect of ancient religions—an aspect which Mr. Ignore. The facts, in Mr. Frazer's words, ar "bridges" of hypothesis, often of airy lightne of Mr. Frazer's book is that, while he collects facts, he seldom does more than suggest his imperceptibly leads his readers to modify the others for themselves. Herodotus was not m distinguish between what he had seen for himse related on the authority of others than Mr present his facts as something apart from hi "bridges." A writer who observes this rule by the mere fact of so doing, to a large degree and when, in addition, he warns the reader that to pursue a particular speculation further tha warrants, a prolonged attack directed to this very seems called for.

OTHER NEW BOOK

The Man Forbid.

Mr. John Davidson in his second Testament — OF A MAN FORBID (Grant Richards, 6d. n.)—is st the solitary prophet denouncing the world; b though his message seems to us to be, he is a proph feelings in magnificent blank verse, strong, r imaginative, and that is perhaps enough. "The finds the world very little to his liking; he rates purpose that it drives him, mudbespattered solitude. When he comes back a penitent, one addresses him in a tone of excellent good sense, back again. He is left haunting the hills the sea:—

> Here as I pace the pallid doleful hills
> And serpentine declivities that creep
> Unhonoured to the ocean's shifting verg
> Or where with prouder curve and greene
> Surmounting peacefully the restless tide
> The cliffed escarpment stands in storm-c

Even if the noble rage of the poet leaves still admire Mr. Davidson's fine gift of poet which this poem is a good example.

Essay Writing.

rules which Stevenson uniformly violated. Yet there are those who hold that Stevenson was the better essayist of the two. The book before us, though by no means the best book of the kind that we know, certainly contains advice that some essayists would do well to take; but we are quite sure that essayists who need the advice have missed their vocation. In an appendix the author gives a list of papers "open to consider outside contributions." Our own organ very properly figures on the list; but we should not accept the specimen essay printed in chapter III., and we doubt whether any of the other papers, from the *Nineteenth Century* to *M.A.P.*, would be any more likely to do so.

Lady Prestwich's Essays.

A few months after the completion of her labour of love, the "Life of Sir Joseph Prestwich," his widow passed away in the pleasant house near Shoreham in Kent which had been her home since 1870. In the volume just mentioned Lady Prestwich's own personality is studiously kept in the background, and it is fitting that some independent evidence of her worth and attainments should be forthcoming. This is now available by the publication of ESSAYS, DESCRIPTIVE AND BIOGRAPHICAL, by Grace, Lady Prestwich, with a memoir by her sister, Louisa E. Milne (Blackwood, 10s. 6d.) Being the favourite niece of a distinguished geologist (Hugh Falconer), and in some sense a pupil of his, endowed, moreover with receptive powers of a high order, in addition to considerable skill as an artist, and a charm of manner which can be traced even in her writings, Lady Prestwich might, under different circumstances, have won for herself an independent reputation. But her life, though far from uneventful, ran in a more tranquil groove. As Falconer's travelling companion, after the death of her first husband and infant son, Grace McCall, as she was then, came into contact with many of the celebrities of forty years ago. Among these may be mentioned Madame Mohl, whose salon was then and for long afterwards the resort of statesmen, novelists, artists, poets, and others, who came to do homage to this bright little Scotchwoman (née Mary Clark). Also Mrs. Somerville, and M. Boucher de Perthes, a noted amateur geologist, whose share in demonstrating the antiquity of the human race should not be allowed to die, though his enthusiasm more than once led him into sad blunders. Anecdotes, reminiscences of travel, and descriptions of scenery, in which vivacity and felicity of expression are equally mingled, make the reader sorry to close this book. The memoir which prefaces the collection supplies just the amount of biographical detail needed.

The "Self-Taught" Series.

The lethargy of our educational authorities in the matter of commercial education lends importance to the series which Messrs. Marlborough are bringing out under the title of the "Self-taught Library." We make the remark particularly in connexion with RUSSIAN SELF-TAUGHT, by C. A. Thimm and J. Marshall (Marlborough, 2s.), which we have just received. A knowledge of Russian is becoming of more and more importance in the political and business world, and the German continuation schools have introduced it as a compulsory subject. The "Self-taught" Series, of which ten volumes have appeared—the present volume being preceded by "Swedish Self-taught"—caters fully and in a handy form for the linguistic requirements of sportsmen, cyclists, photographers, and travellers generally; but Messrs. Marlborough have been well-advised in

AN ARTIST'S WALKS IN BIBLE LANDS, by Henry (Religious Tract Society, 6s. n.), is a pleasantly-written and often suggestive volume, with numerous excellen executed in "wash."

THE CHILD AT HOME, by Mrs. Clement Parsons (1s. 6d.), consists of two essays on "An Only Chil "The Beauty of Simplicity." The former deserv study by the large class of parents who have to difficulty of training a child who is deprived of the education of brothers and sisters, and we do not re have seen elsewhere so thoughtful and sympathetic a tion of it. The second essay is more general in scope nessl of greater simplicity in society generally. M writes in a very pleasant and cultured style, an cordially recommend her book to parents of the "upp

FICTION.

PLEASANT STORIES OF TO-DAY.

Ada Cambridge.

THE DEVASTATORS, by Ada Cambridge (Methuen, work of a writer who does not turn out books at exp or trust to her excellence in the past to condone present. Her last book is as full of charm, humour, characterization as anything she has ever written Peggy is delightful more attractive than a thousa tional beauties. Her pathetic end somewhat tries t sensibilities, especially as it is painfully well done. people of the story are all well depicted. We have vaguely discontented man who hints at dark conf which resolve themselves, when he is pinned down instances, into the grievous fact that his wife has sla by becoming fat! The motherly woman, again, wh before anything else, and looks upon a son-in-law as " of the nature of a cheque, the true value of which w could be cashed into grandchildren"—how real she "Devastators" of the title please us, as studies, less quieter characters. But the whole book is good read most fastidious.

Mr. E. F. Benson.

Mr. Benson appears to desire to conquer all th the novel writer. From "Dodo" to THE LUCK OF (Heinemann, 6s.) all fashions in fiction may find a p "Luck" is a golden cup, carven and bejewelled thought to bring with it length of days. Harry Vail, baron of that name, finds this awkward treasure, Francis Vail, his great-uncle, a most delightfully man and the real raison d'être of the story, uses ingenuity to dispose of Harry and, with the aid of the reign in his stead. The plot is said to have been s Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, to whom the boo tionately dedicated "by its admiring scribe." Spi the idea, the telling of it is equally skilful and interes characters are as real as most of Mr. Benson's ma There are melodrama, comedy, characterization, and wit and humour in "The Luck of the Vails"; a clev a clever man.

A Student of Her Sex.

ally clumsy. But the novel is above the average in interest, and far above most in characterization. The Chilcotts are excellent: Catherine herself has always a firm hold on the reader's heart, and Lady Sarah (although not perfectly consistent) is amusing. Mrs. de la Pasture is to be congratulated on her last novel, and the more because it preaches unobtrusively the advantages of simplicity and unselfishness. If it were better written it would be a very good book indeed: as it stands it should be popular—especially among ladies who like to see the foibles and virtues of their sex analyzed with a delicate touch.

"Bagsby's Daughter."

BAGSBY'S DAUGHTER, by Bessie and Marie Van Vorst (Grant Richards, 6s.), if it is a first novel, is very promising indeed. It is dramatic, and the drama is kept up breathlessly from start to finish. It just escapes being farcical, but abounds with humour, sometimes subtle and sometimes rollicking. The old pillmaker and his wife are charmingly done. We shall look out for the next book by the joint authors.

Mr. Hamilton Aidé.

Mr. Hamilton Aidé has rarely done better work than in his latest novel, THE SNARES OF THE WORLD (John Murray, 6s.). Its heroine, Moyra O'Connell, the daughter of a Irish peer, is as charming a creation as one could hope to meet. Her beauty of face and of character atones in the opinion of her admirers for her comparative poverty, and of admirers she has her pick. Mr. Aidé's gallery includes the usual conventional types, the romantic Hungarian magnate, the Duke with the inevitable hawk-like nose, and the fashionable Countess with a taste for slumming. But Mr. Aidé knows how to dress up the old puppets anew and make them dance to new tunes. The conversation is natural and unaffected, and there is no wearisome straining after epigrammatic smartness of phrase and allusion. The book is a capital specimen of the best and most wholesome type of English fiction.

Sir Walter Besant.

THE LADY OF LYNN, by Sir Walter Besant (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). It is an ungracious task to approach the work of a veteran who is dead in any spirit but a grateful and appreciative one. Fortunately there is little to criticize in "The Lady of Lynn." True, it lacks the charm of Sir Walter's earlier work. And its initial improbabilities are very great: for instance, the strange neglect of the very simple process of examining the signatures in the marriage register. But the book is healthy and lovable. The heroine is a breezy, straightforward young woman, not over idealized, and free from that taint of sentimentality which has tinged some of her predecessors. Molly is a sturdy, "sonsy" lass, no angel and no fine lady. In effective contrast to her is the Lady Anastasia, the frivolous woman of a worse than frivolous set, partly redeemed by her real feeling for the callous villain of the piece. The teller of the tale is an honest young sailor, whose reward is not difficult to foretell when Molly is freed from her complicated matrimonial affairs. The book is not strikingly good in any particular, but it shows that pleasant cheery spirit upon which one could always rely in its author.

MYSTERY AND CRIME.

Since we must have our murder mysteries in fiction, we may be thankful to find them done as well as in MR. BERNARD BROWN, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.). All stories of this kind must needs have a strong family likeness. concluding scene is a pleasing adaptation of th "The Silence of Dean Maitland." On the wh invented, well-elaborated plot. The writing seem picturesque, but no doubt readers of mysteries decorative style.

One detective story is very much like anoth natural that Mr. Fergus Hume's detective storie in addition a certain family likeness of their own THE MYSTERY (Chatto, 6s.) is no less of a mys its predecessors. It has a respectable plot, i tried to cast suspicion upon every one in turn (it, is the great aim of the artist in mysteries), an who are villainous, heroes who are all that t maiden young and fair and not too much har suspicion, and a sufficiency of the comic elem Blair has the merit of being, at the worst, a pos he is neither superhumanly acute nor ridiculou law, no doubt, is good novelist's law—it is obvi expect a hard-worked writer to reconcile all th of his characters with hard fact.

Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton has the reputati to produce stories of adventure by land and and a due proportion of exciting incident to th numerous people. Unfortunately A VANISHED 6s.) concerns itself with other and mo topics, being merely a machine-made detectiv customary type, such as most industrious author if, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, they chose to l sufficiently. The writing displays no distinction (with the possible exceptions of M. de Nes *d'instruction*) no individuality. It is readable certainly is not worth serious consideration, a diminish than enhance Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's

Mr. T. W. Hanshew frankly calls THE V (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.) an improbable story. B mysterious double murder, it follows the tort the conventional detective tale. The dovetaili clever, but the incidents are absurdly extrav reader who would be "thrilled," this is the boo

MAD? by T. Pym Loughman (Greening, 2s. which represents one individual in the act of s on a balcony under a particularly full and brill contents are to match. Here is a sentence. was preying on his mind, to such an exten mention of 'Vendetta' roused him to fren should Danncey be mixed up in this seemingly m of a diseased brain?" "Seemingly mental . . . brain" like "mobled queen"—is "goo

In THE GHOST OF TINTERN ABBEY, by Mrs. A (T. Baker and Son), the ghost is the means murder. The writer evidently knows and loves neighbourhood. Her style is naive, but not slip

TRUSTS.

The liquefaction of all solid problems into th has not often been so frankly illustrated as it Norris. He announces three books connected wi so far as they relate "to (1) the production, (2) (3) the consumption of American wheat." Bu economical treatises. They are novels: and In

reader by its sheer strength: by its sharply-defined characters —Annixter is a truly fine study of humanity—its largely and poetically conceived pictures of wheat growing on a large scale, and its vivid descriptions, closing with the terrible death of Behrman of the railroad gang, by drowning—not in water, but in the wheat as it rushed down upon him in a thundering cataract through the chute into the ship's hold. The book gives us, amidst all the familiar scenes and themes of fiction, a new thing: a set of conditions actual and vital and unlike any thing that has existed before in the world's history. It should be read not only for the power of its writing, but because it is pregnant with the problems of the future. We shall look forward to Mr. Norris' treatment of another side of the same problems in the second book of the "Trilogy"—"The Pit, A Story of Chicago."

Cash is King (H. J. Drane, 6s.) is described by its author, William A. Reid, as a monogram, which we may assume to be the American for monograph. It purports to be the memoirs of Sir Albert Alling, Knight of the United States, and Baron of Ohio. Briefly, the tale is a dip into the future, and describes the conditions of life at a time when all capital is controlled by a few syndicates, and these eventually by a single all-powerful Trust of Trusts, while labour seeks to protect itself by a similar combination of trade unions. The inevitable death struggle follows. Capital is triumphant, strikes and the agitator disappear, and Mr. Lapap, the "boss" of the plutocrat ring, becomes the first King of the United States. The story, however, is crude and disappointing. Occasionally there is a flash of humour, as in the description of the Religious Syndicate, which insists on church-going, but leaves choice of creed to the individual. But considering the opportunities there is a lamentable lack of imagination, and for this the slight didactic value which the book possesses is hardly enough compensation.

AFRICA.

Mr. Basil Marnan has chosen a rather topical catch-penny title for his clever book A Daughter of the Veldt (Heinemann, 6s.). It is by far the best novel dealing with life in Africa since the "Story of a South African Farm" and reminds us in its power and truth of that admirable example of fiction; there are the same wealth and correctness of detail, even a certain prolixity in approaching a point, a certain superfluity of minor issues, explanations, and, as it were, verifications of facts. There are the same remorseless analysis of misery, the same piling up of terror, horror, tragedy. There are also the same brilliancy of description and arresting character drawing. The prelude to the novel, a story, one may call it, of thirty-two pages is in itself an original and highly interesting piece of work. The scene is that of the N'Ritani Mission Chapel built on the top of a great swell of upland. The Rev. Mowbray Wrixon has worked hard to achieve this undertaking which he began with a certain enthusiasm and ended by despising. "The Rev. Wrixon," as we are sorry to say Mr. Marnan calls him, is something of a humbug. He falls in love with the daughter of a farmer, with whom he has stayed; but, even in his most fervent feelings, he was guided by a saving sense of economic prudence, and he desires promotion such as this splendid but uncultured girl could only mar. But the story is so cleverly and sincerely told that we will not spoil the reader's pleasure in it by further suggestion of the plot. If this be Mr. Basil Marnan's first book we shall look forward to those that follow. "A Daughter of the Veldt" with no small

told much after the manner of "Three Men in a Boat. not convinced that the humorous treatment is the one; but we have enjoyed the reading, though lat comes there is a feeling of tiredness at the lon attitude of burlesque. We like the Scotsman who cut a slice off his neighbour's loaf," nor would we have missed the bugler who could not bugle because t got into his bugle. As a record of the war the book is m everything is distorted in the interests of the comic is no sort of cohesion about the book, which is in story. But as long as one realizes that warfare and ca here reflected in the kind of convex mirror that comic distortion of feature, the interests of truth suffer.

The Lost Regiment, by Ernest Glanville (Methu begins with a proposal of some magnificence from a " duffer," who has been respectfully informed that are not required by a grateful country. The "duf fortunate owner of "a few thousands a month," an that land in Africa may be had at a low rate. buying a few thousand square miles from some native raising a regiment to be officered by the rejected of . . . . We should easily pick up, say, ten thous miles, with a mountain in the centre." The working modest idea is spirited, ingenious, and humorous, spicuously literary.

IN THE LITERARY WORLD.

The journalist is not an uncommon figure in fict generally not a very satisfactory one. Mr. R. L. any rate knows his subject, and The Coward (Ward is at once an interesting story and a fairly accurate p certain sort of journalistic life. Catesby, the hero, drawn, but Detheridge, a sort of Napoleon of th certainly the best character in the book. Unfort story tails off sadly at the finish. An indeterminate is never very satisfactory, and this is more indeterm most. But it is worth reading, and will no doubt ap young literary aspirant.

The struggling journalist appears again in The (Kegan Paul, 5s.), but Mr. Paine shows that it is possi a hackneyed theme freshly. The tale is of four New paper men, and their effort to eclipse all previous the world of magazines. As they have neither cap perience, their enterprise can have but one end, and months they are reduced to taking their place in all the long, sad line of dole-seeking waifs, which has name to the book. But the story is not all gloom. Th relieved by the cheeriness and unflagging spirits men. A graceful little love idyll is interwoven with tive, though, unfortunately for the reader, the charm appears only in her letters. However, these, one records, are natural and unaffected.

Two Girls and a Dream, by Jean Delaire (W 6s.), has a delightfully bright girl in it. She literary fame, and her conversation redeems the complains that some of her grandest inspirations her bath. She dreams of a "general massacre of a clear the air. In fact, she is amusing all through.

THE STORY OF ROGER KING (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.) has one or two points that differentiate it from the common run of lovestories. In the main it resembles these poor relations somewhat too closely; there is that ancient piece of machinery—the foundling substituted for the heir—which has solved many hundreds of riddles since the trade of novel-writing began. On the other hand there are one or two fair sketches of character, an engaging heroine, and a good account of Roger's boyhood. Mr. B. Paul Neuman's hero runs away early from a tyrannical grandfather, falls among thieves in the orthodox style, and is rescued by a good Samaritan, who is also a writer of novels. This part of the book is better than the rest; it is fresher and less mechanical. When Roger discovers his supposed parents the interest of the story fades rapidly, for only one solution is possible. Mr. Vicars, the novelist, and Mr. Lovibond, the architect, are Mr. Neuman's most successful creations in a readable but undistinguished story.

DOMESTIC.

A SON OF MAMMON (John Long, 6s.), by Mr. G. B. Burgin, is a good specimen of the quiet domestic novel. The main theme is the baneful influence of too absorbing a pursuit of wealth. Most of the scenes and characters, drawn from a journalist's London experiences, are natural enough. The heroine is compared to a rose "kiss-kissed into coloured perfume." Fortunately Mr. Burgin rarely indulges in rhapsodies of this kind, and his style will not unduly tax the intellectual powers of the average person. The story is quite worth reading.

THE GOLD THAT PERISHETH (Religious Tract Society, 3s. 6d.) is an old story retold; but Mr. David Lyall has contrived to put life into his stock characters. Two of them, an elderly brother and sister, are truly charming in their quaintness. The story fluctuates between a modern stockbroker prince's palace at Sydenham-hill, the City, and the humble home of reduced gentlefolk at Camberwell. As the title partially indicates, this, too, is a tale levelled against ill-made money; and its religious tone is not too insistent.

SOULS OF PASSAGE (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) is one of Miss Amelia Barr's quiet, sympathetic tales—this time about Glasgow and the Highlands. It contains a contrast she is very fond of, between a flighty beauty who fascinates and a gentle damsel who retains the hearts of men. A slight supernatural element, which harmonizes with the Highland background, is introduced.

THE MAID OF MAIDEN-LANE, by Amelia E. Barr (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is a quiet, graceful story, full of charm, and with a touch of Miss Mary Wilkins' tenderness about it. The "maid" is delightful—a sweet type, refreshingly free from complications, though her doings and sayings are far from being invariably meek or mild. Her lively friend, Arenta, is very human and *piquante*. Like Clarissa Harlowe's "dear Miss Howe," she furnishes most of the spice of their dialogue. But the maid's demure replies show a certain appreciation of *diablerie* that makes one find in Miss Barr a good deal of quiet humour. The book is a thoroughly pleasing one.

MUST YIELD TO WIN, by "Adelina" (Drane, 3s. 6d.), relates the adventures of a governess, rather scurvily treated by the boys of the household that she has to take in charge during the absence of its master and mistress. The adventures are very mild, and the story is inconclusive. There is no wedding and no love affair—two sufficiently remarkable

But the story is too diffuse. Many of its des
excellent in themselves, will be skipped. Th
amongst English landed gentry of to-day, with a b
beauty, Ira's stepmother, as trouble-maker. The bo
one in which young men and maidens will find ente
is a book for lending libraries, for a young g
enjoy, understand, and suffer no harm by it.
Fevez is a new writer of whom we may expect go
she has learnt restraint.

When a lady writer is good enough to let
reviewer into the secrets of a young girl's early
can hardly choose but be grateful for the engaging
We all like to hear confessions, and there is so
nially fresh and charming about the artless histo
True, it is perhaps scarcely a fair way of arousin
is hardly "playing the game" (as our athletic
but, after all, it is an author's first duty to be r
Edith Hawtrey—if the lady is unmarried—tells,
SPOONS (Drane, 3s. 6d.), the story of Miss R
attempt at a Platonic friendship. It is done, of
first person, and really it is a pretty little tale.
exactly in the best taste—or let us put it dow
conception of humour—but the book itself is
title and the first few pages would lead us to
very light, but it is an agreeable *soufflé*.

CAROLINE, OR THE DAYS OF HER YOUTH, b
Campbell (Stockwell, 3s. 6d.), is a simple stor
religious flavour, and should be suitable for a
prize.

Julian the Apostate.

"The historical novel, pure and simple, exi
says Mr. Herbert Trench in an interesting pre
his translation of Dmitri Merejkowski's THE
GODS (Constable, 6s.), and he goes on to explain
genius who now adopt this form are only tra
stage of the world a drama which is being play
souls. In this, the first of the Russian novelist
of historical romances, Merejkowski handles the
between the Christian idea and the Hellenic. The
is that of Julian the Apostate, and he has re
scenes and characters of that distant epoch for us
skill. To prepare himself for his task Merejk
through Asia Minor and Greece, visited Syria
nople, and made an exhaustive study of the
Gnostics, the Fathers of the Eastern Church,
Sophists. The result is a fine psychological
himself, and a convincing series of pictures of li
century. Beginning with the childhood of Julia
their palace-prison of Macellum, it carries us t
death at the head of his army, fighting against S
is planned on a large scale, and executed with th
power; the translation is very good—there is r
sion used with which serious fault could be found
Is hoped that Mr. Trench will continue his good
translations of "The Resurrection of the Gods
Christ," the two remaining volumes of the t
Merejkowski is certainly an author who deserv
good and careful translation.

Loss of Memory.

Of the many labourers in the great mill of

discovered, she finds her husband, in despair, has married again. This is an awkward situation, a delicate blend of Mr. Clark Russell's "John Houldsworth" and the late Lord Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." Incidentally we are introduced to one Dr. Strong and his lunatic asylum; to Lady Cotswold, who is a rather well-drawn character; and to the family of Sir Adam Lee-Hobbes, Governor of New Zealand. The book is rather above than below Miss Crommelin's usual level of respectable mediocrity.

Ireland.

It is a little hard to believe that anything quite so Irish exists as Miss Jane Barlow's delightful peasantry in FROM THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK (Methuen, 6s.). But she draws them with such a quaint, irresistible pen that one can only accept them and be thankful. The book is a collection of short stories full of fascinating characters, such as the courteous Larry, who says consolingly "Git on, Anthony O'Keefe. *I* believe ivery word you're after sayin', lies or no." It is a book that will stand reading many times.

A UNION OF HEARTS, by Katharine Tynan (Nisbet, 6s.), is another Irish book, but of a different order. It deals with "rale gentry" rather than the country folk, and has more of a conventional love-story in it. The man who comes from England with a fortune made in trade and a whole host of notions as to "managing" his Irish tenants for their good is familiar. He usually proceeds on the lines of Mrs. Hinkson's hero. He meets with prejudice and outrage. He learns to modify his own preconceived ideas. He wins the proud Irish maid descended from kings, and ends with popularity and wedding-bells. But if the outline is commonplace, the treatment prevents the book from becoming tedious. It is well written, and by no means without humour.

A Beth Book.

There is a certain charm in MARR'D IN MAKING (Constable, 6s.), and pungency, point, and fun, too, are to be found there. But the author, the Baroness von Hutten, appeals rather to the casual than the literary public. Beth is the heroine, with a very charming picture of her as frontispiece, but she does not live; her peculiarities contradict one another so frequently that the reader at last fails to credit the author's stories and thus the interest wanes. But there are clever chapters in "Marr'd in Making," and some rather *risqué* and original situations, and a good deal of pathos that might well be tragedy—if one were only convinced. The Baroness von Hutten places in the fore-front of her book these lines

—Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless pots he marr'd in making—

but they are not particularly appropriate. Beth is marr'd rather by the author than by the Master of the universe; at no time does she appear to be a likely figure for the problems of eternity.

Russia.

It is a little difficult to work up much interest in the Russian novel compact of mysterious police, the "isvostchik," the "young Pole," and the rest of the stock-in-trade. Unfortunately, many clever people try it, for example Mr. Ropes and his sister in ON PETER'S ISLAND (Murray, 6s.). We own that if we must read one more novel of Petersburg life under Alexander III. we are delighted to find it is from the versatile pen of Mr. Ropes. We have followed him from the days of the mathematical tripos and the short history of Europe through his *ballades* and *rondeaux* to his lyrics for the libretti of many light plays. He touches every-

a second book more inferred with the real spirit of re dependent on externals and observed incidents of importance.

Tragedy is the key-note of the seven short stor panying ZILGRAHOF (Simpkin Marshall, 2s. 6d. n.), w tale of Nihilist vengeance. From a Maori love story, blood, they reach to St. Petersburg; and Mr. John C. crisp style suits them admirably; but he has attac much needless matter to the front of each one. Good a they would have been better had he gone straight into

At Malta.

Lady Acland calls her story, THE LOST KEY (Macq an international episode, which is true enough, for th of the lost, or rather the stolen, key which wrecks th of the unfortunate Sir William Browne has very with the main thread of the novel. The book i teresting, but it suffers from aimlessness: it is mor tion of such episodes than a connected story. So characters have only the slightest connexion with t it can be called a plot. They seem to have been p book merely because the author had met them and f interesting studies. The pair of Socialists, for exa nothing whatever to do with Lady Acland's tenuou romance, nor can we detect any reason for the accou Mainwaring's death, except that the author proba to try her hand at pathos. The local colour is go must serve as an excuse for this indefiniteness of purp a certain amount of carelessness in the writing.

Clerical.

THE VICAR OF ST. LUKE'S, by Sibyl Creed (Longm an interesting tale on the not very new subject of a maliciously slandered and attacked before his parishi moral charge of which he is entirely innocent. The excellent bits of character-drawing. One is the morbid hysterical figure of the girl Lena; the other is the st of Docker, the curate. He is all airs and affectation cynicism until his chief is attacked, when he beco own surprise, his boldest champion. The author sh grotesque expressions such as "air givingness," "a ness," and "velleities." She has the gift of putting good story.

There are two couples playing at cross purposes d greater part of JOHN JONES, CURATE (Fisher Unwin, 6s. are such a long time over sorting themselves properly strain upon the reader's nerves gets rather severe. novel is original, pleasantly written, and with plent colour. Miss Gwendolen Pryce bears a Welsh name has taken the little isle of Anglesey as her especial Some of the characters are interesting, but it canno that any are drawn with remarkable insight. The c his rival, young Rees, are perhaps the two best; ladies, curiously enough, are somewhat shadowy. conscientious endeavour to draw a picture of modern Welsh habits, and the result is a creditable novel tha doubt be popular among those who are not afraid to gr the intricacies of Cymric spelling.

THE AWAKENING OF ANTHONY WEIR (Religi Society, 3s. 6d.), by Silas K. Hocking, gives us a car of the mental evolution of a man who becomes a minis strong vein of worldliness in his nature. The stor bably cause some flutterings in Dissenting circl honestly, yet not over ruthlessly, lays bare the world that governs too many chapels. In its way it is a sermon on the issue raised in Anthony Weir, despi that Mr. Hocking does not stir the passions of his very deeply. For so practised a writer, the plan of a second chapter forecast a part of the story seems to take in construction.

The Purpose Novel.

MASTER AND SLAVE, by Alfred T. Story (Brimley Johnson, 2s.), has rather too pronounced a flavour of the Socialistic pamphlet about it, but is an extremely pathetic little sketch. It tells of the terrible life led by an agricultural labourer under the worst conditions, and of the martyrdom of his wife. It is piteous when the poor woman rejoices in dying at the thought that her death will enable the little growing-up daughters to have a bedroom to themselves and escape the awful overcrowding that she dreads. Mr. Story's narrative style is telling and appropriate.

GOD'S REBEL, by Hulbert Fuller (Jarrold, 6s.), has an idea in it. In fact, one might almost say it has too many ideas. It is long, rambling, and a little incoherent, with here and there a leap into farce, and occasionally a rather startling trenching on very serious ground. There is hardly room in the same book for the purely farcical publishing firm of Goldsmith-Smith and the medical question discussed on page 328. Then the strike in chapter twenty-two, the love-stories of Julia, of Enid, Mabel, and Nannette—they should have made half-a-dozen novels, rather than a single involved one. And the title? We have had too many of its kind of late. There is no particular connexion between the Deity and any character in the whole inconsequent, if clever and unconventional, novel.

THE TEMPTRESS, by William Le Queux (Ward, Lock, 6s.), is like the rest of its author's sensational stories. The plot is not badly worked out. Mr. Le Queux is fond of generalities, which sometimes have the incontestable merit of truth. Take this one: "The majority of cases of suicide by pistol or by poison would not have occurred if the weapon or potion had been absent."

Mr. William Westall has, perhaps by some subtlety unknown to himself, put a quiet and underlying humour into his last book HER LADYSHIP'S SECRET (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), much of which should be thoroughly serious. The title fits only about an eighth of the book. The "secret" is shelved too long; when it appears in the latter half of the book it proves to concern Lady Bramber—formerly Mrs. King, a widow, robbed of her child by her brother, who has adopted it. As Lady Bramber, the mother finds her first husband alive—the unscrupulous President of a fictitious South American Republic, and the guest of her second husband. In the neighbourhood lives the unrecognized daughter with her adopted parents—all three of whom are very well characterized. The "situation" is strong; but Mr. Westall seems to have written it in a rather perverse mood of levity. Still much of the book bears the impress of probability, and in one way or another it is all interesting.

IMPERTINENT DIALOGUES (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.) are light, frothy, and brisk. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has attained to considerable skill in this kind of writing, and if he never goes below the surface he is at least generally amusing. These dialogues are ephemeral enough: they are all concerned with "topics of the day"—the war, charity entertainments, theatricals, private and public, and any other little matters familiar to Londoners—and they are full of conversation that is lively and up-to-date. Most of them have appeared before, in the pages of the *World* and the *Outlook*.

RED FATE, by Edmund Fortes (Greening, 6s.), has some signs about it of having been written by a woman as well as by a novice at fiction making. It is crude and sentimental, especially where male dialogue is brought in. At the same time, there is a distinct attempt at realising an uncommon type of temperament. The author has not taken a stock young man for her principal character and made him do the proper things. She has a powerful presentiment in her own mind of a storm-tossed human being. That her presentment of him on paper is a little less powerful is not extraordinary. On the whole, it is worth while to tell her to go on.

IN REAL LIFE (Drane, 6s.) Mr. Charles S. Marshall tells an old-fashioned story of life at a sea-side boarding-house, all too

AUTHORS AND PUBLIS

In addition to the new volume by Mr
announced in *Literature* entitled "Lon
Messrs. Cassell have a new serial (fortnigh
trated work in preparation, called "Living L
and its Play, its Humour and its Pathos,
Scenes," edited by Mr. George R. Sims. Par
on October 23. Another new serial which
are about to start in fortnightly parts beginni
is "The Nation's Pictures: A Selection
Modern Paintings in the Public Galleries of
reproduced in colours. Each part will conta
plates, with descriptive text. The Old Maste
as well as in Art, are being taken up by Me
will start their "Standard Library" of shilling
on October 25 with "Adam Bede." It will,
equal in appearance to the usual six-shilli
November volume will be Kingsley's "Westwa
other items in Messrs. Cassell's now
announced in *Literature* are "Familiar
Moths," by Mr. W. F. Kirby, assistant i
Department of the British Museum (Natural Hi
by coloured plates; and a promising book fo
R. Kearton, entitled "Strange Adventure
Land: Stories told by Mother Birds to ann
illustrated by a characteristic series of ph
author's brother, Mr. Cherry Kearton.

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun has written fo
"The Mastery of the Pacific"—a result of
in the Pacific, where, he is convinced, the gre
twentieth century will be waged. The new
Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., entitled "All the
be published by Mr. Heinemann shortly, and
Journeys" of W. D. Howells, a companion vol
James' "Little Tour in France," with picture

Messrs. Sampson Low expect to have the
"*The Times* History of the War in South
very shortly. "*The Times* Life of Queen
volume, is also due this autumn, and will
about twenty-five photogravure portraits co
period of the Queen's life. The sixth vol
Clowes' history of "The Royal Navy" will
the end of the month. "Types of Naval
remarks on the Development of Naval Wa
Eighteenth Century," is the title of Capt
work, illustrated by portraits which Mess
also have in hand. Next month the same
issue the history of the "Naval Brigades in
War," which has been written by officers attac
brigades, and edited by Surgeon T. T.
"England and France in the Mediterrane
Walter Frewen Lord. Their remaining anno
"Napoleon's Campaign in Poland," by F. L
Japanese Miscellany" another volume of
and stories of Japan, by Lafcadio Hearn; a
the Meynell Hounds and Country, 1780 to 1901,
with forty photogravure plates.

Messrs. Putnam are publishing Mr. A.
"Owen Glyndywr"—the chieftain who headed
last fight for Independence about five hun
the "Heroes of the Nations" Series. The n
the series will be "Henry V., the Typical
by Mr. C. L. Kingsford; and "Edward
English Justinian," by Mr. Edward Jenks.
prominent part in Messrs. Putnam's new
volumes besides those already mentioned h
also announced:—"A Memorial to William S
Mr. Charles Devidé, chess editor of the N

"Mathematical and Physical Papers"; "Life and Letters in the Fourth Century," by T. R. Glover, Classical Lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge; "The Teaching of History," edited by Lord Acton; "English Law and the Renaissance," by Professor Maitland (Rede Lecture for 1901, with notes); "The Care of Books: From Roman Times to the End of Last Century," by J. W. Clark, Registrar of the University of Cambridge; and the first volume of "Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus," a collection of the oldest monuments of the Gaelic language, edited, with translation, notes, and a glossary, by Dr. Whitley Stokes and Professor Strachan.

"How to Study English Literature," a new volume of Mr. Grant Richards' "How to" series, will be ready on October 2.

Books to look out for at once.

"Madame Récamier and her Friends." By H. Noel Williams. With Portraits. Harper. 30s. n.

"Unstoried in History: Portraits of Some Famous Women of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries." By Gabriele Festing. Nisbet. 6s.

"The Spanish People: their Origin, Growth, and Influence." By Major Martin Hume. Heinemann. 6s.
[First volume of "The Great Peoples" Series.]

"The Tribulations of a Princess." By the anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Harper. 7s. 6d.
[See note on p. 290.]

"The Royal Navy from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Edited by W. Laird Clowes. Vol. VI. Sampson Low. 25s. n.
[Opens with a history of the naval war of 1812 by President Roosevelt.]

"Lord Kitchener." By H. G. Groser. Illustrated. Pearson. 2s.

"Chivalry." By F. W. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton. Sonnenschein. 4s. 6d.
["Social England" Series. Illustrated.]

"The Novels of Samuel Richardson." Chapman and Hall.
[New edition in twenty volumes, complete sets ready on October 1. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net each volume.]

"Poets of the Younger Generation." By William Archer. John Lane. 21s.
[With portraits from wood engravings by Robert Bryden.]

"Kim." By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan. 6s.
[Illustrated by J. L. Kipling.]

"The Cankerworm: being Episodes of a Woman's Life." By George Manville Fenn. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

"Clementina." By A. E. W. Mason. Methuen. 6s.
[A romance of Jacobite times.]

"Angel." By B. M. Croker. Methuen. 6s.

"Don or Devil." By William Westall. Pearson. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

FRANÇOIS DE FÉNELON. By Viscount St. Cyres. 9×5¾, 311 pp. Methuen. 10s. 6d.
[A biography, with full discussion of his relations with the mystics.]

THE LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL CLAUD MARTIN. By S. C. Hill. 7½×5, 156 pp. Calcutta: Thacker and Co.
[Martin has hardly had justice done to him, and students of Anglo-Indian history will find interest in this defence of the much abused and remarkable Frenchman who rose to high office under the East India Company, became the chief agent in the Government of Oudh, and accumulated a fortune which he bequeathed to philanthropic objects.]

SAINT DOMINIC. (The Saints Series.) By Jean Guiraud. Trans. by Katharine de Mattos. 7½×4¾, 194 pp. Duckworth. 3s.
[The book bears the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Vaughan.]

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF SIR JAMES PAGET. Ed. by S. Paget. 9×6, 438 pp. Longmans. 12s. 6d. n.
[The Early Life is from Sir James Paget's own memoirs; the remainder is by the editor with copious extracts from letters, diaries, &c. "His work in pathology, and his private practice have been put in outline only."]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

UNDER THE GREAT BEAR. By K. Munroe. 7¾×5, 313 pp. Cassell. 3s. 6d.

THE RAINBOW GARDEN, and other Stories. By Graziana [illegible] 6½×7, 119 pp. Brimley Johnson. 3s. n.

THE WORLD'S DELIGHT. By Mary F. H. Skrine. 7½×[illegible] Lane. 6s.

THE BLUE BABY, and Other Stories. By Mrs. Molesworth [illegible] 132 pp. Cassell. 2s. 6d.

TWO BUSYBODIES. By Mrs. S. G. Arnold. 7¼×5¼, 312 pp. [illegible]
[The adventures of two little boys.]

RELIGION FOR THE HEART, and Other Readings. Illustra[illegible] Religious Tract Society. 1s.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. Ed. by Marian Edwardes. [illegible] 8×5½, 400 pp. Dent. 5s. n.
[Prettily got up in light green ornamental cover. Copio[illegible] tions by Mr. Anning Bell.]

FICTION.

LITTLE CHÉRIE; OR, THE TRAINER'S DAUGHTER. By [illegible] Dixie. 7½×5, 207 pp. Treherne. 1s.
[A slight "pretty" story of how Lord Cairnsmore came [illegible] the daughter of a trainer.]

THE LITTLE SAINT OF GOD. A heroine of the Red Terror. [illegible] F. Cuninghame. 7¾×5¾, 328 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
[Closely founded on fact, giving the story of the Ma[illegible] Rouérie, the great Chouan leader in Brittany, and his love [illegible] de Moellien, "the Little Saint of God."]

THE WOOING OF GREY EYES. By R. Stephens. 8×[illegible] Murray. 6s.
[A collection of stories, the title story—an Irish [illegible] occupying half the book.]

DESPAIR'S LAST JOURNEY. By D. C. Murray. 7½×[illegible] Chatto and Windus. 6s.
[A long novel of theatrical life in London and about the [illegible] Paul Armstrong's marriage with a wife who takes to drink. [illegible] for another woman leads to the Divorce Court, and [illegible] vaguely finds peace in the thought of "duty" on the last p[illegible]

NEW CANTERBURY TALES. By G. M. Hewlett. 7¾×5[illegible] Constable. 6s.
[Mediæval tales told by travellers on "the Pilgrima' w[illegible]

IN THE GATES OF THE NORTH. By Standish O'Grad[illegible] 171 pp. Watkins. 3s. 6d.
[Tells the story of how Cuculain held "the Gates of [illegible] against a host of invaders. The reader, says Mr. O'Grad[illegible] the story at first "a severe mental exercise," but will be r[illegible] enjoying "a great tale, one of the greatest in the whole w[illegible] well told in fine poetical prose.]

THE GIANT'S GATE. By Max Pemberton. 7¾×5¼, 360 pp. [illegible]
[Described as "Mr. Pemberton's largest and greate[illegible] Describes an attempt to depose the President and found a[illegible] modern Paris.]

TALES FROM TOLSTOI. Trans. by by R. Nisbet Bain. 7¾×[illegible] Jarrold. 6s.

THE CRIME OF THE CRYSTAL. By Fergus Hume. 7¾×[illegible] Digby Long. 6s.
[Another of Mr. Hume's brightly told mystery stories [illegible] murder is traced to its source partly by visions in the crysta[illegible]

——AND AFTERWARDS? By Mrs. H. E. Gorst. 7¾×[illegible] Greening. 6s.
[The revenge of a woman on an artist who had wronge[illegible] bachelor days. The skill with which the plot is hand[illegible] noticeable than the style of the telling, which is *risque* and [illegible] "smart."]

"WHERE THE ORANGES GROW." By N. A. Leykis. [illegible] Count S. C. De Soissons. 7¾×5¼, 336 pp. Greening. 6s.
[The adventures of a party of Russian travellers in N[illegible] Carlo, Rome, Naples, and Venice. The author is describ[illegible] "Mark Twain of Russia," but the Russians do not quite reveal [illegible] of the "Innocents," and it evaporates a little in the transl[illegible]

LE CRÉPUSCULE DES DIEUX. By Elemir Bourges. 7¼×[illegible] Paris; Stock. Fr.3.50.
[A reprint of the famous work, long out of print, o[illegible] chosen last year as member of the Goncourt Academy.]

MASTER OF MEN. By E. P. Oppenheim. 7¾×5¼, 314 pp. M[illegible]
[One of the author's well-written and moving stor[illegible] cultured Socialist mechanic who rises to Parliamentary [illegible] hampered by his early marriage to a [illegible] girl.

HISTORY.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY. By SOPHIA H. MACLEHOSE. 7½×5½. 391 pp. MacLehose. 6s. n.

[A popular account, ending at 1788. Another volume is to carry on the story.]

A VANISHED ARCADIA. Some Account of the Jesuits in Paraguay, 1607-1767. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. 9×5¾. 291 pp. Heinemann.

[" Rightly or wrongly, but according to their lights, they strove to teach the Indian population all the best part of the European progress of the times in which they lived, shielding them sedulously from all contact with commercialism, and standing between them and the Spanish settlers, who would have treated them as slaves."]

THE GROWTH OF THE EMPIRE. By A. W. JOSE. 8½×5½. 422 pp. Murray. 6s.

[This popular account of the growth of the Empire has already been published in Australia. It is now much augmented.]

LITERARY.

THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW. Vol. X. 49, Rupert-street. 21s.

THE WORKS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. (University College, London. The Quain Essay, 1901.) By EDITH J. MORLEY. 9×5¾. 60 pp. H. Rees. 1s. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L'UNIQUE MOYEN. By COMTE LÉON TOLSTOY. Trans. from the Russian by J. W. Bienstock. 7½×4¾. 32 pp. Paris: Stock. 50c.

[The latest production of Tolstoy's; written during his recent illness. The "Sole Way" is the sole way to freedom—namely, to throw off conventional religion, and conform to the divine law of Fraternity.]

FROM THE HEART OF THE ROSE. By HELEN MILMAN (Mrs. C. Crofton). 7½×5½. 216 pp. Lane. 5s. n.

[In the form of letters, dealing with gardens and many other things "natural, serious, and frivolous." The frontispiece is a very interesting photograph of Mr. G. F. Watts in his garden.]

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF PLAYS, &c., 1901. 7×4½. 72 pp. French.

FRENCH'S INDEX TO READINGS AND RECITATIONS, 1901. 7×4½. 47 pp. French.

A HAPPY MOTHERS' MEETING, and Other Addresses for Mothers. 7½×5. 199 pp. Religious Tract Society. 2s.

MIDDLE CLASS COOKERY. By "VERA." 8½×5½. 190 pp. Cartwright. 6d.

EARLY RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND. By J. A. GOTCH, F.S.A. 9½×6½. 281 pp. Batsford. 21s. n.

[Quite distinct from the author's well-known large work "Architecture of the Renaissance in England." It begins the story in the reign of Henry VII. and stops short of Inigo Jones. Profusely illustrated with photographs and plans.]

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS' CENTRAL STATION DIRECTORY, 1901-2. 8½×5½. 522 pp. Biggs.

THE BOOK OF THE GRAPE. Handbooks of Practical Gardening. Vol. III. By H. W. WARD, F.R.H.S. 7½×5½. 97 pp. Lane. 2s. 6d. n.

THE AMHERST PAPYRI. An Account of the Greek Papyri in the Collection of the Right Hon. Lord Amherst of Hackney. By B. P. GRENFELL, D.Litt., and A. S. HUNT, D.Litt. Part II. 13½×10½. 213 pp. Frowde. 52s. 6d. n.

MILITARY.

PICTURES OF WAR. By J. STUART. 7½×5½. 111 pp. Constable. 7s. 6d.

WAR NOTES. By COL. D. VILLEBOIS MAREUIL. Trans. by F. Lees. 7½×5½. 283 pp. Black. 5s.

ARTS UNDER ARMS. A University Man in Khaki. By M. FITZGIBBON. 7½×5½. 232 pp. Longmans. 5s. n.

[The author is a Moderator in Classics at Trinity College, Dublin, and volunteered for the war. Gives, as the author believes, the first published account of the capture of the 13th Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry by Christian de Wet outside Lindley.]

PHILOSOPHY.

DICTIONARY OF PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY. Vol. I. Ed. by J. M. BALDWIN. 10½×7½. 641 pp. Macmillan. 21s.

[This is an American undertaking, the editor being a Professor at Princeton. But on the long list of "consulting editors" and contributors are some English names, such as Prof. Poulton, Dr. B. Bosanquet, Dr. G. F. Stout, and others, and the editor has been

SONGS IN THE NIGHT, and other Poems. By
7½×5. 140 pp. Jarrold. 1s. 6d.

WAGNER'S NIBELUNGEN RING. Vol. II. Sieg
of the Gods. Translated into English Verse
163 pp. Longmans. 4s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITI

A KENTUCKY CARDINAL AND AFTERMATH. I
286 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[Delightful pictures by Mr. Hugh Thomson.]

A DIGIT OF THE MOON. Trans. by F. W. BAIN.
Parker. 3s. 6d. n.

[We are glad to see a reprint of this beautifu
has a new stanza from the MS. printed on the
in a prefatory note.]

POPE'S RAPE OF THE LOCK. (Flowers of Par
Beardsley. 5½×4½. 71 pp. Lane. 1s. n.

[Reproduces Aubrey Beardsley's well-known

ANNA KARENIN. (Library Ed. of Count Tolstoy'
Trans. by CONSTANCE GARNETT. 9×6. 493+426
360 pp. Heinemann.

[The beginning of the new Library Editi
translated by Mrs. Constance Garnett, the
of Turgenev. She believes it to be the onl
English version. The preservation of the feminine
says, no parallel in English and is not in accorda
Russians who speak English. The book is we
form, with a portrait of Tolstoy at twenty.]

THE POEMS OF SCHILLER. Trans. by E. P. ARN

SCIENCE.

ZOOLOGY. (Cambridge Natural Science Manuals
and E. W. MACBRIDE. 9×6. 632 pp. Cambrid
10s. 6d. n.

DRAGONS OF THE AIR. An Account of Extinct
G. H. SEELEY, F.R.S. 7½×5. 238 pp. Methuen

[The author worked at the subject for n
Adam Sedgwick and, with the aid of the Ro
studied all the specimens in Europe. The
popular and clear in arrangement, with abund
Thus treated the subject is new to the public, an
importance in solving the mystery of the growth

SPORT.

AMERICAN TROTTING AND PACING HORSE
7½×5. 118 pp. Philadelphia: Coates.

THEOLOGY.

THOUGHTS ON OUR LORD'S TEMPTATION.
PALMER. 6½×4½. 380 pp. Parker. 4s. 6d.

A CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY
OF ST. PETER AND ST. JUDE. By REV. C.
353 pp. T. and T. Clark. 10s. 6d.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. By G. W. WADE,
Methuen. 6s.

[This book is similar in its purpose to
volume which we noticed recently—viz., it gives
criticism now presents it to us. Both books
kind. Dr. Wade's is fuller in detail, and o
Ottley's is, we think, clearer in arrangement, an
it perhaps more useful for educational purposes.]

THE SONG OF SONGS. Selections from the Sermo
by the REV. B. BLANLAND. (Library of Dev
Methuen. 2s.

[The selections are from 31 of the 86 sermon
more truly on the spiritual life generally—wri
Clairvaux, a life of whom is prefixed to the work

THE GREEK CATHOLIC CHURCH. By R. B.
70 pp. Williams and Norgate. 1s.

[A paper read before the Exeter College C
union with the Eastern Church as the true Cathol

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAV

FLORENTINE HERALDRY. A Supplement to t
H. WILLS. 8½×5½. 208 pp. Dean. 10s. 6d.

THE LAST OF THE MASAI. By S. L. and HILDEG
180 pp. Heinemann.

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be MR. H. G. WELLS.

We shall devote space next week to Educational Publications.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"Kim." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

"Poets of the Younger Generation." By W. Archer. (Lane.)

"Unstoried in History." Portraits of famous women of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. By Gabrielle Festing. (Nisbet.)

"The Right of Way." By Gilbert Parker.

"The Secret Orchard." By Egerton Castle.

"Mousme." By Clive Holland. (Pearson.)

* * * *

During the war fever, the public interest being to some extent diverted from fiction, the publishers to some extent stopped publishing novels. But the authors did not to any extent stop writing them. They accumulated, so to say, like wine or spirits in bond; and now they are being taken out of bond in a scrambling hurry, which suggests that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is suspected of a dark design of imposing an excise duty on them at an early date. No fewer than ninety novels were, we understand, recently offered to the trade for subscription on a single morning. An excise duty heavy enough to

seeing that the Bishop of London took up the cudg recited, "with tears in his eyes," passages from his w him an "Imperial Poet," and inquired: "How coul be Catholic which didn't begin by being Imperial?" does not seem to have used the word "Catholic" i accepted theological sense, but as a literary critic impeachable.

* * * *

Dramatic composition is one of the many recent developments of women in England, and particularly i where Clara Viebig, Ernst Rosmer and others hav some success, presenting the strong self-reliant wom stage. Much interest has been aroused by the new pla just produced at the Gymnase Theatre, the first drama a French woman writer, Jeanne Marni (Mme. Fournie well known as the successful author of sprightly dial was at one time secretary to *La Fronde*, the Pa paper entirely conducted and written by women. He play is much more ambitious. Its plot is a peculiar an if not a pleasing, one. A servant in the house Chaisles becomes a mother. The father of the ch called Geneviève) is admittedly Madame Chaisles' Mme. Chaisles regards it as her duty to keep the c house and constitute herself its civil mother. But thou what she conceives to be her duty, her attitude continual reproach; and she reveals no sign of tender innocent girl Geneviève. The struggle in her mi duty and repugnance is given with fine dramatic extremely careful observation of the life of middle-clas

* * * *

When fiction has become, as we are often told it wi form of literature and the Universities include it in t culum, Calverley's famous examination paper in "I will take its proper place as a model test paper. But was not the first to anticipate the future, and M Warren Vernon has in a "Boz Club Paper," just issued, a "Students' Guide to the School of Literæ composed by the Rev. H. E. Tweed, of Oriel, which Calverley's *jeu d'esprit* by two years. It is quite as Calverley's and on a much larger scale. A good ma authors besides Dickens are among the subjects "set examination, but to the author of "Pickwick" "gr will be attached in the examination."

* * * *

Some of Mr. Tweed's questions would not be ou in a "general paper" for a school scholarship examinati

Translate into the style of Dr. Johnson:—

never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, splendour, and joy."

Mr. Tweed, in fact, takes a higher view than Calverley of the intelligence of his student of Dickens.

Point out he asks the principal coincidences between the narratives of Gil Blas' initiation into Madrid life by the valets of the noblemen, and Sam Weller's introduction to Bath at the Leg-of-Mutton Swarry.

The examinee is also invited to

Compare the Mrs. Harris of Sairy Gamp with the Daemon of Socrates.

The latter question is under the heading "Philosophy and History of Philosophy," &c., and in this section the first question referring to Dickens is the extremely subtle one—

Is Mr. Sam Weller's Philosophy adequately described as an expansion of the system of Mr. Weller senior?

* * * *

No one, so far as is known, has ever attempted to enter for Mr. Tweed's examination, and we do not wonder. Calverley's was comparatively easy, and only required research. Mr. Vernon, in fact, supplies a key to it. In question twelve Calverley's genius both for practical joking and for parody got the better of him; and the sentence in the style of Sam Weller which he asks the examinee to illustrate by other references to dumb animals speaking is an invention of his own. It is this:—"'Any think for air and enterprise,' as the wery old donkey observed ven they voke him up from his deathbed to carry ten gentlemen to Greenwich in a tax cart." Mr. Vernon, by the way, supplies an apt illustration of Jingle's—"half-a-crown in the bill if you look at the waiter." "Forty years ago," he says, "when I was a member of White's Club, before it was remodelled and reformed, the prices were so extortionate that it was a common saying among the members that if you looked at the waiter it was a shilling, if you spoke to him it was half-a-crown, but that if he spoke to you it was five shillings."

* * * *

Packages left to the nation with instructions that they are not to be opened until after the lapse of a certain number of years are more often than not disappointing. The Soane Museum in Lincoln's-inn-fields has afforded more than one instance of this. But the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris possesses certain papers that at any rate ought to be interesting to lovers of literature. The latest bequest is the diaries and correspondence of Edmond de Goncourt, which are not to be opened until twenty years after his death. The same institution possesses also the papers and manuscripts of Edgar Quinet, which are held back until 1910; the love letters of de Musset, written to a lady who had promised to destroy them but failed to do so when it came to the point; and some bulky parcels containing the correspondence and other unpublished papers of Renan and Thiers. De Musset's letters will be unsealed in nine years' time, Renan's in 1920, and Thiers' ten years after the death of the lady who has presented them. There are also fourteen volumes of unpublished letters from Louis Philippe, his son, several European monarchs, and distinguished politicians and men of letters. Parisians should have plenty to talk about during the first quarter of the

black on hand-made paper. Circumstances conne
Book of Common Prayer render it essential that
order to be of historic value, shall be issued with
the King's printers; but Mr. Edward Arnold ha
secure for subscribers to the Essex House Press pu
first offer of copies if applied for before the 31st ins
date such priority cannot be guaranteed.

* * *

A FUNERAL IN FLORENCE.

Over the Arno sinks the sun:
The distant hills stand out in gold,
Their purple ridges darkly scrolled
Against the sky, while Iris-souled
Over the Arno sinks the sun.

The muffled drums throb out a knell;
A wave of sound sweeps to and fro,
A myriad solemn footsteps go,
And on the bridge the torches glow,
While heavily rings the passing bell.

A fragrance from the censer swings,
Where priests and choir their threnod
Breathe out beneath the brooding sky,
For all the sleeping souls who lie
Borne softly down on Death's dark wi

The mournful music sobs and wails;
Across the bridge the thronging feet
Pass with their dull funereal beat,
And wind along the stately street
Where Justice stands and holds her sc

Blind Justice stands and holds her sca
The funeral pomp flows proudly past,
Pure flow'rs upon the bier are cast,
The mourners' tears are falling fast—
But Justice stands and holds the scale

MARY BRADFORD

Lord Rosebery is writing a history of the Sta
with which he is connected on his late mother's sid

It is stated that the name of Mr. J. E. C. Bodle
historian, was suggested in connexion with the Go
Queensland (which will shortly become vacant),
Queenslanders desired to have a Governor of high
the political world.

The house in which Ruskin was born in 1
Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, is being complete
It was erected at the close of the eighteenth centu

Miss Corelli has begun an action for libel
proprietors of a weekly newspaper called the *Topic*

On and after October 21 the Irish Literary
perform two new plays, the pieces selected bei
and Grania, a play in English by Mr. George M
W. B. Yeats, and *The Twisting of the Rope*, a pla
Dr. Douglas Hyde.

Last week the death took place of Mr. J. G.

The street sale of the *Petersburgskaya Gazeta* has been prohibited for one month on account of the publication in its columns of details concerning the present stay of Count Leo Tolstoy in the Crimea.

The Books of the Blind.

In the new (Bohn) edition of Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico" there is an introduction by Mr. George Parkin Winship, telling the story of the infirmities with which the author struggled throughout his laborious life. A missile thrown at him in play in his college dining hall permanently impaired his eyesight. Thenceforward he could read on an average, with great effort, rather less than two hours a day; and even this light labour (as other students would consider it) often brought on severe and protracted neuralgia. In spite of these sufferings and hindrances he became one of the greatest, and decidedly the most popular, of the American historians. It is a cheering story of human resolution triumphing over difficulties which a weak man would deem insuperable; and the parallel cases which can be adduced only make it more encouraging. There is the case of Francis Parkman, whose life closely resembled Prescott's, and who, similarly impeded, wrote books equally important, if less widely popular. There are also the cases of Milton, who was blind when he wrote Paradise Lost, and of Henry Fawcett, whose blindness did not hinder him from mastering and expounding the science of Political Economy. Probably there are other cases, though we fail to recall them at the moment. Looking at these instances one is tempted to speculate whether, in the case of the brave man who determinedly makes the best of things, this terrible loss of a precious faculty may not sometimes have its compensations. The Greeks certainly had the idea that it might, as we see in the story of Demodocus in the "Odyssey." The gods, it is written, gave him both good and evil—they robbed him of his eyesight, but bestowed on him the Divine gift of song. And Homer himself lives in legend as "The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle." The idea that inspiration—to use a more general word than "song"—may be the reward given to console the blind is evidently an old one; and perhaps, with an effort of the imagination, one can realise how this may be. For the loss of sight—appalling though the mere thought of it appears to every one—does not isolate a man from the interests of his fellows quite so much as the loss of speech or hearing. We have all known blind persons who have been very agreeable companions; whereas, whatever one's pity for a deaf man, it is not so easy—though with improved mechanical appliances and the wonderful methods of lipreading it is becoming much easier—to make a friend of him. The feeling that they can thus hold communion with and become intimate with their fellows preserves the blind, when they are brave, from despair and stimulates them to effort. On the other hand they are shut off from the world to this extent, that they escape a great many of its trivialities and distractions. They are almost compelled to concentrate their thoughts on the particular thing that happens to be of interest to them, and the fact that they do so much of their thinking without constant reference to print or manuscript may well help them to broad and luminous generalization. With most of us our reading is out of all proportion to our thinking. This can hardly be with those who are wholly or partially blind. One cannot indeed draw any

Literature Portraits.—X

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINE

In Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne the world last of that splendid constellation of great poets the age of Victoria. Perhaps one cannot call Mr. star of the first magnitude; there has rather be wildly cometary about his career, which threatens carry him beyond the bounds even of poetic lic star he undoubtedly is, and his name will always be "high collateral glory" near the names of Tenny and Matthew Arnold, along with those of Mrs. Brow Morris, and Rossetti.

It is still a matter for discussion, indeed, Swinburne's place in the estimation of posterity w rear of the first group or at the head of the seco it is too early at present to attempt to settle t When a great writer is happily still amongst us, that the comparison of his best work with that something more than usually odious in it. Edward has told us how odd he found it to think of Macaula and Mackintosh bawling at one another acro "Which is the greatest poet? what is the greates greatest poet?" and so forth. At times the argum less enough, though it must always appeal to so than to others. Mr. Swinburne's own critical metho "I have never been able," he has said, "to see attract men to the profession of criticism but the n of praising." This is a far cry from the methods of *Revue*, with the famous motto which it took f Syrus. Of course it has to be remembered that a critic, who has to examine whatever is laid befor in so happy a position as the amateur, who reads o work that attracts him and is able to confine h classics. And Mr. Swinburne himself has not alw what he preached, as a certain paper on "Whit remind us. Still one has pleasure in remembering ation, "My chief aim, as my chief pleasure, in all as these has been rather to acknowledge and applaud noble and precious than to scrutinize or to stig might perceive to be worthless and base." And, Swinburne's prose work consists mainly of literary h always stimulating and impressive, even if it be embroidered with superlatives.

The same tendency is responsible for most of Mr. Swinburne's verse, and has, perhaps, done most to early genius from developing as freely as did that or Browning from a much smaller germ. It is c member that, if we compare the work which each of poets had published by the age of thirty, we must tempted to assign the first place to Mr. Swinburne. know what Tennyson and Browning, when they were had done that could be set above, or even beside, " Calydon" and the "Poems and Ballads," for lyrical m tained splendour of style. But Mr. Swinburne, for re might be variously described, can hardly perhaps c a rank to-day as the best judges would have all

he had to pay for his courage by listening to critics who held that "Dolores," for instance, was "only a poetic and highly-elaborated form of caterwauling." We do not now judge a poet solely by the standard of an undeviating propriety: it is an artistic heresy to do so, and the pendulum has swung rather to the other extreme. If an objection is now to be raised against ranking Mr. Swinburne in the very highest class of our poets, it is due to the absence of what Rossetti called "fundamental brain-work" in his books. The *Quarterly Review* long ago accused him of going with too light a heart to so serious a business as poetry, and he himself has told us that he worked "simply by impulse and to please" himself. "Mes vers," he said once, "sont des vers de jeune homme"; his critics assert that they have never attained manhood.

But poetry is not wholly an affair of the intellect. Matter and manner must both go to the making of the highest poetry. Mr. Swinburne is perhaps the finest instance in our literature of what can be done by manner alone. We cannot place him with Homer, yet he must not be refused admission where the greatest classical lyrists have gained a place. Like Coleridge and Poe and Gérard de Nerval, he has more in common with the musician than with the poet. As an inventor of harmonies he has scarcely had an equal in our language, and his mastery of every form of verse is to be admired even more than it is to be praised. "It seems a paradox," said Lowell of "Atalanta," "to say that there can be too much poetry in a poem, and yet this is a fault with which all poets begin, and which some never get over." Mr. Swinburne has never got over the exuberance of his imagery and the wonderful richness of his verbal music. To dwell upon the defect, if defect it be, seems unnecessary and ungrateful, but Mr. Swinburne is so great a poet that one feels it necessary to show his limitations and to take his excellence for granted. When one recalls the perfect beauty of his best work, of the "Garden of Proserpine" and the "Hymn to Proserpine," the "Garden of Cymodoce," and the choruses in "Atalanta," it is hard to deny a place among the highest to the man who revealed such undreamt-of possibilities of lyrical music in the language of Shakespeare and Milton. Without doubt Mr. Swinburne is one of our greatest lyrists, and, though his work will be rigidly sifted by time, we can hardly doubt that some of it will live and be ever fresh in the mouths of poets and lovers.

There is one special aspect in which Mr. Swinburne deserves the land and honour of every Englishman. He has had few equals and no superior as "the exultant singer of the sea and the sea-wind, the high-hearted lyrist of the great deeds and imperial destiny of England." The heart stirs as with the sound of a trumpet at the gloriously resounding lines in which he sings of

> England, mother born of seamen, daughter fostered of the sea,
> Mother more beloved than all who bear not all their children free,
> Reared and nursed and crowned and cherished by the sea-wind and the sun,
> Sweetest land and strongest, face most fair and mightiest heart in one.

Even a man from Bedfordshire, as Stevenson has observed, who scarcely knows one end from the other of the channel steamer till she begins to move, and is as sea-sick as Nelson, finds a sympathetic interest in the sea, and no poet has ex-

This is the great style, simple, direct, and son
had the time, it would be a delightful task to go
Swinburne's works and make a little anthology of
It would begin with that magnificent passage,
what may be called the Decorated style of blank ve
Meleager describes the voyage of the Argo, when p
the "sunless and sonorous gulfs" to see the her
beheld "the lightning of the intolerable wave," an

> The whole white Euxine clash together an
> Full-mouthed and thunderous from a thou

It would contain the story of the lover who would

> Go back to the great sweet mother,
> Mother and lover of men, the sea

It would give us that glorious song, with all the
freshness of the waves in it, which tells how

> The wind is as iron that rings,
> The foam-heads loosen and flee,
> It swells and welters and swings,
> The pulse of the tide of the sea.

The music would rise and climb to that sy
echoes how

> With chafe and change of surges chim
> The clashing channels rocked and
> Large music, wave to wild wave timin
> And all the choral water sang.

As long as we love the sea, such an anthology s
to us as the music of the waves and the winds.

Mr. Swinburne's life has been marked by
public interest save in the field of literature.
average reader knows or cares to know of his biog
summed up in the words of Vapereau, who tells
born in London, studied at Oxford, and visited I
more than that has indeed been told of Mr. Swi
doubt the future biographer will reveal much mo
personal life." But we are chiefly concern
columns with the literary aspect of Mr. Swinb
and we need only glance at the other salient facts

Mr. Swinburne comes of an ancient North
with a romantic history. Many of his poems recall
one of the earliest we read how "the ways are sa
to the Tyne," a statement which must appeal t
travelled by the roads of Northumberland. Am
poems we note the "Jacobite's Exile," with it
of some similar and still finer lines of Macaulay :—

> O lordly flow the Loire and Seine,
> And loud the Dark Durance,
> But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne,
> Than a' the fields of France,
> And the waves of Till that speak sae
> Gleam goodlier where they glanc

Mr. Swinburne never lost his affection for

> The sea-banks fair,
> And the sweet grey, gleaming sk
> And the lordly strand of Northumber
> And the goodly towers thereby.

His father was an admiral—appropriate parent

most University men with the itch of writing, he helped to fill the pages of a University magazine. Its name was the *Undergraduate Papers*, and it was edited by the late Professor Nichol of Glasgow; amongst the chief contributors were T. H. Green, Mr. E. V. Dicey, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill. Mr. Swinburne's main contribution—an essay on Marlowe and Webster—shows how early his tastes were led in the direction of the Elizabethan drama, which he has since done so much to illustrate.

The most striking of many fruitful experiences in Mr. Swinburne's Continental travel was a visit to Walter Savage Landor at Florence, shortly before his death. Mr. Swinburne afterwards wrote,

> I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
> Half run before;
> The youngest to the oldest singer
> That England bore.

He was already entitled to call himself a poet, for the publication of "The Queen Mother and Rosamond" had brought him definitely before the public. This tragedy was a somewhat crude and amateurish piece of work, showing much Elizabethan influence and (in a less degree) that of Browning, without any hint of the lyrical splendours that were to follow. About the end of 1862 Mr. Swinburne settled for a time in Dante Rossetti's house in Cheyne-walk, of which Mr. George Meredith also proposed to be an inmate. Among the friends thus made was Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who exerted a powerful influence over the young poet, and with whom Mr. Swinburne's later years have been spent.

The poetical environment in which Mr. Swinburne then lived seems to have favoured the burgeoning of his genius, which soon burst upon the world in what many readers still hold to be his finest achievement—that "unique and almost faultless work of art," "Atalanta in Calydon." This thin quarto, now so prized by collectors, with its cover designed by Dante Rossetti, was taken by all good contemporary judges to announce the advent of a new poet, who might come to rank with the very greatest names in our literature. Such lovely lyrics as that beginning

> When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,

such resplendent blank verse as the passage in which Meleager describes the voyage of the *Argo*, have never been surpassed by their author. In the same year Mr. Swinburne, still clinging to the dramatic form, produced the first of his plays on Mary Stuart, "Chastelard," of which J. R. Lowell said with his usual critical insight, "The hand is the hand of Swinburne, but the voice is the voice of Browning." The book somewhat cooled the hopes which "Atalanta" had raised; but the next year all doubt as to Mr. Swinburne's real poetic genius was set at rest by the meteoric blaze of the famous "Poems and Ballads." It is hardly necessary to do more than mention the storm which some of Mr. Swinburne's passionate and highly-coloured pictures of a very different state of society from ours aroused. The book changed its publisher, though not a line of it was suppressed, and Mr. Swinburne brought out a vigorous pamphlet in his own defence which nobody need nowadays read. His poems revealed a lyrical power, an intricate mastery and sweetness of language such as our literature had scarcely known before. Mr. Swinburne's next publication was "A Song of Italy," where praises of Mazzini and Garibaldi indicated the development of that republican spirit already

and himself as the "Fleshly School of Poetry," Microscope," Mr. Swinburne's contribution to the is one of the most scathing pieces of invective 1875 was a very prolific year with Mr. Swinburne books of verse and two of prose then bore his name. a drama which it is easier to compare with Vi "Cromwell" than with anything else, and which yo least like "Cromwell," was the second part of completed later by "Mary Stuart." "Songs of T (Italy and France) carried on the political poetry. "Essays and Studies," together with the later "M and "Studies in Prose and Poetry," gives Mr. title to be ranked, with Coleridge and Matth among the fine poets who have also approved the critics. A study of George Chapman—in wh way, Browning was splendidly defended from the co of obscurity—was the forerunner of similar w Jonson, Shakespeare, Charlotte Brontë, and Vi in which the glowing rhapsodies of praise a more remarkable than the judicial faculty. On Swinburne returned to the Greek model which had s well in "Atalanta," and produced in "Erechtheus" comparative lack of spontaneity and freshness w balanced by its maturity of grasp and virile self-c second series of "Poems and Ballads" was chi for striking afresh that chord of sea-music been so nobly sounded in the first series. series of "Poems and Ballads," in which the of "The Armada" stirred the blood of every also revealed Mr. Swinburne as the unquestion of the nursery. But on the whole his later work h a disappointment to his early admirers. "Studi and "Songs of the Spring-tides" do not contain ver holds the memory, whilst the "Century of Rounde brilliant *tour de force*. The tragedies of "Locrine Sisters" are already forgotten. His genius bla when he touched the Arthurian legends, which inspired Tennyson and Arnold, and "Tristram of and "Balen" contain some of Mr. Swinburne's most assured work.

I have omitted to mention one remarkable v has never had Mr. Swinburne's name attached to i no one doubts to be his. This is the "Heptalogia," of some of the most brilliant parodies on contem that have ever been written. Occasionally, as i Tennyson and Owen Meredith, the jesting is ra but anything can be forgiven to the cleverness and with which the author exaggerated the worst mannerisms in lines like the following:—

> Mild is the mirk and monotonous music of me
> diously mute as it may be,
> While the hope in the heart of a hero is br
> breach of men's rapiers, resigned to the r
> Made meek as a mother whose bosom-beats bo
> bliss-bringing bulk of a balm-breathing ba
> As they grope through the graveyard of creeds
> glowing green at a groan for the grimness

W. E. GARRETT

and Iseult," as Mr. Swinburne puts it in an unpublished letter which Mr. Wise quotes in his bibliography. "If ever you see these worthless rarities," adds the poet, "please remember that they were literally a boy's work—legally an infant's. . . . When I think of the marvellous work that Rossetti (whose acquaintance I made just afterwards) had done at the same age, I am abashed at the recollection of my own rubbish." The poem was afterwards rewritten, but the *University Papers* remains one of the most coveted treasures in the list of private and semi-private magazine rarities. Mr. Swinburne's first book (dedicated to Dante Gabriel Rossetti), containing the two plays "The Queen-Mother" and "Rosamund," was published in 1860 by Pickering, of Piccadilly, but it is said that the volume was withdrawn before the first twenty copies had been circulated, and transferred to Moxon, who immediately issued it with a new title-page. The book has long been out of print. "Dead Love," which came next (1861), is another rarity. It appeared originally in *Once a Week* and was brought out in book form by Messrs. Parker and Son. The volume has never been reprinted. A year later came Mr. Swinburne's first masterpiece, "Atalanta in Calydon," dedicated "to the memory of Walter Savage Landor." Here Moxon was again the publisher, and it is generally understood that he printed only a hundred copies of the book. Anyhow, a second edition had to be issued before the year was out, though there was nothing on the title-page to distinguish it from the first edition. The third edition did not appear before 1868, by which time Mr. Swinburne had deserted Moxon for John C. Hotten, whose successors, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, have acted as Mr. Swinburne's publishers ever since. The finest edition of "Atalanta in Calydon" came from the Kelmscott Press.

"Chastelard"—dedicated to Victor Hugo—was published by Moxon in 1865, and there were a few copies remaining in the following year, when the honour of being Swinburne's publisher fell to Hotten, who issued a second edition of "Chastelard" in 1868. The cause of the transfer was the publication by Moxon in 1866 of the first series of "Poems and Ballads"—dedicated to "my friend Edward Burne-Jones"—when the storm of abuse roused by certain of the contents of Mr. Swinburne's book so alarmed the poor publisher that he only breathed freely again when he had washed his hands of the poet entirely. Hotten had to publish a second edition of "Poems and Ballads" before the end of that year, and to-day it has the largest sale of any of Mr. Swinburne's volumes. "Notes on Poems and Reviews," in 1866, and his "William Blake"—dedicated to W. M. Rossetti—and "Siena" were both published by Hotten in 1868. "Songs before Sunrise" (dedicated to Mazzini) found another publisher for the time being in Mr. F. S. Ellis, though this subsequently found its way, with the rest of Mr. Swinburne's works, to Messrs. Chatto and Windus. "Songs before Sunrise" is second only to the first series of "Poems and Ballads" in popularity, but we understand from the present publishers that there is a steady demand for all Mr. Swinburne's books.

Of his later works, all published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and still in print, the principal volumes are:—

"Bothwell," 1874.
"Essays and Studies," 1875.
"Erechtheus," 1876.
"A Note on Charlotte Brontë," 1877.
"Poems and Ballads" (second series), 1878.
"Songs of the Springtides," 1880.
"A Study of Shakespeare," 1880.
"Mary Stuart," 1881.
"Tristram of Lyonesse," 1882.
"A Century of Roundels," 1883.
"Marino Faliero," 1885.
"A Study of Victor Hugo," 1886.
"Miscellanies," 1886.
"Locrine," 1887.
"A Study of Ben Jonson," 1889.
"Poems and Ballads (third series)," 1889.

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A CR

A "Personal View."

There is little peace to be had in the same wor
A. B. Walkley for those who practise the business, o
have it, the art, of criticism. Speaking for m
"Personal View," I find that I can rely with absolut
on other critics for a complete ignorance of what
writing; and I reciprocate it. But Mr. Walkley i
enamoured of the business—or art—that he not only
reads contemporary criticism. If he did this in an
spirit of admiration, we should have no cause to co
the truth is that he goes about like the lion of Seri
ing whom he may devour; and since, as he confided
to the columns of a newspaper, I have an unfortun
arousing his special wrath, it did not surprise me in
find (on returning from a land of holidays remote
interruptions) that a paper in the *Pall Mall Mag*
bore the inoffensive title, "A Sea-side Exam
Conscience," was in reality, for the most part, an at
harmless *obiter dictum* which had been let fall in t
Literature. (I ought to explain that before I wrot
habitually I used to read the critical writings of M
with zeal, and the habit still occasionally asserts i
from the natural curiosity to see what is the latest
which some other critic, if not myself, has been guilt

The iniquity in this case was that I had been
(That was not always the defect with which thi
charged me.) The examination of Mr. Walkley's
led him to state (in the most honorific terms, fo
gratitude is appropriate) that I had been pervers
said, in appreciating Mr. Gosse's work, "There is o
to become a critic of any consequence, and that is b
the art you criticize." It appears that Mr. Norm
thinks likewise that "actors, in spite of jealousy an
are the best critics of acting"; and since I cannot b
Mr. Walkley I am very well content to be wro
Hapgood. If his *dictum* had not been cited, I mig
away and said, what was true, that my casual re
reference to the interpretative but only to the c
Mr. Hapgood's authority gives me courage to say
from Mr. Norman Hapgood nor from Mr. A. B. Walk
in my judgment as good dramatic critics as any no
English, have I ever derived any light upon what
the unseen side of acting—the side that is turned
actor and away from the audience. "Criticism,"
Walkley, "is the art of telling your feelings with
that you can communicate them." Saving Mr
presence, it is a good deal more than that. Else wou
be exactly on the level of the crowd that roars with
some inane farce. It is very difficult to resist the

stand, above all, what the artist is driving at—what is the artist's state of mind towards his work. I must illustrate first from my own experience as an ignorant layman in regard to the art, or one of the arts, which Mr. Walkley criticizes. Two things only have illuminated for me the psychology of the actor-artist; and one was a paper read by M. Coquelin in which he discussed, amongst other things, the question whether the actor in playing a king should make himself as well as other people believe that he is a king. The other thing was a lucky chance which brought me into the same house with Mrs. Bancroft, then just quitting the stage. When she repudiated indignantly the notion that a three hundredth performance of the same part might be wearisome—"Tired of it—when you feel that you are coming into a company of people who are all glad to see you, and perhaps recognize your voice if you speak a word before you come on!" I realized, for the first time (not perhaps in words), how every performance, new or old, was the actor's means of expressing his or her emotion and awakening that response of feeling which is the object of all artists, as Dr. Hirn has set out in his very suggestive book on the "Origin of Art." I do not know if I make my point clear, but I mean that I learnt from M. Coquelin and from Mrs. Bancroft, artists representing very different standpoints, something of what acting means to an actor. And it is necessary to understand the intention. If a man paints his picture, taking for his theme, for the thing which he desires to illustrate, the incidence of light upon a figure, there is no use in criticizing it as if he meant to convey the character of a head. And I maintain that the critic will very frequently fail to understand the intention, unless he has either practised the art of painting or consorted a great deal with artists. In either case the practice of the art is the fountain-head of valuable criticism. Mr. Walkley tells us that Sarcey never wrote plays. But did Sarcey not live a good deal in the company both of dramatists and actors?

And, after all, Sarcey, admirable critic as he was, was seldom or never illuminating. He gave you an excellent common-sense judgment on the matter put before you, expressed in a way full of genial charm. But, if I am not greatly mistaken, he failed, for example, to see what Ibsen was driving at: and therein he agreed with the people who had not attempted creative work on their own account, and disagreed with the vast majority of those throughout Europe who had really tried to invent. Would Mr. Walkley really have preferred to take Sarcey's judgment of Ibsen to that, say, of Dumas fils? Of course he would not.

There is no doubt an ambiguity in the term "critic," and it may be justifiable to assert that "few dramatic critics of consequence have written plays." Mr. Walkley is mistaken, however, in thinking that the names of Corneille, Dryden, Lessing, Goethe, and Jules Lemaitre exhaust the list. Lamb would need to be added, and surely also Voltaire. But in the ages when playwriting has particularly flourished very little

Mr. Leslie Stephen, who discourses admirably abo
one like Robert Louis Stevenson, who discourse
like an artist, making the reader feel what the wri
do, calling his attention to the means employed,
ing how far the result conformed to the project
asserting is merely that artists, like any other craft
best judges of their own craft. Mr. Walkley himse
in quoting Scott's estimate o' Jane Austen as if
from heaven, and not without reason, though Scot
side of craftsmanship was deficient, and on the sid
impulses excessive, is not a safe authority.
Treasury, in its original form one of the monumen
insight, was in that form compiled in consultation w
who, had he not had better things to do, would c
been among the most instructive of critics. Passion
sway Mr. Swinburne violently, but who among cri
than Mr. Swinburne at his best? I retract my
"critics of any consequence"; there have been cri
quence, like Mr. Stephen and Mr. Walkley, who h
their hand at the business of actual invention. B
critics of the first consequence—the men who can
who are learning to read and learning to write w
literature really means—critics like Lamb, Matt
Stevenson, Taine, and Sainte-Beuve—I only
name which has not attached to it creative work
value. My exception is M. Emile Faguet, and
M. Faguet's criticism, say, of Victor Hugo, who will
M. Faguet—let him publish it or no—has not writte

Of course, almost everybody—probably even
Mr. Walkley himself—has written verse, if not also
as a rule, a blank verse tragedy is the skeleton in e
cupboard. But I hold it well on the whole that t
critic should be enough in earnest about the m
publication. To begin with, it increases that hu
Mr. Walkley deprecates, but which I uphold and,
him, exemplify. And, to go on with, a man whose
with judging the effect of compositions will learn
from watching the effect of his own. But the vital
the critic ought to understand, from personal ex
process which in all cases must have a certain sin
elaboration and shaping of an idea, the things t
chance, the things that come easily, the things tha
hammered into their places, the providential ex
sometimes makes into a flower what threatened t
excrescence, the compromises that have to be a
inward debate as to what degree of quickness in co
may be expected from a reader, the relation of an a
to its suggestion in nature or in fact, and so on; in
the ups and downs, leaps and delays, exultations an
of teeth, that go to the work of composition. The
analogue of the great, and the critic who has tried a th
for him will be quick to recognize a similar effort, b

THE COMPLETE SMOKER.

"Their pipes were often cold, their tents melancholy," said the Duke of Cornwall as he recalled to the Blacktest chiefs the days of their fathers when "the Government of the Great Mother" first came to them. Nothing could be more fitting than that it should fall to England to repay the debt of gratitude which the East owes to the West for a civilization founded, if we accept as our guide the author of "The Soverane Herbe" (Grant Richards, 6s.), upon tobacco. To the ancestors of "Running Rabbit," "Crop-Eared Wolf," and the rest we owe the discovery of the uses of tobacco; and the only drawback to our satisfaction in restoring prosperity to the Indian of to-day, or, in the Duke's metaphor, relighting his pipe, is that he has, we believe, so far degenerated from ancestral custom as to smoke, not unfrequently, the decadent cigarette. That smoking as we know it, and as it is universally practised by every civilized nation on the globe, has sprung solely from an, at first sight, unattractive and not very cleanly habit indulged in by North American aborigines there is no doubt at all. Mr. Penn, the author of the book we have mentioned, has collected and discussed the evidence for and against the use of tobacco in Europe earlier than the sixteenth century, as indeed he has collected, in a most interesting book, all the facts procurable on every subject connected with tobacco, and produced a volume not likely to be superseded, and filling a real gap in our miscellaneous literature of information.

The inhaling of smoke for medicinal purposes was occasionally practised in classical times, but it went no further, and the few alleged discoveries of pipes dating from early times must be regarded with suspicion. It is, indeed, remarkable that the meditative East should have had to learn from the barbarous West so potent a source of philosophic inspiration, but the history of tobacco is throughout one of surprises. It is difficult to realize that there is no allusion to smoking in the "Arabian Nights," but so it is. America gave tobacco to Europe and Europe gave it to Asia. Some have asserted indeed that the Aboriginal American emigrated from China. Tobacco, if we accept this theory, would complete the circuit of the world, but it is not supported by ethnology, nor by the Chinese tradition as to the introduction of tobacco into the Celestial Empire. All unconscious of the waiting East, the remote and primitive Indian smoked his pipe; for him it was full of religious and symbolical significance; and above all the Calumet or Peace Pipe, first smoked by Gitche Manito the Mighty, became the recognized pledge of amity and good will. His pipes have been found beneath the roots of enormous trees centuries old; they have been found with the bowls carved in the likeness of the extinct mastodon. But for Aryan and for Semite alike my lady Nicotine lay through the centuries hidden below the setting sun. "Tobacco," as Cooper wrote, "was not known in the Golden Age. So much the worse for the Golden Age."

It was characteristic of the English that they would accept the new gift only from its original source. Tobacco was brought to Europe by a Spaniard in 1559, and cultivated in the Peninsula. It was brought to France in 1561, and its virtues revealed to Catherine de Medicis by the French Ambassador to Portugal, one Jean Nicot; and the French called it Nicotaine. The exact date and method of the introduction of tobacco to England is uncertain; but England certainly found it later

clouds of smoke." James I., we know, inveighed aga
practice in his "Counterblaste," and issued a decree
We out of the dislike We have of tobacco"—to forbid
tion of the plant in England. "Under the tobacco-less
fact, of the Stuarts, "England was ill at ease, beheadi
and flinging out James II. William III., an honest
the one who set the country to rights again." Tha
us that it was a tax on tobacco in Holland that
expenses of William's expedition to England; a
other effect tobacco may have upon the life of
unquestionably is a factor of supreme importance in
world. If there were no revenue from tobacco, man
Government would totter to its fall. One-tenth of
national revenue in England was in 1900 derived f
And as the duty is a high one this is not surprising
some 81,000,000 pounds of tobacco per annum, an
gant are we that we throw annually into the gutte
sterling in the shape of cigar and cigarette end
determined enemy of tobacco will hardly wish to se
out of fashion when the nation has to pay for a lon
sive war.

Will smoking ever go out of fashion? Nothin
unlikely, and yet a Chancellor of the Exchequer
some anxiety when he reads the history of tobacco
We think of smoking as having come into univers
last fifty years. And so it has. The eighteenth ce
latter half of its career did not smoke—except in t
the pot-house. But under the later Stuarts smoking
universal than it is now. As early as 1650, in
Recreation," we have

> Tobacco engages
> Both sexes, all ages,
> The poor as well as the wealthy,
> From Court to the cottage,
> From childhood to dotage,
> Both those that are sick and the health

The great plague enormously increased the
Men smoked in church, at municipal council mee
House of Commons; women smoked; mothers sent t
to school with a pipe of tobacco to serve them inst
fast; the proper method of smoking was even part
curriculum. Yet half way through the eighteenth
fashion had changed, and by 1773, Dr. Johnson
"smoking has gone out." "Society," at any rate
it was considered vicious, and still worse, vulgar.
indeed in the form of snuff. Snuff had always
especially in Scotland and Ireland. It is an
circumstance of which no explanation so far as we k
coming that, although Shakespeare's contemporarie
to tobacco, there is no mention of it in his pla
however, refer to snuff or to something like it in th

> A pouncet box, which ever and anon
> He gave his nose and took't away again

The use of snuff increased during the eighte
both among ladies and gentlemen.

To the beaux of the Regency the social signi
snuff-box was as great as the religious significance
the primitive Red Indian. Lord Petersham had a

and on the increased variety and cheapness of tobacco and pipes that we must rely to prevent any such decadence in the cult of tobacco as came about in the eighteenth century.

The literature of tobacco both in prose and poetry is voluminous. The praises of the poets have been garnered in Mr. W. G. Hutchinson's "Lyra Nicotiana." The controversy as to the merits and demerits, moral and physical, of tobacco, which Tolstoy has affirmed to be smoked solely "to drown the voice of conscience," has been carried on from the earliest times in print. But there has been, we fancy, no complete account of the herb carrying its history up to the present day, and the public should be much indebted to Mr. Penn for his labour, and for his attractive and exhaustive presentment of all there is to be said about tobacco, pipes, cigars, cigarettes, and snuff; their history, manufacture, literature, and statistics.

FOREIGN LETTER.

GERMANY.

WILHELM RAABE.

On September 8, his seventieth birthday, Germany offered a somewhat tardy tribute to Wilhelm Raabe, her greatest living humourist, and perhaps the deepest humorous writer she has so far produced. But he has never been recognized at his proper value. True fame does not lie in the mouths of the multitude, but in the heart of the work; a lasting reputation is graven not on the sunny southern side of the rock of ice on which Chaucer built his Temple of Fame, but on its cold northern side. Yet, considering how entirely in accord with everything that is most German in the German nation is the whole of Raabe's work, it seems singular that it should have suffered neglect. His most read and best known book, "Die Chronik der Sperlingsgasse," appeared as long ago as 1857. Raabe himself said the other day, "People behave exactly as if I had died a quarter of a century ago. They know my 'Hungerpastor,' and my 'Chronik,' and my 'Schudderump,' but they know nothing about the books I've written in the last five and twenty years." The German papers of the last few weeks have been full of articles on his life and work and of pæans to his greatness. An English public may care to learn something of the man whom the Germans are just now delighting to honour.

Wilhelm Raabe was born at Eschershausen, in the Duchy of Brunswick, September 8, 1831, and of his first school at Amelungshausen he gives reminiscences in his tale, "Das Odfeld." He attended the Gymnasium at Wolfenbüttel, and was for some time apprenticed to a bookseller at Magdeburg; but, realizing that he was better fitted to write books than to sell them, he went in 1851 to Berlin, where he studied history and philosophy. He made his first appearance as a writer in 1857 under the pseudonym of Jacob Corvinus with "Die Chronik der Sperlingsgasse." From 1862 to 1870 he lived at Stuttgart; since then Brunswick has been his home. He has published altogether about forty volumes; the last, "Hastenbeck," appeared in 1899.

The world's greatest humourists have invariably been inspired by the tragedy of life, and to this rule Raabe, whatever may ultimately be his rank among them, is no exception. A himself is his style and his treatment of his m Fielding, Sterne, and Thackeray he constantly spea person, but his manner of doing so is not the resembles that of our Elizabethan romancers, Lod Nash. "Ought we not now," he asks his reade after the Burgomaster?" Or:—"And what of Elise? Presently I will step across to the beaut who lives at No. 12. Her piano has been sounding and weaving thoughts in my head all the afternoo will speak of Gustave and Elise." He blames, apostrophizes his heroes and heroines without sti his material or his ideas fall into confusion, wh intentionally or not—they often do, he implores th goddess of "Topsy Turveydom." A funeral pro him an opportunity of addressing observations to passers-by who observes it. The names of his pe nearly all symbolical of their character or fate, an Raabe makes symbols of inanimate objects which stand, as it were, behind the story. Raabe, in fact, t tale of German childhood, sets it down among the co ties of life, and surrounds it with every sort of detail. Sometimes, as in the "Hungerpastor," that, so to speak, overshadows the characters. Th from some kind of hunger, from a hunger for the w delights, from a hunger for self-advancement or for too numerous to mention, but always from a hunger satisfied but little or not at all. Thus the pe story share a similar lot, reflect each other, and contrast or modification help to work out the m the story. And, finally, to appreciate Raabe prop never forget that he is throughout the hero of his whilst for that very reason we scarcely remember d long line of people he introduces to us—as we do th before us by Sterne, or even by Gottfried Kelle forget Raabe.

Raabe's work divides itself easily into four peri he was almost overwhelmed by the fulness of thoughts. The "Chronik der Sperlingsgasse" to this and serves to illustrate his mood of the mome sciousness of struggle between the pain and pleasure The characters live in three houses of a little away amid the stir of a great city, scarcely notic yet indissolubly connected with it by a thousand th wonderful book for a young man of twenty-thre how great was even then his knowledge of men a expression. In the second period he is held by contrasts of life, and pessimism of various shade work. His heroes strive in vain with the ordina in the marsh of every-day obstacles, and, shipwreck they wearily bring their damaged vessels into port. ness is futile, only he who calmly takes upon his s day's burden is content. Death will look aft Slavery among savages is preferable to liberty an conventionalities of philistine German towns; a relieve the one, while from the other there is no "We strive," he says, "for breath, for air, for lig succeed in securing, from the top of a heap of r glance into the distance, where we see the world golden light of beauty and peace. Then we thi great and powerful, we cry "Victory!" but we

without, and what is destroyed in the circle of his existence by hostile forces he must ever seek to restore; that is the secret of happiness. He who lets his arms sink in despair is irretrievably lost. But he who valiantly defends every step on the road to the grave, who can pass with dignity from the highest summits to the lowest depths, he, and he alone, conquers. He steps into the abyss as one who is victorious, he is not hurled there as one subdued.

Some Recent Novels.

Clara Viebig shows as admirable a technical grasp of her art in the short story as in the long novel. "Die Rosenkranzjungfer und Anderes" is a series of short stories about her native district, that of the Eifel. There is much about the fickleness of men, the falseness of husbands. To this the title story gives the keynote. If among the rosary maidens who pray beside a dying man's couch there is one who is not pure, his soul cannot pass; and in this story the dying man's last word in the presence of his wife is the name of one of the rosary maidens who is his mistress. Not until she has been ejected from the room does his soul find rest. Pleasanter themes are those of the widower whose wife died at the birth of his child, and whose one thought as the child grows more interesting day by day is "Oh! if Marie could only see you!"; and the poor little dressmaker's apprentice who feels all her emotions deeply stirred by the influences of spring but understands not what they mean. One of the most powerful of the tales is "Der Heilige," that of a village pastor who resists marriage with a girl whom, had he not decided to be a saint, he could have loved, and whom he knows to love him. The girl goes into service, gets into trouble, and comes to ask help of the pastor; his saintly life forbids him to befriend her, and she drowns herself.

German novelists of the day find a curious fascination in making their heroes or heroines possess in their past lives some terrible secret which at a given instant they, like the Ancient Mariner, feel bound to confess to the first comer. In "Aus Spätherbsttagen," by Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, also a volume of short stories, the best is perhaps "Die Reisegefährten." The hero, a distinguished medical man, has allowed a patient to die because he knew that by his brutal conduct the man was ruining the lives of his family. After the man's death everything goes well with his wife and children, but the doctor, in his remorse, refuses any sort of reward, and suppresses his love for his patient's daughter, although by way of compensation he is able to save one of the children's lives. To a chance travelling companion he one day confesses his crime. The plan of leading up to a point at which a sudden or decisive change takes place in the characters or from which the events appear in a changed light is a favourite device with this author. She has just finished a long novel, entitled "Agave," of which the scene is laid during the Italian renaissance; it is the outcome of winters spent in Italy.

In "Der Holzhändler," Max Kretzer is scarcely at his best. Here, again, is the hero with a secret. A rich timber merchant shoots his wife for her unfaithfulness, and makes it appear that she had committed suicide. Remorse preys on him, he feels that his secret has been discovered, but it is not until after many years that he destroys himself under the very tree where he had killed his wife. The writing is commonplace and the characterization poor; the only thing to commend is the

It is not every writer who realizes that th is neither a short novel nor an anecdote. Arthur scarcely ever written anything better than his Gustl," a tale of eighty pages, which might " Episode of a Night." A young lieutenant is insu witnesses are present, by a baker. He cannot, of cou him, but his honour is outraged, and, according to t code of honour still adhered to in the German remains for the lieutenant but suicide. He is the baker suddenly dies from paralysis, and so never become known to any one. The tragi-c emphasized and shows how these curious notions of weak young men who have hitherto thought of debts and their love affairs. The military authorit object to such satire, and Schnitzler, who was me the reserve, is to lose his standing as an officer. the enormous success of the little book may be so tion to him; and the equal success of Har *Rosenmontag*, and the public attention aroused military trial in Germany, point to the likelihoo no distant date.

Peasant tales find a grateful public in " Lugisland," Wilhelm von Polenz reveals again the small details of peasant life and for the psyc people. He can draw character, and is better story than at the long novel. The peasants of Hans are more ignorant than those of Polenz, more at the primitive impulses. The heroine of "Die Schwar is a good Roman Catholic, who, for the sake of married an old drunkard. Actually in love with a awaits her husband's death. Her mother assures will be good and send some means to bring abo consummation. But the old scamp is long a-dyin prays for help to the image of the black Madonna her room. At length the situation grows unbear ing as if enjoined by the Madonna, Martha murder The author's skill lies in his ability to portray t these people in a manner that renders them not q hensible to us who seem to inhabit another sphere.

THE DRAMA.

"THE UNDERCURRENT."—"THE G MILLIONAIRE."

It is to be suspected that Mr. Carton had n plan in his mind when he sat down to write *The* that he hoped the play would somehow write its along. Unfortunately, plays are not to be turn happy-go-lucky principle, and Mr. Carton's piec among his successes. What is the subject, the c of the play? That is the question which the s playhouse always, consciously or unconsciously, and, asking the question on this occasion, he ca factory answer, for the simple reason that Mr. has not made up his mind on the point. Is t development of the sentimental relations betw natured but unstable Baronet (*genre*, the "clean, English gentleman) played by Mr. Arthur Bou

process would have been to write a play. But Mr. Carton only suggests that play; he has not written it. He has not shown the awakening process in the Baronet's mind, but merely marries him off to the Countess in the last act without being at the pains to induce the spectator to desire the marriage. Here, then, is one subject—a very promising subject—suggested but not worked out. Let us try again. Is the subject of the play the story of the relations between the Baronet and the vindictive Lady Shelmerdine? One might think so from the importance given to the affair of the compromising letters in the third act. Lady Shelmerdine has been the Baronet's mistress, and, under the impression that he is about to marry the heiress, she threatens to prevent the match by producing her lover's letters. Upon that threat is constructed a *scène de deux femmes* in which the Countess, having discovered that there is a criminal secret in Lady Shelmerdine's past life, uses her knowledge to compel the surrender of the compromising letters. These scenes, in which one antagonist is cool and resourceful, the other unscrupulous and defiant, are very familiar on the stage and generally cast in the same mould; and Mr. Carton's in no way departs from the conventional type. But it is vitiated by the trifling circumstance that it happens to be pointless, for every spectator knows beforehand that the packet of letters round which the battle rages is without the slightest value to any one. The fact is that the American heiress has no intention whatever of marrying the Baronet, being secretly engaged to his younger brother. Here, then, is a possible subject deliberately spoiled. Either we ought to have been made to care whether the Baronet marries the Countess or not, or, failing that, to care whether the Countess extorts the letters from Lady Shelmerdine or not. Neither subject being properly handled, we do not care. Further, Mr. Carton not only leaves us in this state of indifference as to the outcome of his two chief stories, but he teazes us by laboriously elaborating the stale old fun of country-house private theatricals. Three out of four acts are filled with this fun, which was amusing a century ago in *Mansfield Park*, or even a year or two ago in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*, but has for the present ceased to be amusing. Probably Mr. Carton, when starting out upon his play, meant to use this particular element very sparingly, but was tempted to over-elaborate it upon finding that neither of his main subjects answered to his expectations. That is the sort of thing which happens when a dramatist has not carefully "blocked out" his design beforehand. Plays are not, like some novels and many discursive essays, to be written *au hasard de la plume*.

The time has now come round again for the inevitable Autumn drama at Drury Lane, written by Mr. Cecil Raleigh, and produced by Mr. Arthur Collins. This one is called *The Great Millionaire*, and contains (1) an eponymous hero who, ostensibly "to revenge himself on society," but really to lead up to a capital scene of a bread riot, makes a corner in wheat and sends the quartern loaf up to five shillings; (2) a long-lost daughter, surrounded by sympathetic gypsies who provide sentimental conversation in the "carpenters' scenes"; (3) the spectacle of the Guildhall, when the Freedom of the City is being presented to a foreign potentate, and of the Carlton Hotel at dinner-time; (4) two real motor-cars, one of which smells villainously of petroleum, while the other, containing first and second villain, is made, with the aid of a kinematographic device, to seem to tumble over a precipice . . . . . and many other things [illegible]

CURRENT LITERATUR

THE HINDU AND THE ENGLISH

Asia and Europe. Studies by Meredith Tow
(Constable. 10s. 6d. n.)

These thoughtful essays form the most suggest
Indian character that has appeared since the fir
Sir Alfred Lyall's "Asiatic Studies." We say Indian
because we think that Mr. Townsend makes a seri
in generalizing from his undoubtedly intimate kn
the Hindu and Mahomedan Indian to the Asiatic
with whom he is less at home. Whilst we are rea
that there is a "comity of Asia," just as there is
Continental Europe, the divergences between Hindus a
Persians and Turks, are far greater that those be
European nations, and what is true of Indians is not
true of Egyptians or Ottomans.

The real subject of the book, when divested
sweeping generalization, is the essential separation b
Indian and the European mind, and the hopeless
attempts to influence the Indian by European ideas. T
influence has been achieved in history may be grant
The Greek found himself more in danger of bein
than the Persian of becoming Hellenized; whilst t
had not enough imagination to absorb or to modi
modes of thought. Neither left any permanent t
portions of Asia they held for a time. But when the
applied to the present European domination it do
very closely. The European has permeated
thoroughly, and he treats Asiatics in a different f
far, no doubt, it is impossible to point to any decide
of Europe which may be regarded as permanently
any fundamental part of the social or intellectu
of Asia; but never before has a European invasion
on the present comprehensive scale been attempt
domination of the Briton in India, of the Russian in
and of the Frenchman and German in China, is too rec
the ground of any fixed conclusion. That Englan
perceptibly modified the Indian character or intellect
more than a century of gradually increasing intercou
wonderful, and cannot be taken as proof that in the
influence may not be exerted with permanent results.

Whilst we hold Mr. Townsend's argument as n
we are free to confess that there is every probab
favour. The separation between the Indian and th
who governs him is as wide as ever, and there is no
sign that it is in course of being bridged over. In
essays on "The Influence of Europe on Asia," "Th
Asia for Asiatics," "The Mental Seclusion of India," "
Asiatic Feeling Contrasted," and so forth, Mr. Towns
with reiterated insistence upon the essential incomp
Indian and English ideals; but he puts European
say English, and here again he generalizes too wi
Spaniard or Portuguese, for example, is able to unde
assimilate the Asiatic or the South American mind
no Englishman ever can or wishes to assimilate them
the extremes of the Hindu and the Englishman, one
to the doctrine here laid down with so much evident

verities, of which his European masters know nothing and take little thought. The fact which one is so apt to forget is that "the continent Europe desires to conquer is not a continent occupied by savages, but one full of great and small nations highly though imperfectly civilized, proficient in all arts except in sculpture and painting, with great cities, great laws, great literatures, and a great amount of social happiness, perhaps greater than exists in Europe." The essay on "The Charm of Asia for Asiatics" points out what people in England rarely realize, that it is quite possible for Orientals to prefer their own form of civilization—which they do not admit to be "imperfect"—to that which we foolishly believe to be the best for all the world merely because it seems to be the best for us. "It would be hard to explain to the average Englishman how interesting Indian life must have been before our advent; how completely open was every career to the bold, the enterprising, or the ambitious." What is mere order and justice, that supreme gift of the Anglo-Saxon to the East, in comparison with the many-coloured variety of the old Asiatic life? Above all, what in the European conception of social life—a life of endless small trouble, endless energy, restless activity, perpetual alertness—can compensate for the loss of that freedom from worry, that power to do as one pleases (under a few necessary restrictions), that life of slippered ease instead of collars and dress coats, which is the ideal of the leisured East? It is not colour that divides the East from the West; it is "the difference in permanent ideals." "The European cannot merge himself in the Asiatic without a sense of degradation, which is almost invariably followed by its reality."

On the other hand, the Indian has no desire to merge himself in the European, whom he respects as a strange but irresistible fighting and governing machine of extraordinary precision and exasperating energy, but whom he neither likes nor envies. "The Englishman is in Asia the man who will insist on his neighbour doing business just after dinner, and being exact when he is half asleep, and being 'prompt' just when he wants to enjoy—and he rules in Asia and is loved in Asia accordingly." If the British Raj, that "most marvellous example the world has ever seen of the possibility of governing human beings through abstract principles, when these principles include impartial justice, perfect tolerance, and the most absolute respect, not only for personal freedom, but for personal idiosyncrasy," has achieved its triumphs in the past century without coming any nearer to understanding the people it governs, the Indian has done no better. He does not understand these "unaccountable, uncomfortable works of God" any more than they understand him.

> I often think [says Mr. Townsend] that the feeling of the Celtic Irishman towards the Englishman, which appears to be unchangeable, is the nearest analogue to that of the Asiatic for the European. He regards him, if an oppressor, as a brute to be resisted with any instrument at hand; if a just man, as a disagreeable, slow-witted, uncomfortable outsider who has no right to interfere with him, and who ought to be driven to a distance as speedily and as finally as possible.

Nothing can exceed the Indian's amused contempt for the "stupidity" of the energetic Sahib, and nothing will induce him to open his mind to him. With all his charm of manner and conversation, and his "inexhaustible amount discipline of ages, until it is not an incident, essential of his character."

We have said enough to show how profoundly how provocative of thought, and also of argument th collection of studies of Asiatic problems is. challenges opposition. Its author delights in upse conceptions, and his pessimism strikes cold upon Imperial enthusiasm. Orientalists, too, will cas flaws in the argument, especially when Mr. Tow his familiar India and treats of Arabs and Mongol knows far less. When he says that the early "barba "contemplated conquests in Asia," he has forgott Huns, whose descendants are still believed to form som *strata* in the population of India; when he says th learnt our method of fighting, he ignores th artillery in Persia and India; when he writes of the Crusading epoch, he should substitute Turks. himself, and he talks of dead people, such as Laya were alive, and uses titles which have been changed merely means the want of a little revision. The of the book is at once fascinating and perplexing; thought and depresses hope; it never ceases to be time intensely convincing and provoking. T between East and West are no new subject; Urquhart's "Spirit of the East," they have ex minds; but we do not remember any book that closely to the heart of the secret, that lays bare incompatibilities so clearly and with such perception enlightening is it on Asiatic religion and on the govern the progress of Islam and Christianity in Core of Hinduism" is an illumination of the subjec the contrasts between India and Europe none is m of results than this, that the European is "essentia intent on objects he can see, whilst the Asiatic is religious—that is, intent on obedience to powers wh see but can imagine. . . The European judges results, declaring that if these are foolish or evil or the creed is false. The Asiatic does not consider but only the accuracy or beauty of the thoughts his own mind," which he must admit and obey, personal consequences. On Eastern religion Mr at his best, and his best is something far bey achievement.

THE LAKE COUNTRY.

Highways and Byways in the Lake District Bradley. With Illustrations by Joseph Pe millan. 6s.)

Like its forerunners, this latest addition Macmillan's "Highways and Byways" Series do to be a guide-book. It is well calculated to prov interesting than a guide-book to the Lakeland vis bound for a day, and tantalizing enough (the rea descriptive tours) to the reader who is hundreds from the glorious district it comments on. indeed, readily point to any better book of the dealing, on a topographical basis, with Cumberla

instance, are devoted to the eventful story of Carlisle, and they give a remarkably vivid sketch of the past of that unlucky border capital. Incidentally, the author eulogizes many a hotel and inn, and a reader could very well construct a tour round these from his record. Only of one rustic hostelry does he speak with faint praise, and there, as he amusingly tells, Charles Edward, a century and half earlier, had also noted that the landlady was "a sad imposing wife." When Mr. Bradley mentioned this coincidence to another grumbler at the charges, a passing cyclist, the latter, he says, "unlike myself, derived no consolation whatever" from it, only remarking, and with justice, "that he was a member of the C.T.C., while the Prince was not." It is in its human touches that Mr. Bradley's book chiefly pleases, and its historical anecdotes of the few ancient families of rank round the Lake district are as crisply and pointedly told as its stories of the old "statesmen"—not the Wordsworthian, but the genuine articles. The author is meritoriously resolute not to belong to the injudicious band who, if they talk of Westmorland, "use the bard of Rydal on the principle of a trump card at whist, and 'when in doubt' quote Wordsworth." None the less he has an agreeable knack, whenever he does introduce one of the "Lake" circle, of giving some quaint incident or trait concerning him which to nine readers out of ten will be new or at least forgotten. He has one or two interesting reminiscences of Southey, and one of the best is a pictorial one which we reproduce. Equally brightly he discourses of that shameless absentee, Bishop Watson, who lived complacently for thirty years beside Lake Windermere on the revenues of his see of Llandaff.

Mr. Bradley made a special pilgrimage to Caldbeck, the home of the veteran fox-hunter, John Peel, who yielded to mortality in 1854, but whose renown is embalmed in a song. At Caldbeck, Mr. Bradley had the advantage of "a crack" with John Peel's venerable nephew, and he also recalls the chequered history of Woodcock Greaves, the hero's intimate and the poet of "D'ye ken John Peel?" The song itself was casually composed one winter's night while the two sportsmen were sitting by the fire; it was thereupon set to "an old rant called 'Bonnie Annie,'" and then, to quote its maker's words, "I sang it to poor Peel, who smiled, and a tear or two ran down his manly cheek. 'By Jove, Peel,' I said in jest, 'you'll be sung of when we're both run to earth.'"

JOHN PEEL'S HOME.

From "Highways and Byways in the Lake District."

SKETCH OF SOUTHEY FROM LIFE. By A. T. Paget, Je
In the possession of Charles E. Paget, Esq.

From "Highways and Byways in the Lake District."
(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S NEW BO

THE VOYAGE OF ITHOBAL. By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD
C.S.I. (John Murray. 5s. n.)

In the classical atlases, Africa passes out of civil
little below the equator. Yet Herodotus tells
Phoenicians in the days of the Pharaoh Neso who, s
by way of the Red Sea, succeeded in carrying out
orders to sail round the unknown southern coastl
return to Egypt by way of the Pillars of Hercu
travels are here imagined by Sir Edwin Arnold as re

heroine of his romance, to the blazing Egypt of a fargone day, when

> Sais, City of Neith,
> Flickered and danced in the glare;
> Danced in the blazing gold of the noon;
> Temples and gateways and trees,
> Like unto Temple-girls did these
> Dance for the glory of Neith.
> Golden and green and white and brown
> So did the houses and groves and town,
> Walls, roofs, window-bars, up and down
> Dance for the glory of Neith
> Shadows glanced on the glass of the lake,
> Palm-fans danced in the fluttering air,
> All for the light's sweet sake;
> For the Goddess, mighty and glad and fair
> Who makes for her people the golden day
> And the dear delight of the sun-warmed air,
> Twenty-five centuries back—
> Ah, can you listen to what I say?—
> Egypt under the sunshine lay,
> Basking in gold and black.
> Neko was Pharaoh and King
> Ruler of Nile and its lands,
> Lord of River and fields
> Holding the world in his hands.

It is a glittering open-air picture, and thus attuned to the times we join the crowded audience in Pharaoh's hall and listen to Ithobal as, with his brown crews around him, he tells the tale of the ships. Nor is it difficult to follow him with interest. He proves himself the capable narrator of a round unvarnished tale, and Sir Edwin Arnold has been at pains to endow him with sufficient individuality to make him live. He is, throughout, the stout resolute captain of ships with a well stored memory and a discriminating tongue. His philosophy is simple—"What the high Gods will have falls at its hour"—but together with the fatalism goes a joyous pride in his destiny and in the craft and wit that has helped him to mould it. And so the tale runs briskly from the day when he is lured by the vision of a silver dove into the slave-market at Sais, there to meet his fate in the person of the dark captive princess from the far south, till the galleys lie safe in harbour again after the toils and triumphs of five and thirty moons' sea-faring. There is no magic in it all, no subtlety; but picture succeeds picture, natural description interlinks with adventure, and ever swells the catalogue of the wonders seen by the way. Let us take, however, this quiet passage descriptive of a fair day's sailing:—

> But we sailed wide,
> Holding the friendly breeze, and all that night
> And all next day—day of the eleventh moon—
> Merrily sped the Dove, and Ram, and Whale;
> My lusty carmen drowsing in the sun;
> The drum and flute at peace or striking up
> For frolic dance. In the warm air was taste
> Of life, and joy, and hope grown breathable.
> Then did I know, dread King!—my painted sails
> So filled, my lady's hair blown for a sign
> Straight onward, and the faces of my men
> Set to the look of such as fear no more—
> Then knew I that we should not fail. The barks

concise, it is not wanting in picturesque touches, an
carries the reader with it, and yet in reading the
one cannot help feeling that Ithobal somehow or ot
to keep a hand-camera by him and snap-shotted
other scene, jotting down colour notes for future re
want a sea-mist or some other transforming-magic t
cliff, the saffron-tinted pinnacle, above all the d
capped hill into a composition that is not merely
On the other hand the *genre* work is excellent of i
for instance the pretty multi-coloured lines on t
or almost any of the passages descriptive of animal

In fine, every one who takes up this poem wil
interest to the end, but many will lay it aside wit
sion that they have been reading a transcript.
much the same effect, to hazard a suggestion, a
passage in Mr. Mackail's excellent version of the
manifestly drawn from poetic sources; it is literat
somehow it is not quite poetry.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

The Antarctic.

To THE SOUTH POLAR REGIONS (Hurst and Blacke
is an account of the explorations of the Newne
to Victoria Land (1898-1900), by Mr. Louis Ber
the scientific staff, who occupies the same post o
the national expedition, which set sail for the same
Discovery a few weeks ago. As a German Exped
started for another side of the Antarctic Ocean
in the scientific work, the attention of the publ
be much directed to this part of the world in th
The adventures of the *Southern Cross* party
been related by its commander, Mr. Borchgrevin
"First on the Antarctic Continent"; but it is a t
bear retelling, and Mr. Bernacchi tells it well.
enthusiasm for the magnificent effects of light a
the clear Polar atmosphere; and, though he cons
that they are indescribable, he manages to give
them by his own graphic descriptions with the
excellent photographs. The book is divided into t
a narrative of the expedition, and a *résumé* of
results. The distinction, however, is rather one
of subject. The latter section a kind of append
alarmingly technical for the unlearned reader; m
while nearly silent upon the winter life of the exp
one-roomed hut, contains much about the habit
seals, besides some very interesting theorizing o
problems of the mysterious South. Mr. Bernacch
premature to speak of "the Antarctic Continent
that "everything tends to prove the existence of
of large islands." But he admits that the
summer temperatures experienced by his party se
strate the existence of "an extensive land area."
a very novel theory about the extraordinary "
which stretches for some 500 miles east of Moun
Terror. He thinks that this is not, as has
supposed, the northern edge of a vast Polar ice-ca
gigantic "tongue" of glacier-ice running into th
main mountain range, such as is seen elsewhere in
on a far smaller scale. There must, therefore, on t

Expeditions already on their way. We should add that, in illustration of his views, Mr. Bernacchi has prefixed to the volume an admirable chart of the whole South Polar region, besides smaller maps of the discoveries made by the *Southern Cross*.

Amy Robsart.

In WHO KILLED AMY ROBSART? (Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Philip Sidney has raised an interesting question, and we are most probably in possession now of all the evidence that is in existence to enable us to answer it. Dr. James Gairdner, the foremost authority on the history of the time, has said all that can be said. Mr. Sidney's own conclusion is "That Amy was murdered, but by a person or persons unknown." His book, however, is very far from being a complete treatment of the subject. Its aim, its author tells us, is twofold—to relate all that is known about Amy Dudley and to be a kind of historical hand-book to "Kenilworth." It is late in the day to expose the errors of Scott. They were well known to Scott himself, who never pretended that "Kenilworth" was an accurate history. It is somewhat otiose thus to kill the slain; nor was it necessary to print the whole "Ballad of Cumnor Hall" with the enigmatic statement that it "is not too well known or oft-quoted not to be included here," considering that Scott himself printed it entire in his notes. But when we come to the facts of the case, we regret to find, in the work of so serious an historical student as Mr. Sidney, a good deal which calls for criticism. In an investigation of this sort, if any historical judgment is to be formed we must have exact chapter and verse for every statement, and our author does not think it necessary to give them. He rejects "Leicester's Commonwealth," but he does not quote, or meet, its statements in detail. He refers frequently to "Simancas MSS." Has he inspected them himself, or is he merely referring to the English Calendars of State Papers based upon the transcripts? If the latter is the case he should mention the volume and page to which he refers. In the same way Mr. Sidney should distinctly state whether he prints the correspondence between Dudley and Blount from the MSS. at Cambridge, or has merely reprinted them from a predecessor in his field of investigation. In regard to the treatment of Queen Elizabeth we have two complaints to make. The first is that, when Mr. Sidney has already quoted the evidence that Amy Robsart was ill for some time before her death, he should put a sinister interpretation on the Queen's statement that she "was dead, or nearly so." But a stronger protest must be entered against the note entitled "Children of Queen Elizabeth." Here especially definite authority should be given for every statement. Instead of this we are told of an inscription "on vellum," "in a manuscript still existing, preserved at Shrewsbury," and of a "tract, signed by Cardinal Allen, printed abroad," and of the Englishman living in Madrid who was said to be the son of Elizabeth and Leicester. All this is surely of very little value: on such a matter we want either detailed investigation or silence. Mr. Sidney does not appear to have heard of Mr. F. P. Badham's elaborate argument that the Earl of Essex was really the son of Elizabeth. On the main question, too, Mr. Sidney should at least have noticed the elaborate statement of Anthony Wood ("Life and Times," Ed. Clark, I., 260-263), based on tradition as well as gossip. It would have been well if before writing Mr. Sidney had made himself acquainted with Dr. Gairdner's study of the subject. In short, the book before us is not of great assistance in the controversy.

FICTION.

Kim.

KIM (Macmillan, 6s.). There seem to be two opposit attending the career of the successful novelist in Engl one danger is that he may magnify his office, delude hi the belief that the dreaming of dreams is the same th solving of problems, strike an attitude as though he be globe like a Colossus, patronising the people who do the of the world, and pouring out novels of several thousand signed apparently to fulfil at one and the same time the of the Baedeker, the Penny Encyclopædia, and the Sho chism. The other danger is that he may become so w in the cares and troubles of this world that his work as will become casual and perfunctory. We have lately s striking example of the former peril. The devel

HURREE CHUNDER MOOKERJEE.
(From "Kim," by permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)

Mr. Kipling seems destined to illustrate the latter. indeed, go all the way with the American critics "Kim" was still an incompletest serial, fell upon it like

Commanders-in-Chief. He writes like a man who is tired; he is not absorbed in his subject as of old.

The pity is the greater because he has here a good subject of which, so far as we know, no other novelist has ever touched the fringe. His theme is the Secret Service of the Indian Government; and the proceedings of that service are among the few romantic mysteries of real life which no prying newspaper man has yet succeeded in laying bare to the eyes of the curious. One knows, or may know, in a general way, that it has its secret native agents whose identity is hidden behind mysterious letters and numbers like E23, who wander in strange disguises through the length and breadth of the land, and away over the frontiers as far as the plateaus of Tibet, finding paths, anticipating intrigues, playing the spy on native princes and border peoples. But one may know no more. The Indian Government keeps his secrets well. So, when Mr. Kipling tells us of an Irish lad, the orphan of a sergeant and a lady's-maid, brought up by a half-caste woman in a bazaar, who volunteers to act as chela to a wandering lama, who strays by accident into his father's old regiment, and is sent to school to be trained for an appointment in the Secret Service, he has chosen a *mise-en-scène* fraught with very thrilling possibilities. And of course the story as told by Mr. Kipling is very different from what it would have been if told by Mr. Henty or any other of the writers for boys who might have been expected to handle it. There is Oriental atmosphere and the attempt to penetrate the intricacies of the Oriental mind. The book is obviously the work of a man who has seen further into the Oriental mind than the average Anglo-Indian. The lama is, indeed, an unconvincing figure—a mere windbag full of empty phrases about the Wheel of Life—but the Babu and the Pathan are real. Yet the story as a whole leaves us with the feeling that the author did not take a great deal of trouble with it. It is less a connected whole than a string of incidents. Many of the incidents seem irrelevant and the end seems to come not because the story is over but because the author has covered the requisite number of pages and is tired. Very likely he is tired: very likely the world has been too much with him during the last few years. Very likely he wants rest and solitude in order to be again inspired, and to write, as he used to, like a man intoxicated with his story.

The curious and interesting—often beautiful—illustrations photographed from reliefs executed by Mr. Lockwood Kipling are really such as to add to the value of the book. We are reproducing one of them.

Mr. Richard Bagot.

Mr. Richard Bagot must be congratulated on his determination to pursue the art of fiction into new outlets. His two books on the life of Rome and of Romanists—"A Roman Mystery" and "The Casting of Nets"—showed certain gifts rare enough among the multitude of novelists, and he has done well in his new book, THE JUST AND THE UNJUST (Lane, 6s.), a book of great merits and some defects, to choose a new theme. We have followed his writing with interest from the first—if for no other reason, because he belongs to the small and select band of authors who tell their stories in pure, limpid, and grammatical English. He is never rhapsodical nor does he say clever things. His style is good because it is natural and balanced and restrained. There is in fact only one word for it, it is "well bred"; and this is an epithet which equally applies to Mr. Bagot's construction. One pivot of the story is that friend turns out to be the half-sister of his not impossible, but too striking for the nove it to be discovered by another curious coinci a chance meeting. Moreover, there seems, a to be a direct contradiction at the beginning the references Mr. Bagot makes to the Lord Heversham and his prematrimonial frien In which the unscrupulous female relative mali Lord Heversham is defeated is hardl Lord Heversham does not seem quite str dealings with her, and the method adopted by defeating the blackmailer is an unpleasant o have been put into operation. But besides to which we have alluded there is much t beautiful in the story and in its characters; with keen delight by those who are mature en with the world of modern Society.

New Canterbury Tales.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett continues to write romances with a good deal of colour and of cleverness. As we indicated in our not respects masterly, book, "Richard Yea and Nay," he writes them also with some and, we fear, an increasing preciosity of style and an over-elaboration of workmanship. "The Forest Lovers" was a pure and absolute delight. The "Little Novels of Italy" was very admirable. His NEW CANTERBURY TALES (Constable, 6s.) strikes us as *roulé* and slightly wearisome. They are half-a-dozen stories that have appeared already in the magazines, strung together on the thin thread of a pilgrimage to Canterbury, and rechristened, in addition to their old names, "The Scrivener's Tale," "The Prioress's Tale," and so forth, in the manner of their famous prototype.

The first narrative concerns that Countess of Salisbury to whom we owe the Order of the Garter, and we must give praise to Mr. Hewlett's succinct and ingenious treatment of so threadbare an anecdote. A less gifted writer would have made it the salient point of the tale. All Mr. Hewlett says is "Even

aly, the subjects of them are always lovely ladies d if these fair dames and "maids" are not each gnated as being "long limbed," which was the ry heroine in Mr. Hewlett's former book, they are ly all painted as having long noses, a matter in our author's predilection for longness leads him eakishly, for length of nose is not an attribute of of his heroes, a boy grown "mannish," and casting mannish looks on maids and such-like cates, is oriously as "a lady-faced youth with a long nose, a very small mouth, and hot green eyes." He endows with long noses which are "thinnish," and hangs "narrow necks" and "sharp peaked chins." escape banality at the expense of falling captive to In point of fact, Mr. Hewlett's mannerisms are grown, so that while the new book has many beauties it he beauty of spontaneity or unconsciousness. But man can imagine himself back into the fourteenth o one can be successfully, spontaneously, or unconfourteen centuryish." For it is not by the use of ses as "she seemed sib" or "the pair made frank y" that we shall create the illusion that time has slipped back "six long sad hundred years."

There is a certain coarseness of idea now and again protruding its head amidst the flowers of Mr. Hewlett's style which cannot find excuse as being incidental to fourteenth century work, since, as here practised, it is modern in kind; and the maiden Paravall carried in the arms of her lover, and "turning her head about, but ever towards him, nozzling in his smock" has not the beauty which its author appears to claim for it. There is rather too much "nozzling" in the story altogether. We could wish, too, that Mr. Hewlett's picture of a "maid," as he would say, were a trifle more wholesome than the following:—"a moon-faced, sidling, cuddling, snoozling, snuggling, coaxing, adoring, mothering, greensick slip of delicacy." This other thumb-nail sketch of a girl, whose "hair was the colour of dormice and her feet lighter than a hare's," is far happier, though even so it seems strange that a writer with Mr. Hewlett's delicate sense for the value of sound could have written it.

Correspondence.

CRABBE'S ALDEBURGH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Being well acquainted with the old Suffolk town of Aldeburgh, I have read with considerable interest the article under the above heading which appeared in your issue of September 28. The writer has naturally referred to the Moot Hall, of which an illustration is given, but has said nothing of its contents, which would afford to an archæologist on a rainy day occupation of a most attractive kind. I allude to the collection of MSS. relating to the borough which are there preserved, some of which have been transcribed and printed in the late Mr. N. F. Hele's "Jottings about Aldeburgh" (1870). Mr. Hele, though an excellent naturalist and a skilful taxidermist (witness his beautiful collection of birds preserved in the Ipswich Museum), was unfortunately not skilled in the deciphering of ancient documents, and made many unfortunate blunders (including the

two rows not a single house remains, showing the effe incursion of the sea during a period of three hundred y low tide, occasionally, remains of the ancient Dunda disclosed, the extent of which can only be rightly appre reference to the plan to which I venture to draw attent

Burlington House, Sept. 28. J. E. HAR

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Although my pen is but a poor one, may I v be so bold as to ask Mr. Gribble, What did he expect Aldeburgh?

It is only because my name has been drawn across l in your review, in the character of a red herring, whil same time not having any wish to have such greatnes upon me, that I am trying to put my question forward.

While anxious that the 150th anniversary should altogether unnoticed in the literary world, the task Mr has set me is an impossible one—namely, finding out landmarks, footprints, &c., of Crabbe's short sojour borough. How can I do this? The poet left in 1782; witnesses are alive, but we have an old dilapidated which he embarked for London and prosperity, three ol and a rejuvenated White Lion Hotel. The present borough could never be put into the framework of "Borough" except in the most superficial details. It think that Mr. Gribble's path in his way to and from t Lion was overshadowed by a megatherium in the shap Moot Hall (also transmogrified since the poet's time) again ask a question Does St. Paul's Cathedral appe as a snail in its progress up Ludgate?

As regards the poet and patronage, a recent Civil L prove that patronage is as rampant as ever. The con liberality of Edmund Burke towards Crabbe will alw marked contrast to that of Walpole towards Chatterton, proves that the poet was right to seek the help of a patr present-day writer would not cringe to be admitted company of Dr. Johnson, E. Burke, and Sir J. Reynol existing?

One of Crabbe's greatest admirers should appear i of literary names connected with Aldeburgh. I refer t FitzGerald, who lived in a little cottage here and was a visitor too. And in my humble capacity I regret that Macmillan in their "Miscellanies" of Edward FitzGe not publish the whole of the "Readings in Crabbe." Ap for taking up so much space.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CHARLES G

Aldeburgh Times, October 2, 1901.

"JACK HARKAWAY" AND THE AUTH SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The recent death of Bracebridge Hemyng, th of "Jack Harkaway's Schooldays," serves to empha again the lamentable relation that in many cases existe past between the commercial value of an author's work sum which he received from the publisher for the co As your contributor "G" says, the popularity of th Harkaway" series was phenomenal. I remember how boy, I used to look forward to the successive parts of t

that Hemyng "sold his copyrights for ridiculously small sums," whilst his publisher naturally made a handsome fortune. Can there be any more graphic illustration of the crying need there was for the establishment of the Authors' Society?

Happily, the existence of the Society now makes such unfair publishing arrangements practically impossible. But are all writers sufficiently grateful for what the Society has done for them? I trow not; for if they were, there would not be a single writer (however obscure he may be) who would not willingly send up his annual subscription to the Society.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE EASTGATE.

Yarra, Holland-road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, October 1.

"MASTER AND SLAVE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—You say in your notice of my little story "Master and Slave" that it has a "flavour of the Socialistic pamphlet," and as such a statement is likely to prejudice me in the eyes of your readers, I should be obliged if you will allow me to say in your columns that I think it does me an injustice. I am not a Socialist, and have no sympathy with Socialistic theories. I have the greatest sympathy with those who suffer under social evils and disabilities—am ready to help them with my pen whenever I can, and I find that, in the present mood of society, to dub everything of the kind as "Socialistic" or favouring Socialists, tends to shut up the well-springs of pity.

I am yours faithfully,

A. T. STORY.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall-place, S.W.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The De La More Press (High Holborn), after contenting itself for several years with private printing, enters the open market this season with its own publications. It was started by Mr. Moring of *Moring's Quarterly*—a comparatively little-known, but admirably printed, periodical devoted to the study of art, archæology, and heraldry—and he called his press after the original form of his family name. "My idea," Mr. Moring explained to our representative, "is to supply a want which I think is felt for books that are rather outside the ordinary run. There are many subjects which possess little interest for the general public, because nothing has been published to make it seem worth while to read about them. One of our aims is to open up fresh ground, and to make it attractive by artistic books written in an interesting way." The chief book in hand at present is a subscription volume on "Monastic Seals of the Thirteenth Century," with plates, and with introduction and notes by Mr. Gale Pedrick. Other illustrated volumes in the press are "The Heraldry of Dante," by the late Rev. H. W. Pereira; "Siena, its Art and Architecture," by Gilbert Hastings; "Greek Terra-Cotta Figurines," by Alexander Moring; and a sumptuous edition of FitzGerald's first translation of the Rubáiyát with illustrations in colour. Mr. Moring has also opened an agency in London for the publications of Messrs. Mansfield and Co., who are working on similar lines in New York, and who will look after the publication of the De La More Press in America.

The first volume of Mr. Heinemann's new series, "A Century of French Romance," will be "The Chartreuse of Parma," (Stendhal) with an introduction by Mr. Maurice

just appeared in the "Dictionary of National book by Mr. Frank Bullen entitled, "Deep A Collection of Stories of the Sea," illustra Twidle; and Dr. Fitchett's "Tale of the Next month they will issue the following Hannibal," by Stanley Weyman; "Th Marchioness," by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett Halpin: A Romance of the New Navy," by Later they will publish Mr. Seton Merriman's Velvet Glove."

Mr. John Long shows his faith in fiction but novels in his autumn list, of which he including "The Real Christian," by Lucas Cl of Eden," by the author of "The Master Si West," by Keighley Snowden; "An Ill Lovett Cameron; "The Lovely Mrs. Pembe Warden; "The Golden Spur," by J. S. Flet ter of England," by May Crommelin; "Hon by Frederic Carrel; "The Green Turbans Cobban; "The Mission of Margaret," by "No Vindication," by Mrs. Coulson Kernah Must Weep," by Sarah Tytler.

Mr. Cecil Headlam, whose monograph on Bronze Founder of Nuremberg, is announce new series of Great Craftsmen, has also writt to appear early this month. It will be pu Hurst and Blackett and, (in the United S Putnams. The title of the English edition is Mr. Molyneux."

Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin," having the sixpenny as well as the six-shilling public at three and sixpence by Messrs. Hurst an will shortly publish Mrs. Alec Tweedie's new I Saw It," with illustrations from photograp herself.

The fifteenth volume of "Book Prices published by Mr. Elliot Stock at once. The books sold has reached the highest amoun fifteen years.

Messrs. Bell are publishing "The Prin book," by Mr. Alfred Whitman, of the profusely illustrated with reproductions of fin

Mr. Rowland Ward will shortly publ volume on travel and sport in Abyssinia Powell-Cotton.

In their "Stories of Missions Series" Anderson, and Ferrier will issue immediately, "The Sign of the Cross in Madagascar," development of Christianity from the lan missionaries on the island to the present time Kilpin Fletcher.

Judge O'Connor Morris' new work, Questions," will be published by Mr. Grant Ri

Messrs. F. V. White and Co. have just edition of Mrs. Stannard's well-known nov Conjure with."

American publishers are beginning to records beyond the department of fiction. announce that "The Habitant, and other Poems," by William H. Drummond, has re first thousand. Another volume by Mr. Dru Courtean and other Poems" will be publish the Atlantic during the autumn.

Dr. Hurry, of Reading, is engaged on Abbey, from its foundation to the dissolutio have many illustrations and plans, facsimiles latter will be found one of the song, "Sumer i written down in Reading Abbey.

The Twentieth Century Citizen's Atlas,

ment of the plot of his novel, "Her Ladyship's Secret," which appeared in our review, where Lady Bramber is spoken of as "formerly Mrs. King, a widow robbed of her child by her brother who has adopted it." It was Richard Earle not her brother who adopted Mrs. King's daughter.

The *Ladies' Gazette* is a 2d. weekly which starts this week. Its first number seems promising; it has a good feature in a Musical Supplement, and we may commend its idea of a "Children's Literary Society."

Books to look out for at once.

"Words by an Eye-Witness: The Struggle in Natal." By "Linesman." Blackwood. 6s.

"With Paget's Horse to the Front." By Cosmo Hose-Innes (Trooper) Macqueen. 3s. 6d. Illustrated.

"Mexico as I Saw It." By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net. Photographs and sketches.

"Erewhon Revisited Twenty Years After." By S. Butler. Grant Richards. [A revised edition of the original "Erewhon" will be issued on the same day—9th inst.]

"Alfred Tennyson." By Andrew Lang. Blackwood. 2s. 6d. ["Modern English Writers" Series.]

"The Works of Lord Byron: Letters." Vol. VI. Murray. 6s. [This volume completes the new edition of the Letters, and contains an Index.]

"The Violet Fairy Book." Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans. 6s.

"The Benefactress." By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Macmillan. 6s.

"Some Women I Have Known." By Maarten Maartens. Heinemann. 6s.

"Deep Sea Plunderings." By Frank T. Bullen. Smith, Elder. 6s. [A collection of sea stories.]

"Light Freights." By W. W. Jacobs. Methuen. 3s. 6d. [Another book of sea stories.]

"Wheels of Iron." By L. T. Meade. Nesbit. 6s.

"The Marriage of Mr. Molyneux." By Cecil Headlam. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

"The Sinner and the Problem." By Eric Parker. Macmillan. 6s.

"The Lover's Progress, Told by Himself." Chatto and Windus. 6s. [An anonymous love story, introducing many Continental celebrities.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS,

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[*Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.*]

ART.

ANDREA MANTEGNA. By P. Kristeller. English Edition by S. Arthur Strong. 12½×9, 511 pp. Longmans. 70s. n.

[A sumptuous work, copiously illustrated. The English edition appears before the German.]

BIOGRAPHY.

UNSTORIED IN HISTORY. Portraits of some famous Women of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries. By Gabrielle Festing. 8×5½, 307 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

[Gathered from State Papers, by the author of "J. H. Frere and his Friends."]

MENDELSSOHN. (The Master Musicians.) By S. S. Stratton. 7½×5½, 307 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

[Gives rather more space to musical as distinct from biographical matter than other volumes of the series.]

HEROES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—Gladstone, Havelock, Bismarck, Lincoln. By G. Barnett Smith. 8¾×5½, 363 pp. Pearson. 5s.

[Popular biographies compiled from accepted sources of information, with illustrations.]

FÉNELON. His Friends and His Enemies. 1665-1715. By E. K. Sanders. 9½×5¾, 426 pp. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

LORD MILNER. By W. B. Luke. 7½×5, 168 pp. Partridge. 1s. 6d. n. [A short readable life.]

THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF MADAME ROLAND. Ed. by E. G. Johnson. 7¾×5½, 381 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[Revised reprint of the translation published in London 1795, with

HELD TO RANSOM. A Story of Spanish Brigands. By F. B. Fo 8×5½, 408 pp. Nelson. 5s.

FOR THE FAITH. A Story of the Young Pioneers of Reform Oxford. By E. Everett Green. 8×5½, 364 pp. Nelson. 3

MADAMSCOURT. By H. May Poynter. 7½×5, 224 pp. Nelso

[Brings in Princess Clementina Sobieski's escape from I in 1719, to be married to Prince James Francis Stuart, and th of the Stuart standard at Braemar by the Earl of Mar.]

A LAD OF DEVON. By Mrs. H. Clarke. 7×4¾, 128 pp. Nelso

[Adventure at sea and elsewhere in the days of Nelson.]

THE QUEEN'S SHILLING. By Geraldine Glasgow. 7×4¾, Nelson. 1s.

[Struggles and misfortunes of a gentleman ranker.]

PROFESSOR ARCHIE. By Leila Percival. 7×4¾, 104 pp. Nel

[A fisher lad who ends as a Cambridge Professor.]

MOOSWA AND OTHERS OF THE BOUNDARIES. By W. A. 8×5½, 311 pp. Pearson. 6s.

[Tales based on incidents told the author by "trappers" i West Canada about the furred animals of the northern forests.

JIM'S SWEETHEART. By E. L. Haverfield. 7½×5, 256 pp. Nelso

[A little boy's life in a Scotch village.]

CLASSICAL.

THE "RUDENS" OF PLAUTUS. Ed. by E. A. Sonnenschein. 176 pp. Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.

DRAMA.

THE WAYFARERS. An Original Play. By R. Orme. 8¾× Bickers. 5s. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

FIRST YEAR'S ALGEBRA. By C. A. French and G. Osborn. 172 pp. Churchill. 1s. 6d.

THE STORY OF THE ISLE OF MAN. By A. W. Moore. 7½×5 Unwin. 1s.

A FRENCH PRIMER. Accidence and Syntax. 6¾×4¾, 132 pp. C Press. 2s.

TUTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. 2nd E A. J. Wyatt. 7×5, 223 pp. Clive. 2s. 6d.

GREEK ACCIDENCE. By T. C. Weatherhead. 7½×5, 176 pp. wood. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

THE RIGHT OF WAY. By Gilbert Parker. 7¾×5½, 366 pp. mann. 6s.

[In French Canada. The hero is a barrister who mars his and marriage by drink, and redeems himself in a second life new name and in a new place.]

MISS PAUNCEFORT'S PERIL. By Mrs. C. Martin. 7¾×5½, J. Long. 6s.

[Modern society. Miss Paunceforte's matrimonial entangl in which religion plays a considerable part.]

THE LORDS OF LIFE. By Bessie Dill. 7¾×5½, 354 pp. J. L

[The story of a girl who has to earn her living. In S India, and London.]

ROMANCE OF A HAREM. Trans. from the French by C Forestier-Walker. 7¾×5½, 271 pp. Greening. 5s.

[The experiences of a French Governess in the Sultan's har

THE WORK OF HIS HANDS. By Cris Healy. 7¾×5½, Hutchinson. 6s.

[The loves of an ambitious and self-absorbed artist mechan starts a new life of duty at the end.]

THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY. By F. Norreys Connell. 256 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[The escapades of an Irish soldier in the Napoleonic war told "after" Charles Lever.]

IDYLLS OF ROSEHILL. By R. Guthrie. (Popular Stories. 7¾×5½, 153 pp. Stockwell. 2s. 6d.

MOUSME. By Clive Holland. 7¾×5½, 337 pp. Pearson. 6s.

[The author brings "My Japanese Wife" to England; he duction to country and London society.]

THE SECRET ORCHARD. By Egerton Castle. 7¾×5½, Macmillan. 6s.

[This corresponds in plot to the play by the author, prod Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The scene is a French château, and a pi given of modern French society.]

THE PURPLE CLOUD. By M. P. Shiel. 7½×5½, 464 pp. (Th

SYLVIA'S AMBITION. By ADELINE SERGEANT. 7¾×5¼. 200 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[A slightish tale of a young actress and her mother who finally find well-to-do relations.]

THE BOURGEOIS. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. 7¾×5¼. 261 pp. Unwin. 6s.

[The lighter side of life in Paris, the chief characters being Charles Frisson, the author of a play called *The Bourgeois*, and Peter Alabaster, a susceptible young American.]

THE BLACK MASK. By E. W. HORNUNG. 7¾×5¼. 298 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[A continuation of "The Amateur Cracksman," the exploits of a professional criminal.]

FOR LOVE OR CROWN. By A. W. MARCHMONT. 7¾×5¼. 408 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

[The alternative is between a state marriage with a foreign potentate and a marriage for love.]

THE MOST FAMOUS LADIA. By NELLIE K. BLISSETT. 7¼×5, 331 pp. Blackwood. 6s.

[Provence in the time of Troubadours.]

BARBARA WEST. By K. SNOWDEN. 7¾×5¼, 363 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[The story of a young journalist, and his love for a girl who will only be his "sister."]

A GIRL BY THE NAME OF BROWN. (Popular Stories, No. II.). By E. THORNE. 7¾×5¼, 219 pp. Stockwell. 2s. 6d.

[Partly in Italy. Turns on the relations between two sisters.]

OSMUNDA MY QUEEN. (Popular Stories, No. III.) By A. F. B. REDLOCK. 7¾×5¼, 269 pp. Stockwell. 3s. 6d.

[Partly in Cornwall, partly in Russia.]

HISTORY.

THE SPANISH PEOPLE. Their Origin, Growth, and Influence. By MARTIN A. S. HUME. (The Great Peoples Series.) 8×5½, 535 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

CAVALIER AND PURITAN IN THE DAYS OF THE STUARTS. By LADY NEWDIGATE-NEWDEGATE. 8¼×5½, 367 pp. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.

[Written round the correspondence, news, letters, &c., preserved at Arbury, of Sir Richard Newdigate, whose life reached from the Great Rebellion to the Revolution.]

LITERARY.

THE RAMBLER. Vol. I. Ed. by H. VIVIAN. 12×7½. Ballantyne Press.

POETS OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION. By W. ARCHER. 9×6, 565 pp. Lane. 21s.

[Critical essays on a large number of "minor poets," with excellent woodcut portraits of each of them by Mr. R. Bryden.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN MEMORIAM. Verses for Every Day in the Year. Selected by LUCY RIDLEY. 6½×5, 193 pp. Chatto and Windus.

HANDS AND HOW TO READ THEM. By E. RENE. 7½×5, 125 pp. Pearson. 1s.

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Vol. V.—Kaiser-Kyx. Ed. by Dr. J. A. H. MURRAY. 16½×11. Clarendon Press. 5s.

HOW TO STUDY ENGLISH LITERATURE. ("How To" Series.) By T. S. KNOWLSON. 7¾×5¼. 156 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

[A short practical book on methods of study and criticism, with extracts.]

COMMERCIAL KNOWLEDGE. By A. WARREN. 8×5½, 260 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d.

[An attempt to teach the young in a readable way the intricacies of commercial routine.]

THE NORDRACH TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTIVES IN THIS COUNTRY. By J. A. GIBSON. 7×4½. 103 pp. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d. n.

[A description of Dr. Walther's open-air treatment for consumption at Nordrach, by which the author has himself been cured. He maintains that the cure may be effected on the same lines in England.]

ELEMENTARY TELEPHOTOGRAPHY. By E. MARRIAGE, F.R.P.S. 8¼×5½. 118 pp. Iliffe. 3s. 6d. n.

FIRST STAGE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION. (Organized Science Series.) By B. CUNNINGHAM. 7×5, 240 pp. Clive. 2s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE MIGHTY DEEP AND WHAT WE KNOW OF IT. By AGNES GIBERNE. 7¾×5¼, 280 pp. Pearson.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITION

A POPULAR HANDBOOK TO THE NATIONAL G Ed. Two vols. By E. T. COOK. 7½×4¾, 740+637 pp.

[The first vol. takes the Foreign Schools, the s The volumes are very handy, printed on thin paper binding. Those who are really studying the Gall content to take with them one of the volumes, convenient than the rather bulky single complete wo

AUNT ANNE. By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD, 8¼×5¾, 116 p

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By OLIVER GOLDSMI Classics.) 6¼×4, 213 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. n.

[A well-printed handy reprint, without illustrati

POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BRIDGES. Vol. I Smith, Elder. 6s.

BEN-HUR. By GENERAL LEW WALLACE. 8×5½, 479

[A reprint of this book so popular in America by C. E. Brock.]

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. H Three vols. Ed. by J. F. KIRK. 7½×5, 477+463+52

[Including Kirk's notes, and an introduction sp this ed. by Mr. George Parker Winship.]

THE MAXIMS OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. Trans. by 97 pp. Finch. 1s. 6d. n.

THE EXPLORATION OF AUSTRALIA. Two vols. CALVERT. 10×7¾, 285+386. Dean.

[Twenty rare Maps are added to this edition.]

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, and other Sketche ANSTEY. 7½×5, 266 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

POEMS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. 6¼×4½. Elvey.

[Completes the Siddal edition of Rossetti's wor piece, illustrating The Bride's Prelude and a shor Rossetti.]

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 20 vols

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL, PEVERIL OF THE PEA SCOTT. (New Century Library.) 6×4, 580+756 p

GOETHE: HERMANN UND DOROTHEA. Ed. by C. 152 pp. Clarendon Press. 3s.

VANITY FAIR. By W. M. THACKERAY. 7½×5¼. 746 p

[A pleasantly-printed octavo reprint with Thack and facsimiles of the original wrapper and title-pag

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY and Memoirs. Vol. I. Ed. by his Wife. 9¼×6, 2

[This is to be an *Edition de Luxe* in 19 vols., four vols. being devoted to the Letters and Memoir is now published, the frontispiece giving Mr. Low trait of Kingsley. The Life is reprinted from the edition. The volume is extremely handsome, well paper, bound in sateen cloth with embossed gilt l designed by Mr. A. Turbayne.]

THEOLOGY.

TEN DIALOGUES BETWEEN A CHURCHMAN AN By G. P. THOMAS. 7½×5, 111 pp. Stockwell. 1

THE CONFIRMATION AND COMMUNION OF IN H. HOLLOWAY. 7¾×5, 228 pp. Skeffington. 5s.

[Preface by Lord Halifax.]

LIKEWISE THE YOUNG WOMEN. By the VENERAB 7×4½, 228 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

[Uniform with "Unto You Young Men."]

LIBERAL RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AT THE BEG TWENTIETH CENTURY. Ed. by W. C. Bov Green. 2s. 6d. n.

[Addresses at the International Council of Fr Liberal thinkers and workers, held in London, May

ROADS TO ROME. Ed. by the Author of "Twenty Orders." 8×5½, 301 pp. Longmans. 7s. 6d. n.

[There are 65 contributors, who explain ho Roman Church, among them Lord Brampton, M Miss Adeline Sergeant.]

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. By J. A. Br Hodder and Stoughton. 2s.

[Reprinted from the *Expositor*. The argum

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be MR. R. S. HICHENS.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"Erewhon" (new edition) and "Erewhon Revisited." By Samuel Butler. (Grant Richards.)

"The Mystery of Mary Stuart." By Andrew Lang. (Methuen.)

"A Winter Pilgrimage in Palestine, Italy, and Cyprus." By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)

"The Potter and the Clay." By Maud H. Peterson. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"The Benefactress." By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Macmillan.)

* * * *

The late Ameer of Afghanistan belongs to literature by his Autobiography, published by Mr. Murray, a very remarkable

the Ameer, has written on him in the magazines and g
of his character in her novel "A Vizier's Daughter."
Review recently published some very interesting
given by the Ameer to his son on the latter's visit t

* * *

Messrs. Cassell are to be warmly congratulated
series called "The Nation's Pictures," of which the
now issued. They are marvels of colour reproduc
such pictures as these can be bought for a few pence
the hideous "chromo" and the crude print as adorn
walls of the lower middle class must surely be p
The series should really do something to educate t
æsthetics. The parts are to be issued fortnightl
part includes Mr. Abbey's "O Mistress Mine,"
East's "Autumn," Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's
and Mr. Orchardson's "Napoleon on Board the B
Their size averages about 10½in. by 7in., and there
to the history and meaning of each picture. An
sevenpence.

* * *

One of the oldest members of the Edinburg
trade has passed away in the person of Mr. Robert
the firm of Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. Mr. A
spent all his life in the Scottish capital, of which he
having been born there seventy-two years ago. He
firm of William Oliphant and Co. as a junior appren
and gradually rose to be senior partner of the firm
man of sound literary tastes, and was specially wel
history of his native city. At one time he was cha
Edinburgh Booksellers' Society, and he had sat fo
as a member of the Edinburgh Town Council.

* * *

In the book called "The American Invaders,
tactics, and progress," by Fred A. Mckenzie, the ch
interests us most is the chapter which compares Am
English methods of publishing. The writer is clear
trade, "the time has come for a change, and the ch
made on American lines." Perhaps. But those who
memories will find that for most of the new depa
described as characteristically American, there
English precedents. We read for instance, that
country is placarded about new books." We can re
time when the whole of our own country was plac
"Poor Miss Finch," and when touts in the Strand
you leaflets drawing your attention to "The M
Hansom Cab." And was not one of the more sensati
of Robert Louis Stevenson once advertised by sand
The practice is, indeed, not unfamiliar at the prese
The only method of advertisement practised in A

> who gave the author definite instructions as to the period, the plot, and the characters, and had the manuscript considerably doctored to suit the taste of the public before he issued it. The book was simply rammed down the throats of the American public.

Excellent. But the thing has been done before in England. The publishers of novelettes and "bitty" papers showed the way. We know of one office in which a staff of young ladies is regularly employed in writing out serial stories from plots which some one in authority supplies. We have been acquainted with authors who have been retained to write stories of mystery and adventure under editorial supervision, with clauses in their agreements to the effect that, when any story ceased to please, it should be hurried to a close, and another story should be begun instead of it. The main difference between England and America seems to be that, in America, if we may believe Mr. Mckenzie, more reputable authors and publishers lend themselves to this kind of bookmaking. The pity of it all lies in the statement that

> This book of the hour sale has its great disadvantages. The novel of the second-class writer, however considerable the merit, has little or no chance.

The man who enthusiastically exhorts his countrymen to copy the methods which have produced such results may be a good friend to the booksellers, but he is a bad friend to literature.

* * * *

The present French Ministry is reported to have expressed dissatisfaction at the slow progress made by the famous Academy Dictionary. A commission of the Budget, in discussing the sum allotted to the Immortals, has expressed the pious wish that they would display a little more energy in the matter. The Academy has in hand two dictionaries. One, the "Dictionnaire de l'Usage," came out originally as long ago as 1694. When the sixth edition of it had been completed, in 1835, an historical and etymological dictionary of the language was proposed. The Academy was imprudent enough to undertake this gigantic work, but the extreme care with which they have proceeded has made this second dictionary something of a byword. It has been calculated that at the present rate they may arrive at the letter "z" in about ten centuries. Some time ago it was decided that all the efforts of the Academy should be concentrated on the production of an eighth edition of the popular dictionary. This amounted practically to a complete suppression of the larger undertaking, and this is where the trouble comes in, for the ten thousand francs allotted to the historical dictionary have for some years ceased to be devoted to that object, and it has struck certain Ministers that a sum no longer used for its original destination might as well cease to be granted.

* * * *

The *Author* has a very outspoken article from Mr. Heinemann on the subject of literary agents, lately discussed in our own columns. He is opposed to the agent from the point of view of the publisher because the plan prevents free intercourse between publisher and author; because he has not always found agents honest; because their employment is an implied imputation on the publisher; because he does not wish publishers to be played off against each other; and "because no author would be so quixotic as to employ a literary agent if he did not hope to get so much more out of the publisher as the agent's commission represents." He is equally opposed to the literary agent from the point of view of the author and of literature. The agent, he thinks, is never successful with young and un-

CLOUD-CHANGES: A SONNET.

(*Written when watching the sun go down on Lake*

> How wonderful the infinite deeps of sky
> That storehouse where th'Omnipotent dot
> His dread Insignia, where He layeth by
> His lightning-rod, where piled in mighty
> Lie the dread bolts and arrows He lets fly
> Where, too, He caverns the great fans th
> The Heavens bare before His searching e
> And where He nightly pens the clouds lil
> Or loosens them in flight like mighty drak
> Streaming in line across the waste of blue
> Till piece by piece the long procession h
> And now, for outstretched necks and wing
> Lo! stately ships glide in upon the view
> Then founder in a sea of fiery lakes!

A

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Joseph Henry
seriously ill at his residence at Birmingham.

Sir Theodore Martin, who is now in his eig
has been ill at Llangollen, but his condition shows

On October 21 the *Leeds Mercury* will appea
paper at a halfpenny. The paper was started in 1

The new Junior Sheriff of the City is Mr.
Marshall, of the well-known publishing firm. H
held the office of Under Sheriff for two years.

The Angel Hotel, in North London, the yard o
in Hogarth's "Stage Coach," is about to be p
rebuilt. It has been established as an inn for
centuries.

On Wednesday Dr. Monro, Provost of Oriel,
Vice-Chancellor in Convocation at Oxford, as t
the President of Corpus.

Mrs. Bishop (*née* Bird), well-known as an intr
intends to become a missionary.

Madame Sarah Grand has gone to America
haha.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, M.P., has presented
versity, Kingston, Ontario, with a set of portrai
Governors.

Sir Robert Ball has gone to America to deli
lecture at Boston, and he will also represent th
Cambridge at the bicentenary of the University o

Among the seventy new members who have joi
Society this year are the Duke of the Abruzzi
Count Plunkett, Lord Windsor, Mr. Choate, the
Armagh, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, Mr. Paget
Asquith, and Professor Saintsbury.

Mr. F. C. Burnand has successfully undergon
for an obstruction in the roof of the mouth.

After many years' connexion with the Lo

L'Honneur, a play produced in Paris on October 4 at the Théâtre Antoine, is a translation of Sudermann's *Ehre*, and was warmly welcomed by the French critics for its admirable construction.

The Emoluments of Poets.

Our Personal View this week, written by "Margaret Armour," a poetess of no small accomplishment herself, weighs poetry in the balance from the practical point of view of the young man or young woman in search of a profession. The conclusion drawn is, in effect, that there is money in poetry for men of genius who are also men of business. The two qualities are not mutually exclusive, as the publishers of the works of Lord Byron and Lord Tennyson respectively discovered; and our contributor's suggestion that poets should draw attention to their poetry by obtruding their eccentricities of manner, life, and personal appearance was probably not put forward without preliminary observation of their habits and characteristics. At the same time we doubt whether the facts, so far as they can be collected, bear out her view that the poet, if he takes her advice, has better prospects nowadays than in the time of our forefathers. Milton, no doubt, did very badly, and made less out of "Paradise Lost" than a modern poet may make out of a lyric which can be set to music. But the case of "Paradise Lost" is hardly typical. There are plenty of other cases to be set against it. Pope made £5,320 by his translation of Homer; Macpherson made £1,200 out of Ossian; Crabbe, after his poetry had been selling for years, was able to get £3,000 for the copyrights; Southey left £12,000 earned, at any rate, partly by his poetry; Thomas Moore made £400 a year merely by writing poetical squibs; Thomas Campbell got £1,000 for one of several editions of "The Pleasures of Hope"; Byron and Scott prospered enormously; and many similar examples of the pecuniary success of poets could be cited. It would be difficult to compile a corresponding list from the names of contemporary or recent poets. Since Lord Tennyson died, we doubt if any poet has steadily made a large income out of poetry. A poem here and there, not as rule of the highest quality, has sold extensively, and presumably brought large profits to the poet. "The Epic of Hades," "The Light of Asia," and some of Mr. G. R. Sims' collections of ballads are instances in point. Humorous poets who have been able to keep up a steady flow of ingenious rhyme for the comic papers must also have done well; and there has been a demand for patriotic verses like those of Mr. Kipling, Mr. Newbolt, and Mr. Begbie. But serious and dignified poetry has met with little encouragement, with the few remarkable exceptions which we have mentioned. The influence of Matthew Arnold was out of all proportion to his sales; and we could without difficulty enumerate many poets whose work is admirable, but whose circulation rarely if ever reaches four figures. On the whole, therefore, it seems clear that poets are by no means so well off as they were a hundred years ago. The competition of the dead poets makes things increasingly difficult for the living poets. One's reading capacity is limited, and the reprints are cheap and good, and a poem does not get out of date as quickly as a novel. There is, too, so much more in the newspapers now that the average man has less leisure for poetry than of old. What with a war in one continent and a yacht race in another he is too busy with the literature of the actualities to have much time to give to literature of any

Literature Portraits.—XXI

MR. HERBERT GEORGE WEL

It was in that very charming book "Love and M ham," if I remember right, that Mr. H. G. Wells took (no doubt smiling to himself the while) to insert a pas mendation of the excellent "Tutorial Series" of text science. This was one of those sly jests that some of refrain from committing to print, more for the satisfacti own sense of humour than from any expectation of am outside world. For, should the fancy strike you to ex catalogue of the British Museum Library, you might fi to the credit of our author, alone or in collaboration, an " Physiography," a "Text-Book of Biology," and a "T of Zoology"—the two last-named works belonging to mentioned.

This fact is explanatory of much. Mr. Wells is a turned writer of fiction, and he has made of his scient ledge a very useful handmaid in the labour of novel-wri has worked it, as the phrase runs, for all it is worth, singular dexterity and success. Other novelists—the Grant Allen is an example—may have had an equal bent in the same direction, but they have generally from mingling their biological text-books with thei When, with M. Jules Verne, they have enlisted the w science to stimulate their imagination, it has commonly in a certain air of unreality, a certain sense of div humanity and human life. Ingenious and plausible inventions of that veteran French writer, we find our rest in his books lies in the machinery rather th character. It is the Nautilus and its marvellous ca that attract our attention rather than Captain N Columbiad and its padded projectile rather than intrepid voyagers. In reading "Five Weeks in a Balloo first time, I recollect that the ultimate wreck and alm of that cleverly-contrived apparatus seemed almost to price to pay for the escape of the travellers. In fact, Jules Verne displays a great variety of remarkable ch drawn with some care and with more than ordinary co he has very rarely succeeded in making any of them ali are personifications of certain abstract qualities, artfully with just sufficient touch of caricature to raise a smi he wish to draw a Frenchman—he takes the spirit of sponsible frivolity; or an Englishman—he incarnates t matic temperament. In his *savants*, his learned profess is almost always to be found the same comic blend mindedness and nervous excitability. It is no slight say of Mr. Wells that the wealth of his inventive in even in its furthest flights, has seldom obscured the hu his men and women. These are always very real and ver even when they are creatures of the prehistoric past (w not some "Stories of the Stone Age" from his pen s ago in one of the magazines ?) or, as in "The Time M and "When the Sleeper Wakes," of the distant future.

The power of infusing life into his characters is article in the equipment of a novelist, without which al the best, can produce but an arid and barren brilliancy is easy enough to possess this power and yet to fail o

and a scientific training rarer still. And with all this, apart from the mere mechanical part of the business, the moving platforms, the aeroplies and aeroplanes, the various organizations, the Labour Bureau, the Public School Trust, and the rest, he has a wonderful eye for detail and for the logical effect of his many imagined improvements. The little conversations held by Graham with some of his subjects after he has come into his kingdom are no less surprising in their grasp of a complex organization than delightful in their thinly-veiled satire. Take, for example, that with the Surveyor-General of the Public School Trust :—

> "We have conquered Cram," he said, "completely conquered Cram—there is not an examination left in the world. Aren't you glad ?"
>
> "How do you get the work done ?" asked Graham.
>
> "We make it attractive—as attractive as possible. And if it does not attract then—we let it go. We cover an immense field."

The new system makes a point of "catering for girls by the thousand" :—

> "At this moment," he said with a Napoleonic touch, "nearly five hundred phonographs are lecturing in different parts of London on the influence exercised by Plato and Swift on the love affairs of Shelley, Hazlitt, and Burns. And afterwards they write essays on the lectures, and the names in order of merit are put in conspicuous places. You see how your little germ has grown ? The illiterate middle-class of your days has quite passed away."

There is thought at the back of all that Mr. Wells writes, and there is more thought in this book than in any other of his. Yet—it may be for that very reason—"When the Sleeper Wakes" is not by any means his best work. The conception is fine in many respects, but it is on too vast a scale. It cannot be rendered credible ; it is a huge phantasmagoria. Yet there are many shining passages in it, and the human interest (if not quite so lively as usual) is far from being altogether lost. The author is partially overpowered by the thirty-three millions who people his London of two hundred years hence. This is why, I imagine, he has failed to give us that abundance of little vivid touches that give such an air of actuality to a book like "The War of the Worlds." There may also be a little too much insistence on the lessons to be learned from the Labour Bureau and its works, a little too much preaching by direct discourse instead of indirect satire. The public has never loved the novel that discloses its purpose too obviously. This labour problem is never very far from Mr. Wells ; he handled it in the old days of "The Time Machine," when Capital and Labour had become the Eloi and the Morlocks, the dwellers above and underground ; he reverted to it in the days when Mr. Lewisham, that most lovable of prigs, began to wear the red tie of Socialism ; he comes back to it once more, with more directness and energy than ever, in "When the Sleeper Wakes." Here, in fact, the central motive of the book lies in the revolt of the masses against the new tyranny of trust, and organization, and syndicate, and it is so far justified in that it leads to Graham's crowning act of heroism.

When a writer possesses some special gift denied to most others, it may seem absurd to express a wish that he should use it more sparingly. Yet in this case I must record a personal hope that Mr. Wells will not confine himself too strictly for the

invisibility ever be discovered, we see now th
the results must be that of our author. An
who could have treated the theme of "The W
lightly, so gracefully, and with so delicate a bl
pathos. This little fantasy, in some respects
author has yet done, is a very brilliant and y
modern civilization. It reminds one, stra
Kingsley's "Water Babies" in some of its q
secret of its excellence seems to be that it
half-way house between the real and the
exception of the one strange visitor all the cha
belings of to-day. There is no occasion for
dangerous gift of prophecy.

For there is some danger of Mr. Wells
speak, a professional prophet, and it is agains
some of us would wish to warn him. On the
gent reader prefers "Love and Mr. Lewisham
the Worlds" ; while the publisher, and the
their faith to Wells the prophet rather than
mate delineator of the ambitious lower middl
nately the two latter gentlemen have more to
than the mere intelligent reader, who is at o
of expressing his opinions ; and so we find
his new batch of travellers to report on our
First Men in the Moon") while he takes
mantle in real earnest in a series of "Anti
buted to a monthly review. We may admire
which he describes Martians and Selenites,
beings have not the same interest for us as t
Cavorite, again, is an ingenious and plausible
more of Cavor himself—the scientist, the in
Mr. Wells can strike an original note in fictio
the pains to bring Martians down (in shells
Jules Verne) to the gorse-clad heaths of Su
sending the Sleeper (in a trance borrowed
Bellamy) to visit the London of two centuries
real and very uncommon power ; and it wou
allowed himself to be drawn insensibly wi
humanity. I believe I have read all his novel
part of his short stories, but the pictures to w
the most pleasure are those of Lewisham in
"Schema" that was to map the way for a c
and of the same young man again in his supre
renunciation. For Mr. Wells has discovered th
of all truths to the novelist—that there is som
most despicable of us—in that engaging rasca
Hoopdriver, the very unheroic hero of "The W
and in Dr. Crump, who was flattered when t
that his beliefs were like—a steel trap. He
women better than most novelists ; and the t
drawing is not so common that we care to see
obscured by that other talent of intelligent an

E. H. LA

Mr. Wells made his start in letters, we t
the Students' Magazine at the Royal College o
quently he contributed to the educational pa
not very encouraging work from a pecuniary p
first success was a metaphysical article i
Review in 1890 ; then he took to writing "T
Globe ; and presently Mr. Henley lent him

in consequence of changes in the syllabus of the London University examinations. Another text-book, confessedly prepared for examination purposes, and published about the same time, was the "Honours Physiography" which Mr. Wells wrote in conjunction with Mr. R. A. Gregory, Oxford University Extension Lecturer, for the honours examination of the Science and Art Department. In 1895 he gave up newspaper work to devote himself to novel-writing, and in that year brought out no fewer than four volumes with different publishers. The chronological list is as follows:—

1895.—"Select Conversations with an Uncle" (No. 3 of Mr. John Lane's "Mayfair Set").
"The Time Machine" (Heinemann).
"The Wonderful Visit" (Dent), 4th edn.
"The Stolen Bacillus, and other Incidents"—mainly stories from the *Pall Mall Budget*, *Pall Mall Magazine*, and *St. James's Gazette* (Methuen).
1896.—"The Island of Dr. Moreau" (Heinemann).
"The Wheels of Chance" (Dent).
1897.—"The Invisible Man" (Pearson).
"The Plattner Story, and Others" (Methuen).
1898.—"The War of the Worlds" (Heinemann).
"Certain Personal Matters"—Essays (Lawrence and Bullen).
1899.—"When the Sleeper Wakes" (Harper).
"Tales of Space and Time" (Harper).
1900.—"Love and Mr. Lewisham" (Harper).

Mr. Wells was also part author with Messrs. Jerome K. Jerome, Barry Pain, Pett Ridge, and others of the book on "The Humours of Cycling,' published by James Bowden in 1897. With one exception his books are all in print, and issued by their original publishers. The exception is the volume of essays published by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen—"Certain Personal Matters"—but this is being taken over by Mr. Fisher Unwin and will shortly appear in a new edition. Two new books by Mr. Wells are expected before the present season closes—"The First Men in the Moon," which has been running in the *Strand*, and will be published in volume form by Messrs. Newnes, and the series of essays to be concluded in next month's *Fortnightly*, and republished by Messrs. Chapman and Hall under the title of "Anticipations of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress upon Human Life and Thought." Mr. Wells' earlier contributions to the reviews include papers on "Morals and Civilization" (*Fortnightly*, February, 1897); "The Novels of George Gissing" (*Contemporary*, August, 1897); "The Cyclist Soldier" (*Fortnightly*, December, 1900); and "Stephen Crane" (*North American Review*, 1900).

The Elizabethan Society—not to be confused with the Elizabethan Stage Society—is prospering, and has issued a capital programme of lectures for the winter:—

"Shakespeare's Justice Shallow not a Satire on Sir Thomas Lucy." By Mrs. C. C. Stopes.
"Concerning Alfred the Great." By Alfred Austin.
"An Elizabethan Conception of Beauty." By Frederick Rogers.
"Thomas Shadwell." By William G. Hutchison.
"Shakespeare and Contemporary German Criticism." By Miss Elizabeth Lee.
"Shakespeare's Prose." By Sidney Lee.
"Inigo Jones and his Masques." By Ernest Rhys.
"The Maid of Honour: an unpublished Romance (of the seventeenth century) by Sir Henry North." By A. H. Bullen.

The dates are all Wednesdays, and on the intervening Wednesdays the society meets to read the plays of Thomas Middleton. The place of meeting is Toynbee Hall, and the time 8 o'clock.

POETRY AS A PROFESSION.

A "Personal View."

To the sensitive ear of the poet the machinery of to creak dismally, and his only solace lies in trans harshness into song. He is a captive in our work-a-d for ever pining back to some age of gold, and, as function to be a melodious egoist, his fellow-men b sorrows. He breathes from every bookshelf his musical sigh.

But though part of his suffering is temperamental result of craving for more joy than human conditions part of it must also be ascribed to the financial proble calling. Zeus made him free of Heaven, Schiller to atone for having forgotten him at the partition of Eart the celestial entertainment does not, unfortunately, i mortal bill of fare, he is forced to hang round the tabl below, and to barter his songs for bread.

The necessity to earn a living is, of course, the b professions, and in being subject to it, the poet only s common lot; what makes matters specially hard for hi reluctance of the average man to give bread in exc mere beauty. A very few stalls in the market-place ho poetic wares the world wants. If it craved for poe does for beer, say, poetry would flourish like brewing will be long before the convivial glass is eschewe divine drunkenness of song, and, until then, poets mus a lean people. In fact, to quote the hackneyed in "poetry doesn't sell"—terse and awful summing u case! In olden times music and gesture were thrown crease its attractions, and when these were discarded the shape of private, or assured, means, or of i patronage, became indispensable for success.

Even when the invention of printing had made appeal possible, it was the drama, with its composite public interest, that most often paid the poet's bills. T in other garb only succeeded indirectly when she c her votary to some lucrative post or to a pension. who, through sheer sale of editions, runs to "yachts of houses" is a comparatively modern innovation, and, the inherent and enduring unpopularity of true art, is n to become a very frequent one.

If we examine the conditions of the poet's calling t find the majority of the nation apathetic, as it has alwa while a small, persistent minority seems to have charg with the task of keeping poetry alive. In the minority inner and an outer circle, the former consisting of th whom poetry really matters, and who would sacrifice its cause; the latter, of the class who, with a liberal ed have imbibed the idea that poetic taste is a branch of

the same time in sympathy with the many, so much the luckier for him; but as the increasing complexity of civilization differentiates temperaments more and more, broad appeals must become more difficult to make, and souls that are star-like and apart will gain nothing by swerving from their orbit. Besides, until he call, he cannot know what heart will answer. Who could have predicted a public for Rossetti after Wordsworth, or for Kipling after Rossetti?

But when "each for the joy of the working" has fashioned his wares with his best cunning, he must step down into the trade arena and be a tradesman with the rest. He must, first of all, try to get hold of a publisher. Though he speak with the tongues of angels and have not that, he might as well be sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Occasionally he may secure one at once, but publishers, as a rule, are shy of chaperoning the children of Apollo. They have, too often, found them wallflowers. And since the *début* of the novel, that belle of so many seasons, poetry has been pushed further than ever into the background. Cheap education has created an enormous uncultured reading public whom it pays much better to cater for than for the cultured few. One novel that hits the popular taste may yield a harvest rich enough to recoup for many failures, and the publisher, as a man of business, cannot be blamed if, speculating more and more in the form of literature which has, for him, the greatest possibilities, he become spoilt for small returns. Of course, plenty will be found willing to risk the poet's money and to publish his verses on commission, but a publisher with nothing at stake has an easy mind, and an easy mind is not the lever that lifts a book into notice.

But supposing one of the necessary courage and altruism to be found, he will be of very little use unless he thoroughly realizes the magnitude of his task. The poems are doomed if left to push their way by their own unaided merit. They can no more do so than mustard or starch. "Great is advertisement for little men," and who is so big that he can forego it? As much energy is required for floating a poet as for floating a gold mine. A boom should be strenuously engineered, and, as a starting point, there is nothing better or more legitimate than a favourable verdict from critics in authority. Unfortunately, however, such critics cannot weigh the deserts of all comers. Their time barely suffices for those who have already "arrived," and the others frequently fall into hands too timid or too obscure either to make or mar them.

Besides the all-round critics there are nowadays some specialized poet-makers, whose good word may be of great service, but here, too, there are drawbacks. They are apt to weaken the case for their client by over-statement, and when they have introduced a certain number of geese to the public as swans the public retaliates by treating their genuine swans as geese. Their power to help a new poet diminishes in proportion to the array of new poets they discover.

Still, let us imagine our poet lucky to the point of having been well reviewed. The threads of destiny are once more in

why should he shock us? He is iteration incar
thing one can reasonably urge against him is th
to the man in the street rather than to the ma
who is the more likely purchaser. The latter,
too often take his poetry upon trust, will hardl
dence on the sandwich-man.

But, though so much depends on the ex
publisher, those of the poet also count for mu
and serviceable elbows he may wirepull
If his lungs lend themselves to it, he may "ra
madden round the land," or he may step in
side issue as an Adonis or a popular novelis
deeds will help him; also any striking, howe
characteristic. Or he may float into notice on th
popular movement, as a patriot, a symbolist, a
energetic temperament he ought to find some way
poetry a going concern, and should the concern
is probable, when he himself does, that does not
all, but only the beneficiaries under his will.

Public attention once gained, the poet has a
earning a living, but what of those who ply
obscurity? Whether Inglorious Shakespeares
their fate is the same. For minor musicians,
there are minor posts. At the worst, if they st
to the creative side of their business, they have
the hat, or the pavement; while, if they al
effort, they may support themselves by teaching,
are deemed communicable. But who that indulges
charity will toss the poet a penny for his som
unless Touchstone, and he was a fool, ever regret
belonging to him had not been made poetical by
would pay a professor, at so much the hour,
omission?

To some extent magazines and journals patro
bard, but their dole of space is niggardly, whils
are so careless about the quality of what they a
wonders sometimes if they do not employ poetry n
the appearance of the page than anything else
use of pictures in many eyes is to break up the b
a wall. When the poet is paid, which is not alwa
are small and swiftly vanish, yet not, alas! mor
his work:

> Where go the poet's lines?
> Answer, ye evening tapers!
> Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
> Speak from your folded papers!

And after the magazines, what is left? Me
ments are not common, and one fears that rhyme
cards and crackers do not buy many Christmas g

No, poetry is a poor profession, save for the
have at the same time rare gifts and rare luck.
then either forbear from making poetical those
earn their own living, or endow them not
compelling magic of Orpheus, but also with elbo

It is the lean purse that goes under—the purse that cannot risk uncertain issues, and that must be filled somehow, often under conditions that leave its owner little time or strength for the truer calling.

The generation that makes things hard for its poets must lay no flattering unction to its soul. Far from winnowing the chaff from the wheat, it increases the proportion that is worthless, while lessening the total yield.

MARGARET ARMOUR.

NATIONALITY IN ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.*

The epoch which saw the decay of those great fabrics, Church and Empire, which ruled the Middle Ages both as ideas and as realities, the influence of the Renaissance which came to England simultaneously with the Reformation—for the year 1536, in which the Act of Supremacy was passed, may be fixed as the date when England was beginning to feel the effects of the Renaissance—is a period of singular interest to the architect. Enthusiasm for antique modes was slow to destroy our national architecture; the cry of Cyriac of Ancona in the fifteenth century, "I go to awake the dead," came late to the insular ears of Englishmen; Seneca was not unquestioningly chosen as the model of Tragedy, and Plautus and Terence were not the only groundwork of Comedy. We had not as yet touched the height—or the depths—of the Renaissance, and we had not reached that phase in the lives of our builders when Latin precedent was so overpowering as to produce the absolute subservience of our beautiful natural style of architecture to the specious pretence of the Italo-Vitruvian school. England has always been slow in the fine arts.

The First Pointed, the golden period of English architecture, received mortal hurt in the reign of Henry VIII., and presently the Gothic style lay a-dying. The Italian sculptor Torregiano, with his work on the tomb of Henry VII., led the way for the Cinquecentists; but Gothic, indigenous to Germany and actively assimilated by us, died slowly and lingered on until the end of the sixteenth century, traces of its influence, especially in the rural districts, being hardly lost for a century later. Good, sound, solid, and simple forms, well constructed by men who respected themselves and their work, were not to be easily superseded amongst a sturdy race by the resuscitated dogmas of Vitruvius. We were practically the last of European peoples to be overwhelmed by the new ideals, and when the change really came it came very slowly and through the French and German architectural "reformers."

It is less easy for us to follow the direct cause of the slow and insidious introduction of the artistic innovations of the South into our midst than it is to trace the same change in France. Louis XII. is said to have brought Fra Giocondo of Verona back with him to France and to have founded a school of architects. From these deliberate beginnings a form of building was ultimately evolved which entirely suited the French temperament. The Pseudo-Roman elements of style appealed

To understand the impending change with some intelligence we must reflect that Renaissance is a t has comparatively recently come into use to indic known but indefinite space of time and a certain pl development of the European races. If we insist literal meaning of the word, the Renaissance was a re- the metaphor may signify the entrance of an art up stage of energy, implying a freer exercise of facultie belonged to the mediæval period, or it may imply application of a fresh knowledge of antique work phases of thought.

The architecture of the Renaissance in England w same free product as the architecture of the Venetian the poetry of Ariosto, the sculpture of Michelang painting of Titian and Correggio. The poetry, the the painting of the Cinquecento was national; R architecture in England was not a freer exercise o but a grafting of foreign varieties upon a healthy suited to the land of its adoption. It flourished for two but finally most effectually killed the parent stock and, the glimmerings of a fresh Renaissance shown in quite rec we stand confessed to-day as a nation without a natio tecture. If this is, as it quite conceivably is, the r

COWDRAY HOUSE, SUSSEX. PART OF COURT.
Small Gothic Window (on the right), Tudor Bay Window next to it, two Elizabethan B

Renaissance movement, it were better that the move never been born.

It is with much greater pleasure, therefore, tha the pages of Mr. Gotch's book than we struggle wit magnificent folios edited by Mr. Belcher and Mr. M Mr. Gotch's book deals with much the same peri covered by his large and well-known "Architectu Renaissance in England," with the addition of work o half of the sixteenth century; but, whereas the prev exhibited a series of examples, to a large scale, of El and Jacobean buildings, the present volume takes the handbook. Its scheme is to take up the story of Eng tecture where existing text-books, such as Rickman

the careful drawings of exterior and interior details, and there is a most acceptable chapter upon sixteenth century houses planning, illustrated by the collection of drawings in the Soane Museum, known as John Thorpe's. Whether or no this remarkable series of drawings was actually by the hand of John Thorpe or his son, or both, is a highly controversial subject, but the author takes the view, which we must confess coincides with the opinion we have arrived at after some study of the originals, that they give at least the first-hand idea of a contemporary designer of what Elizabethan and Jacobean houses were or ought to be.

Mr. Gotch's previous work hardly dealt at all with the historical development of architecture—which is, possibly, the more fascinating side. The present book is primarily historical, and deals with the characteristics which distinguish the architectural work of the period which lies between what the author considers as the end of Gothic and the thorough acceptance of Italian forms. The term Renaissance is used by Mr. Gotch to distinguish the style which characterizes the work of this period, and he adheres to nomenclature which divides architectural forms somewhat as follows:—Gothic, 1100-1500; Renaissance, 1500-1625, or thereabouts; Italian, 1625 and onwards. Of recent years people have got into the way of including under "Renaissance" all English work which has

CLEGG HALL, LANCASHIRE.
Rational Settlement.

classic character, but Mr. Gotch looks upon Inigo Jones as the dividing line, and prefers to class his work as Italian; and as the term "Renaissance" and "Late Renaissance" has been applied to it, the author decided—not altogether happily, we think—to call work previous to this the "Early Renaissance."

By "Renaissance" work in England is commonly understood that work which exhibits Italian influence in a pronounced degree, and since it refers to style and not to period, the use of the term "Early Renaissance" is, to our mind, open to some objection. After a good deal of work had already been touched with the Italian spirit there was a good deal more which had no trace of it, but was quite Gothic; and the examples of the two styles exist side by side. The inclusion of Tudor work, of the buildings of Henry VII.'s period and some of Henry VIII.'s, under the nomenclature of "Renaissance" is a doubtful

years of the Renaissance. The difference, eve confusion of terminology, is important. It a from the dislike of writers on Gothic archit work of the period with which the present book period which did not appeal to them and has adequately dealt with. They apply the term "ba "Bastard Gothic" or "Bastard Italian"—but w very far out of the wood when a writer so obvious a national and beautiful form of transitional wor early examples into the net of "Renaissance, however obvious in its teaching, however plainly be set down, can eradicate from the mind of the others"—more especially "the others" for who text is avowedly written, the fact that " architecture means, for ninety-nine men of architecture conceived in imitation of the work Italian and occasionally Flemish designers of the Mr. Gotch in his survey of buildings es country during the Tudor period seems to go Cold Ashton Manor-house, Somerset, whic for illustration in the prospectus, Stokesay Castl and the Wolsey portion of Hampton Court P Renaissance architecture in the sense that Northamptonshire, Blickling-hall, "Swakeleys," Uxbridge, are. It is inc sink such national and descriptive ti beneath the flood of the high-sounding fo

We are fully aware that Mr. Gotch h nomenclature in excellent company, but less, we think, misguided. He may historical student, but he is not doing the ability of our home-grown builder years of the sixteenth century. Holbei the brothers Adam, Hawksmoor, Sir Chr Sir John Vanbrugh, Sir Robert Taylor, a Chambers were men who worked, and wo tion, in a foreign style, and more o succeeded in flattering the proud ignora classicized patrons. But they were not the artistic breath of the soil, and the did, fine as much of it undoubtedly was part of our national expression of natio building.

It is for this reason that we dislike title Early Renaissance for work which styled Tudor. Cowdray-house, for exa illustrated in Mr. Gotch's book, is ma character, although the groining of th porch has Renaissance ornament about it. The hall-h such as Speke are also largely Gothic in spirit, w Renaissance ornament, and many of the buildings covered by Mr. Gotch are composed of work of d and consequently of different styles, but are maind the Gothic ancestry of these buildings, not the spirit blood, that distinguish them. The buildings of James I. are only Renaissance buildings in the s Rushton and Lilford-hall are. By the time of Inigo of Gothic ancestry had died out, and under Wren less had the insight and genius to resist his Royal to impose flamboyant French Renaissance upon were even less discernible, and in the eight English architecture had very few characteristics it from that of any other European country. Ind

we may still find justification for what we do not altogether approve.

To come to a parallel in art, Cimabue, one of the most interesting figures of the Renaissance, was not a Renaissance artist in style, although he was in period. He started with work which owed nothing directly to antiquity. Inasmuch, therefore, as the whole period covered by Mr. Gotch's book is a transitional one from Gothic to Classic, it would have been better, in our opinion, to have chosen as a title "The Transition from Gothic to Classic." Not that Mr. Gotch has attempted in his well-written, well-reasoned, and exhaustive survey to champion one style more than another. He has approached the subject most successfully from the historical point of view, and presented an admirable collection of well-reproduced illustrations, which very graphically tell their own tale. If "students and others" do not happen to like the work illustrated, they are, he seems to say, welcome to their opinion, for he presents facts from which they can judge. And our quarrel with him turns mainly upon a question of terminology, and we feel that he takes "Renaissance" some thirty years too far back.

There is no doubt whatever in our minds that Messrs. Belcher and Macartney are safe enough in their title, for this handsome volume has been produced to illustrate a wide and varied selection of the civic and domestic buildings erected in England subsequent to the reign of Elizabeth. The title "Later Renaissance" is given to work of the time of the Stuarts, Queen Anne, and the early Georges. Some of them had, it is true, retained a little of the English tradition, but the work represented is characterized by forms for which the architects were mainly indebted to Italy, and not chiefly to Gothic. The work of that period was more than touched with the Italian spirit, it was denaturalized often cleverly, and occasionally almost appropriately. The subjects illustrated on a truly magnificent scale include Greenwich Hospital, Somerset House, Hampton Court Palace, Bolton-house, Castle Howard, Ham-house, Groombridge-place, Houghton-hall, Wilton-house, Melton Constable, Coleshill, Bowood, Seaton Delaval, and many others, and not only are the plates a very fine series, but we believe that the measured drawings of exteriors, elevations, and a very worthy complement to Mr. Gotch's "The A[illegible] the Renaissance" and to Mr. C. H. Reed's [illegible] "London Churches of the XVIIth and XVIIIth C[illegible]

We offer no apology for the inclusion of "Th[illegible]

RUSHTON HALL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE [illegible]
Renaissance in Style and [illegible]

Work of Robert and James Adam" under this he[illegible] brothers Adam doubtless came late, at a peri[illegible] appreciation of the pure beauties of Greek arch[illegible] ornament had been rendered possible by the [illegible] James Stuart and Nicholas Revett. They came [illegible] of the movement, and our street architecture owes [illegible] elegance of taste and lightness of touch. We are [illegible] the remains of their work in the unremunerative Ad[illegible] dignity of Portland-place, and the decorative grace [illegible] and Luton-house. The present reproduction [illegible] illustrates decoration and furniture from their [illegible] engravings of "Works in Architecture" published [illegible] 1812. In the present issue Mr. Batsford has incl[illegible] five of the twenty-six plates which found a place in [illegible] issued reproductions of "Works in Architectur[illegible] brothers Adam, and by adding five more plates he has [illegible] included all that can be considered of a decorative [illegible] the famous originals. The noble work of the Scott [illegible] has had so powerful an influence upon English de[illegible] owe much to Mr. Batsford for his enterprise in re[illegible] work which is both scarce and expensive, for it is [illegible] interest of all concerned that the designs shoul[illegible] through the medium of the original drawings and [illegible]

CURRENT LITERATURE.

FÉNELON.

FRANÇOIS DE FÉNELON. By VISCOUNT ST. CYRES. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

FÉNELON: HIS FRIENDS AND ENEMIES. By E. K. SANDERS. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. n.)

Fénelon, in spite of Télémaque, is hardly a name for the biographer to conjure with in England; and the simultaneous appearance of two considerable accounts of his life and work is rather to be regretted. Students will perhaps like to study both. Mr. Sanders' book is in many ways a meritorious work with which the general reader might be willing to rest content. It does not cover any ground which is not covered by Lord Cyres, save in unimportant details. One might, perhaps, say that the former is to the latter as Thirlwall's history is to Grote's.

Lord St. Cyres belongs to the new school of Oxford historians whose main aim is to be accurate and exhaustive, who write for one another rather than for the world, and who throw out innumerable footnotes as they proceed, much as an invading general drops "details" at all important points along his line of communication. To some extent, perhaps, the pleasure of reading his pages is impaired by his painful anxiety to leave no joint in his armour which the weapon of the critic may penetrate. To some extent, too, the character sketch suffers not so much from the desire to be judicious as from the polite assumption that the writer is only assembling and co-ordinating facts with which his readers are already well acquainted—an assumption which, of course, is only likely to be warranted in the case of a small minority of readers at the outside. But though his method is to keep in close touch with his authorities, his style is by no means without individuality and distinction. His natural vivacity is, indeed, such that, though he follows the methods which tend to make the modern Oxford historians difficult to read, he is quite readable. He is no less live than learned. He can lash out with a vigour that is not in the least academic, and which comes as a joy to any reader who is beginning to weary of the expositions of mysticism—a thing eminently difficult to expound—or of the unavoidable technicalities of theological dispute. The long controversy with Bossuet, for instance, is related with a care and completeness which may well reduce many readers to the condition attributed by Macaulay to those who are "in at the death of the blatant beast." But they will breathe again when they read that:

> To many the whole matter will seem a mere futility, a dispute over things that pass man's understanding, conducted on one side by a pragmatical bully, and, on the other, by a hysterical hypocrite. And not a few must have risen from its study to find new zest in a saying of the great contemporary sceptic, Bayle, that God is too essentially good and reasonable to be the author of a thing so charged with odious sophistries as a positive religion.

It will be seen that Viscount St. Cyres does not approach Fénelon in the spirit of a hero-worshipper. His attitude is particularly candid when he deals with Fénelon's attitude towards the Huguenots. Here there was a legend to be dispelled. Fénelon is currently thought of as an apostle of toleration, and Mr. Sanders encourages this view of him, which can, it is true, be supported by certain quotations from his letters. The truth rather than nerve itself to sever the festering limb blow. The Church must use towards her stiff-necke remedial harshness, a terrible kindness, and here must be seconded by the civil power; sword Prince must stand at the gate of the sanctuary t from her external enemies, so that she may fresel approve, correct, and to enforce her decrees on a and contemners of her authority within the realm

Fénelon's relations with the Mystics naturally pages in both books. Lord St. Cyres treatment of t on the whole more discriminating and complete Mysticism is explicable he explains it, and the his pages really live: Bossuet, the "snob in purpl de Maintenon to whom "Louis came for ref tempestuous beauty of his mistress"; Madame Gu Fénelon's friend "according to the laws of that affection of which the female bosom is the seat and of religion the objects"; and many others. The b acceptable contribution at once to historical and literature.

THE EMPIRE.

Mr. A. W. Jose's GROWTH OF THE EMPIRE (M not an entirely new book, though it has been so enlarged that the present work is something more edition. The chapters on the origin of our Empi American colonies, Canada, India, and Australia little alteration. A chapter on Imperial developm that is necessary in their case. Africa, however, i of which great changes have lately occurred impending, demands different treatment; and th so much to say on this subject that he must difficulty in keeping this part of the book withi limits. Certainly, it is no easy matter to describ but compendiously all that has happened of late yea the Sudan, the district of the great lakes, West most of all, South Africa. None of these events passed into the region of settled history; the proces ment has only just begun. Still, the author has furnish a succinct account of all the chief recent more than this can hardly be expected. He has evi pains to secure accuracy, but no writer on the day—May, 1901, is the latest date mentioned—can at correctness except as regards the very driest facts.

For this reason, these chapters, necessary as t less satisfactory than the earlier history of t "Empire" is a loose expression at the best f States bound together only in part by common i kindred blood. On the one hand, India is not a nor are such places as Malta and Wei-hai-wei colo other hand, while we assert Imperial rights over these we should hardly try to coerce such real colonies as Australia. Mr. Jose is an Imperialist who recogniz nature of the ties that hold together so many distant so many different conditions. His views are practical he indulges in no grandiose theories, but finally sum tion as follows:—"Stripped of all vainglorious ness a the Empire means just this, that we are a stage beyon the world in national evolution. The 'pack' fr

history of so peculiar an Empire, to which no other, either ancient or modern, bears much resemblance, can only be written on a large scale. We do not know that it has been better summarized than by Mr. Jose, who sees things, at any rate when they are distant enough, in their true perspective. He has an eye, too, for the picturesque, and writes attractively of the early traders and mariners to whom we owe the first beginnings of our colonies. The seventeenth century settlements on the coast of North America have by this time a large literature of their own, but one is less familiar with the special circumstances which delayed the discovery of Australia. Mr. Jose has a good description of the voyages of Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch explorers, and of the way in which they cruised and blundered among the islands, but failed to find the Australian continent. In 1526 the Portuguese reached New Guinea, and worked their way down the eastern coast of Australia as far as Cape Howe. Then, finding themselves on the Spanish side of the Pope's line, they quietly falsified their maps, and kept off other explorers for the next 150 years. Meanwhile, Spaniards came across the Pacific, finding islands in plenty, but not the great Terra Australis. Torres actually entered what are now called Torres Straits, and sailed away again; and while he took them for open sea, a Dutch ship carefully avoided them under the impression that they were dry land. Later, in 1642, Abel Tasman found Tasmania, and circumnavigated, but did not discover, Australia. In 1644, he sailed right across the western opening of Torres Straits, thinking that its reefs were the sure sign of continuous land behind them. Then came Dampier, in 1688, the first Englishman to set foot in Australia. Both then, and after a second exploration, he formed a poor opinion of the country, and left it for the more fruitful islands to the northwards. Finally, came Captain Cook's expedition, and the annexation of the whole great island, or continent, in 1770.

Sir John Cockburn has not done himself justice by publishing in book form his essays and speeches on AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION (Horace Marshall, 2s. 6d. n.). The essays, that is, do not do him (or their subject) justice; written for various magazines and all within a few months, they repeat themselves in phrase and matter and so rather confuse than instruct the reader. A single carefully-planned essay, describing shortly the progress and outcome of the movement which the author did so much to guide, would have replaced them to great advantage. The speeches, however, are really interesting. Sir John was a staunch advocate of State-rights; it was doubtful to him whether responsible government was compatible with federation. "Once they embarked upon federation," he said, "all traditions as to Parliamentary sovereignty would go by the board." Wherefore (the argumentative process is curious) he fought boldly, and in the end successfully, for a Senate elected by manhood suffrage and a Constitution whose ratification and alteration should depend on the direct vote of the electorates.

THE JESUITS IN PARAGUAY.

Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham's VANISHED ARCADIA (Heinemann, 9s.) is a remarkably interesting account of the rise and fall of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay. This Christian Republic, as it has been called, began early in the seventeenth century, and ended with the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767. At that time, the Jesuits had complete dominion over a country as

apertures where once were hung the bells. In the th
a few half-wild cattle still were to be found. The vas
where once the Jesuits branded two and three thous
a year, and from whence thousands of mules went fo
and Bolivia, were all neglected. Horses were scarce
crops few and indifferent, and the plantations made by
of the tree (*Ilex Paraguayensis*) from which is made
maté were all destroyed.

This will serve to show the extent of the ruin effe
enemies of the Jesuits. It is a chapter of history
deserves to be written, and, except for one peru
author has done the work extremely well. We regre
his pen is not under complete control, and that he
indulges in religious and political *obiter dicta* whi
being generally irrelevant, give one an unfavourable
of his historical judgment. With this one reservatio
nothing but praise for his book.

Jesuits landed in South America not ten year
foundation of their order. By the year 1614 there
Jesuits in Guayra and Paraguay, with letters p
Philip III. authorizing them to convert the Indian
parts. We cannot even give a summary of the events
150 years, but can only say that the troubles of t
came least of all from the Indians themselves. The
to be that from first to last the Jesuit treatment of
did not commend itself to the secular authorities.
expected to lend themselves to the enslavement of t
they stood, in fact, between them and the Spanish e
instead of supplying native slaves, created a free and
native community. This, apparently, was the head
their offending, and the main reason for their ex
the early days of the missions they had also other e
especially the Paulistas, a sort of half-bred slave-hun
by land and water, whose hostility compelled the
general exodus. This event, soon after 1650, i
described by the author. The Jesuit Moses was Pa
de Montoya, who, with infinite difficulty and equal
nearly 12,000 Indians 500 miles down the Para
territory in which they hoped to be unmolested by t
slave-hunters. There for a time they had peace and
new enemy arose in the person of the Franciscan
Paraguay, Don Bernardino de Cardenas. He died i
having failed to do the Jesuit Fathers as much harm
intended. Then came a long and most unsatisfactory
less serious trouble, which ended, after continual fri
expulsion of the Jesuits in 1767. They had enemi
both religious and political, but no charges were bro
them, nor were the reasons for their expulsion ever
They were supposed, erroneously, to be rich, and we
be strenuous opponents of slavery. These were reaso

There is nothing Arcadian in the disturbed his
missions, but the every-day life of these communiti
presents a picture of Arcadian simplicity and happi
two priests who presided over each mission sta
means whatever of coercing the Indians, it must b
that the latter were quite content with their rulers.
townships were built in the form of large quadrangle
a church, storehouses, and ranges of dwellings
thousand Indians. A species of communism prevail
work was the consideration paid for food and
Jesuits holding the Pauline view that if a man woul
neither should he eat.

before eating, they all united and sang hymns, and then, after their meal and siesta, returned to work till sundown, when the procession again reformed, and the labourers, singing, returned to their abodes. . . . On rainy days they worked at other industries in the same half-Arcadian, half-communistic manner, only they sang their hymns in church instead of in the fields. . . In addition to weaving, they had tanneries, carpenters' shops, tailors, hat-makers, coopers, cordage-makers, boat-builders, cartwrights, joiners, and almost every industry useful and necessary to life. They also made arms and powder, musical instruments, and had silversmiths, musicians, painters, turners, and printers to work their printing-presses; for many books were printed at the missions, and they produced manuscripts as finely executed as those made by the monks in European monasteries.

Such, whether Arcadian or not, was the civilization introduced, through moral suasion only, by the Jesuits among the Indians of Paraguay, and snuffed out for reasons of State after it had endured for more than a century. The author, of course, holds no brief for the Jesuits. It is rather the communistic aspect of their enterprise that attracts him. But he shows that the Jesuits knew how to make the most of the unpromising raw material with which they worked, and that they would have had a still greater success if they had been allowed a free hand. In any case, it was no small achievement to teach agriculture and the arts of life to many thousands of idle Indians and to hold their affections for several generations.

THE SELF-CONSCIOUS SCHOOL.

MAIN CURRENTS OF NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. Vol. I. THE EMIGRANT LITERATURE. By GEORGE BRANDES. (Heinemann. 6s. n.)

This book is the first volume of a series designed to "trace the outlines of a psychology of the first half of the nineteenth century by means of the study of certain main groups and movements in European literature." It deals with the writers who derived most of their inspiration from Rousseau, and who, mostly from a safe place on the yonder side of the French frontier, shrieked or moaned, according to their temperaments, their disappointment with the results of the French Revolution. Some of them had never admitted that any revolution was required; some were shocked by its excesses. All of them were, in a general way, disgusted with the Napoleonic despotism because it introduced too much of the uniformity of the drill ground into human life and offered no encouragement to sentimental eccentricities. The great names among them are those of Châteaubriand, Nodier, Senancour, Benjamin Constant, and Madame de Staël. They were all extensively, if not actually, unhappy; and we seem to see them all sitting in a row, contemplating their own souls like so many chemical specimens, infinitely saddened by the spectacle. One of them, at all events, was constantly and thoroughly in earnest. Senancour, the sentimental atheist, was as sorrowful as the Slav pessimists of whom it has been said that they are the only pessimists who, as a matter of principle, do not enjoy their dinners. The others were too profoundly conscious of being interesting to be really miserable, and took something of the showman's interest in exhibiting the pageant of their bleeding and bedraggled hearts. But, whether they were happy or miserable, whether they were natural or posed, they

where it was printed in 1887, and the perusal of it b
to light that are at variance with some of Professo
statements. It is not true, for instance, that Consta
acquaintance of Madame de Staël in Paris. He
carriage and introduced himself to her on the road t

DR. GEORGE BRANDES.

Dr. George Brandes, the great Danish critic and controversia
author of the book here reviewed, is perhaps best known in this count
his work on Shakespeare. His works are well known on the Contine
own country he has been the inspirer of a real literary renaissance. H
down the predominance of German thought in Denmark by rev
countrymen the beauty of French writers, and he has inspired the
with a real enthusiasm for literature. His professional career in Denm
impeded by his revolutionary tendencies, and for some time he lived
in Berlin. He has now returned to Copenhagen. Dr. Brandes was
and is of Jewish extraction.

to Lausanne. Nor is it correct to say that "Mada
evidently expected that he would marry her." He
an offer of marriage, which she refused. It was only
begun to take advantage of the liberty thus acco
that she tried her hardest to chain him once more to
wheels. Ultimately she gave up trying, and then
her. "I have lost Madame de Staël," he writes, "
never recover from the blow." Yet he did recover
to love, not only his wife, whom he describes as
angel," but also Madame Talma, Madame Réc
others.

But, if Professor Brandes is apt to be careless i

But it was a happy thought to contrast Châteaubriand with Voltaire, who, "with all his restlessness and all his faults, sustained his life's battle freshly, unwearisedly, and invincibly to the last because he never for a moment waverest in his faith in his ideals"; and this summing up is good, and perhaps final:—

> A genius of René's type may employ religious phraseology, but he never truly merges himself in a higher being; his melancholy in its inmost essence is only the egoist's unsatisfied craving for enjoyment. As a genius René knows that the Deity is with and within him, and he can scarcely distinguish between himself and the Deity. He feels that his thought and his words are inspired, and where is the boundary between that which is of him and that which is not of him? He demands everything—the homage of the public, the love of women, all the laurels and roses of life—and it never occurs to him that he is in duty bound to make any return. He accepts love without loving again. Is not his a privileged nature? Is not he a prophet hastening through life like a fugitive, a fleeting fire, which illuminates, consumes, and vanishes?

The other writer who is adequately treated is Madame de Staël. All her important books are carefully analysed. Her helplessness in the presence of German philosophy is, perhaps, insufficiently emphasized. By trying to render its truths, which she never tried to understand, in the conventional language of sentimentalism, she stamped herself as shallow, as she also did by inviting Fichte to epitomize his philosophy in a statement lasting only a quarter of an hour, and interrupting him at the end of two minutes to say that she understood the Fichtean Ego was a device for helping lame philosophers over stiles. But Professor Brandes is right in regarding her as, on the whole, the sanest, as well as the best advertised, of the emigrants. This is his estimate:—

> The tendency to return to the past and the tendency to press onwards to the future, which produce discordancy in the actions and writings of the other members of the group, in her case combine to produce an endeavour which is neither reactionary nor revolutionary, but reformatory. Like the others, she draws her first inspiration from Rousseau, like the others, she deplores the excesses of the Revolution, but, better than any of the others, she loves personal and political freedom. She wages war with absolutism in the State and hypocrisy in society, with national arrogance and religious prejudice. She teaches her countrymen to appreciate the characteristics and literature of the neighbouring nations; she breaks down with her own hand the wall of self-sufficiency with which victorious France had surrounded itself.

It is a just verdict based on a careful study of the evidence. If criticism were often so discriminating and so well expressed as that of Professor Brandes, there would be a larger public for it than there is.

THE BERBERS.

Libyan Notes. By D. Randall-MacIver, M.A., Laycock Student of Egyptology at Worcester College, Oxford; and Anthony Wilkin, B.A. (Macmillan. 26s. n.)

The ancient Libyans or modern Berbers—for they are apparently the same people—form one of the puzzles of the ethnologist and their language is a philological *crux*. There is no doubt that the Libyans were connected with that early "Aryan" civilization which the Greeks found in a high state

tion to Algiers with a view to ascertaining whether that can be scientifically established regarding t supports the Petrie hypothesis. Accompanied by a friend he went to Algeria in the spring of 1900, and some and profusely illustrated volume contains th their joint observations. In a brief visit no extensiv tion of various tribes was possible, and the explorers confined their researches to the Kabyles of the J neighbourhood, and the Shâwiya of the Aures re sidering the shortness of the time, they accumul deal of material; but it must be remembered tha also able to avail themselves of the comprehensiv Hanoteau and Letourneux, Tissot, and others wh longer experience and better opportunities for The account of the modern industries, and espec pottery—always a suggestive aid to the archaeolo great care and minuteness, and the numerous draw and in colour, of Berber pots appear to justify t contention that there may have been a connexion b potters of prehistoric Egypt and the Libyan ance Kabyles. A conservatism of decorative types ex about 7,000 years is, perhaps, difficult of acceptance, authors hold that such conservatism is "natural t live in a low state of culture," and therefore "hav their old habits and methods of life, their old arts an without wishing to improve by foreign innovatio long experience has shown to be sufficient for t needs." We do not, however, quite understand ho the Shâwiya, in whom this quality is specially noted, have adopted or preserved in their pottery a primit of decoration resembling "very early European an Italian models," whilst their neighbours the Kaby show a rather intimate connexion with ancient Egypt Moreover, in dealing with very simple primitive de is not always necessary to assume outside influence patterns might easily be evolved independently.

The main interest of the work for ethnologists co anthropometric results obtained by the authors' caref ment of the heads of 107 Shâwiya and Kabyle men. show the absolute length and breadth of each head, the resulting cephalic index, the nasi-alveolar h bizygomatic breadth with resulting indices—be measures and statistics of hair, eyes, stature, &c. Th also photographed in full and in profile, and a numbe of heads are photographed—an admirable addition t method. The results are not favourable to the theo bodies disinterred by Petrie at Negada and elsewhe to Libyans. The mean cephalic index of the Ber (Preugrueber found it 764 on 181 Kabyles, and oth 767 from 180 Biskra Berbers), whilst the highest ceph measured on the skulls of the "New Race" in Egypt and between these two, as Messrs. Randall-MacIver observe, "there is a gulf which cannot be bridged the most liberal allowance," they add, "for the between the living specimen and the skull, the mod evidently falls not into the long-headed but inte dolichocephalic class, approaching closely to t cephalic." It is necessary, however, to point out tha index 773 for the 107 Berbers is obtained from an extr wide variation. Some of these Berbers had an index 700, and some above 860. That is to say, there are dolic and true brachycephalic Berbers, though the ma

prejudice us against a volume, which, in spite of its essentially tentative and immature character, and a tendency to overestimate its own importance, contains a great deal of valuable data and suggests many interesting speculations. The investigation of the rude stone monuments of North Africa by a competent committee of excavators would be a real boon to archæologists; for what is here shown, in photographs and descriptions, points to many curious results.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

A New Shakespeare.

Messrs. Archibald Constable's new WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, in 20 volumes (2s. 6d. net per volume), is a rearranged reprint, we fancy, of their Whitehall Shakespeare. The special new feature is the illustrations, one to each play. These are coloured, and are the work of many hands, the list including Mr. Jacomb Hood, Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. Patten Wilson, Miss Eleanor Brickdale, and other well-known artists. They maintain, on the whole, a high level of excellence. Mr. Patten Wilson is not quite at home with colour effects, and Mr. Byam Shaw reveals that blackness and heaviness into which he sometimes falls as an illustrator. Miss Brickdale, to our thinking, carries off the palm for design and colour. But all the pictures add greatly to the interest of the edition, though we can but think it a pity that there is no reference to or list of the pictures at the beginning of the volumes, and, indeed, no means of knowing, save by the signature—often only initials—who the artist is. The flowery title-pages designed by Mr. Lewis Day remind us a little too much of a "Christmas book." The volumes are handsomely bound.

The War.

ARTS UNDER ARMS, by Maurice FitzGibbon (Longmans, 5s. n.), contains rather too many classical quotations of the sort that are to be found in the grammars; but the book is brightly written and there is good stuff in it. The author was in the Irish Hunt Contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry, and was captured at Lindley with Colonel Spragge. His account of this particular incident of the war is the first to be published, and should therefore be no less valuable to the student than interesting to the reader. He properly relates it at length and in detail. His description of the scene of the surrender is very graphic:—

> Our foes did not consider us disgraced. Hundreds of Boers leaped to their feet all round us, hurled their slouch hats into the air; many of them too, I remember well, were binding up their wounds. A few came up to us, and to our wonderment seized us by the hand saying, "Well done! you fought well, right well!" "By George," one of us replied, "you're sportsmen anyhow."

Knowing something about surgery, Mr. FitzGibbon was during his imprisonment required to act as surgeon to his battalion. At President Steyn's request he bound up the finger of the Government printer, who had hurt himself while striking off copies of a proclamation; and he had the delightful audacity to send in a bill for his services:—

> This I put into an envelope addressed to the President himself, placed it in the printer's uninjured hand, and requested him to be the bearer of it to the Landdrost's house. Little did I expect to see the man again; but in half an hour

ample warning against it. The diary shows that t
fortune was fooled no less completely than the Boe
time when Lord Roberts was preparing his coup
Villebois-Mareuil was noting in his little book, "Th
are making themselves incorrigible laughing s
without, a doubt, are played out." When Lord
nearly ready, the Colonel was observing that "the
only follow the railway which revictuals them, for th
sufficient bullock wagons, and their infantry is not in
to make ordinary marches in a country where
fatiguing." Incidentally the book furnishes an
item of evidence in favour of the much denounced
conspiracy theory: "As President Steyn well said a
it is all or nothing—a question of taking back the co
of South Africa and finishing with Albion's ar
duplicity." We are left wondering whether M. de Vo
passage in his mind when he wrote, in his hyster
that "the African Vendée presented to all who w
devoted the attraction of a noble cause to be se
translator has done his work creditably.

PICTURES OF THE WAR (Constable, 7s. 6d.), b
Stuart, who represented the *Morning Post*, is very g
and quite one of the better books on the Transvaal
There was a time when Mr. Stuart used to write for
Observer with all the affectations which Mr. W.
expected from his young men. He has knocked abo
since then, and now his manner is easy and conver
traces of the old influence being discoverable
preface, which is avowedly written to insult pro-
Stuart was one of the besieged in Ladysmith, an
marched with Colonel Mahon to the relief of Mafek
ever he saw he describes brightly or vivaciously,
perhaps a little too fond of saying that this, that,
operation "put the fear of God" into the Boers,
the fear of God but the fear of men with which it w
to inspire the Boers; and it is not quite clear th
been inspired with it yet. There are no pictures
not even a portrait of the author in khaki, but th
very good maps, including the Boer intelligence m
smith, drawn from Lombard's Kop by Mr. Jorissen,

There is no fighting in THROUGH RHODESI
SHARPSHOOTERS, by Rennie Stevenson (Macqueen,
merely relates the march from Beira to the Trans
and, though there is no attempt at military criticism,
impression that the whole adventure was a lament
Curiously enough there is not even any mention of
the commanding officers concerned, though one won
glad of an impartial account of the proceedings of S
Carrington who, almost alone among prominent le
so far to have escaped criticism. Camp life is the writ
and he retails its humours with much gusto, in an
manner, and without any literary pretensions.
fact, more slang in this war book than in any that w

A Good Nature Book.

Mr. E. Kay Robinson's TO-DAY WITH NA
Richards, 6s.) must not be confused with so many
similar kind which labour at the instructive and the
Like them it takes us through the months in order
arrangement and matter it is one of the best o
have seen. It is full of really fresh observation, esp
the habits of birds; there is no meddling in the ma

returned with a large amount of material for the ethnology, folk-lore, and natural history of the district. Whilst this is being put into shape Mr. Skeat presents us with the first-fruits in these little tales. As usual, the motives are often familiar, but the form is new. The Malays, like the negroes, tell of a creature which is little of body but great of wit, but instead of Brer Rabbit he is the mouse-deer. The Malays, like other people, feel bound to account for natural facts—to expla'n why birds are not all of one sort, why cobs of ma'ze are perforated, why one shrub grows tall and another low, or for the origin of some common proverb. They have their deluge, the'r were-tigers, perhaps a trace of the totem. Ep'sodes of the tales are met with elsewhere; sometimes close parallels for the whole. Thus the "Pelican's Punishment" is a variant of a well-known Jataka story; "Father Lhmstlek," the "Tiger and the Shadow," and others are amongst the tales collected in Ind'a by Mr. W. Crooke, and published under the title of "The Talking Thrush." There is material here for the student.

When we consider the handling of these stories we cannot feel quite satisfied. Mr. Skeat has not embellished them in any way, and he has kept the Malay names, so that he appears to have the student in his view; yet the pretty get-up of the book and its pictures suggest that it is meant for children. The purposes of both may be served if the stories be frankly re-written, without native names, and notes be added giving the outline of the story as told, with authority and parallels. But Mr. Skeat has, we fear, fallen between two stools. Many of the tales, as "The Elephant's Bet," would amuse children well; on the other hand, some are dull and some are mere sketches of a story. The student, again, will expect a little more; but we freely grant that he ought to be pleased with what he gets, including a good index, and delightful illustrations by Mr. F. H. Townsend thrown in.

The Peninsular Campaign.

Reminiscences of Waterloo and the campaign in the Peninsula are numerous enough, and it cannot be said that any new light is thrown upon the military operations by Captain Hay's REMINISCENCES UNDER WELLINGTON (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.), now edited by his daughter, Mrs. S. C. Wood. Nor have these fragmentary anecdotes and comments any literary value. They were written hastily in the spare moments of a busy life when the author was Commissioner of Police, during the years 1840-55, and in all probability they were never intended to appear in print. But they make interesting, if rather disconnected, reading, and bring before us more clearly than many more ambitious works the daily life of an officer on active service at the beginning of the last century. Captain William Hay—he received the C.B. for his services as Chief Commissioner of Police during the Great Exhibition of 1851—entered the old 52nd Light Infantry, now the 1st Oxfordshire Light Infantry, at the early age of sixteen, and found himself at the seat of war just two days after the battle of Busaco. With this regiment he saw plenty of fighting—about a dozen "affairs" and engagements—and with the 12th Light Dragoons, to which he was afterwards transferred, some twenty more, including the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo. The impression left upon us after reading these desultory reminiscences is that of a young, gallant, high-spirited officer, with considerable aptitude for his profession and an even greater aptitude for the contriving of practical jokes, many of which are detailed at some length.

The Thirteen Colonies.

[illegible]

part reproduced from old books and prints. The [illegible] studied her subject extensively, and her narrative is tr[illegible] enough, but her style of writing is somewhat heavy. [illegible] no lack of interesting matter—indeed there is too mu[illegible] to be presented adequately in so small a space—and t[illegible] history of the various settlements is sometimes cr[illegible] consequence. Possibly the "general reader," for whom [illegible] is ostensibly designed, will find rather too solid a feast o[illegible] tion for his taste. But the work was worth doing [illegible] author may be congratulated on having accomplis[illegible] thoroughly.

OLD DUTCH TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF THE ZUIDER ZE[illegible] 21s.) must be classed with pictures-books. The lett[illegible] Mynheer W. J. Tuyn is quite brief and quite obvious [illegible] up to the illustrations by the Heeren W. O. J. Ni[illegible] and J. G. Veldheer. Of these artists the latter is by far [illegible] effective draughtsman. He seeks and obtains broad [illegible] effects. His collaborator labours so hard at his de[illegible] you can scarcely see his houses for his bricks. T[illegible] introduction by a writer, who only signs with the initia[illegible] which is decidedly well-written; and the volume we[illegible] acceptable gift book if bestowed upon the right recipi[illegible]

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, the author of the life [illegible] Clarence Mangan, William Carleton, &c., has been [illegible] time engaged upon a new edition of THE POEMS OF I[illegible] Biographical and Bibliographical Dictionary of Irish [illegible] English verse. Part I. has just been issued by [illegible] O'Donoghue and Co., Dublin. The whole work has been p[illegible] re-written. Part I. contains over 600 notices, 111 mo[illegible] the same part of the old edition. Much doubtful mat[illegible] seventeenth and eighteenth century writers has bee[illegible] up, a feature of the work being the unveiling of the a[illegible] authors of squibs and pasquinades in the eighteenth [illegible] part of the nineteenth century. The book will be v[illegible] bibliographers and historians.

HOW TO STUDY ENGLISH LITERATURE, by T. Sharpe[illegible] son (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), contains much advice to [illegible] exception can be taken, though we doubt whether th[illegible] who need it will be capable of deriving much advantag[illegible] The most useful chapter is that which deals with th[illegible] from the point of view of the candidate for examinati[illegible] author shows the student how to "play to the gallery [illegible] very pleasing cynicism.

Short stories and newspaper articles—some grave, [illegible] —are found side by side in A MOTLEY CREW, by M[illegible] Steevens (Grant Richards, 6s.). Perhaps the serio[illegible] on Charities are really the best things in the bo[illegible] Steevens has a practical knowledge of the detail of phil[illegible] enterprise, and what she has to say on such subject[illegible] attending to. In the stories we find considerable art[illegible] too often hampered by ignorance of the life in which [illegible] brought to bear. They are, however, so well told th[illegible] justified in encouraging Mrs. Steevens to continue, no[illegible] in warning her to recognize her limitations. The open[illegible] "A Sketch in Five Phases," is well worth reading. [illegible] imagined, though it might have been better told and is [illegible] story for the space allotted to it. If Mrs. Steevens we[illegible] it out instead of indicating it, and present tableaux [illegible] relating events, she might write a very impressive, tho[illegible] very cheerful, novel. In saying that her work strikes [illegible] of the clever amateur, we should wish the accent to

EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

English History.

Mr. Arthur Hassall's CLASS BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY (Rivington, 3s. 6d.) is the work of an experienced teacher and capable historian and is well suited for teachers or "crammers," which is its avowed purpose. It is full of facts, brought up to date, and carried to the end of Queen Victoria's reign. The chapter divisions are according to reigns, and each is provided with an appendix of "Important dates," "subjects for class," blackboard illustrations," and "notes and illustrations." In the hands of the pupil, save for purely cram purposes, it would, in our opinion, be of very little use, as the style is as bald and dry as possible, the arrangement mechanical, and the matter confined to a chronicle of facts, ignoring almost entirely social and intellectual movements. There is, in fact, nothing to stimulate the historical sense. This, however, must be the oral work of the teacher, and for him the book will have great value as a text-book on which to found his teaching.

ENGLISH HISTORY FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES, 1307-1332, by N. L. Frazer (Black's Historical Series, 2s. 6d.), is an excellent idea well carried out. Accounts are reprinted, or translated, from contemporary documents, of the chief events of this troublous time. It is a most interesting book for the general reader; dip where he will, he will find something to catch his attention, a vivid picture from Froissart, a stirring political poem, a bit of Chaucer or Burns, an illuminating extract from Marlowe. We can find no fault with the inclusion of Burns and Marlowe in such a book; although they are not strictly "original sources" for history, they are such for the understanding of history. The young student may here taste for the first time of Adam Murimuth, the Chronicle of Lanercost, Thomas Walsingham, and others whose names he has never heard; he may learn something of the methods of dealing critically with the sources, and how to extract the essence from Rymer's "Fœdera" and the Statutes of the Realm. We can hardly conceive of a more useful companion to school history, and only wish there were more of it. Tables of dates and chief events and a bibliography are added for reference and further work.

PROBLEMS AND EXERCISES IN ENGLISH HISTORY, Book B, 1399-1603, a revision term course, containing sixty typical questions, with full answers, hints, and references, by J. S. Lindsey (Cambridge: Heffer, 2s.), is part of a comprehensive work, planned for teachers and students. The questions may be had separately for class use, and the answers can be given after the papers have been done. The hints and bibliography are excellent; the questions cover a great deal of ground, and the answers are good models. We opened this book, we confess, not without some prejudice; but we believe it to be sound, and likely to prove a real help. It is not a cram work.

A FIRST HISTORY OF ENGLAND (Part I. to 1066 A.D.), by Miss C. L. Thomson (Marshall, 1s. 6d. n.), is the result of experience. Miss Thomson is wont to teach history to children of ages from nine to twelve by means of stories orally delivered, and this book is meant to be used in revision, not to be given as a text-book in the first instance, nor (as Miss Thomson dryly says) to be "learnt by heart." The book contains ten chapters of about fifteen pages each, illustrated with pictures, and is one term's work. This is the most rational attempt to improve the teaching of history we have met with. It is an admirable little book.

Miss Thomson has also edited CARMINA BRITANNIÆ (Marshall, 3s. n.), a selection of poems and ballads (illustrations

Ancient Britain, wars and pirate raids, the Crusaders, and other such topics, ending with Rebellion. It is a capital reader, which ought colour to the dry history lessons in a Board school, interesting to more fortunate children than those standards.

English Literature.

THE AGE OF CHAUCER, by F. J. Snell (Bell, 3s. a series of Handbooks of English literature. It co deal of matter, and is clearly put without affectati somewhat abrupt in transitions. The best part se chapter on Miracle Plays. It is a useful companio better suited perhaps for students than for th wishes to understand that he may enjoy. Prof. Ha tion is rather laboured.

To their editions of the "English Classics" M have added MACAULAY'S LIVES OF JOHNSON AN taken from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," edited Downie, and BROWNING'S STRAFFORD (2s.), edited b Wilson. Others besides school-children will no use for the notes in the latter volume. In the for are not so necessary for any but strictly education but they are quite satisfactorily done. The e understands the limitations of these essays, so high Macaulay. They have every good quality save th and inspiration; but of these qualities they have

Mr. E. E. Speight has already proved his literary matters, and we are safe in his hands w and edits for schools POEMS OF SHELLEY (Black, not possible to explain to schoolboys the blot on but if a *Life* is given it is not just to omit pointing moral weakness which marred his character. H explained, but we are glad to say there are Some useful test questions are added.

JULIUS CÆSAR, in Black's School Shakesp edited by L. W. Lyde, M.A., is from the scho quite admirable. The analysis of the plot is a mod and conciseness, the notes are quite short and and the whole is well printed. This is one of t books we have seen.

HENRY V., edited by Fanny Johnson for School Shakespeare" (1s.), is a play which, with it rhetoric and fiery patriotism, will always be a schools. This edition is not distinguished also It has the usual aids (including a genealogica glossary), and its notes have the merit of belu they are very numerous. The book is best su young children or elementary schools.

The VILLAGE SCHOOL READER, by C. S. Round 1s. 6d. n.), contains extracts from White's "S "Compleat Angler," and other books in prose or i with country life; at the end we suddenly hop from t rat to the Death of Nelson, Tennyson's "Armada of patriotic cast. This spoils the unity of the each separate piece is good and interesting. haphazard system ours must be to produce such schools, then, have actually killed the old culture o man, for an old peasant would know all the natu gives and more. And *books* are to restore it! child is to know nothing of such things! Will a contain extracts on the habits of newsvendors cabs? Surely a cycle of Readers ought to be pla each subject of interest would find a place

Mr. J. Brown, who edits Book IV. of the Gallic War (Blackie's Illustrated Series, 1s.6d., with vocabulary), has given too much introduction and rather too many notes. The portrait illustrations are good, but we do not like so well the imaginary pictures which are found in this series. We are still of opinion that much of the information given in such books as these is far better left to the teacher. Does the publication of them show that the teacher is growing less competent?

Mr. H. Latter edits Horace Odes Book IV. and Carmen Saeculare, and Mr. A. S. Warman Cicero Dr. Senectute for Bell's Illustrated Classical Series, 1s.6d. each, with vocabularies. The introductions are satisfactory, the notes rather too full, and the illustrations, especially in the Cicero, interesting.

Mr. G. H. Nall has produced a scholarly edition for schools of Cicero's Pro Archia (Macmillan, 1s. 6d.). We are inclined to think that the notes are somewhat too copious. The index of proper names is a useful feature; and such faults as we find are all on the side of excessive tenderness to stupid students.

Professor Sonnenschein's edition of the Rudens of Plautus (Clarendon Press, 4s. 6d.) is an abbreviation of the same editor's larger edition published in 1891. Its immediate *raison d'être* lies in the fact that the Plautus is one of the 1902 subjects for the pass B.A. of the University of London; but it will be useful for all students of the author. The text is interleaved with blank sheets for purposes of annotation—a useful feature; and the edition as a whole commands our highest praise.

Roman History.

Mr. A. H. J. Greenidge's Roman Public Life (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.) traces the growth of the Roman Constitution and explains its working in the later days of the Republic and the earlier days of the Empire. It is a book for those who want really to know their ancient Rome, and not merely to know their Roman history as a series of incidents. The work is done with a thoroughness that it used to be the fashion to call "German," though it is nowadays as common in England as anywhere else. Every statement made is, where necessary, supported by a footnote, a reference to authority, and a quotation. The advanced student of Roman history will use it side by side with his Mommsen, and will find that it tells him much that he could never have got from Mommsen. It is not such good reading as Mommsen, but that was inevitable in view of the great attention given to minute detail. It will step at once into the front rank of educational works.

A First Latin Reader.

The Fables of Ophelia's (Part I.), by A. D. Godley (Arnold, 9d.), is a first reading book in Latin for young children. The subjects are taken from every-day life, the language is simple, the vocabulary not too large. The stories themselves are natural and bright. One or two details we might question. "Personal (and possessive) pronouns are often omitted"; true, but not at haphazard. They are always omitted unless emphatic; why is not that said at once? Such phrases as *inquit pater* are not unexampled, but the rule is not to allow any word to stand with *inquit* in parenthesis. *Pater eius ei dicit* is not likely to have been said by a Roman. *Bibere fumum* is the phrase actually used for smoking, when smoking was known (see p. 36). On the whole, the book is good.

Greek Plays.

Two editions of Euripides, Medea are before us, one by Mr. T. Nicklin in Bell's Illustrated Classics (2s.), one by Messrs. J. [illegible] the Tutorial Edition are very elementary, and, as [illegible] go into principles, but stop short at smoothing difficulti[illegible] of them being just statements of rules to be fou[illegible] grammar. In the abstract we do not like this plan [illegible] books are suited to their purpose of preparing for exa[illegible] as at present conducted.

Mr. A. W. Upcott edits Euripides, Hecuba, [illegible] Illustrated Series (with vocabulary, 1s. 6d.). The gene[illegible] duction is repeated in the plays of this series, and is [illegible] In the notes we find the astonishing statement that [illegible] not known to the ancients (926). Why should it be [illegible] the article used for the relative in choruses imita[illegible] poetry (634)? Mr. Upcott apparently does not know [illegible] was a great honour to embroider the *peplos* (169). [illegible] examples of the limitations of the notes. It is very di[illegible] write good notes, and the task is too lightly undertake[illegible] of these, however, are accurate as far as they go; but, [illegible] there are too many. Alas! the choruses are translated [illegible] as well.

There is much to recommend Mr. M. A. Bayfield's S[illegible] Elektra (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), though it can hardly be m[illegible] that a new school edition of the play is wanted. The [illegible] and many of the notes are far too long for school use; [illegible] comments on the characters and the dramatic criticism [illegible] There is an instructive note on 37 which gives a n[illegible] examples of "the free use" of verbs and adjecti[illegible] editor might have seen a principle in them; as it is, he [illegible] a list. The principle seems to be that the idea (simpl[illegible] plex) was conveyed not by words but by the whole ph[illegible] the elasticity of inflexion enabled the Greeks to set out [illegible] with great variety of suggestion and emphasis. There [illegible] the text for an essay in this note. The principle mi[illegible] helped Mr. Bayfield to see more clearly through the a[illegible] in apposition to the sentence. Mr. Bayfield suggests [illegible] interpretation, that γῆς ἰσομαρ' ἀήρ means "air that per[illegible] earth equally with the sunlight." Appendices d[illegible] particles, epic, idioms, and metre. Mr. Bayfield ignore[illegible] of his "epic" εἰ with subjunctive in Aristophanes, whic[illegible] new light on it. What was the relation of epic to old A[illegible]

The Odyssey.

Homer's Odyssey, Book I., edited by Mr. E. C. M[illegible] (Bell's Intermediate Illustrated Series), has a good s[illegible] the Homeric dialect, but for the rest shows signs of has[illegible] Marchant is so uncritical as to accept Reichel's expla[illegible] χαλκοχιτῶνες, supposing that a word which means "c[illegible] bronze" could be applied to a naked warrior behin[illegible] leather shield. He also gives a warrior from the we[illegible] Mycenaean vase as typical of Homer's day, and M[illegible] pottery as Homeric. Simonides of Cos (p. 2) s[illegible] Simonides of Amorgos; ἱερὸς is not connected with the [illegible] word for "fire" (on line 2); the note on ῥάπτεζαν (1[illegible] not be understood by a boy as it stands; nor could th[illegible] (29) "ethics are in a rudimentary stage." The no[illegible] rule are sound. A short vocabulary of un-Attic [illegible] added. The illustrations are often good, but not clos[illegible] to the authorities. They are too big for the text, wh[illegible] some pages but a small fringe above and below.

French.

We may draw the favourable attention of students o[illegible] literature to A Notebook of French Literature, by [illegible] Yorke (Blackie, 6s. n.). It only consists of extracts, w[illegible]

the satirists like Scarron and Furetière, who covered these novelists with ridicule, might have been represented with advantage. Only a very few pages are devoted to the mediæval French of the Chanson de Roland, the Roman de la Rose, &c.; but that is quite right and proper. As Mr. Yorke observes, mediæval French is "a special and separate subject, a knowledge of which need not be expected generally from a student of French literature." The volume before us covers the ground up to the end of the eighteenth century, ending with André de Chénier and Madame de Staël. Another volume is to deal with nineteenth-century authors.

Supposing that a new French Grammar is wanted—an hypothesis open to doubt—then Mr. Arthur B. Wall's FRENCH PRIMER (Clarendon Press, 2s.) is wanted. It is lucid, logical, and well-displayed, and quite calculated to meet the wants of middle and lower forms. The irregularities of the verbs are particularly well shown. It should be noted that this grammar does not include exercises.

POUCHET, by Edouard Laboulaye, is edited for schools by Mr. W. R. Poole of Merchant Taylors' School (Arnold, 9d.). The text strikes us as rather difficult for "pupils of thirteen and fourteen," an extensive and unusual vocabulary being drawn upon; but the notes are voluminous enough to put the dullest safely through.

MORCEAUX CHOISIS, edited by Mr. R. L. A. du Pontet (Arnold, 1s. 6d.), is a book of selections meant to give practice in different styles. The pieces are classified as Narrative, Descriptive, Didactic, Oratory, Biography, Epistle, and Anecdote, and Comedy. The selection has been very carefully done, and comprises extracts from nearly sixty standard authors of high rank. Short biographical notes and a very few others are added. This book will be useful both in revision and for unseen translation. It may be recommended.

German.

A DUAL READER, GERMAN AND ENGLISH, by Mr. Oliver Jones (Allman, 1s.), has exactly the same matter in the two languages on pages facing each other. It is meant, no doubt, to be learnt and construed *viva voce* both ways; such a system has its use as a help, though it does not "educate" the faculty of discovery. For those who desire instruction, such as clerks, and not education the book will serve well.

Miss L. A. Lowe's FIRST GERMAN BOOK (Blackie, 1s. 6d.) is a collection of simple stories and scenes well suited for very young beginners. It will not do for those who begin at fourteen or later.

Mathematics.

In EUCLID, Books I.-IV., VI., and XI., by C. Smith and Sophie Bryan (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.), the authors have not hesitated in numerous cases to replace traditional proofs by better ones and to introduce a few new propositions. Thus the familiar proof of I. 24 has gone, while III. 26-29 are proved by superposition, making them independent of one another. Book II. has been altogether revised and simplified. The Fifth Book disappears, and such definitions and propositions as are required for the VIth. have been incorporated with it, a wise arrangement in view of the usual treatment—or rather non-treatment—of Book V. Good notes and exercises follow the propositions, and at the end of each book are carefully selected "Additional Propositions" and Riders. We hope that the book may succeed in directing more attention to this part of geometrical teaching. The matter of the book is in all respects worthy of the authors and deserves the careful attention of teachers. The arrangement leaves something to be desired, propositions, exercises, and notes being jumbled together without spaces between them, making reference less convenient than it might be.

FIRST YEAR'S ALGEBRA (French and Osborn; Churchill, 1s. 6d.) consists of the first thirteen chapters of the authors' Elementary Algebra. The language is very simple and the

Religious.

The Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, who edits Jt pats Rivington's Handbooks to the Bible and Prayer has some common sense, but it is a pity editors of think it necessary to guard so carefully against I It is impossible to understand the sentences, " intended for spiritual persons—*i.e.*, for persons Spirit with spiritual insight. It is supposed tha able to interpret the book by the moral standard Whose guidance it was written." The editor goes o rightly, that the stories are obviously true to li that need be said. No amount of spiritual insight death of Sisera anything else but treacherous; I kind of thing is done. The notes are not always to the Athenians always cut off the hands of prison if they did what has this to do with the *lex talion* may gain useful hints from the Lessons, but so rather childish.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH TO A.D. 325, by the R (Rivingtons, 1s. n.), is a succinct and clear accoun of the Christian Church from the Apostolic Age of Nicæa. It is a useful companion to the New it traces the first stages of Christian ceremonial i way. The reader will also learn something Montanism, Alexandria, and the Councils, which to most. The book is well written, and, so far as it, accurate; but a good deal is omitted, which made good in other volumes of the series.

Mr. M. Morison's TIME TABLE OF MO (Constable, 12s. 6d. n.) is likely to be very uselu and to help teachers in making their history by being more comprehensive. It is a large laborious tabular arrangement, the dates runni page which is divided into vertical column countries. There are pedigree tables, and similar end, and some excellent maps showing Europ periods.

Not the least of the merits of Mr. T. C. Weath ACCIDENCE (Blackwood, 1s. 6d.) is the clearness o Greek and English. It is mainly intended for lad scholarships at the public schools, though it cont the purposes of students somewhat more advanc fairly full account, for instance, of Homeric for much syntax is given. The arrangement is log and the book can be recommended.

GREEK GRAMMAR PAPERS, compiled by Mr (Blackie, 1s. 6d.), are the work of a practical te Liddell is not always judicious in his way of p "Give some rules for the formation of the weak and passive" (36) is not a suitable question. But the book will certainly be found useful.

CLOUGH'S CERTIFICATE HISTORY OF EU (Ralph, Holland, and Co.), is an examination boo ing to go into detail, which would be impossib sketch (and rather a dry sketch) of the chief country, with necessary tables and maps. It do too much, and may be said to be fairly successful.

For Lower Standards we have THE BRITISH IS in New Century Geographical Readers No. IVb. (F which give brief descriptions of towns and an eye to the picturesque. There are a large num some (very crude) in colour. The book is better kind of geography, but seems to fall between two are several maps, which have this good point, tha itself to one feature—contours, commerce, railway But the mountains ought not to be indicated by

BIRDS OF THE AIR, by Arabella B. Buckley (C reader, with gorgeous coloured pictures, well de

FICTION.

Mr. Gilbert Parker.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has presented us with many pictures of the life of French Canada, painting into them with masterly touch its old-world grace, its gaiety, its pathos, its simplicity, its devotion to sentiment, its heroisms little and great, but he has given us nothing better than those contained in THE RIGHT OF WAY (Heinemann, 6s.). Prefaced to the book is a Note in which he apologizes for appearing to disregard a statement made in "The Lane that had no Turning" that that tale was the last he should write of French Canada, and in explanation he tells us that the present volume was in reality written before the other. Unquestionably Mr. Parker is quite capable of essaying, perhaps conquering, another field; but why, it must be asked, should he wish to leave this in which he has achieved such remarkable distinction? His Channel Island book was a good enough novel, but it is not to be spoken of in the same breath as "The Right of Way." Still, the Seeing Eye will carry him far. And Mr. Parker is a man of wide ambitions. Here, at any rate, he takes us back once more to the ground he has made his own, and we are grateful for it.

"The Right of Way" falls into two unequal divisions—one, contained in the first eight chapters, is spread over no more than sixty pages, while the other, extending over three hundred pages, takes up the rest of the volume. This statement of the purely mechanical side of the book at once suggests that the first division is in the nature of a prelude, and that it is the second which embraces the main theme. Both parts are concerned with the life of a certain Charley Steele; in the earlier he is "Beauty Steele," *avocat* of Montreal, a man who had never lost a criminal case, but *flâneur* to his finger tips, and a fop. He is brilliant, cynical, heartless, conscienceless, atheistical—a man who surveys, with cold, penetrating, relentless criticism the heavens above and the earth beneath. The stare of interrogation, cool, nonchalant, impertinent, with which Steele looks out on life—"his elemental habit," as the author terms it—is given curious point by the fact that he constantly wears and uses an eyeglass; the eyeglass plays quite a prominent part in the book, but we wish Mr. Parker had not stubbornly persisted throughout in speaking of it as a "monocle." In the opening chapter of the novel Beauty Steele, in a trial for murder, wrings a verdict of "Not guilty" from the jury against the weight of evidence; his brilliant speech for the defence achieves this much, but—and here we find the flaw in Steele—he has drawn its inspiration from the "bottle." Alcohol, which stupefies most brains, has on his a stimulating and clarifying power. In the court-room is a young lady, upon whom his address to the jury makes such an impression that she agrees to marry him although her heart is given to another. Five years pass, and Steele is now a confirmed dipsomaniac. On bad terms with his wife, he has corrupted her brother, who, he discovers, has embezzled a large sum of money—the moral guilt of which rests upon him. As the result of a drunken riot at a riverside tavern, Steele is knocked on the head, and disappears beneath the waters of the St. Lawrence. This, in brief, is the prelude. All the rest of the story is concerned with the redemption, the moral and physical rehabilitation, of Beauty Steele. Rescued from drowning by the very man whom he had saved from the capital sentence by his eloquence some years before, he is taken away to Vadrome Mountain, on whose slopes his saviour has a shanty. This real heroine of the story, Rosalie Evanturel, an a charming, lovable, and even heroic woman. It is Ste for her that is the instrument mainly of his regenera other influences are also brought to bear upon him. variously work out, how the book sweeps on to its end, how the threads of the tale are all woven toget the finished web—all glowing with a wealth of co have no space to tell, though, in any case, it would be fair to go more into detail than we have done. Th figure of the novel, Beauty Steele, is the kind of char Parker loves to draw—a proud, haughty, brave, reck by no means blameless, but yet with the instincts of man. It is the figure dear to romance—and, in a way us all in its appeal to the heart and the imagination portraits Mr. Parker paints for us in his own admirable as a rule, they are excellent, they are alive. One o the incidents in "The Right of Way" are a trifle fo Mr. Parker drapes them with such artistry that it second thoughts we notice their improbability.

"The Potter and the Clay."

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY, by Miss Maud Howard (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), is one of the novels whi with the familiar testimonial as to extraordina from America. We have learnt to discount the val recommendation, but "The Potter and the Clay" is as possible to the "common form" romance of the Civil War, in which the Transatlantics revel. It tells English military life in Scotland and in India. Moreov story of emotions that are not commonplace, told wit sincerity, and with a rigorous exclusion of all un prolixities. This is a new thing in American fiction as we And though there are American turns of phrase insistent, and, as we think, a touch of strangeness author's notion as to the relationship between Englis and young ladies, symbolized in the heroine speakin military friends as "both you fellows"—the pictu whole is a true one. The tie between Cary, the he the one hand, and Stewart and Trevelyan on the ot of whom she has known from childhood, and who both is full of tenderness and subtle feeling. Trevelya mastering passion, the military dishonour into which him, and his subsequent redemption, form the keynot book, and give us a fine and original conception viv pathetically worked out. It is, in fact, a really powe with an imperative and unfailing appeal to the throughout, and it is not often that the first book, as w it to be, of a young writer can be so highly praised.

Dolly Dialogues.

Messrs. Nisbet send us a handsome new edition DOLLY DIALOGUES (10s. 6d.) containing some new dial some pictures. The new dialogues are very much lik ones—neither better nor worse. The illustrations are expert American artist, Mr. Howard Chandler Chri ruthlessly Americanizes all Mr. Anthony Hope's Engli Mr. Carter comes out like the American Mr. Winston and Dolly Mickleham might just as well be Daisy some young lady of the *Belle of New York* Company, d to be photographed "in private life." This is inartisti the pictures themselves are good enough, and we shou see an English artist try his hand at the subject.

Mr. Crockett.

dinna hand wi' the Papishes—nor yet wi' the Englishers. And I wadna advise ony one o' ye to say that I do,"

we have a premonition that we are in for a dull quarter of an hour with "the miner folk of Lockfinny." From "The Fitting of the Peats" to "The Exercise-Book of Field-Marshal Prince Hantz," in each and all of the tales, Mr. Crockett is the admirable maker of stories engaged upon an occupation in which he delights. But we own he leaves us utterly unsatisfied; he does not touch life with the hand of the artist or observe the ways of men with any sincerity. The "Love Idylls" are often charming, pleasant tales with theatrical people doing noble deeds, but the mark of the book-maker is too apparent. On the other hand, those who have already enjoyed Mr. Crockett's work will find in this volume all the qualities which have helped to make him famous.

After some of the strenuous novels of the day, it is rather pleasant to turn to so ingenuous, simple, and orthodox a story as Mr. Crockett's CINDERELLA (James Clarke, 6s.). It is called on the title-page "a novel," but it is rather a tale to amuse and interest children. Cinderella is a dear little girl named Hester Sterling, who has all the prettiness and all the virtue and misfortune of a nice heroine. Owing to the unbelievable stupidity of her well-wishers, her grandmother and her father, she is very early left in a position to be swindled and ill-treated by her aunt, who is inclined to whip her in the best wicked-aunt manner, and by her uncle, the rather impossible Dr. Sylvanus Torphichan. But Hester has friends; Carus, master of Darroch, is a hero to be proud of; and early in the story he glances beneath the sunbonnet (white, not lilac, this time) of Hester, and one knows that we can trust Mr. Crockett to make all come right. "Cinderella" is lucidly and admirably written, the characters are clearly cut, the incidents plainly and surely drawn; there is a quiet piety about the book that is welcome, and a note of canny humour which, we should have thought, might have prevented the somewhat remarkable *gaucherie* of the plot. But Mr. Crockett tells his story freshly, and will certainly delight an increasing number of readers in the domestic circle.

In the Ruritanian Style.

In THE RED CHANCELLOR (Ward, Lock, 6s.) Sir William Magnay has written "a romance" of a petty German court, an Englishman inconveniently mixed in its intrigues, love affairs, plots, a bride, and so forth—all in a manner which has long since received the reading public's *cachet* of approval. Without going into the complex and always exciting details we can assure our readers that the author of "The Red Chancellor" does all these things uncommonly well. We can imagine no more entertaining companion of its kind for a railway journey nor a more exciting and agreeable volume to mitigate the rigours of an English *villégiature*. The title-page bears the legend "illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen." As a matter of fact there is only one drawing, but it really illustrates an important situation and is one of the best pictures that has appeared in a six-shilling volume in our time.

Another new-comer is "Mayne Lindsay," whose book THE WHIRLPOOL (Ward, Lock, 6s.) is what one might call a fine example of the magazine novel, crowded with excitement and the clash of swords, adventures, complications, and at least one colossal mistake of identity. Mr. Francis Bothfield, the hero, is an Englishman pitch-forked by the Fates, or "Mayne Lindsay," into what the author calls "one of the most mediæval intrigues

is not essentially original; her method of telli
clever and brisk, and her book has the furth
containing some twenty-five drawings by Mr.
We have not seen a better illustrated book this y

Anglo-Indian Novels.

"So that is poor Elisabeth Murray?"

"That is Elisabeth Murray; but I don't t
thank you for calling her poor," said Cicely,
sunshade to a more becoming angle.

"Nature's mistakes are always to be pit
where the weakest go to the wall," said Kenne

Cicely shook her neat little head in reproo

"I don't think that is very polite, Rob
"it sounds as if Ellie was lame or deformed."

But she laughed a little, for one's deares
fortunes scarcely touch one as one's own.

"It would be better for her to be bud-rid
she is," said Kennedy, and meant what he said

Thus begins Mr. M. Hamilton's POOR ELISAB
Blackett, 6s.). Elisabeth's infirmity is Hindu
mother's side. "The curse of India," Cicely's *fi*
girls, who, by some "fools" marrying them, "ha
of laziness, sensuousness, coarseness of mind"—and
would probably have said, had not Cicely pulle
The story makes pleasant reading, despite its nu
frocks and colours, and in its picture of Anglo
life there is some good character-drawing, es
Colonel Murray, Elisabeth's father, who is almo
rage. Of course, the man who makes an unwrit
"fools" marrying Hindu or Eurasian women is
break that law. And the sermon would be incom
closing note of tragedy. The book is one of many
subject, and is apt to make the reader reflec
lightness of its first half makes the followin
greater. Elisabeth's lightness, the pitying symp
the reader, makes her case the more acute. An
it all is its fidelity to an actual phase of Anglo-I

A Government is for some people only a thi
get the best of. Major Hugh Evans, in Miss
novel, MOUNTAINS OF NECESSITY (Blackwood,
idea to its ultimate by wedding, on what he
death-bed, so that the amount that he has s
widows' and orphans' fund may go to some one
stated, the main idea of this book seems forc
Miss White so tells her story as to make it se
Flora Niel might do this particularly strang
Hugh Evans, a woman-hater of the most s
recovers, and later when Flora comes into a fort
becomes interesting. Circumstance causes these
another, but each is naturally far too proud t
tears. How this happy issue is eventually
story that Miss White has to tell. And this she d
that makes it one of the most interesting nove
for some time. The author knows the Anglo-In
But in her infinite knowledge she quaintly s
readers will not understand the ordinary nat
among Anglo-Indians. Thus we are told tha
level plain; but we more especially resent its
by the author that she alone knows that *charp*
bed. Apart from this, Miss White does not
intelligence of her readers as many novelists do.

of fortune. His wives form a considerable portion of the story; as does Zulfiear, a young and interesting *protégé* of the Prince. The last third of the book gives the tale of a brave slave-girl, named Narcissus, and a weak Nawab, its moral being the effeminating power of Mahomedan polygamy.

THE EMPEROR'S DESTINY, by Surgeon-Major Greenhow (Digby, Long, 6s.), tells of the court of the Great Mogul, of a beauteous Italian damsel and a chivalrous young English artist. The local colour is not overdone and makes it interesting. Major Greenhow has written other Anglo-Indian stories with success.

"Penance."

The long humiliation of a vain self-centred woman for the loss of her only child through her own neglect is the theme of PENANCE, by Leslie Keith (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). The loss of the child and the tragic end of the mother at the close of the story are well described, and there are pleasant and true pictures of life in Germany and also of an English country vicarage. (We would suggest to the author, by the way, that "ruridecanal" is not the correct adjective to "rural dean.") These make agreeable relief. But the thing is too spun out, and the tracts of story which lie between the important landmarks are often not quite interesting enough to detain the reader on his way. With stronger incident and a dialogue of more point this would be a good novel. As it is it has many merits both in its scenes and its characters, and we can commend it to leisurely readers.

In the Canadian Bush.

BONANZA, by Mr. Ernest G. Henham (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.), opens with an interesting presentment of life in a bush shanty by Yellow Sands River. The teller is one Rupert Petrie, twenty-one years of age and ignorant as Akshelah, the Cree beauty who bears him such sympathetic company in his search for "Bonanza," the Canadian land of wealth. In fact the two are a pair of ideal children of nature. What they lack in training is replaced by natural cuteness, yet their motives are refreshingly honest. His father, many years a goldseeker, dies in the shanty, leaving the usual incomplete key to hidden treasure. With Rupert goes his instigator, an old factor of the onetime Hudson Bay Company. Their first stopping place is Gull Island, where we have one of the brutal fist-and-wrestling fights of that lawless corner of the earth, and very well described it is. Then comes a straight start for the gold, the hunters nine, in two parties; and a good idea of what follows is given in: "In determining the position, I made it out to be that Leblanc and Morrison were against every one; MacCaskill and myself against Redpath and the Icelander, with, incidentally, the two thick-skulled sailors; Redpath always for himself; Olaffson (the Icelander) nominally for the adventurer, actually for himself. MacCaskill and myself formed the only genuine alliance, with Akshelah to aid us." The trial of the "sneak-thief" is a most vivid and true piece of colouring not overdone. The tale ends with Rupert and his young Cree wife turning their backs on the world to begin a combined Utopian life on his old clearance by the fair waters of the Yellow Sand. Yet, like a ghost, at the end of a feast, there rises in the reviewer's mind the query: Where did Rupert learn to write this book?

"The Seven Houses."

THE SEVEN HOUSES (Ward, Lock, and Co., 6s.) of Mr. Hamilton Drummond are not such as we live in. They are—the "houses" of Life, Kinsfolk, Marriage, Death, Religion, Honour, and Friends and Enemies; and they make the seven parts into which the story is divided. As in his previous book, Mr. [illegible]

uncle, Henri, Canon de Mont-de-Sevan. Plots, [illegible] plague, and fighting follow in due order. Through [illegible] Denise goes, a brave, winsome heroine, so entirely [illegible] good that she fully deserves to be left as we leave her.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Exhibition of Early Printed Books, at present in the King's Library of the British Museum, has for [illegible] authorities with an opportunity of issuing an illustrated [illegible] the works. The arrangement is chronological, beginning [illegible] the first block-books of Germany and the Netherlands [illegible] admirable illustrations of types and woodcuts, showing [illegible] of printing in its first rude stages. Some notes on fac[illegible] ings are another feature in a guide which possesses a [illegible] value to the bibliographer.

We are sorry to note the death of Mr. Edward [illegible] librarian of the Camberwell Public Libraries since their [illegible] ment some ten years ago. Prior to his appointment Mr. [illegible] was a member of the Camberwell Vestry, and form[illegible] library which was undoubtedly an influence in the [illegible] the Acts. He was the author of some books of verse, and [illegible] published a Cornish romance entitled "Hugh Trebarw[illegible]

The Bethnal-green Free Library is for the third [illegible] aided by the Stock Exchange Orchestral and Choral So[illegible] will, in December next, give a concert at the People's [illegible]

Another crusade against the appearance of betti[illegible] the papers at a Public Library has been instituted [illegible] where the "blacking out" of all such news has bee[illegible] Some of the council are scarcely sanguine as to the [illegible] result of this measure. We are disposed to share the [illegible] It was at Aston Manor that the "blacking out" [illegible] first begun. There the latest development is the ref[illegible] committee to allow any sectarian publications to app[illegible] reading-rooms.

Mr. Carnegie will give £5,000 to Ilfracombe, [illegible] Dalkeith, £7,500 to Ilkeston, £15,000 to Waterford, [illegible] to Thurso for the erection of free libraries under cond[illegible]

The vexed question of the assessment of librari[illegible] rates has been revived at Perth, where the library [illegible] are being sued for school and poor rates over eighte[illegible] to Whitsuntide, 1900. At that date a certificate of [illegible] was granted, under the Scientific Societies Exemptio[illegible] is now contended that the exemption is not retrospe[illegible] a test case the matter is important. Surely the title [illegible] tion was as clear in 1898 as in 1900, and we may hop[illegible] principle will be affirmed.

Mr. Thomas Greenwood, having acquired the co[illegible] second edition of Edward Edwards' "Memoirs of L[illegible] as far as the sheets were finally revised by the a[illegible] generously distributed them as gifts to the original s[illegible] where these could be traced and the remainder among [illegible] of the different libraries of the kingdom.

A scheme for assisting the village and working men [illegible] has been adopted by the Department of Agriculture and [illegible] Instruction in Ireland. Grants not exceeding £3 are [illegible] tributed for the purchase of technical books from a[illegible] list of standard works, dealing with agriculture [illegible] chemistry, dressmaking, &c. The design is excellent [illegible] induce a belief in the good intentions of the Governme[illegible]

The United States Bureau of Education latel[illegible] report on Libraries in the States. There are 5,383 li[illegible] over 1,000 volumes each, about half of which are su[illegible] taxation and half by subscription. New York with [illegible] Massachusetts with 571 take the lead, though ne[illegible] founded in the Western States largely account for the [illegible] 1,357 in the total number over those in existence five [illegible] The increase in the number of libraries is chiefly [illegible] munificence of Mr. Carnegie, who during the past [illegible] given more than £2,600,000 for the purpose. In the Un[illegible]

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—I.

Those who share the "curse of modern armies" view of war correspondents should read Mr. Julian Corbett's article in the *Anglo-Saxon Review* on "War Correspondence and the Censorship under Elizabeth." There were, of course, no newspapers in those days, but there were pamphlets, and when the great expedition against Cadiz and the Treasure Fleet took place in 1596, each of several prominent officers took out his own private pamphleteer in order that he might impose his own version of the operations on his countrymen. There were two pamphleteers riding post-haste to London from Plymouth and Portsmouth respectively. The Portsmouth man broke down within three hours of his destination and the Plymouth man got in first. Meantime, however, the Government got wind of what was happening, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who happened to be Press censor, forbade any but the official version to be printed. Most of the others are still in manuscript at the British Museum, at Lambeth Palace, and elsewhere. Decidedly, whatever Lord Wolseley may think, the change has been for the better.

Another article in the Review gives some unpublished letters addressed to Sheridan, together with one or two written by the dramatist. One of the latter shows how Sheridan used to express himself when borrowing money:—

> My dear Peake,—If you gave me £8 on Monday night, I have lost £5 or gave it by mistake to the coachman. I find Mrs. S. here without a shilling to pay even washing, and I have not a farthing left. I conjure you to send me £10, and by G—d this shall be the last advance you shall make.

Sheridan's financial troubles in dealing with the Drury Lane actresses are also exemplified by a very strong letter from Miss Farren. Other correspondents are Burke, James Mackintosh, Hervey, Thomas Moore, and Coleridge, who replies to an invitation to write a tragedy. Coleridge says:—

> The attempt I shall make more readily as I have reason to believe that I can hope without expecting and, of course, meet rejections without suffering disappointment. Indeed, I have conceived so high an idea of what a tragedy ought to be that I am certain that I shall find myself dissatisfied with my production; and I can therefore safely promise that I will neither be surprised or wounded if I should find you of the same opinion.

He was probably wounded, though he may have known Sheridan well enough not to be surprised, when, on his sending in his tragedy, the Drury Lane manager did not even write to acknowledge its receipt.

Messrs. Barr, Le Gallienne, and Hichens contribute short stories to the number, and the binding is copied from an edition of the "Architecture of Vitruvius," printed in Paris in 1547, and now in the Bodleian Library.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. W. Laird Clowes writes graphically of President Roosevelt, who contributed to his "History of the Royal Navy."

> He is no swashbuckler, no fire-eater, no jingo. He will not, like Mr. Cleveland, play needlessly with powder. He will not assent to the despatch of gratuitously irritating State papers, even on the eve of a Presidential election. He has too exalted an idea of the dignity of his country willingly to suffer her to utter a single official word which she does not mean and intend to abide by.

George Eliot and George Sand are compared and contrasted by the Hon. Lady Ponsonby. The Hon. Mrs. Goodhart writes out "Fragments of Mr. Gladstone's Conversation," taken from her diary written when she met him at Naples in 1888-89. The talk seems to have been rather well-informed than brilliant. Other articles are "A Winter's Walk in Canada," by Arnold

indifferent War Minister seems likely to bec
successful Secretary for Foreign Affairs." I
record is not less favourably regarded by an am
looker," who says:—"The present Viceroy ha
two years and a half of office, shown how Ind
governed." Lighter articles are those by Mr. H
on "Ravenna" and Mr. T. A. Cook on "Forei
Henley Regatta." Admit the foreign oarsman pre
does not employ a professional coach is Mr. Cook's
tion. There are also some poems by Fiona Macleo

In the *Contemporary* the inevitable article
Roosevelt is by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who apprel
President "would welcome an understanding betwe
of the English-speaking world, so that, to that ex
war would be impossible." Mr. H. Morgan Browne,
the great economic question, concludes that "it
to doubt that on balance British commerce is
success." The Rev. Charles J. Shebbeare vindi
Church position, to which, differing from some ot
attributes "intellectual strength." There are a
Miss Emily Hobhouse on "Concentration Camps
Thomas Holmes on "The Making of the Hooligan.

The reader's curiosity will be excited by the
the *National Review*, of an article on "Some Le
South African War," by Sir Charles Warren.
greater importance is Mr. W. R. Lawson's on "
Anxiety of France." "In France every impor
the national income appears to be retrograding"
which is carefully substantiated by statistics. M
more, M.P., writing of "The Succession to the
casts his vote for Mr. Balfour, throwing dou
Chamberlain's discretion. The Rev. William F
"The Prospects of Catholicism." He means Rom
seems sanguine, believing that "unless ideals
die humanity must one day pass on into a great R
"The Future of South America" is an important s
by an anonymous contributor. His view is that
Germany and Italy will compel the United Sta
the Monroe doctrine; but we fancy he underrate
resistance of the South American principalities. T
of Spain shows that this is a factor to be reckoned

In *Macmillan* Mr. Algernon Blackwood comp
of his adventures "Down the Danube in a Can
and Mr. J. L. Etty compares Shakespeare's King
King John of history.

In the *New Liberal Review* Mr. Churton Co
"popular quotations," with his usual erudition,
familiar sayings to unfamiliar sources. "First cat
is one case in point.

> It has always been assumed that this prec
> found in Mrs. Glasse's celebrated book on co
> well known to our great-grandmothers. But
> Glasse says is something very different. S
> directions for what is called "casing" the har
> wrapping it in paper and basting it with g
> describing this process in cookery she says, "
> hare," and out of this misconception has sprung

A third is "Curses like young chickens c
roost":—

> This, being in Greek, is assumed to com
> Greek writer. It was really a saying of a crack
> fellow named Will Tyler, a relation of the
> Coleridge, struck with its originality, turned it
> coolly attributing it to some mysterious Gree
> Southey prefixed this Greek version as a motto
> of Kehama." And so it has come to pass that a
> extemporized in the chimney-corner of an Englis
> a half-witted rustic has become one of the
> supposed "classical" proverbs.

Correspondence.

WHO KILLED AMY ROBSART?

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your able criticism, last week, of my little book there remains an item as to which I beg respectfully to submit that your reviewer has misrepresented me. He writes: "On the main question, too, Mr. Sidney should at least have noticed the elaborate statement of Anthony Wood, based on tradition as well as gossip." Now, I can assure him that I was, at the time of writing the book, thoroughly acquainted with Wood's statement, but I rejected its information as not being of the very least historical value. Wood's account, with the exception of the reference to a certain chamber at Cumnor, is not "based on tradition," but entirely on "Leycester's Commonwealth," with which it is so precisely in accord that the language used is often literally the same, word for word. Wood, therefore, adopts all the errors of the author of the "Commonwealth," inclusive of that which makes "Sir John Robertset" alive at the date of his daughter's funeral. Even the information about Dr. Bayley (to whom I have referred in my book) contains nothing that the "Commonwealth" had left unsaid. That part of Wood's statement "based on gossip" was derived from mere village chatter, and is by no means correct.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

October 7. PHILIP SIDNEY.

DICKENS EXAMINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Vernon's Discovery o' the "Students' Guide to the School of Literne Fictitie" mentioned in *Literature* Oct. 5 has been anticipat sd. In "Examinations in Fiction" in the January number of *Cornhill*, Mr. Lang refers to it, and supplies the required Elegy on Little Nell, in the style of Pope, and the translation into the style of Dr. Johnson of "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked in poetry."

Yours very truly,

JOHN D. HAMILTON.

The Athenæum, Glasgow, Oct. 7.

"TWO GIRLS AND A DREAM."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I was very interested in your short notice of my book, "Two Girls and a Dream," which appeared in your last issue, and you will, perhaps, allow me to rectify what I consider a slight error in your criticism. When my heroine exclaims that for a writer to succeed (succeed from a pecuniary point of view, let it be remembered) he must write not the best, but the worst that is in him, you look upon this as a fallacy. Yet the fact that a writer like Mr. Israel Zangwill, to quote one instance only, whom any competent critic will allow to be one of the masters of modern prose, is less popular than, say, Mr. Guy Boothby or Mrs. L. T. Meade, seems to me convincing proof that my assertion is based on facts. I feel quite confident that you will find many authors to share this belief.

Hoping you will kindly find a space to insert these few lines, I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

JEAN DELAIRE.

editor of all Mr. Murray's educational works. The p vary from a shilling to half-a-crown. Among early vo "First Makers of England: Julius Cæsar, King Arthu the Great," by Lady Magnus; "Telegraphs and Tele by Sir W. H. Preece; and "Electric Wireman's M W. C. Clinton, demonstrator in the Pender Laborat volumes specially adapted to the preliminary examinat City and Guilds of London Institute; "A Short H Coinage," by Lord Avebury; and "The Life of Ch the Rev. H. C. Beeching.

Mr. Murray has also a teacher's edition of Dean "Life of Dr. Arnold"—with a preface by Sir Joshua work set by the Board of Education for the Elementary Certificate, 1902, and a cheaper edition of Darwin's "of Man." The latter, like "The Origin of Species" issued in half-a-crown form—will soon follow. "The Ve Naturalist" out of copyright. Mr. Murray's repo copied from the latest editions of Darwin's works; it is first editions that are coming out of copyright. Oth announced by Mr. Murray for this month are the essays by expert writers on "National Education," Mr. Laurie Magnus; "The Great Persian War an liminaries," by Mr. G. B. Grundy, who has made special of Thermopylæ and Platæa; and "A General H Europe, 350-1900," by Messrs. Oliver Thatcher and F Schwill, and adapted by Mr. Arthur Hassall for English and schools.

Mr. Arthur Hassall is also editing the new edition "History of Modern Europe" (which Messrs. Bell ar ing in six volumes), and continuing it to the en nineteenth century. The first two volumes have appeared; the third and fourth will be ready immediat

Mr. Heinemann announces "The French and Eng Book: A new Dictionary of the French and English Lan by Drs. H. Edgren, and P. B. Burnet, M.A., with an tion by R. J. Lloyd, Hon. Reader in Phonetics in the U College, Liverpool; and "A new Italian-English Wor based on the same principles, is in course of preparatio

Messrs. Heffer and Sons, of Cambridge, have in two additions to their series of "Problems and Ex English History," by Mr. J. S. Lindsey, of which Book 1603) appeared in June. One of the new volumes, Book with the period 1688-1832. The other, Book II, covers span of British History. And a portion, as far as also be issued separately as a (London) Matriculation N of English History, while a similar book dealing with th of European History, 1814-1848, will be issued early in These "Notebooks" are designed to form the nucleus books, and will be available in an interleaved form.

Wessex and Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Professor Bertram Windle's work on "The W Thomas Hardy," which Mr. Lane will publish next grew into book form when the author was editing a ha the Wessex country. Its aim is to lead the reader to t of the novels, and there, by means of quotations, to Hardy describe them himself. The illustrations ar Edmund H. New. In the concluding chapters a resu topography of each novel is given.

Mr. Hardy's new volume of poems, by the way called "Poems of the Past and the Present," and in the complete uniform edition of his works. It will be by Messrs. Harper about the middle of next month.

Mr. O'Donoghue, whose Irish Poets we notice else also at work upon a similar compilation dealing w Artists. It will include notices of upwards of 2,000 Ir tors, painters, engravers, architects, &c. This work is t of many years' research in the libraries of Dublin and It will be issued in three parts, Part I. of which Mr. O'D hopes to have ready in the spring.

Two of the articles in this month's *Mercure de F*

sporting tale by Finch Mason, entitled "Mad Lorrimer"; a volume of Anglo-Indian stories by Allen Perrin; and "Dross," a novel by Mr. Harold Tremayne. For next week they promise "The Rance's Rubies," by Dr. Helen Bourchier; "Thirteen Ways Home," a collection of stories by E. Nesbit; an eighteenth-century novel by Theo. Gift, entitled "The Case of a Man with his Wife"; and a novel of South American life by Marvin Dana, entitled the "Woman of Orchids." Among Christmas books they will publish "Louis Wain's Annual."

"Mr. Punch's Dramatic Sequels," to appear at the end of this month (Bradbury, Agnew), will contain the continuations to famous plays by St. John Hankin which have appeared in *Punch*, illustrated by Mr. E. J. Wheeler, who has introduced the portraits of many prominent actors.

Books to look out for at once.

"The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson." By Graham Balfour. Methuen. 2 vols. 22s.
[The authorized biography. Uniform with the Edinburgh Edition.]

"Links with the Past." By Mrs. Charles Bagot. Arnold. 16s.
[Mrs. Bagot was born eighty years ago, and her parents and grandparents took their share in public affairs.]

"The Wessex of Thomas Hardy." By Prof. B. Windle. Lane. 21s. n.
[See note under "Authors and Publishers."]

"The Theatre: Its Development in France and England, and a History of Its Greek and Latin Origins." By Charles Hastings. (Authorized Translation.) Duckworth. 8s. n.
[With an introductory letter by Victorien Sardou.]

"Sunshine and Surf: Being a Year's Wanderings in the South Seas." By Douglas B. Hall and Lord Albert Osborne. Black. 12s. 6d.
[Illustrated.]

"A History of the Police in England." By Captain Melville Lee. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

"The Way to Rome." By Hilaire Belloc. Allen. 6s. n.
[Notes of travel in Italy.]

"Omnibuses and Cabs: Their Origin and History." By Henry Charles Moore. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.
[Illustrated from old engravings, prints, and photographs.]

"Tales of Dunstable Weir." By "Zack." Methuen. 6s.
[Photogravure frontispiece.]

"The Embarrassing Orphan." By W. E. Norris. Methuen. 6s.

"Young Barbarians." By Ian Maclaren. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

"Yorke, the Adventurer, and other Tales." By Louis Becke. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
[Another volume of Pacific tales. "Green Cloth" Library.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS,

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[*Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.*]

ART.

CONVERSATIONS OF JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A., WITH JAMES WARD ON ART AND ARTISTS. Ed. by E. Fletcher. 9×5¾, 258 pp. Methuen. 10s. 6d.
[Mr. Fletcher gives a life of Northcote, and edits his conversations from the note books left by James Ward, his friend and admirer, who died 1850.]

THE ENGLISH PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTERS. By P. Bate. Second Ed. 8×5¼, 124 pp. Bell. 7s. 6d. n.
[This edition has been revised, and contains additional pictures by the brethren and those who were, or are, under their influence.]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF MAJOR-GEN. SIR R. MU'RDOCH SMITH. By W. K. Dickson. 9×6, 376 pp. Blackwood. 15s. n.
[Sir R. Murdoch Smith was for twenty years Director of the Indo-European Government Telegraph in Persia; and, later, Director of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art. He carried out valuable archæological research in Persia, Halicarnassus, Cyrene, &c. Died 1900.]

OWEN GLYNDYWR. (Heroes of the Nations.) By A. G. Bradley. 7¼×5¼, 357 pp. Putnam. 5s.
["The last and most celebrated of the soldier patriots of Wales," 1359-1415. By the author of "Highways and Byways of North Wales." Many photographic views.]

FAMOUS PIANISTS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY. FAMOUS VIOLINISTS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY. By H. C. Lahee.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE CHRONICLES OF DURNFORD. By J. Cartwr
131 pp. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.
[A public school story.]

KITTY. By Adeline F. Mount. 7¼×5¼, 226 pp. S.P.C.K.
[A pathetic tale of gypsy and poaching life in wh
wins her father to a respectable life. Illustrated.]

IN LUCK'S WAY. By Catherine E. Mallandaine.
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1s.
[A story of moral tone of lower middle-class life, fo

LITTLE JOHN COPE. By L. L. Weedon. 7¼×5, 128 p
Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1s.
[A short tale for young boys of the Jacobite Rebelli

LIKE CURES LIKE. By Catherine E. Mallandaine.
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 3s. 6d.
[A pleasant enough story of farm life in the dales,
of a girl with her misanthropic uncle whose heart she s
two pictures.]

THE CHIEFTAIN AND THE SCOUT. By E. S. Ellis
Series.) 7¼×5, 296 pp. Cassell. 2s. 6d.
[A story of the Red Indians.]

OLD KING COLE'S NURSERY RHYMES. 11×8¾, 99 pp.
[This has five full-page illustrations in colour by Mr.

THE YOUNGEST GIRL IN THE SCHOOL. By Evelyn S
396 pp. Macmillan. 6s.
[School-girl life near London. Illustrated by C. E.

CHING THE CHINAMAN AND HIS MIDDY FRIE
Manville Fenn. 8×5¾, 506 pp. S.P.C.K. 5s.
[These adventures of middies in China are likely to
and, as will be seen from the number of pages, there is
ing in the book. There are one or two illustrations.]

FROM PLAYGROUND TO BATTLEFIELD. By F. Harr
383 pp. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.
[A story for boys of the time of the Napoleonic war

ETHEL HARDMAN. By W. E. Chadwick. 7¾×5¼, 31
for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 3s. 6d.
[Especially against the dangers of betting and gamb

A GIRL'S RESOLVE. By E. S. Curry. 7¼×5, 127 p
Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1s.
[A brief tale for girls. Pattie resolves to make her
her sweetheart, who has gone to the war, and who comes

IN THE DAYS OF ST. ANSELM. By Gertrude Hollis.
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 2s. 6d.
[Showing the troubles of the Church under William

PROVERBIAL SAYINGS. By Gordon Browne. 9×11¾
Gardner.
[A large picture book, with excellent coloured com
of proverbs.]

THE VIOLET FAIRY BOOK. Ed. by Andrew Lang.
Longmans. 6s.
[In the same style as others of the series, but many
tions here are finely coloured.]

THE WOULDBEGOODS. By E. Nesbit. 7¼×5, 331 pp.
[Further adventures of the "Treasure Seekers."

THE BOYS' ODYSSEY. By H. C. Perry. 7¼×5, 201 pp.
[Founded on Butcher and Lang's prose translati
at the request of several preparatory school masters.

THE WOOD PIGEON AND MARY. By Mrs. Molesw
192 pp. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.
[A pretty story in which the pigeons play a part
illustrated by H. R. Millar.]

THE OLDE IRISH RIMES OF BRIAN O'LINN. By S
11¼×8¾. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
[A large children's picture book. Illustrated in black

SIR PHELIM'S TREASURE. By H. A. Hinkson. 7
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 2s. 6d.
[Eighteenth-century story of adventure in the
ancestral treasure buried in Ireland. Illustrated.]

OUT ON THE LLANO. By A. Daent. 7¼×5¼, 384 pp
Promoting Christian Knowledge. 3s. 6d.
[Adventures, based on fact, in the wilds of Columbi

ONE WOMAN'S WORK. By Annette Lyster. 7¼×5¼, 2
for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 2s.
[Shows how a woman not favoured by fortune com
life's work.]

AN IRISH COUSIN. By Catherine M. Macgorley.

THE LITTLE CLOWN. By THOMAS COBB. (Dumpy Books for Children.) 5×3, 150 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.

LORD ROBERTS. A Life for Boys. By VIOLET BROOKE-HUNT. 7¾×5¼, 346 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

THE GOLLIWOGG'S "AUTO-GO-CART." By FLORENCE K. UPTON. 8¾×11, 66 pp. Longmans. 6s.

[Further "up-to-date" adventures of the Golliwog.]

LEADING STRINGS. 9¾×7½, 124 pp. Wells Gardner. 1s. 6d.

[Simple illustrated tales for quite young children.]

THE FISH CROWN IN DISPUTE. By F. L. LUCAS. 8¾×5½, 140 pp. Skeffington. 3s. 6d.

[Illustrated by A. H. Woodward and others. The adventures of two little children at the bottom of the sea.]

THE LILY PRINCESS. By MARGUERITE LLOYD. 7×5, 120 pp. Skeffington. 2s. 6d.

[A pretty story of children's "make-believe," and how they found princesses, fairies, and witches at home. Two illustrations by Mrs. Farmiloe.

EDUCATIONAL.

CICERO: PRO ARCHIA. (Elementary Classics.) Ed. by G. H. NALL. 6×4½, 94 pp. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

THUCYDIDES, THE ATHENIANS IN SICILY. By W. C. COMPTON. (Illustrated Classics.) 7×4½, 237 pp. Bell.

THE HISTORY OF EUROPE IN OUTLINE, 1814-1848. By O. BROWNING. 7×4½, 164 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

CICERO DE SENECTUTE. Ed. by A. S. WARMAN. (Illustrated Classics.) 6½×4½, 119 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d.

A CLASS BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By A. HASSALL. 7½×5, 603 pp. Rivingtons. 3s. 6d.

[See Review p. 346.]

PRIMER OF GEOMETRY. By H. W. GROOME SMITH. 7×4¾, 100 pp. Macmillan. 2s.

JULIUS CÆSAR. Ed. by G. J. LEES. 7½×5, 138 pp. Allman. 1s.

FICTION.

GOLDEN HEARTED. By M. BRAMSTON. 7½×5, 160 pp. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1s. 6d.

[Adapted from the German. The adventures in life of two middle-class girls, unselfish and selfish.]

THE COMING OF THE PREACHER. By J. ACKWORTH. 7¾×5¼, 290 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[A tale of the rise of Methodism.]

EDWARD THE EXILE. By MARY M. DAVIDSON. 7¾×5¼, 299 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[A story of the eleventh century about Edward, the father of St. Margaret of Scotland, who is briefly mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.]

THE CANKERWORM. By G. MANVILLE FENN. 7¾×5¼, 415 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[The life of Linda, a baronet's daughter who is taken home after a runaway match with a rascal, who dies at the end of the book, when Linda marries Lord Inveraigh.]

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH. By FLORENCE WARDEN. 7¾×5¼, 338 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[The gradual unmasking of a spiritualistic criminal impostor.]

THE BENEFACTRESS. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." 7¾×5¼, 418 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[An English girl comes into an estate in North Germany, where she offers a home to ladies of good birth. Three accept, and the story pictures the relations between them, their host, and their neighbours.]

MARGARET. By A. H. HODGES. (Popular Stories, VII.) 7¾×5¼, 123 pp. Stockwell. 2s.

[A tale of middle-class Congregationalism.]

MANASSEH. By M. JÓKAI. Trans. by P. F. Bicknell. 7¾×5¼, 328 pp. Macqueen.

[A story of the troubles in Hungary in 1848. Somewhat abridged.]

CLEMENTINE. By A. E. W. MASON. 7¾×5¼, 310 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[A romance of the Jacobites, introducing the old Pretender. Illustrated by Bernard Partridge.]

A GALLANT QUAKER. By MARGARET H. ROBERTSON. 7¾×5¼, 296 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[The story of a young wool merchant of the seventeenth century, a friend of Fox and Penn, and of the persecutions of the Quakers.]

ATHIRT THE DOWNS. A Tale of Church Folk. By A. J. DAVIES. 7½×5, 152 pp. Skeffington. 2s. 6d.

[A charming tale of a Sussex village. Realistic and

THE LAIRD'S LUCK, and other Fireside Tales. By A. T. COUCH. 8×5½, 342 pp. Cassell. 6s.

[Stories of past times, especially the French wars.]

PENANCE. By L. KEITH. 7¾×5¼, 300 pp. Hodder and St

[See Review, p. 351.]

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. MOLYNEUX. By CECIL HEA 332 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

[Countryhouse and political life. Mr. Molyneux's lo stopped (?) at the end by the discovery of his early fa Frenchwoman.]

THE KING'S RING. Trans. from the Swedish of Z. TOPELIU S. Ohrwall and Herbert Arnold. 7¾×5¼, 297 pp. Jarrold.

[A romance of the days of Gustavus Adolphus and Years' War.]

FAREWELL NIKOLA. By GUY BOOTHBY. 7¾×5¼, 315 pp. War

[Nikola departs at the end "to the fate which claims hi

CAPTAIN RAVENSHAW. By R. N. STEPHENS. 7¾×5¼, 369 Lock. 6s.

[A story of every day life in Elizabethan times. Illustr

A HERO OF THE HILLS. By G. W. BROWNE. 8×5¼, 312 pp. Jar

[The third volume of the "Woodranger Tales" characters continued. The fighting between the New Colonists and the Indians. Illustrated.]

THE FOREST SCHOOLMASTER. By PETER ROSEGGER. Francis E. Skinner. 7¾×5¼, 333 pp. Putnam. 6s.

[An autobiographical work by the well-known sel Austrian Peasant who has become a voluminous writer.]

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY. By MAUD H. PETERSON. 7¾ Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[See Review, p. 349]

NELLIE, OR A CHEQUERED LIFE. By ETHEL CHILVER 140 pp. Stockwell.

[A story of very religious tone, about the experiences an &c., of the daughter of a Baptist minister.]

LIGHT FREIGHTS. By W. W. JACOBS. 7¾×5¼, 295 pp. Methu

[Short stories dealing mostly with the adventures of sa and ashore. Illustrated.]

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS. By G. 7¾×5¼, 320 pp. Macqueen. 6s.

[A sad story of Scottish commercial and University life

THE SINNER AND THE PROBLEM. By ERIC PARKER 282 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[Tells of two picturesque and rather pathetic scho their artist friend, and their doings in the country.]

CIRCUMSTANCE. By S. WEIR MITCHELL. 7¾×5¼, 405 pp. Mac

[New York of to-day.]

TALES AND SKETCHES. By F. PLANT. 7×4¾, 222 pp. Hender

[Brief tales, tragic and domestic, mostly of middle-class life.]

INGRAM. By GERALDINE KEMP. 7¾×5¼, 287 pp. Chapman and

[Story of a young man who returns from a wild life of t become the master of an ancestral home and how the change a

DEBORAH. By J. M. LUDLOW. 8×5¼, 406 pp. Nisbet. 6s.

[A tale of the times of Judas Maccabæus.]

WHEELS OF IRON. By L. T. MEADE. 8×5¼, 415 pp. Nisbe

[Written in the interest of the National Society for the of Cruelty to Children. A story of neglected children in upper-class home. It is a pathetic story—though, we thi overdrawn—and shows again the author's intimate kno children.]

EREWHON REVISITED. By SAMUEL BUTLER. 7¾×5, 338 Richards. 6s.

[This appears with a new edition of the original "Erew describes the visit to that strange country twenty years lat original discoverer and his son.]

HISTORY.

THE WELSH WARS OF EDWARD I. By J. E. MORRIS. 9× Clarendon Press. 9s. 6d. n.

[The chief object is "to depict an English Army in th the most critical point in medieval military history—nam very beginning of a systematic organization of infantry," an the influence of the wars on English Constitutional history.]

LE LIVRE DES MILLE NUITS ET UNE NUIT. Traduction par le Dr. MARDRUS. Tome IX. 5½×8, 335 pp. Paris: Revue Blanche. Fr.7.

[The tenth volume of this remarkable work is now being printed.]

THE WORKS OF THOMAS KYD. Ed. by F. S. BOAS. 9½×5¾. 470 pp. Clarendon Press. 15s. n.

[First complete edition of Kyd's work, based on a collation of all the extant texts. Exhaustive introduction (with index) on Kyd's life and work, notes, and facsimiles.]

MILITARY.

THROUGH RHODESIA WITH THE SHARPSHOOTERS. By R. STEVENSON. 7½×6½. 199 pp. Macqueen.

[See Review, p. 341.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK. By the Hon. Mrs. A. LYTTELTON. 7½×5, 152 pp. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

[A discussion of the position and pursuits of women today by the wife of the Bishop of Southampton.]

THE ART OF BUILDING A HOME. By B. PARKER and H. UNWIN. 9×6, 123 pp. Longmans. 10s. 6d. n.

[Reprinted lectures, with sketches and photographs.]

A TEXT-BOOK OF ELEMENTARY BOTANY. By CHARLOTTE L. LAURIE. 7½×5, 138 pp. Allman. 2s. 6d.

ORIENTAL.

TETRAEVANGELIUM SANCTUM SIMPLEX SYROHUM VERSIO. Ed. by the late P. E. PUSEY and G. H. GWILLIAM. 9×8, 608 pp. Clarendon Press. £2 2s. n.

[The late Mr. Pusey made careful collations of the ancient MSS of the Peshitto to test the accuracy of the traditional text. Mr. Gwilliam continued the work. It was found that the Peshitto version of the Gospels has not been corrupted in later times. This work exhibits the Peshitto Gospels as they were read in the ancient Syriac Church. With Latin translation, notes, &c.]

BOOKS ON EGYPT AND CHALDÆA. Assyrian Language. By L. W. KING, F.S.A. 7½×5. 216 pp. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

EREWHON; or, Over the Range. New Ed. Rev. By SAMUEL BUTLER. 7½×5, 324 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

TABLE TALK. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. (The World's Classics). 6×4, 450 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. n.

[A convenient and well-printed reprint. The text only.]

STUMPS. By STELLA AUSTIN. Ninth Ed. 7×4½, 152 pp. Wells, Gardner. 1s. 6d.

[A well-known and popular story for children.]

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS TO HIMSELF. In English. By G. H. RENDALL. 6½×4½. 167 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.

[Golden Treasury Series. The Headmaster of Charterhouse has here abridged the Introduction, and simplified the translation for the general reader from his edition published in 1898.]

THE CHURCH OF HISTORY AND OF EXPERIENCE. Third Ed. By D. W. Forrest, D.D. 8½×5½. 489 pp. T. and T. Clark. 6s.

[To the new edition of this important work an Appendix is added in support of the view that our Lord did not pray with His disciples.]

PRESENT IRISH QUESTIONS. By W. O'CONNOR MORRIS. 9×5½. 435 pp. Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. n.

[Discussion of the land question, Home Rule, &c., by the veteran writer and lawyer, who also wrote "Ireland, 1494-1868," and "Ireland, 179[illegible]-1898."]

THE WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. The Vicar of Wakefield and Plays and Poems. (Library of English Classics.) 9×5¾. 436 pp. Macmillan. 3. 6d. n.

[Another volume of this fine series, with Mr. A. W. Pollard's bibliographical note.]

THE WINDSOR SHAKESPEARE. Vols. I.-VIII. Ed. by H. N. HUDSON, LL.D. 8½×5½. Edinburgh: Jack. 2s. n. each vol.

[Fair edition has one play to each volume, the text being that of the Harvard Edition. Each play has an introduction, short explanatory notes at the bottom of the page, critical notes at the end, and a photogravure frontispiece (portraits or views connected with Shakespeare).]

THE CHASE AND THE ROAD. THE TURF. (The Sportman's Classics.). By NIMROD. 6½×4. 1-214 195 pp. Gay and Bird. 1s. 6d. n.

EXPERIMENTAL HYGIENE. By A. T. SUMMONS an[illegible] 7×4¾, 322 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

[This is a careful scientific text-book for teache[illegible] foods, weights, &c., with detailed instructions as to [illegible] maries, and examination questions. Illustrated.]

"THE REVIVAL OF PHRENOLOGY." THE MENT[illegible] OF THE BRAIN. By B. HOLLANDER, M.D. 9×5[illegible] Richards. 21s. n.

[A scientific investigation into the *localisation* [illegible] with special reference to the phrenological doctr[illegible] discoveries the author claims now to present for the [illegible]

SPORT.

SIDE AND SCREW. Notes on the Theory and Practi[illegible] Billiards. By C. D. LOCOCK. 7½×8½. 182 pp. Lon[illegible]

[Intended for moderately advanced amateurs. [illegible] study of the theory and practice of billiards, with m[illegible]

THEOLOGY.

MESSAGES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By [illegible] MACGREGOR. 8×5½, 178 pp. Hodder and Stoughto[illegible]

[Addresses on the book of the Old Testament [illegible] Chronicles and Joel by the well-known Presbyterian [illegible] at the age of 35, in London in May, 1900.]

STEPS TO UNITY. A Scientific Philosophy, the harbi[illegible] Theology. 8¾×5½, 211 pp. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.

[This anonymous work is intended to show (1) th[illegible] philosophy of common-sense, which proclaims an ob[illegible] be established on scientific principles; (2) that [illegible] Scripture can be made to rest on these principles.]

THE ATONEMENT AND INTERCESSION OF CHR[illegible] D. C. DAVIES. Ed. by D. E. JENKINS. 7¾×5½, 2[illegible] Clark. 4s.

[Dr. D. C. Davies, Welsh Calvinist preacher an[illegible] 1891 after work in London and as Principal fo[illegible] Trevecca College. These papers were written whe[illegible] man in London. Mr. Jenkins contributes a biograp[illegible]

LESSONS ON THE CHURCH CATECHISM. By [illegible] STEWART, D.D. 6¾×4½. Skeffington. 2s.

[The lessons have been found useful in Gat[illegible] Stewart worked, and are warmly commended in [illegible] Body.]

CATECHIZING FOR CHURCH AND SUNDAY SC[illegible] POTTER and E. A. W. SHEARD. 7½×5, 172 pp. Sk[illegible]

[The teaching follows the Prayer-book, and i[illegible] with useful, practical hints for teachers.]

THE GOSPEL FOR AN AGE OF HOPE. By T. [illegible] 10[illegible] pp. Stockwell. 1s.

[Short Congregationalist addresses. Paper bou[illegible]

THE VISION OF THE CROSS. A Dramatic Poem. [illegible] 7¾×5½, 48 pp. Stockwell. 2s.

[Mainly a conversation in undistinguished rhe[illegible] between a Jewish Christian convert and his old [illegible] scorns Christianity.]

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE NEW SCHOLA[illegible] PETERS. 7¾×5½, 328 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[Dr. Peters is the author of "Nippur," which [illegible] the University of Philadelphia Expedition to B[illegible] discusses the modern method of Bible study, with s[illegible] the Psalms and Daniel, and surveys the archæologic[illegible] ing on the Old Testament.]

THE CHURCH EPISTLES. By E. W. BULLINGER, D. [illegible] Eyre and Spottiswoode. 2s. 6d.

[Romans to 2nd Thessalonians, reprinted from "[illegible] The author (an Anglican) thinks the present distress [illegible] Evangelical Churches is due to the neglect of the [illegible] the Church and the doctrine of the Apostolical succe[illegible]

JOHANNINE PROBLEMS AND MODERN NEEDS. [illegible] 7¾×5, 127 pp. Macmillan. 3s. n.

[Assumes generally the Johannine authorshi[illegible] Gospel, and discusses the environment, the objec[illegible] tianity of the Evangelists.]

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. By the late Br[illegible] 7¾×5, 148 pp. Macmillan. 3s. n.

[This appeared originally in the Commentary on [illegible]

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be MR. E. F. BENSON.

* * * *

We publish this week the first of a series of letters giving the latest news of the Scotch literary world, which will be published at frequent intervals. The letter is dated from Edinburgh; the next will come from Glasgow.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson." By Graham Balfour. (Methuen.)

"The Mystery of Mary Stuart." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)

"The Benefactress." By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (Macmillan.)

little anticipate—no other than Bastien Lepage. A Lepage died nearly two decades ago, the picture will King as Prince of Wales in the eighties. Within a month famous "Stolen Duchess" is to be on view at Messrs. where the entrance money will, as usual, go to the Benevolent Fund. "The Stolen Duchess" now belon Pierpont Morgan, as do the ten decorative panels ex Fragonard for Madame du Barry. The latter, bought of years ago for some £50,000, will be a featur Guildhall Exhibition in 1902. Again, the New G the close of the Portrait Painters' show, will c assemblage of works by Mr. J. S. Sargent. Finally, probably have an Old Masters' exhibition at the Academ of the unsatisfactory assemblage of works by Briti deceased during the last fifty years.

* * * *

Controversy still rages in Paris over the constitut "reading committee" of the Comédie Française. The pieces has been taken out of the hands of the players, w it previously rested, and entrusted to the director, w French State theatres, is never an actor, but genera of letters. The system now abolished was first estab Napoleon in 1812. Under the Government of the R "mixed committees" were temporarily established; a time the committee assembled by Harel, the direc Odéon, consisted of a notary, a colonel, a major, two and the secretary and treasurer of the theatre. Th attended the meetings, and the selection of plays was p left to Harel himself. He was asked, once, if the read plays did not take up an enormous amount of time. read them," he replied. "I put the manuscripts shake them up, draw one out, and put it in rehear method of selection has always proved successful." committees, however, were abolished in the reign Philippe, and the committees of actors were restored.

* * * *

According to Jouslin de la Salle, who was then a the Comédie Française, the mixed committee the complete failure. "It was," he said, "composed of men of letters. The latter were in the majority an members of the Academy. It was a disastrous peri theatre, which found its pigeon-holes overwhelmed avalanche of so-called 'literary' plays, few of whi stand the test of production. The Academicians con got to reject each other's pieces." The decisions ha given satisfaction even from the earliest times. Voltaire embarrassing trick upon the committee of his day. He

retreat; but this is a legend which researches in the national archives have exploded. The decree was drafted in Paris and sent to the Emperor when he was preparing his invasion. It reached him before he had left Poland, and he sent it back, after signing it, with this note scrawled in the margin:—"To be published when the army is at Moscow. His Majesty intends it to be dated from that city."

A letter has appeared in the *Politiken* from Dr. Georg Brandes giving an alarming account of Ibsen's state of health. By the order of King Oscar, bulletins as to his condition are published three times a day; and the patient is attended, at the cost of the State, by the best physicians of the country. One telegram of condolence has come from the Kaiser.

Mr. Kipling has written a story of the South African War—which he puts into the mouth of a Sikh—for the *Windsor* Christmas Number. It will be illustrated by Mr. Raven Hill. Other South African stories are coming from Mr. Kipling.

The *American Critic* is printing a series of letters from Mrs. Carlyle to "Jessie," who was the Carlyles' servant during the sixties.

Mr. Hall Caine has been asked to allow himself to be nominated for the vacancy in the Manx House of Keys caused by the resignation of Mr. J. R. Cowell, member for Ramsey.

Mrs. Meynell is giving lectures during her tour in America. Her subject is the Transition Period in Poetry from the Seventeenth to the Eighteenth Centuries.

The Pope, in a recently published "Index," has removed the restrictions on the two works of Galileo, the "De Revolutionibus" and the "Dialogues."

Last Sunday Professor Theodore Mommsen celebrated his jubilee as professor. He was appointed at Zurich on October 13, 1851.

Sienkiewicz is at work on an historical novel on the subject of Napoleon I. and the Polish Legions.

If we may judge from the partial removal of the hoarding, Messrs. Grant Richards' new premises next door to Sir Joshua Reynolds' old house in Leicester-square are nearly ready for the removal of the firm from Henrietta-street. The frontage is attractively designed by the same firm (Messrs. Treadwell and Martin) which has had a pronounced success in the bold Buchanan premises in Holborn.

A "South African Association for the Advancement of Science" has been formed at Cape Town to work on the lines of the British Association.

Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill is engaged upon an edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

Professor Sampson of Indiana University is in England collecting material for the history of the development of the structure of our drama.

The Ayr Town Council is establishing an electric tram

THE REFORMERS.

[Reprinted from *The Times* of October

"The men who have been through this South Af no longer accept the old outworn explanations. Th much, and it is to them we must look, when they com real work of reform in every direction."—Extract letter.

Not in the camp his victory lies
Or triumph in the market-place,
Who is his nation's sacrifice
To turn the judgment from his race.

Happy is he who, bred and taught
By sleek sufficing Circumstance—
Whose Gospel was the apparelled thoug
Whose Gods were Luxury and Chan

Sees, on the threshold of his days,
The old life shrivel like a scroll,
And to unheralded dismays
Submits his body and his soul;

The fatted shows wherein he stood
Forgoing, and the idiot pride,
That he may prove with his own blood
All that his easy sire denied—

Ultimate issues, primal springs,
Demands, abasements, penalties—
The imperishable plinth of things
Seen and unseen, that touch our pe

For, though ensnaring ritual dim
His vision through the after-years,
Yet virtue shall go out of him:
Example profiting his peers.

With great things charged he shall not
Aloof till great occasion rise,
But serve full-harnessed, as of old
The days that are the destinies.

He shall forswear and put away
The idols of his sheltered house;
And to Necessity shall pay
Unflinching tribute of his vows.

He shall not plead another's act
Nor bind him in another's oath
To weigh the Word above the Fact,
Or make or take excuse for sloth.

The yoke he bore shall press him still,
And long ingrained effort goad
To find, to fashion and fulfil
The cleaner life, the sterner code.

Not in the camp his victory lies—
The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall l

RUDYARD

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Is Australian poetry the real thing? And if
Is Canadian poetry better? And if so, why?
questions arise out of an article

Australia is only Australian by accident—the work of Englishmen who went to Australia after they were grown up. Adam Lindsey Gordon was not much more Australian than Mr. Douglas Sladen, whose Australian anthology, including six pieces of his own composition, lies before us as we write; and at the time when that anthology appeared Henry Kendall was held by many to be the only native-born Australian poet of serious importance. He was, indeed, only one of a school of nature poets. Among the first of them was Charles Harpur, who has been called "The Australian Wordsworth." Their note was rather one of regret and sadness induced by the isolation of the scenery and by the disappointment of hopes in a land where success came only to practical genius. Since then, however, the new school, of which Mr. Jose wrote, has arisen, and we quite think that some of them come up to the not very exacting standard required for inclusion in Mr. Archer's miscellaneous gallery. The best of them are melodious, if not profound. They are at any rate sincere, and determined to sing frankly of what they know and feel, and amid a multitude of echoes a real voice is occasionally heard. Epic and drama may be beyond them; but the best of them have the gifts of the ballad-maker; and, after all, poetry began with ballads. We agree with Mr. Archer, however, that Canada has gone further than Australia, though we do not agree with him in finding anything perplexing in the fact. "Perhaps," Mr. Archer writes, "when a great Australian poet shall, in the fulness of time, arise, we may be able to discern why his coming has been delayed so long"; and he hardly offers even a tentative answer to his question, "Why has Canada contributed so much, Australia so little, to the poetry of Greater Britain?" Surely there are many reasons, which are not far to seek. Surely, too, the one reason which Mr. Archer partly recognizes—the greater variety of the Canadian climate with its allegorical presentation of "the cyclic drama of life and death"—is not the most important of them. If the climate of Persia and Palestine have not prevented the writing of great poetry, neither need the climate of New South Wales. The true explanations seem to us quite independent of meteorological phenomena. In the first place, Australia has only three-fifths of the population of Canada, so that, according to the law of averages, it has only three-fifths of Canada's chances of producing a poet of consummate genius. In the second place, the Australians may reasonably urge that, if they have not got so far up Parnassus as the Canadians, they have not been so long upon the road. Canada began to be settled in 1608 and became an English possession in 1763; whereas the settlement of New South Wales only dates from 1788, and the settlements of Victoria and South Australia from 1834 and 1836 respectively. And, of course, the colonists could not be expected to begin writing poetry at once. They had first to build their houses, plant their gardens, peg out their claims, and reduce the aborigines to submission. Canada, it is clear, had a very long start of them. Canada was already a nation with an inspiring history and traditions when Australia was merely an unknown continent with penal settlements dotted along the coasts. Finally, and this seems to us the most important point of all, Canada in its early days received a far better class of emigrants than Australia; and these emigrants, first through the Jesuits and afterwards by other means, remained in closer and more constant touch with the culture and civilization of the Old World. There are few people more full of the sentiment of old romance than the French Canadians. Australia was first colonized by convicts and then by impoverished agricultural labourers, and, in spite of the

Literature Portraits.—XXIV

MR. ROBERT HICHENS.

When Mr. Hichens rose suddenly to fame and applause of the town by the production of "The Gres tion" he did not at once reveal how wide a range his would take within the following decade. "The Gres tion" is one of those books which can seldom, if ever, be with any success by their authors, and Mr. Hichens ha been content to let his clever *tour de force* stand al cast about for a theme and a style of another pattern in to build up that great novel which is supposed to l bottom of every inkstand. In several of the works wh his name, written since the appearance of "The Gres tion," Mr. Hichens has achieved high excellence—in orthodox length and in collections of short stories. In named, indeed, he has given us work which few can ma there seems to be an unwritten law that writers of fiti a few favoured exceptions—may not climb to the high save by the production of a lengthy work. It is h perhaps with reason, that the short story—even in inst consummate merit—is only a sketch and not a finished and that the trick of construction is one which may be l writers entirely wanting in those qualities which are n for the creation of a complete story in the grand style.

In his longer novels Mr. Hichens has taken a li ought surely to earn him the gratitude of those who a of the conventions of modern fiction. Here he has c work upon material which, however it might be treate scarcely resolve itself into a repetition of the stock attit worn-out *clichés* dear to the laborious band who cater circulating libraries. When "Flames" appeared the reader experienced a shock rare in his torpid existen did not know what to make of it, but his attitude wa main one of disapproval. The volume was read and s to the library as soon as pater and mater familias had d it, and even the writer of book notices was uncertain as he ought to say. "Flames," in spite of its eccentric without doubt the book which, through its origin subject and manipulation, takes precedence of any Hichens' longer works. The appearance of such a work in provoked discussion, and made sharp division of ju and, while it would be going too far to describe it as book, it was unquestionably a great attempt and crowne measure of success which perhaps no other living novel have achieved. The spiritual struggle, manifested c in the opposition of light and darkness, of pleasure and p of growth and decay; the struggle for the soul of ma has been raging since the battles of Gods and Titans exhibited in its most delicate and sublimated phase. in what degree the tide of life which ebbs and flows arou swayed and enriched by the flux and motion of the co forces has been the chief task of poet and romancer s days of the first story-teller. The makers of different ag favoured methods widely diverse for the exhibition of th struggle, but seldom has any one chosen instruments m cult to control than those affected by Mr. Hichens. In "F the author certainly works with few characters, but eac his figures is charged with a duty so far-reaching and s

cause of "the dance of the hours" as a knot worthy of such heroic solution. To the author, no doubt, the point was clear enough; but, considering the complexity of the situation, it would be unjust to treat this failure of revelation as a capital offence. Failures of this nature are not rare in novels dealing with the obvious and the commonplace, and something of the kind was bound to occur in the abnormal methods used in unravelling this particular story. To work out such a theme on these lines requires constant watchfulness, and moments must come when the perceptions of the writer and his dexterity of touch will be relaxed through overstrain, and then the blurred outlines of his figures will confess his temporary lapse.

But in certain scenes of the book Mr. Hichens has achieved a great success, scenes which would take worthy place in a novel of the highest rank. It would be hard to overpraise the skill with which Cuckoo is transformed from "The Lady of the Feathers" into a perfect and pathetic impersonation of unselfish endeavour, the victorious protagonist of good in the final struggle. The orderly movement of her upward progress is never forced. From the outset Cuckoo's action is entirely consistent, and each forward step follows inevitably on the preceding one. When the supreme crisis arises, when the little dog must needs be sold to keep Cuckoo's body alive and competent for the task she had set herself to accomplish, there is no savour of extravagance, no writing for the gallery, and a contrast at once suggests itself (as between members of the same class) between this living woman and the mawkish, sentimental doll for whom Dumas *fils* claims our sympathies in his notorious play. It is probable that Mr. Hichens may have been indebted to Gautier's *Arriar* for the central motive of the story. If it be so, his ambition to work with more subtle combinations has led him to put aside the mere exchange of souls as too direct a method. The soul of Marr, indeed, is allowed independent play in Valentine's body; but the wanderings of Valentine's own soul, and its somewhat purposeless divagations before it goes finally to dwell with Cuckoo's as a strengthening influence, are necessarily difficult to treat, and leave the reader in a state of confusion both as to motive and method. Gautier's treatment, being far simpler, leaves no uncertainty; and, seeing how complicated a task Mr. Hichens has set himself, he was scarcely wise to jeopardize lucidity for the sake of elaboration which often proves ineffective.

Though Mr. Hichens has put aside occultism in "The Slave," he has built up his story out of materials which are something more than abnormal. The chief actors are presented in a form too *bizarre* to let them enlist very much sympathy for themselves; we can only wonder and pass on. Cuckoo, even with the supplementary soul exhibited in the flames in her eyes, has infinitely more verisimilitude than Lady Caryll, or Sir Reuben, or M. Anneau in their sanest moments. But, though the figures themselves are impossible, the drama they enact is coherent and fascinating on account of its skilful construction and legitimate sequence of cause and effect. Though we feel certain that nothing like these people ever existed in the flesh we have to admit that, for what they are, they act consistently. Revolting as it is, Caryll's final move to recover her emerald does not mark a descent too deep for a woman under such obsession to compass. In the minor incidents of the story there is plentiful humanity and verisimilitude in the figures of Aubrey and of Diamond; the last-named, indeed, gives convincing proof that Mr. Hichens can draw a pure-hearted, noble girl on natural lines with the same artistic completeness that he showed in his craftsmanship; to write a good farcical story as great a boon on society; and, to judge from t written, must be the more difficult feat of the tw than "The Londoners" would be hard to find, is not moved by horseplay alone. The book is ings and comic situations, and it is nothing to dull people often dislike it, and cannot imagi people would ever behave like the Bun Emperor

Mr. Hichens' taste and imagination drift the whimsical and the abnormal. To construc artistically a long story on these lines is diffi doubt on this account that the best of his writi in his shorter tales. "A Charmer of Snakes Life," "Sea Change," and "William Forster rank among short stories. In "An Echo in Egy in brief with the motive of "Flames," and he central idea of "A Silent Guardian," not alt fully, in his novel "An Imaginative Man."

Mr. Hichens has certainly created a pub days it might have passed for an important one it is as nothing compared with the mass which n edition after edition of quasi-religious fustian, posturings of a set of antique marionettes, ne through a set of stereotyped incidents, and emo The carelessness of the million whether what t literary value or not is discouraging, but, in s of the charlatan, our age is not without a school spend themselves in endeavouring to fathom the of being, in exhibiting the difficulties of life, an a little too solemnly here and there—their re remark which applies especially to a select g discovered the anodyne virtues of Roman C never weary of displaying their new conviction and persistence of children just come home from

To pass to the question whether Mr. Hich erratic productions can be placed in line w those contemporary novels which have been w to sell, but for the benefit of those who are p over what they read, it is to be feared that most friendly critic will be that they cannot. B are there in plenty, wide sympathy and a abundant intellectual activity. What is lackin concentration, of welding ideas together into personalities instead of letting them merely cor page as brilliant phantasms. Mr. Hichens s constructive instinct rather than constructive ting visions of the masque of life float in embarr before his eyes, but he is less fain to seize upon compel it into dramatic or epic symmetry than beauties and present it by itself as something the play of life, in cold detachment from the which rage around the borders of the calmest e spite of his evident disinclination to pose a themes of his more serious novels—of "Flam emerge as moral lessons by the inherent lo therein displayed. Vice is never made a occasionally it may seem to lose part of its defo about through the pure humanity of the *dramati*

For some years Mr. Hichens has been many subjects, and now his admirers begin to f never write supremely well upon one. It is Shakespeare or Goethe who can range the wh

ment is one which inclines to the appreciation of the picture held up to the light rather than to the thought of any working which may ensue from its exhibition to the world. With many of those who admire and delight in his writings there dwells a lurking doubt that he takes nothing seriously; that the working out of any of the more weighty problems of life in a story would fail to interest, or even bore him; that, while carefully avoiding a repetition of the form of his first great success, he has let the spirit of it permeate a good part of what he has written since, and they recall *passim* echoes of the sparkling paradoxes enunciated in Mrs. Windsor's garden. In a word Mr. Hichens will have to unlearn something before he can give to the world that great book which will justify the confidence of his admirers and earn the final reward which his high qualities deserve.

W. G. WATERS.

The seven stages of Mr. Hichens' career are given—presumably by himself—in "Who's Who" as follows:—"After leaving Clifton College fell in love with music, and resolved to be musician; studied at Bristol and in London for some years; meanwhile wrote and published many lyrics for music, some recitations and short stories; finally resolved to abandon music for literature; studied for a year at the London School of Journalism; since then has written regularly for various newspapers; at present on staff of the *World*, &c." His first publication was "The Coastguard's Secret," written at the age of seventeen, but it was not until 1894—thirteen years later—that he began the series of books with which his name is generally associated. "The Green Carnation" was brought out by Mr. Heinemann in September of that year in his half-crown "Pioneer Series," and was described by a well-known weekly at the time as "the most impudent piece of fiction we have ever met with." There was such a run on the book that it had to be reprinted twice during the following month, and again in the spring of 1895. Its fifth edition (May, 1896) is still selling in the same series. "An Imaginative Man" followed "The Green Carnation" in 1895 as a six-shilling novel, and continues to be published in that form, like most of Mr. Hichens' books, by Mr. Heinemann. "The Folly of Eustace" appeared next (1896), the half-dozen stories included in the volume coming from the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the *New Review*, *Temple Bar*, and the *World*, though the tale which gave its title to the collection was new. "Flames" was published by Mr. Heinemann in 1897, and has sold well ever since, reaching its fourth edition only a few months ago. Mr. Hichens' second volume of short stories, "Byways," also appeared in 1897—this time through Messrs. Methuen—mainly reprinted from various periodicals, and including "A Tribute of Souls," which he wrote with Lord Frederick Hamilton for the *Pall Mall Magazine*. "Byways" is now in its second edition. "The Londoners" was published by Mr. Heinemann in the spring of 1898, and went into its third edition in the same year. It was again reprinted in November last. "The Slave" followed through the same publisher in 1899, and now sells in a second edition. It was in 1899, too, that Mr. Hichens wrote "The Daughters of Babylon" (Macqueen) in conjunction with Mr. Wilson Barrett. He published "Tongues of Conscience" last year with Messrs. Methuen (the book is now in its second edition), and on the 25th inst. his new long novel, "The Prophet of Berkeley Square," will appear with the same firm.

The National Home-Reading Union has just opened its thirteenth reading season. The Secretary writes:—"The union exists to give guidance to readers in the choice of books and to lay open the attractions of study to those who cannot as yet be classed as readers. For this purpose lists of books are drawn up and articles contributed to the society's magazines by some of our foremost teachers. The lists cover a wide range of subjects—the beginning of colonial enterprise, nature-study, the Far East, the history of education. Victor

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A CRI

Another "Personal View."

A month or two ago I happened to say something, i magazine article, about Mr. Stephen Gwynn's view that is only one way to become a critic of any consequence, is by practising the art you criticize." The other Gwynn apologized for a somewhat belated reply to my tions on the score of absence in a remote land of hol must now offer him the same excuse. When his article i *ture* appeared I was in a remote lagoon of holidays really cannot tackle questions of criticism

> A travers la folie risée
> Que Saint-Marc renvoie au Lido.

Many things, important enough in London, acquire a strange insignificance to a loafer in a gondola, and Stephen Gwynn from that deceptive point of view seems to almost human dimensions. Now I am home again a hope, see these literary questions in their proper propo perspective. I wish I could say the same thing of Mr. He says that my article, though it had an inoffensive t in reality, for the most part, an attack upon his harmle *dictum*; whereupon he calls me his antagonist, says little peace to be had in the same world with me, and to the lion of Scripture seeking whom he may devour. fact (which I have just verified with a foot-rule) is th eight columns, my article devoted to Mr. Gwynn opinions just half a column and no more. Thus he se nearly sixteen times bigger than they are. This arithmetical consideration greatly relieves my mind. I me to discount the violence of Mr. Gwynn's censure ninety-six per cent. The margin is so small that I shall one day be fast friends.

But we shall have to be friends who agree to di fundamental point—the true nature of criticism. Mr chides me for calling criticism an art, and says it is onl ness. So that Walter Pater, say, was an artist when he and exhibited the feelings of Marius the Epicurean and rated into a mere business man when he analyzed and the pictorial qualities of Sandro Botticelli. The re *absurdum* is obvious, yet many people no less acute Gwynn have failed to perceive it. That is because t never succeeded in dismissing from their minds that criterion of "creation." The dramatist, the novelist, "creates," whereas, the critic, they say (Mr. Swinburne others, very vehemently), "creates" nothing. The simpl that they are all creators, and what they all create is emotion. And the raw material out of which they cre each case the same—namely, themselves. Criticism, other art, is a mode of self-expression. "Pour être critique devrait dire: Messieurs, je vais parler de moi de Shakespeare, à propos de Racine, ou de Pascal, ou de

once and for all of that old fallacy that criticism is not "creative," for he shows that the mere enjoyment of æsthetic pleasure —*i.e.*, criticism before it reaches the stage of expression—always involves an element of unconscious creation.

> When absorbed in the beauty of nature we do in fact appear to ourselves to be entirely receptive; but in truth our enjoyment, if the enjoyment has any æsthetic value at all, is always more or less derived from the activity of our own mind. It does not matter much, from the psychological point of view, whether we make an abortive but original effort to select and arrange the impressions which we receive, as is the case when a new aspect of nature delights us, or whether we merely reproduce at second-hand the impression originally arranged by an artist, as happens when we admire a statue, or recognize in a landscape some effect Turner has recorded. In any case the passive attitude can never be explained without reference to the active one.

It is time to have done, then, with the old nonsense about critics creating nothing, and with its attendant fallacy that while the novelist, say, is an artist, the critic is not. They are both in the same boat. The novelist narrates the adventures of Harry Richmond or Tom Jones and the critic "the adventures of his soul among masterpieces." And both narratives may be art.

I come to Mr. Gwynn's main point—"I assert again that the men who have written the criticism which throws most light on the subject which they had to criticize were men who had tried their hand at art, not as amateurs, but with serious creative purpose"—and, asserting this, Mr. Gwynn is driven to the remarkable conclusion that R. L. Stevenson is a better critic than Mr. Leslie Stephen. This judgment, taken as it stands, seems sufficiently *saugrenu*. One would say it was uttered for a bet. But, fortunately, Mr. Gwynn goes on to explain what he means, and, with the explanation, the difference between us—friends once more!—vanishes away. For the critics Mr. Gwynn is thinking of, it seems, are "the men who can show to those who are learning to read and learning to write what the art of literature really means." The fact is, when Mr. Gwynn says "criticism," he means, all the time, "technical criticism," criticism as a piece of didactic. And so, all the time, he and I have been arguing about different things, and he has called me antagonist, lion of Scripture, "pestifère ou pestiféré" (as Paul Louis Courier said in another controversy), when all the time I was his friend. I was considering criticism as the valuation of pleasure, and he as the valuation of methods; I as the contemplation of the thing done, and he as the examination of the way to do it. In short, I was considering the critic as a Hazlitt or a Bagehot; he as the author of "How to write a good play" (you will still find that quaint work in the 4d. box) or "How to sketch from nature in ten lessons" (see advertisements). So now I quite understand why Mr. Gwynn has learnt more about acting from M. Coquelin than from Sarcey—though, I cannot help saying, parenthetically, that the particular question on which he found M. Coquelin so illuminating—the question whether the actor in playing a king should make himself as well as other people believe that he is a king—has been discussed argument of his:—"If a man paints his pictu theme, for the thing which he desires to illu dence of light upon a figure, there is no use h if he meant to convey the character of a head." what is Mr. Gwynn's conclusion? That the learn to paint or—yes, here it is, in black an sort a great deal with artists." *Sapristi!* Fa quiring you to come and live with him befor make you see whether he is painting character the answer is plain? The technical means ar artist alone; it is his business to make his me sible. And, as for critics, there is, of course between lack of technical experience and absolu can tell a hexameter when I see one, though I Gwynn wrings this deplorable admission fro verse in my life. And I know a piece of Sèv though I have never even touched a lump of po be it from me to deny the need for the critic of ments. But the art whose technique he has and to master if he can, is the art of criticism. critic of painting? I should say the man wh good pictures in the world, and studied and co lived with them. Mr. Gwynn would say the ma to daub a canvas—or lived with artists. The tru (I daresay for the satisfaction of calling me an of Scripture, which shows a sporting instinct, it) has revived the most ancient of controve versy as to whether the proof of the pudding i in Mary Jane's intentions when boiling it. ment, this controversy was long ago settled by who never practised the art he criticized—on Mr. Gwynn turn to his "Politics" Bk. III., will read:—"Thus it is not the builder alone is to criticize the merits of a house; the perso wit, the householder, is actually a better judge pilot is a better judge of a helm than a carpen company of a dinner than the cook." I leav tender mercies of Mr. Gwynn. He is dead, so to be called "lion of Scripture."

A. I

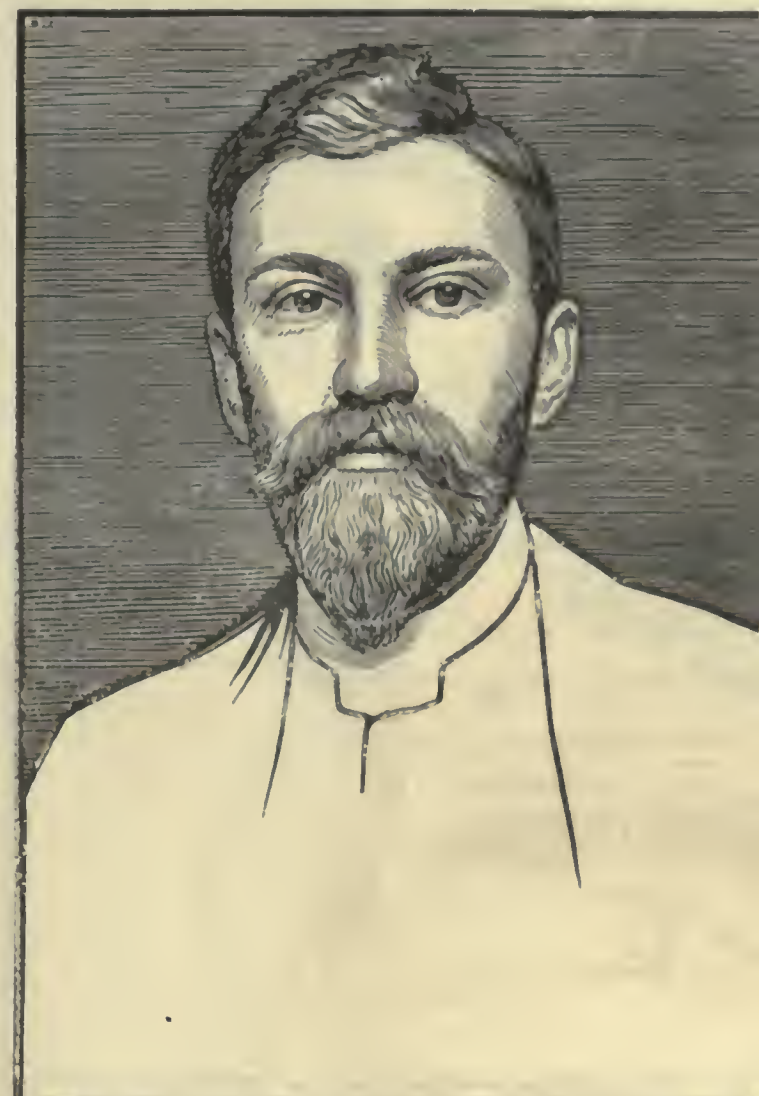
OUR YOUNGER POETS.

Mr. William Archer is master of a very analytic faculties co-extensive with his esthe and we doubt whether any contemporary crit than he for the task he undertakes in giving so qualities of the younger poets whose positions to be uncontested. It demands a catholicity of many people possess, and which he frankly conf and again, too much for him. He cannot envisa instance, from the point of view of Mr. Lauren lacks all clue in his own experience to the proces mind. This is candid, and the more so because Mr. Archer has discovered what lies "at Housman's thinking"—viz., "a genuine Co

Unquestionably the poets are greatly in his debt. He has tempered his appreciations of them with a good deal of criticism, but not in any case to the detriment of the reputations which they have earned. No matter what he may say in private, the poet does want the public to know of his achievements and his needs, and the effect of this book must be to make known or to recall a great deal that has either been overlooked or has lost its appeal to the purchasers of books. And we confess that we are, on general grounds, glad to see a book of this kind. A little while ago Mr. Stopford Brooke complained—we forget his exact words—that he was tired of hearing the latest new versifier acclaimed as a new Shakespeare or Milton. It is, we know, a common belief that this kind of exaggeration is usual among critics; but in the case of poets, at any rate, Mr. Stopford Brooke's complaint seemed to be founded on the common belief only, and not on a real experience. As far as our observation has gone, certainly, we have not found the younger poets overwhelmed with this excessive praise; we have only found them ignored. And yet there is undoubtedly at the present moment a large output of verse which is sincere, careful, varied, in the main thoroughly wholesome, and which, if a judicious selection be made from it, attains a really high standard of quality. This augurs well both for the culture of the nation and for the future of English poetry, and it is good that attention should be focussed to this feature of our literary life.

Who, then, are the select few whom Mr. Archer's searchlight discovers wandering on the slopes of Parnassus? He is more exacting—numerically—than was Mr. Traill in his famous list of "minor poets," and indeed Mr. Archer expressly deprecates the notion that he is dealing with "minor poets" at all; the term, as he rightly says, has become a "supercilious catchword," and has had "a depressing and sterilizing effect." The principle of Mr. Archer's choice has been that the poets he selects are "more or less on probation." They are as follows:—H. C. Beeching, A. C. Benson, Laurence Binyon, Alice Brown, Bliss Carman, Madison Cawein, A. T. Quiller Couch, F. B. Money Coutts, John Davidson, Mrs. Hinkson, Nora Hopper (Mrs. Chesson), A. E. Housman, Laurence Housman, Richard Hovey, Rudyard Kipling, Richard Le Gallienne, Mrs. Meynell, E. Nesbit (Mrs. Bland), Henry Newbolt, Stephen Phillips, Mrs. Radford, C. G. D. Roberts, G. Santayana, Duncan Campbell Scott, Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Shorter), Arthur Symons, J. B. Tabb, Francis Thompson, F. H. Trench, Mrs. Marriott Watson, William Watson, Mrs. Woods, W. B. Yeats. How many of these thirty-three names, we wonder, are familiar to the "average reader," even to the average reader who is "fond of poetry"? And yet Mr. Archer in the extracts which he has selected, with great judgment, from their writings is able to show that every one of them possesses real poetical merit, and deserves a hearing. It is impossible and, indeed, unnecessary for us to enter closely into Mr. Archer's estimate of individual cases

very suggestive essay is that on Mr. Kipling, the whose genius Mr. Archer thinks to be the "vision eternally romantic in the unflinchingly real." Some surprised to find Mr. Kipling here at all. The that this essay, like that on Mr. Davidson, is by complete. The book is one of those which the war back. It was ready for publication in 1899, and altho matter has in some cases been added to meet the develop the last two years, this is not so with Mr. Kipling, and no mention of "The Recessional," an omission which appreciation of the different sides of Mr. Kipling'



REV. H. C. BEECHING

Mr. Beeching, besides being a poet, has published sermons and essays, edited many reprints, a known as the author of the witty and scholarly "Pages from a Private Diary" and "Conference Books and Men." He is Chaplain to Lincoln's Inn.

certainly inadequate. The two years which have in have wrought other changes which tend to rea

Roberts, and Mr. Bliss Carman. We confess we are sorry that Mr. Archer did not succeed in finding any one from Australia worthy of a niche in his temple. His range covers the English-speaking world, and it is curious, perhaps significant, that he should have found only two poets from America, a circumstance which he kindly attributes to "the hopelessness of attempting to do more than cull a flower here and there in so vast and luxuriant a prairie." One of the Americans, Mr. Richard Hovey—the other is Mr. Madison Cawein—wrote in the spirit and style of Whitman. He unhappily died while the

Mrs. Hinkson's last volume of verse was "The Wind in the Trees," 1898. She has also published a good many novels. She was born and educated in Ireland, but now lives in London.

book was in manuscript, and his portrait is therefore separated from the others by being placed in the frontispiece. These portraits—large woodcuts by Mr. Robert Bryden, whose work is

read, in the interest of the many lyrical singers
have recently found expression in these columns.

With the quality or the finality of Mr. Ar
we are not, as we have said, at present concerne
much more likely to read his prose than his poets
may succeed in directing the attention of ot
sincerely believes to be noteworthy in the acl
poets amongst his contemporaries.

ACROSS THE B

EDINBURGH,

Professor Sayce has paid
Edinburgh. He has made th
because he finds that it combin
number of advantages." Wh
tages may be he does not
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Stevenson, who was a native
the core, had nothing to say i
"east-windy, west-endy cap
respect. There are certain
the side of literature, such,
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And there is a good de
In the literary world, alth
hardly a literary Edinburgl
sense. The drawing power o
great.

The Rev. Dr. Hastings, th
great "Bible Dictionary"
lished in sections by Messrs.
has resigned his ministerial c
in favour of one at St. Cyrus,
Dr. Hastings, it is underst
change in order to get more t
work. The freedom of Kilm
presented to Sir Archibald H
day, when he distributes the
the local Volunteers. At the
will be published a volume of
front, entitled "Outposts and
the Ayrshire Volunteers in Sou
writer of the volume, which is
Archibald Hunter, is Sergeant
who had some interesting ex
captive trekking with De Wet.
are Messrs. Dunlop and Drenn

The articles on the var
philosophy, such as Hume an
Messrs. Nelson's new Encyclo
taking which is making steady
the editorship of Mr. George
being written by Mr. Hector
whose portrait we published in
number on June 8. Mr. Mac
editor of the Edinburgh *Evening News*, is also
volume dealing with Hume, somewhat on the lin
masterly work on Herbert Spencer. His monogr

the business was almost entirely confined to the publication of subscription works issued in parts. With the publication of Mr. Henley's Centenary Burns the firm came into more general prominence, and that prominence has since been extended by the publication of the "Edinburgh Waverley." The new Lockhart is to be in ten volumes, with a series of 100 photogravures, eighty of which are portraits of Scott's ancestors, family, household friends, and contemporaries. Some of these portraits have never before been reproduced, and they are now made available by the special permission of the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. "The Scott Country" is another book for lovers of Waverley. It is coming from Messrs. A. and C. Black, and is from the pen of the Rev. W. S. Crockett, the minister of Tweedsmuir. Mr. Crockett, who is no relation of the novelist, though he is generally supposed to be, is a native of Thomas the Rhymer's Earlston and is an authority on Border history and literature. His new book will take in practically the whole of the Border country, though it is meant to be of special interest to lovers of Scott. It will have close on 150 illustrations, many of them quite new, including a photograph of the grave of Scott's "Willie Laidlaw" at Contin, near Dingwall. Messrs. Jack, by the way, have also a new Shakespeare, which appeared in our list of books last week.

Mention has already been briefly made in these columns of the unique version of the New Testament in "braid Scots," just published by Mr. Gardner, of Paisley. The only thing of the kind hitherto attempted was the late Dr. Hately Waddell's vernacular version of the Psalms. This new rendering is by the Rev. William Wye Smith, a veteran of eighty-six, who, though of Scottish extraction, has never been in Scotland. He is a retired Congregational minister living at Brantford, Ontario, and has acted as Scottish expert on the "Standard Dictionary," published in New York. His version of the New Testament will be of considerable interest to students of the Scots dialect. It appears to be very well done. The notes are certainly racy, and the page headings strike us as being particularly good. Mr. Gardner continues to take the lead in the publishing of books dealing with peculiarly Scottish themes. One of the parish histories on his list—the history of Kilbarchan, by the Rev. R. D. Mackenzie—should prove of more than local interest. Kilbarchan is near the birthplace of Wallace, and Knox's family belonged to the neighbourhood. The famous "Habbie Simpson" of Scottish song was also a native. Visitors to the ancient town of Lanark are interested in the quaint statue of Wallace which finds a quainter situation in the steeple of the parish church. There is, we believe, only one other similarly-placed statue in the country; it is the statue of Habbie Simpson, the piper of Kilbarchan, in the steeple of the parish church there. The new historian is the parish minister, who will no doubt be found to have made a good use of his special opportunities. Another book coming from the same house deserves general notice—viz., "The Ancient Castles and Mansions of Stirling Nobility," by Mr. J. S. Fleming. The author is a Stirling lawyer, and has already written at least a couple of works on local antiquities. Among new editions we note the Memoir of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, written a good many years ago by his daughter, Mrs. Garden, who is still living, at an advanced age, in Aberdeen. This will be edited by Sir George Douglas, who contributed the monograph on Hogg to the "Famous Scots" Series.

All those who are interested in Scotch literature will have noticed the announcement (which appeared in *Literature* of

The "Reporting Reminiscences" of Mr. Willi promised for early publication by the Aberdeen Press, will be a much more important work than its t to indicate. Mr. Carnie has in later years been kno as the treasurer of the Aberdeen Royal Infirmary, 1862, when he was appointed to that post, he exclusively a Pressman. He edited the *Aberdeen* some years; acted also as correspondent for *The Scotsman*, and wrote a weekly column of county and for the *Banffshire Journal*. He has done some notabl verse, particularly in the local dialect, which he write ever Dr. George Macdonald has done, and his "Psalter," of which a new edition has quite re published, has sold in thousands. Mr. Carnie's "Reminiscences" cover only the first ten years of his a life, but his intention is to bring the record down to

THE DRAMA.

"THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING BI "A TIGHT CORNER."

Mr. Isaac Henderson's new play at Wyndham *The Mummy and the Humming Bird*, is a tissue of con and conventions. Its hero is a man of science and a realm. Why a man of science? In order that we ma the *differentia* of the scientific man, the influence of specialization upon character, or the dramatic side, t sorrows, of patient research? By no means; but order that the hero may be clumsy and bespectacled in the clouds," unmindful of the clock, so that he keep dressed ladies waiting for dinner. That is, he is th man as seen from the standpoint of the kitchen. He is whom Molly the Cook says, "Lor', master is *that* untidylike!" Poor Molly stands excused, for she better; what is inexcusable is that Mr. Henderson el no better or chooses to assume that we, his audience better. And why is the hero a peer? Because rank in the hero is essential to the scheme of the play all; but partly (I guess) because the audience, as readers familiar with the names of Lord Kelvin, Lord others, are expected to take an interest in scient partly because even the best of actors have an absur for stage titles (or Victoria Crosses—in France, Comédie Française, actors will take an inferior part if put a red ribbon in its button-hole), and partly because audiences are supposed to contain a large percentag One of the subordinate characters is a naval officer Why a naval officer? In order that he may use naut in talking to ladies—a habit about as likely to e real naval officer as the habit of saying "Belay t "Shiver my timbers!" Why a peer? Because our m naval officer is Lord Charles Beresford. The villain is an Italian and an "amatory" poet and wear moustaches. Why? Because that is the point of kitchen or (not to be too hard on the kitchen, which, known, perhaps contains as much good sense as the dra the point of view of the people who romanticize life materials supplied by penny novelettes, wherein h always six feet high and in evening dress, foreigners are wicked, poetry is suspect, and pointed moustaches a

eyes on the Italian with the pointed moustache her fate will be sealed. You see, she must have love. It is all her husband's fault if she is driven to seek it from the nearest bystander. Frou-Frou's husband would persist in poring over his horrid diplomatic despatches, and so left her to flirt with Valreas. *Tant pis!* So it was with the young wife in Mr. Carton's *Wheels within Wheels*. So it was with the young wife of the aged historian in *La Petite Marquise* of Meilhac and Halévy. So it is with Mr. Isaac Henderson's young woman. *Tant pis!* They must have love, these ladies—because the author must have a scene in which they compromise themselves, and are or are not, as the case may be, rescued from disgrace by their magnanimous husbands.

Mr. Henderson's rescue-scene is ingenious enough, considered as a game of hide-and-seek behind doors and curtains. Suppose Sir Peter Teazle to come to Joseph Surface's library, knowing that Lady Teazle is there, and, what is more, knowing that she is behind the screen all the time of his conversation with Joseph. Suppose, further, that, while he artfully gets Joseph to turn his back for a moment, he whisks his wife away from the back of the screen and out of the room, so that when the screen falls *there is nothing there* and Sir Peter can go away comfortably, with his wife's reputation saved, and a little anecdote for his friends that it must have been "a little French milliner" after all. Well, that, or something not very unlike it, is Mr. Henderson's plan. When the "guilty pair" (though the lady's guilt, like Lady Teazle's, is only potential) are disturbed by the husband at the door, the lover locks the wife up in the next room. Is my wife here? asks the peer. Certainly not, he is answered; but he surprises a glance of the villain in the direction of the locked door. On a pretence he gets the man to leave the room, and (like Charles Surface) "has her out." "Run downstairs, and jump into the brougham at the door—if not, I blow your Italian friend's brains out." Off she goes—and when the villain returns the peer quietly wishes him good night. Then with a triumphant leer, the villain opens the door of the next room. Empty! Curtain. . . . For this kind of adventure there is always a theatrical public, and that particular public will not in the least object to Mr. Henderson's conventions and commonplaces of character and ideas—will probably rather like them—and with only a half-conscious feeling of disappointment in finding players like Mr. Wyndham and Miss Lena Ashwell cast for parts which are only parts and not human beings.

I spoke just now, with too little charity, perhaps, of Molly the Cook, her views of life and romance. Miss Kate Phillips puts me to shame by playing Molly the Cook as Molly really is (with just the necessary touch of footlight-exaggeration allowed for), a very simple, sentimental, faithful, candid, and womanly person. Molly is in love with a strange gentleman of glib address, and, indeed, literary allusiveness (oh! that allusiveness! even the burglars have caught the trick—Mr. Andrew Lang has much to answer for), who is mistaken for the husband of a magistrate's daughter and takes advantage of the mistake to pocket the magistrate's *bric-à-brac* under his very nose. These things happen in Mr. Sidney Bowkett's farce *A Tight Corner*, at Terry's Theatre. It is not a good farce, and Mr. James Welch's "patter" part rapidly becomes tiresome. But one is ready to forgive much for that natural little sketch of Miss Phillips'.

A. B. WALKLEY.

The Plugger, of which we have received the first number, is, in appearance, much like the other popular illustrated magazines. The catholicity of its aims appears from the fact

CURRENT LITERATU

MR. LANG'S "MARY STUA

THE MYSTERY OF MARY STUART. By AN
(Longmans. 18s.)

Well says Mr. Lang, in the introduction t
"Mystery of Mary Stuart," that Queen Mary'
has been best served by her accusers—most
defenders. Her contemporary enemies were i
convict her of crime that they neglected the ordi
of checking dates and lacked either the courag
foresight to preserve incriminating document
champions have done her far more mischief tha
extreme instance was given in Mr. Cowan's book
in these columns. Therefore, it was with muc
we began to cut the leaves of yet another
agitating theme. We imagined that Mr. Lang,
distaste for the Scottish reformers and with all
ness for beauty in distress, could scarcely be ex
the searchlight with unflinching nerve and stead
him injustice. He has performed his task with
when he descried where it was leading him,
reluctant conscientiousness."

> The case [says he] is really a pol
> investigation cannot be too anxious. . .
> book I have followed, as Socrates advises, w
> led me. Several conclusions or theories which
> me, and seemed convincing, have been ruined b
> of fresh evidence, and have been withdrawn.

He has collated narratives with extraordi
confronted witnesses with each other, sifting th
testing their motives with exemplary impartia
sterilizing treatment which, in less accomplish
have drained the story of all its sap, and sacrifi
the frigid shrine of accuracy.

Alas! the result of his labour tends the s
of less scrupulous partisans of the Queen of S
fresh is proved against her, but the pressure
increased. We fancy that Mr. Lang set to
proving that the Casket Letters were forged.
Logos has led him further than ever from such p
with they may have been; it is not unlikely
and garbled in translation and re-translation
theory that they were wholly forged can searc
any longer. Henceforward the memory of the
of Scots will be cherished no whit the less tend
shrouded in parts under a mist of blood and tea

Without falsifying the standard of good a
eternal, or it is naught—Mr. Lang has prefac
his case by a convincing review of the state of
which Mary came to lead, and by vivid portr
and secondary actors in the tragedy.

> Mary was sorely bested [he writes] be
> Fool, the Furious Man, the Puritan broth
> Wylie (Machiavelli) as the Scots nicknamed
> was absolutely alone. There was no man
> trust. On every hand were known rebels
> half reconciled. Feuds—above all that of

believe. Ample evidence is here to justify the portrait in Aytoun's poem. Vicious, reckless, and heartless beyond the measure of common men, Bothwell was cultivated and courtly, wrote a neat Italian hand in the latest mode, collected books which he cared to have nicely bound, and was cool enough to cite classical precedent in moments of mortal peril; altogether just such a fascinating rogue as to captivate the fancy of a clever woman.

About Darnley, the *gentil batandeau*, there has never been much disguise: he stands in Mr. Lang's gallery as the world has known him. As to Moray and Morton, we are not so easily convinced. True, they were unscrupulous in act to a degree which, at this day, is scarcely to be reconciled with any standard of right doing: but we hardly think that Mr. Lang has assigned enough value to the conviction which possessed these powerful men of the hopelessness of ending the chronic anarchy of Scotland, save by cutting off for good and all the fatal league with France, establishing good and lasting relations with England, and settling the Reformed Religion upon a firm base.

"Moray, to Mr. Froude, seemed 'noble and stainless.' He was a man of his time—a time when every traitor or assassin had 'God' and 'honour' for ever on his lips. At the hypocrisies and falsehoods of his party, Moray 'looked through his fingers.'" Nevertheless, Mr. Lang, after glancing at his excessive caution and constant eye to the main chance, sums him up as "a strong, patient, cautious man, capable of deep reserve, in his family relations—financial matters apart—austerely moral. Moray would have made an excellent king." But Morton is shown in a far more sinister light. "A red-handed murderer, living in open adultery with the widow of Captain Cullen, whom he had hanged . . . . his private life was notoriously profligate; he added avarice to his other and more genial peccadilloes." Upon this we would only remark that the custom of the age counts for something, and that the hopeless insanity of his countess was reckoned, according to the measure of those exceedingly practical days, as some palliation for Morton's undoubted immorality. Further, although like James III., he was suspected of avarice and peculation, it has never been proved that the Church revenues which Morton intercepted by means of his "tulchan" Bishops were applied otherwise than in the service of the neediest State in Christendom. Undoubtedly he was one of Mary's most formidable enemies; but Mr. Lang, while citing the document lately discovered at Cambridge which tends to prove his active co-operation in Darnley's murder, does not refer to the Protestant Calderwood's assertion that it was owing to Morton's intercession that the Queen's life was spared after her surrender at Carberry.

But we must hasten on to the Casket Letters, for it is the examination of these and the circumstances under which they came to light which constitute the purpose and interest of this volume. These circumstances and the nature of the documents in the casket are matters of common knowledge; but, having regard to the discrepancies in dates contained in the letters and the looseness of the chronology of witnesses (pardonable enough in days when newspapers were not in every house to remind people of the days of week and month), it is useful rapidly to rehearse the sequence of events.

Darnley was murdered on the 10th February, 1567; on the 24th April the arch-assassin, Bothwell, carried off his widow with a show of force, married her on the 15th May, and slipped away from her on the 15th June, when she surrendered to the Lords at Carberry. On the 17th (some say the 16th) she was imprisoned in Loch Leven Castle. On the 19th Bothwell's

guilty love for Bothwell and her eager and active
in the murderous plot against her husband.

The mystery had its birth in the amazingly slipsho
by the lords of such dangerous material. Precis
becomes of supreme importance. In December follow
justified themselves before Parliament, for their r
Mary and putting her in prison, by declaring that
had revealed to them her guilt. The letters nev
their hands until Mary had been at least three da
Lethington, once Mary's trusted secretary, now be
on the very day of the finding of the casket w
adducing these letters as the very "ground of the l
and honourable cause." Grave reason, here, for
forgery; but, although Edinburgh abounded with
enough for such a job, there were few, very few
attempt to simulate the delicate Italian handwri
letters.

Suspicion against the lords is deepened by the
incredible carelessness in subsequent dealings wit
documents. Moray and the other Scottish commis
Norfolk and the English commissioners at York in Oc
when the originals of the Casket Letters were show
to Norfolk. But when the Westminster Commissi
November to consider the charges against Mary,
were submitted and translations, hurriedly made. N
of the contents of the casket was submitted; no mi
proceedings at the opening of the casket on 21st
Morton merely put in his account of the affair, nei
any other present at the opening, being submitted to
ination. "I do not," says Mr. Lang, "profess to be
even strongly inclined to believe, that there was any
Mary's writings, except in the case of the letter neve
But, if forgery there was, our scraps and hints of evi
to Lethington as manager of the plot." He is even le
to consider the sonnets as forgeries.

> Nothing is less likely than that a forger wo
> such a task as forging verses by Mary; nor do w
> one among her enemies who could have produced the
> if he had the will. To suspect Buchanan is grotesq
> Meanwhile, I am obliged to share the opinion o
> Fénelon, that, as proof of Mary's passion for B
> sonnets are stronger evidence than the letters, an
> open to suspicion than some parts of the letters.

Into the internal discrepancies of chronology in
and the manner in which Mr. Lang shows how they m
ciled with the actual known facts we cannot enter in
He has brought to his task the patience and acumen
tive; he has kept an open mind upon a questio
never before been approached without prejudice,
failed to redeem the Queen of Scots from a terrible
Will the question ever receive a more confident answ

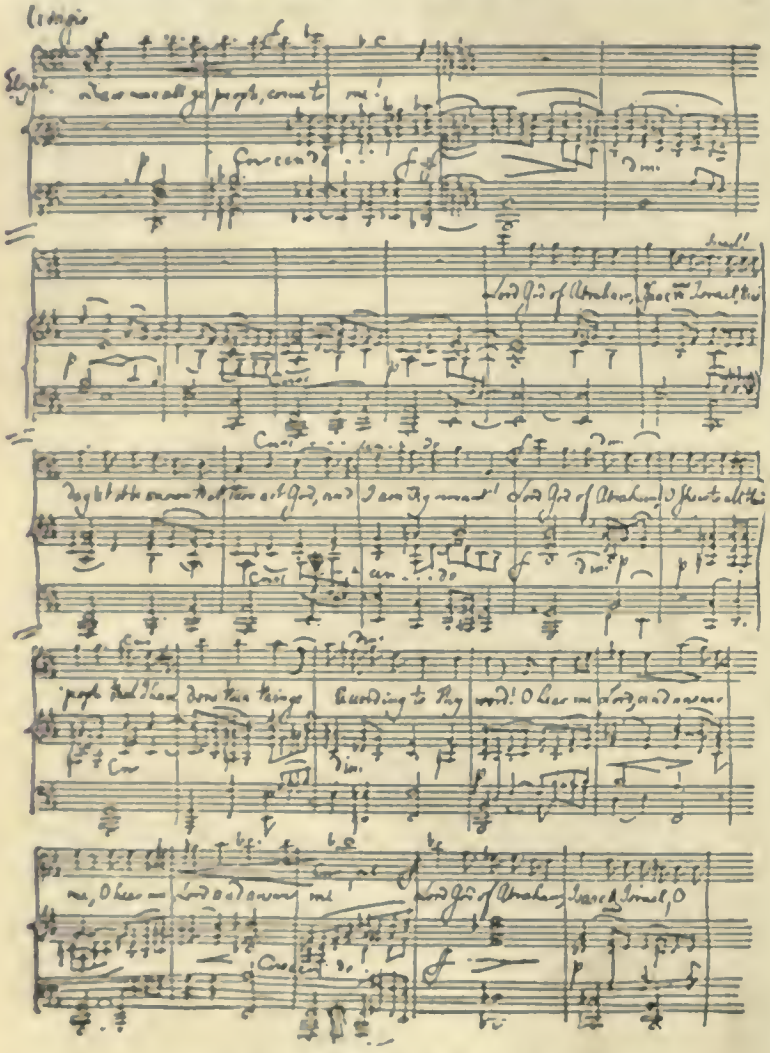
MUSIC.

Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn's music is so often judged from a
point of view that Mr. Stephen S. Stratton's emi
estimate of his powers in MENDELSSOHN (The Master
Dent, 3s.6d. n.) is most welcome. As Mr. Stratton poin
after Mendelssohn's death the adulation which he
in his life-time was followed by depreciation. No
extreme facility was fatal to the permanence of

vative England . . . . but was it necessary to exalt it at the expense of Mendelssohn? The stage holds the mirror up to nature; music mirrors the man who creates it. The rugged, lofty-souled Beethoven portrays himself in his music. The boundless imagination, the princely splendour of thought and habit of Wagner, are reflected in his vast designs, and the prodigal display of means in his scores. The cultivated, refined, precise, and orderly disposition of Mendelssohn found expression in music, polished, beautifully balanced in harmony and phrase, and worked out with consummate skill and address. Nothing vague, no redundant bars, but everything in correct form, symmetry being as it were a law of his nature. . . .

This is an excellent comment on much musical criticism. The depreciation of Mendelssohn results largely from the habit of judging one composer by the standards of another. Most musicians have their own particular god of music, and their worship is too apt to take the form of pulling down the other gods. Then again, Mendelssohn's music is direct in its appeal



FACSIMILE OF PAGE OF "ELIJAH."

Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Score of the well-known Bass Solo, "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel." Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Dent

in A and the Trio in C Minor. Mr. Stratton doe to the inventiveness and delicacy of Mendelssoh tation, his balance of form, and skill in thematic to his dramatic treatment of Scriptural themes painting, and enchanting fairy music. May acknowledge a certain Oriental splendour and dig a Judaic element—here and there in his treat subjects? At all events he is one of three co renderings of Scripture are almost as well worth the Bible itself really well read. Moreover, he is composers whose music satisfies a critical tas the ears of the man in the street.

The biographical portion of Mr. Stratton's called with much discretion from the mass o literature which naturally centres roun attractive personality. We are reminded sohn added to his musical genius a tale and more than a talent for letter-writing tration which we reproduce is enough in the extraordinary care and elegance of hi

Two English Musicians.

Widows' reminiscences of their late lately come under the lash of Mr. Edm sisters, doubtless, run almost an equal testions about their brothers. Not so M Bache, who has put together her re Edward and Walter Bache, in Brothe (Methuen, 6s. n.). Waiving all sisterly allows the brothers to reveal themselves part from their own letters. The resu interesting to musical students in a va Francis Edward and Walter belonged to in their musical ideas. The former, who the age of twenty-five, was sternly oppos then called "the music of the future," to and even Schumann. The latter was the Liszt in England, and belonged to a socie Working Men's Society," who formed a s early Wagnerians. We are not told wh title was chosen for the society. It sug then there was a tendency to mix up Wa and his music, just as nowadays Mr. Berna have us regard the "Nibelungen Ring" dramatic allegory of an Anarchist. But chief title to fame was his championship his correspondence with him brings out and courtesy of the Abbé in a very fa Miss Constance Bache's account of thi brother, is the more acceptable as he fin Grove's Dictionary. His great talent, ex pianoforte playing, does not appear to ha composition. Francis Edward, the elde on the other hand, a composer. As a boy of Sterndale Bennett, and his work bea traces of his master's influence. It is n Bache is not more explicit on the charact his compositions now that they are so litt doubt her relationship to the deceased has to a cert her hand as a critic. To judge from his letters, Edwa to have had more success on the Continent tha

the Philharmonic, and made so little impression with his own music, spoke highly of our performers. Another comparison is between the Germans and the Italians as critics of music. "The Germans are critical as to the colouring and execution of a picture; the Italians are perceptive as regards the design." The illustrations are mostly photographs of the many well-known musicians that the brothers came across. There is an excellent one of Liszt. But the sketch of Sterndale Bennett bears little resemblance to him at any time in his career.

Mr. Henry C. Lahee follows up his "Famous Singers" with FAMOUS VIOLINISTS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY and FAMOUS PIANISTS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY (Putnam, 6s. each). Brief criticism of the playing of virtuosi long since dead must be a *réchauffé* from well-known sources, and more valuable for reference than interesting to read. But on living players Mr. Lahee writes with spirit and is able to tell us the difference between American and English opinion—e.g., of Stavenhagen, who was coldly received in the States. With so many performers to deal with, the author is not always able to make clear the salient characteristics which distinguish them from one another; and some of his comments are questionable. Some reason might be given for the statement that "D'Albert now excels all other pianists." The conventional opinions which Mr. Lahee adopts, that Steibelt's music was all display and Hummel's all scholarship, are too sweeping. And Oscar Bie's description of Paderewski as "the delicate, emotional *drawing-room player*" (the italics are ours) ought not to be quoted without a smile. There is a good deal of amusing biographical matter in both books and some of the portraits are excellent.

UMBRIAN TOWNS.

Owing to plethora of production it will soon be a harder task to select a guide-book than a region of travel, and a study of the more recent additions raises a doubt whether the traveller fares better now than he did in the days when Murray catered for the man of leisure, and Baedeker for him whose time was limited. THE UMBRIAN TOWNS, by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. n.), is a work compounded with laborious care and sufficient accuracy. The series of facts it sets forth is vast and even bewildering, and if this mass had been compelled into something like symmetry the book would have been of some service to conscientious pilgrims to the great art centres described; but it is crude in plan and execution as well, and the authors display a bent for preaching which must prove irritating to all but the long-suffering and the undiscerning. Umbria is a region with flexible boundaries, and the compilers have taken full advantage of this characteristic in selecting their towns. It is hard to see why Chiusi (which is essentially Etruscan) should have been included and Città di Castello left out, especially as the first lies without and the last within the limits of modern Umbria. Again places like Cortona, Urbino, Arezzo, and San Sepolcro, representative seats of Umbrian art, and lying just over the borders, might have been included with advantage. In the preface it is announced that this guide-book does not compete with Murray and Baedeker, and this is true enough; its great defect is that it does not (at least, as far as Murray is concerned) act as a supplement. All it does is to give a portion of the older guide-books, freely diluted and in less convenient form; and, wanting as it is in evidence of spiritual vocation or force of character Giovanni Pisano in his effigy of Benedict XI. has "with marvellous subtlety the existence which h beginning nor ending." The reading in of subtle me this fashion is a process which may be extended indef the authors have given us a very fair dose. The thought which they have expended over this amazing; indeed they tell us what they think of a picture they see in a strain which rouses a regret ever saw and described Botticelli's Madonna and the Monna Lisa. They inform us in the preface that the to enable the reader to "create for himself an at and with this view they print the gems of thought type, and enclose in brackets certain choice directions being given that these are to be read, storm and stress of the gallery, but in the retirem hotel bed room. All this labour is well meant atmosphere created by such cramming will stand, in one acquired by judicious and not excessive reading, made suit stands to one cut to measure. A lengthy is given at the end for the benefit of those who may enlighten themselves still further, and amongst the superseded English edition of Crowe and Cavalcase print and rarely to be had). It should be known authoritative edition of this work is the more recent published in Florence. "The Umbrian Towns" i with an excellent series of diagrams of the walls a churches and galleries described, duly numbered works referred to in the text may be easily identified have been all the better for a map.

ENGLISH TOPOGRAPHY.

LONDON UNDER EDWARD I.

CALENDAR OF LETTER-BOOKS OF THE CITY OF LONDO Book C, 1291-1309. By REGINALD R. SHAR Printed by J. E. Francis, by Order of the Corpo

We welcome another issue of these valuable calen City Letter-Books. They are serviceable not only for tion of the social and citizen life of the period, but contributions to the story of the nation. Dr. Sharpe tion to this calendar is as clear and interesting as two previous volumes. The period covered by t begins at the time when Edward I. was in sore trou the recent loss of his wife. Soon after occurred, too of his mother, Queen Eleanor, a loss which was moment to the citizens of London. Eleanor had profits and emoluments pertaining to the wardenship bridge, to the great chagrin of the City. The expu Jews from England in 1290, due to her influence generally popular step, had increased her son's di driving him to resort to the Lombard merchants fo help. By thus resorting to foreign help, Edward wa with the citizens. The City was still under special re having been governed by a warden of the King's cho 1285, instead of by a popularly elected mayor. It is fore surprising to find in this volume abundant pr reluctance of London to satisfy the King's demand loan, fine, tallage, custom, or the like. There w disturbance during the King's absence in Flanders

a "Court of Scavagers" (*curia scauagerorum*). The latter circumstance causes Dr. Sharpe to discuss the term "scavager," the forerunner of "scavenger." It has been generally supposed that the scavager was originally an officer who took toll or custom on the "scavage" (i.e., *showage*, from A.S. *scewian*, to show), or the opening out of imported goods, and that at a later period the general care of the streets became a part of his duties. Professor Skeat has, however, recently objected to this derivation, pointing out that the A.S. *sc* becomes *sh* in English. Mr. Round in his "Commune of London" has still more recently shown, from a British Museum MS., that at one time scavengers (*escuwingores*) were elected for regulating the watch and ward of the City. Dr. Sharpe is probably wise in leaving the matter still an open question and cleverly adopts the phrase "Court of Inspectors" as the safest interpretation of the expression used in 1301 and 1307. It is of interest to remember a fact, which has apparently escaped Dr. Sharpe's attention, namely, that long after the office of town scavenger or skevinger had come to be applied to the remover of filth and sweepings from the streets, terms as to scavage dues of a totally different meaning were in simultaneous use. Thus Dr. Cox has shown, in the second volume of the "Northampton Borough Records," that scavengers for the streets were appointed under that title in Elizabethan days, that a scavenger cess for street cleaning was levied throughout the Commonwealth period, and that nevertheless an order by the assembly of 1652 provided against the refusal of country people bringing corn to the markets and refusing to pay the accustomed due to the Cryer and Sexton which was called "Skavage due."

The special difficulties surrounding the sale of intoxicants required then as now exceptional treatment. Early closing was rigidly enforced on the City taverners in the days of Edward I. The articles touching the state of London, confirmed by the King, set forth, *inter alia*, that no taverner was to keep his tavern open for wine or beer after curfew, nor to admit any one into his tavern nor into his house. This, too, was the only trade exercised in the City, for the practice of which it was required that good characters should be produced, and sureties found for good behaviour.

LEICESTER RECORDS.

Records of the Borough of Leicester, 1327-1509. By Mary Bateson. Vol. II. (Cambridge University Press.)

The late Dr. Creighton was not only himself a masterhand as an historian, but possessed the rare and tactful faculty of interesting others in such work and in promoting the publication of valuable records. It was due to his initiation that the Corporation of Northampton undertook the publication of their valuable records, whilst the idea of publishing the still more important records of Leicester not only received from him its first impulse, but all the preliminary steps were taken under his guidance. It was due also to the late Bishop that the Leicester muniments were placed in the capable hands of Miss Bateson. The period covered by the second volume, extending from 1327 to 1509, has an unfortunate hiatus of some seventy-five years. There is no record extant of any borough legislation from 1380 to 1455, whilst from the same date down to 1465 every record pertaining to the Merchant Gild is missing.

The introduction gives an admirable analysis of the subsequent series of transcripts and extracts from the archives. Attention is there drawn to the relations existing between the

The wealth of the archives of Leicester precludes full reproduction, but a wise discretion seems exercised in giving considerable parts *in extenso*, the most part accompanied by an English version entries on the Merchant Gild roll are various o the sale of wine. In 1343 William of Stopworth, charged with mixing old wine with new wine again tion of the mayor and community. The roll for 1 no taverner was allowed to sell wine until it had the mayor and bailiff and other honest men purpose. In 1354 one William of Cossington was the mayor and jurats with selling a tun of wine d fixed price; he pleaded guilty, and was bound o of 20s. to be paid if he should again offend. I year another taverner was charged with the li the mayor, with his peers and others of the comm the tavern and begged him to sell his wine a according to the ordinance. The taverner refu the chief magistrate, whereupon it was decide that a tun of wine should be forfeited; and tha should be ejected from his gild and expelled fr juror. Moreover, the defaulter had to pay the ma 5s. of silver for his labour in selling the wine. important part in the history of the borough, accounts specially in the fourteenth century s quantities of wine were bestowed upon the courtiers whenever a Royal visit was paid to the to the lord and his officials. Other visitors thought well to mollify were treated after a distinction being made not only in the qualit quantity of the wine, which varied from a and a sester, down to a pottle. On the the mayor being presented at the castle his oath, there was considerable feasting, mayor's accounts every item is noted, inclu amount of fuel burned and the grain spent chickens beforehand.

It matters not, however, in what subject or social town life the reader may be interested, h much material to attract him. The subject-i references to such diverse matters as ale-tas assize of bread, bell men and bell-founders, brid stalls, chandlers, common latrines, ovens, store-ho Corpus Christi and other gilds, cuckstool, curfew flesh assayers, unlawful games, building and re hall, hobby-horses, indulgences, Irish in Lei labourers' wages, lepers' garden, mills and mi officials, pageants, passion play, piepowder co every conceivable commodity, schools, scolds tallage, watchmen, waits, weights and measure writs. These are but a small selection of head haphazard to prove the immense variety of top these pages.

As to the more intricate questions of the mu ment of Leicester and its varied evolutions th special value on account of the peculiar position as part of the Earldom and later of the Duchy of L the accession of Henry IV. there came a great position of Leicester, for its immediate lord King, and the town had, therefore, a doubl to the Sovereign. The frequent residence o Leicester Castle also exercised considerable

A BERKSHIRE MANOR.

In SWALLOWFIELD AND ITS OWNERS (Longmans, 42s. n.) Lady Russell has produced a volume of topography which is almost as interesting as it is handsome. "It is observed," says Fuller, "that the lands in Berkshire are very skittish, and often cast their owners"; and Swallowfield is no exception to the general skittishness, since it has had innumerable owners since its recorded history began. For the matter of that, however, Fuller might have said the same of almost any lands within fifty miles of London—and Swallowfield, being near Reading, is not much more than thirty. It is inevitable that estates within easy reach of the seat of Government should change their owners frequently. Their very propinquity to the capital gives them an artificial value which will sometimes induce a possessor to part with them; while, the purchasers of such places will not, as a rule, be persons rooted to the soil. Thus, it is not surprising that Swallowfield has belonged to something like a dozen families since the Conquest, to say nothing of the Tudor Queens who had it in dower. St. John and Despencer, De La Beche and Beaumys, Backhouse and Hyde held it in turn until it was bought by Governor Pitt with the proceeds of the famous "Regent" Diamond. It did not long remain in the possession of his posterity, and the eighty years during which the Russells have been its owners forms a very respectable tenure.

The early baronial lords need not trouble us. In the middle of the fourteenth century Edward III., that too generous lover of horse-flesh, used the park for his stud. That great King was desperately extravagant. He was, indeed, an early prototype of Carlyle's "Expensive Herr," for he is known to have bought three horses for the modern equivalents of £1,000, £1,400, and £2,000, and Archbishop Islip's "Speculum Regis" was full of reproaches of him for spending money in this way instead of paying his own and his father's debts, or bestowing alms upon the poor. In the middle of Elizabeth's reign the lands of Swallowfield, fallen from their high estate as the appanage of Queens, became the prize of a successful London merchant named Backhouse—a circumstance that was by no means unusual. In proportion to the much smaller population the Elizabethan period was quite as full of new families as the Victorian. It is, indeed, just about three centuries and a-half since the now familiar comedy of *New Men and Old Acres* began to be played in this country. It was then that fortunes made out of corn or wool, or the commerce of London, or York, or Bristol, became comparatively common—until about that time, indeed, the country had been too unsettled for industrial wealth to have a chance. Once it became clear that a man could own lands without having to be constantly in the field, and that, so many of the old families having been ruined or killed off by the Wars of the Roses, he would not be looked upon as a pariah because he had little or no pedigree, it grew to be the ambition of the trader to obtain "a stake in the country." And so well did his ambition thrive that there are now but few great ennobled families destitute of the blood of at least one Lord Mayor of London or other prosperous citizen. When Samuel Backhouse, the enriched son of a London Alderman, bought Swallowfield in 1582, he was doing his part, all unconsciously, in the evolution of English society. His grandson, William Backhouse, was, according to Anthony Wood, "a most renowned chymist and Rosicrucian," who believed that the true matter of the Philosopher's Stone had been communicated to him by his father, on his death-bed. His heiress carried Swallowfield to her cousin, Sir William Backhouse, Bart. When we remember that an Adventurer's share in the New River Company fetche

Swallowfield, but she does not give the place w
born, which was, we believe, York-house, Twickenh
time Evelyn was wont to visit at Swallowfield
indeed, to have laid out the garden and planted th
and cedars which still flourish. It is clear, however
the diarist himself says, that there was a good
before his time, although he may have improved it.
Cornbury became Earl of Clarendon he found t
connexions did not make for his peace of mind.
take the new oaths, and was constantly plotting.
the Tower, which he visited twice as a prisoner.
finally released he found his affairs embarrassed
extravagances was the rebuilding of Swallowfield,
hands took its present plain but comfortable for
1719 that his son and successor sold the place t
"Diamond," Pitt, whose remarkable career is
very interesting way by Lady Russell. She tel
ghost of a "black man" is said to haunt Queen An
and that this visitant is supposed to be the
murdered slave who originally found the gem, or a
the angry god Juggernaut, one of whose eyes
diamond. When Swallowfield came to Chatham'
sold it for £20,770 to the Dodds, and from th
Earles it came at last to the family of the pre
1820. The first Russell of Swallowfield was the unc
Rose Aylmer, and an able man in many ways; yet
his architect to Grecianize one front of the hous
a richly carved cornice which Grinling Gibbons
for Lord Clarendon at John Evelyn's suggestion, an
other enormous crimes of the same character.

The book concludes with some reminiscences of
Russell, the late owner and the husband of the h
was acquainted with many of the distinguished men
and his notes of conversations with them, althou
attractive. It is a little surprising to find it record
George had heard Thackeray speak disparagingly,
contemptuously," of Scott's "heroic" novel
Dickens' case the contempt was poured upon "Tom

The admirable object of "The Homeland Libr
interesting us in the beauties and traditions o
country, will certainly be advanced by the second
series EPSOM, ITS HISTORY AND SURROUNDINGS
Association Limited, 6s. n.), written and illustr
Gordon Home, whose excellent black and white
already praised. To his description of the town,
history, Lord Rosebery adds a highly interesting int
which he says,

> When I first came to live at Epsom, a quarter
> ago, it was a little sleepy town, surrounded by l
> of down and common. Its perennial slumber was
> a year by race meetings, when the followers and ca
> of the Turf stormed the neighbourhood during a
> days, then struck their tents and left the town,
> exhausted. Thereafter the calm recommence
> inhabitants could saunter over miles of open tu
> the purest air in England. But the memory of th
> of carnival kept off the speculative builder an
> clients. Thus the town remained rural and o
> Now, all that is changed.

But there yet remain many points of interes
exhaustive monograph should incline many visitors

centre of the village of Geddington—have been frequently illustrated and described. The pre-Norman sculptured stones and remains of early crosses in Northamptonshire have also been well treated by Mr. J. Romilly Allen. There are, however, many other stone crosses that have hitherto escaped notice, and the whole series is worth cataloguing, if only as tending to their preservation. Mr. Christopher Markham has done well in expanding a paper read before a local society some few years ago into THE STONE CROSSES OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE (Simpkin, Marshall, 10s. 6d. n.). Several of Mr. Markham's pictures are creditable and interesting; but we do not, if the drawings are accurate, always agree with him as to dates. The gracefully clustered tall shaft of the Harringworth cross, much spoilt by a modern head, is surely of thirteenth and not fourteenth century date. A drawing is given of the curious boundary stone of Rockingham forest, near Brigstock, which is lettered in capitals, apparently of seventeenth-century date, "In this place grow bocase tree," whilst just above the ground is repeated "Here stood bocase tree." There was some discussion as to this stone many years ago in *Notes and Queries* to which Mr. Markham gives a reference; but he offers no suggestion of his own. Much wild speculation has been offered on the subject; but there seems little doubt that the true solution is that "bocase tree" was a provincial rendering of *boc*, a book or writing, and was the name of a boundary tree mentioned in charters. In these pages there are brief descriptions of no fewer than eighty churchyard, village, market, or wayside crosses. The introduction on crosses in general was not called for. A number of general statements that have often appeared elsewhere are put together rather carelessly in a dozen pages; they cannot satisfy any one desirous of a general essay on the subject, and they cannot fail to surprise antiquaries by various slips or errors. It is rather strange to be told in a book which deals with stone crosses that Anglo Saxon ones begin about A.D. 800. Mr. Markham does not seem to be acquainted with the writings of the Bishop of Bristol, Mr. Romilly Allen, the late Mr. Calverley, and many other pre-Norman experts on such a subject.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY (Elliot Stock), Mr. G. Laurence Gomme's useful series of topographical excerpts from that famous publication, is now drawing to a close, the thirteenth volume dealing with Warwickshire, Westmorland, and Wiltshire. The northern county occupies a very small space indeed—the antiquarian inquirer in the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth did not often travel so far afield. It is a little surprising to find that Wilts occupies far more space than Warwick, with its Shakespearian memories. To some extent this is accounted for by the public amazement at the eccentric splendour of Fonthill, many pages being needed to detail its glories. But such Midland shires as Warwick have always been regarded as more remote than their distance from London altogether warrants. Nevertheless we find here much that is of interest about the county, although the purely modern importance of Birmingham is suggested by the circumstance that only four pages are devoted to it. Wiltshire is, of course, a very attractive county to the topographer and archæologist, and some of the ancient municipal customs of Marlborough provided Mr. Gomme with important material for his book on "The Village Community." These extracts from "The Gentleman's" are so well edited—this particular volume has been under the care of Mr. F. A. Milne—and so carefully arranged that they form exceedingly handy desiderata to students who are interested in [illegible]

OTHER NEW BOOK

A Restoration Document.

Lady Newdigate-Newdegate is not very fa
title, CAVALIER AND PURITAN (Smith and Elder,
fragmentary jottings concerning Sir Richard N
worthy baronet of the time of Charles II., scar
the real struggles of Cavalier and Puritan, w
Restoration days were fast merging into othe
When, however, we have dismissed the mislead
Richard, as depicted in diaries, account-books, an
proves to be an entertaining personage, able to t
on the domestic and social aspects of his time. H
marked or heroic, and his Parliamentary career d
him deeply in the perilous intricacies of Restor
though a zealous Protestant, he passes safely th
House Plot and Monmouth's Rebellion. It is in
tions that he reveals himself with Pepys-like deta
He rules his household by means of fines and rew
three daughters because they came to prayers, thr
he revels in elaborate accounts while perpe
deeper in debt; he patronizes Lely and Grin
goes on a tour in France, keeps a shrewdly obse
which the inn reckonings bulk large, and con
comfortable insular conclusion that the Fre
"asinorum rex." Sir Richard is withal a wort
though choleric, gentleman, who keeps count of
his diary, and indulges in self-communings and
over his own "unbridled nature." For the re
with his children, plans new extravagances, and
old ones, and is "exceeding melancholy" on
which falls three days after his second marriage.
historical comments are of the slightest, servi
setting to the personal portrait, but we see so
ill-starred Monmouth, once in the company of his fa
Sovereign, James of York, and Prince Rupert.
most entertaining thing in the volume is Marvell'
from the Throne, one of the most delectable b
satire ever produced, here printed from a conte
letter in a slightly unfamiliar form. There is
spective in the book which lessens its value f
reader, but the student of the times will be int
occasional glimpses of men and manners which it a
for example, is a public-spirited proposal which h
don clearly—or shall we say darkly—before us.
lights (being two sockets of glass in form of a lan
up in Cornhill, and is intended to burn very b
night, which, if approved of, two persons will under
the whole city over at a farthing a light."

"Mrs. Freeman."

Under the taking title of THE QUEEN'S COMP
son, 24s. n.) Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy retells the old
Morley" and "Mrs. Freeman"; of the temp
Jennings and the phlegmatic Princess, and Queen
book is not of historical value. But it retells kn
lively manner, though without any distinction o
publisher has provided big print and nice margins
some three dozen portrait-illustrations, and th
of crimson cloth stamped with the Royal arms in gold

A good deal of abuse has been presented to t
Marlborough. Strong virago and [illegible]

than meaner vices. She was her own chief enemy always. Emotional, passionate, vehement, impulsive, she loved strongly and hated strongly, would be all in all to those she loved, and where she loved most showed herself most tyrannical. But most unfortunate feature of any in her whole character was her dangerous propensity to write letters in moments of mental excitement. Coming straight from her quarrels with the Queen, throbbing under a sense of injury always very keen with her, she would sit down and indite a letter in hot blood which, read by the recipient in cool censorious mood, appeared entirely unforgivable. When the rift came in their friendship the Duchess certainly wrote Anne some outrageous letters. With her adored Mrs. Freeman the Queen would have no more to do, and the Duchess was refused admission to her presence. Then this rash and foolish lady went about the town uttering complaints, and her impetuous words were carried, emphasized and distorted, straight back to Anne's ears. The breach was complete, and the Queen died four years later without having had any reconciliation with the woman she had known so intimately. The Duchess survived the Queen more than thirty years, perhaps that she might have time to learn that even for the most fortunate of mortals, for the possessor of great beauty, a brilliant position, many palaces, and immense wealth, this is nevertheless not the best of all possible worlds. It is certain that she learned this lesson well, for in her eighty-third year we find her writing :—" When the stroke comes I only pray that it may not be very painful, knowing that everybody must die, and I think that whatever the next world is it must be better than this, at least to those that never did deceive mortal." And, again, to another correspondent, " I hope that my punishment for small omissions will not be severe when I go out of this world, and I think there cannot possibly be a worse place than this is at present." Perhaps some indulgence might now be shown to the memory of Sarah Jennings, whose chief ambition—a pathetic one in the light of history—was to gain a good name (we quote again from her letters), " to deserve approbation, both living and dead, from the virtuous and the wise."

Friends in Council.

THE VICAR AND HIS FRIENDS, by Dr. Cunningham Geikie (Longmans, 5s. n.), is a collection of imaginary discussions. They are popular rather than learned, though every one concerned in them does his best to overwhelm one with authorities, no matter what may be the subject of the conversation. For instance, when the vicar and his friends discuss prayer, they quote in the course of a few pages John Newton, Tyndall, Mrs. Carlyle, Seneca, Plato, Juvenal, Persius, Schleiermacher, the Accadians, St. John the Baptist, and Mr. Spurgeon. In fact, they all seem to have the classical dictionary at their fingers' ends, and a working knowledge of the best-known modern books. The result is by no means bad reading, but one feels that these large social and religious topics demand more thorough treatment than they have received, at any rate in the present work, from Dr. Geikie. In a book so full of references to ancient and modern literature, it is unpleasant to suspect that many of them need to be verified. Dr. Geikie says :—" Plato, indeed, in ' Charmides,' tells us that Apollo gave the arrow to the Scythian, and that by its means he found his way through countries strange to him." Where, in the " Charmides," is this to be found ? Again, Dr. Geikie says :—" No wonder that Gibbon, after discoursing on the glory of the dome of St. Sophia, adds, ' but the smallest fly that lighted on it was a much greater wonder.' " These, though put into inverted commas, are not references, the name of the late vicar of St. Pete Docks, was not Lowther, but Lowder ; and the late Alban's, Holborn, should not be given, as in the " Machonochie Rev."

Ladies of Old Times.

Miss Gabrielle Festing's UNSTORIED IN HISTO 6s.) contains some charming and careful studies of certain interesting women of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Drawn from old letters, old diaries, and the Rep Historical Manuscripts Commission, these sympa portraits breathe, as it were, the aroma of pot-pour for us the indefinable sadness which belongs to all m a vanished past, and in the story of Lady Harley, wife, of Thomas Pitt and Jane Innes, that ill-mate and of so delightful an aunt and niece as Mrs. E and Lady Fenn, Miss Festing provides us with so self-forgetfulness and refreshment. These scatter papers were worth collecting into permanent book fo volume may be recommended to quiet souls who wayside resting-place.

The Works of Sir Philip Sidney.

The authoress (Edith Morley) of this essay, WORKS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (Rees, 1s. n), congratulated on the comprehensive style in wh arranged her matter. The " Arcadia " and the receive adequate treatment at her hands, but the m work in her book is the criticism of that inestimabl " Apologie for Poetrie," whilst the famous lett Elizabeth, concerning the " French Match," attention that it so thoroughly deserves. In her " Sidney's Translations of the Psalms," it is to that, for the sake of the casual reader, Miss not allude to those translated by his si both in quality as well as in quantity, it admitted that the better results were achieve Pembroke, of whose labours also in revising the " Arcadia " acknowledgment should have " Astrophel's " relations with " Stella " are interp vague a spirit, and should have been examined length, as also should have been his correspondence Languet ; but, in offering these criticisms, we mus that the book in question does not claim to be a bio an essay.

A Question for the Weissmanists.

USE-INHERITANCE, by Dr. Walter Kidd (A. 2s. 6d. n.), raises an interesting point—already disc author before the Zoological Society—which sugg doctrine that acquired characters can never be by inheritance requires modification, in other Weismannism is not universally valid. The point is ment of hair on the bodies of animals. When we find, that the " hair-streams " on the face of a dog trend those on the face of a horse downwards, or that the of hair on the head of a large class of men is opp found in the simian family, we seem to be in the facts which cannot be accounted for by natural s which can only have had their origin in certain animals which show the new types. The peculiarities must, it would seem, have thus been acquired by and transmitted to their descendants. The point worked out by Dr. Kidd with many illustratio pamphlet certainly deserves the careful consi

FICTION.

"The Benefactress."

Readers who wish to be amused, and do not like problems and pathological studies presented to them in the guise of fiction, will not find many better new novels than THE BENEFACTRESS (Macmillan and Co., 6s.). It is by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," and is fully equal to that taking book. We are not praising the author extravagantly when we say that she has at least two of the qualifications of a good novelist—an easy and correct style and an abiding sense of humour. The story, though it is clear that it will end satisfactorily, maintains its interest throughout, and is full of well-drawn characters. Anna Estcourt, a young Englishwoman of twenty-five, who is heartily tired of her dependence on her rich and vulgar sister-in-law, succeeds to an estate near Stralsund in North Germany, which has been left to her by her German uncle Joachim. It is worth £2,000 a year, and Anna takes possession of it with the benevolent intention of providing a home, not only for herself, but also for "ladies of good family who have fallen on evil days by the will of God." So runs the pious German advertisement, an elderly lady of good family being also required as a paid housekeeper. Anna, of course, is an enthusiast, but at the same time a well-bred and sensible woman with whom it is possible to sympathize. She needs all the reader's sympathy during the progress of her experiment. It is to be hoped that the unsparing portraits of two or three German ladies will not lead to international complications. Fortunately, they are balanced by a German country gentleman of the best type, and by a terrible English female snob. After all, it is only a novel, and we suspect, from internal evidence, that it has been written merely for our amusement. From that point of view, it is a complete success.

A Pleasant Surprise.

The young person who anticipates in THE SINNER AND THE PROBLEM, by Eric Parker (Macmillan, 6s.), the sort of thing suggested by the title will be comically disappointed. The book is named with probably faintly malicious "intention." It is not concerned with unsavoury "pasts" leading to sentimental futures. It is a delicate, sympathetic study of a handful of people as they appear to a sensitive artist with a keen sense of humour. The Sinner is one small boy; the Problem is another. Child-pathos is too apt to become maudlin and is a strict test of a writer's powers. How few have succeeded with it, from Dickens downwards! But "The Sinner" can even have an illness without becoming sickly. In his delirium he does not talk of angels:—

> Latin sentences, always Latin sentences, subject and object and predicate and all the unmannerly jargon of school-book grammar. And twice at least there were words indicative of the more serious interviews with mine host—a sort of comment unspoken till now—and yet I knew the Sinner thought lightly of such matters; but they were part of his daily life, and so I think found their utterance then. I am sure I should have laughed at the word *don't* at any other time; just then, in that connexion, I wondered what it had cost him before to suppress it; not much, I dare-say, but in that little bed he did not look worth whipping.

The Sinner's pathos is by no means always tearful. He has a conjuring which is "a sort of collection, really," of all the

There is a love story running through the book o
daintiest kind, and there are happy little descripti
nature, and, behind all, an interesting and fastidio

"Barbara West."

It is long since we have had the good fortune t
a book so convincing and so capable as Kelgh
BARBARA WEST (John Long, 6s.). The story has
the love affair of a young journalist, Enoch Watson
West, a violinist on the lowest rung of fame's l
whatever point of view the book is regarded it mu
a success. The two principals are admirably dr
earnestly sentimental, desiring a mate for an anch
in life; Barbara, frolicsome, tender, yet shallow,
him in her little incapable way so that she may re
friend while not accepting him as a lover. Th
dithian atmosphere about the book, both in the
occasional involution of the literary style and in
analysis of the woman's mental and emotional p
of the minor characters at least is not who
of Dickens. This is Jack Darbyshire, whose
persiflage and downright good-heartedness remi
Swiveller. A good deal of the book is give
description of a provincial newspaper man's life i
and the thing is well done. As a study in the de
the declension of character, as well as for hea
humour and tragedy delicately described, forcible
over-wrought, "Barbara West" deserves high pr

An Amiable Prig.

Mr. Julian Sturgis has improved considerably
CALINART (Constable, 6s.) is a novel excellent of i
life and smart dialogue and good character-drawin
many better-known novelists might have been pr
Stephen himself begins as an Oxford undergra
child of fortune, clever, self-conscious, meaning to
to rights with the least possible delay—in short,
person" of a not uncommon type in that ancient U
Sturgis accomplishes the remarkable feat of turnin
very decent sort of man, and introduces us by the w
usual and very well-drawn characters. His gallery o
bear comparison with any we have seen of late ye
novel, and they cover a wide range, from the estimal
Coops to Lord Ranham and the Princess. Some o
are admirable studies; the men, without e
eminently like-life; and the author has provided
incident (from the Russo-Turkish war) to ke
mercurial reader's interest from flagging. It i
from start to finish—by far the best that Mr. St
written.

Mr. Max Pemberton.

"This" says the publisher's leaflet, with ca
"is Mr. Pemberton's longest and greatest novel.
so. THE GIANT'S GATE (Cassell, 6s.) is by no mea
The author has taken the stirring period of the *ag*
Fashoda, the death of the late President of the
of the riots at Longchamp; and stimulates the c
readers by the innocent device of introducing
celebrities under thinly disguised names. Mr. M
seems to know his Paris; we find here (to quote o
the obliging leaflet) "pictures of storm and calm
and palace, of the halls of the Anarchists, and the h
who are conspiring against the French Republic."

heroic. The author himself becomes no less monotonous in the glowing periods of his descriptive passages. He must always be painting his pictures in a high key, and the consequence is that he produces an impression of an unreal life passed in a whirl of violent emotions. We hunger for more repose. And the style of his writing is open to the same reproach. On occasion he can write decent English, but the temptation to be strong overpowers him, and too often he becomes merely violent, presenting the curious spectacle of a man ranting and weeping by turns over the fortunes of these harmless puppets of his own creation. The sight is almost pathetic, reminiscent of a baffled, struggling aeronaut whose machine obstinately refuses to rise for all his efforts. Mr. Pemberton is so clever a contriver of romantic stories that we could wish to see him learn a little more restraint and observe mankind a little more closely. His characters are excellent—from the outside; from within they are nothing.

Mr. Riccardo Stephens.

The temperament of the medical student is everywhere visible in the work of Mr. Riccardo Stephens, who loves to adopt the tone of the healthy, uneducated British sportsman. THE WOOING OF GREY EYES (Murray, 6s.) contains one long story, which gives the volume its name, and several short ones. They all exhibit a talent of narration; the opening story would be really good but for a touch of the melodramatic and the use of some too ordinary machinery. Mr. Stephens writes well of what he knows; he handles field sports and the hospital with equal ease; and he is at home in the streets of Edinburgh or on the northern moors. Perhaps the best bit of work in an entertaining volume is the story called "Drummer Deas," which we remember noticing some years ago in one of the magazines. It is a powerful story, well told, and gives promise of better work.

Gulliver up to Date.

The satirist has often found a safe field in an imaginary Eutopia. Mr. Godfrey Sweven is so determined to leave no abuse unlashed that he has been at the pains of discovering a whole archipelago, through which he painfully proceeds, island by island. RIALLARO (Putnams, 6s.) is the name he gives to his new Utopia. It is in the South Pacific, and the group of islands which go to make it up are for ever encircled by a ring of mist and guarded by dangerous reefs and currents. The introductory chapters strike us as laboured and unnecessary. After the landing takes place there are some interesting chapters on the Alcofanian language, religion and social customs, which remind us of the habits of Mr. Samuel Butler's people of "Erewhon." The Bureau of Fame and its amalgamation with journalism and the Church into one great department of the State gives scope for a good deal of biting sarcasm. But the whole book is too long, and the writer's style is not calculated to banish weariness. "Riallaro" contains some sound sense, but the author has attempted too much, and towards the end of the book the quality of his satire has sadly degenerated.

Devon and Somerset.

We hesitate as to the epithet to apply to the set of short stories collected by Mr. Eden Phillpotts under the title THE STRIKING HOURS (Methuen, 6s.). They are dialect stories of South Devon, and there can be no question of Mr. Phillpotts' knowledge of the dialect. His work, when read aloud with the true intonation, is music in the ears of a Devonian. The stories themselves, however, are more open to criticism. Many of them seem trivial, made to measure, unconvincing. Whether in comedy or in tragedy Mr. Phillpotts seldom gets to the heart of

three men and three women, makes them fall l
duly marries them at the end. In place of the diffi
commonly attend the progress of true love—in fiction
rather good account of a stag-hunt. It is not
story, on the whole—rather thin and slight, but no w
than some more pretentious works. The "Pha
West," it may be as well to explain, are the wild re

Mason's Corner.

We are assured in Mr. Charles Felton Pidgin's
his "Picture of New England Home Life," as he
ADAMS SAWYER (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is most cer
from the imagination alone—that there is no su
Massachusetts as Normouth, no town bearing the n
borough, and no village discoverable under that
Corner. If there had been, he ingenuously adds,
have employed these names. No doubt, as was t
"David Harum," there will not be wanting enthu
cover the actual locale of the story, and to fit all th
with their real names. The book is of the "Da
school: it proceeds leisurely on its way, including
of interest (and a good deal of no very great inter
characters said, or did, or thought. Is this sort
becoming a distinctive feature of American liter
Stockton practises it to excess, and it seems to be g
and more the custom on the other side of the Atlan
at every opportunity reams of diffuse dialogue ha
much to do with the story. Perhaps the strenuous li
America finds restfulness in this deliberate inconse
confess that we should prefer a little judicious comp
Pidgin seems to have found himself making but sl
and towards the end the action becomes brisk eno
body—so brisk as to present the appearance of a ha
Long-lost relations crop up with bewildering freq
dings take place wholesale; every one successfully i
ambition with a completeness that is almost comic
rather a liking for Mr. Quincy Adams Sawyer, but
the perfect gentleman that Mr. Pidgin would have n
his preface. But he is a good fellow on the who
of the folk at Mason's Corner are worth knowing.

The Boomerang Club.

Mr. George Bartram has some power of imagina
has no fear of incurring the wrath of the strait-lac
THIRTEEN EVENINGS (Methuen, 6s.) he adopts the
machinery of a club—the Boomerang Club is the na
it—the members of which entertain each other occas
interesting reminiscences of their past lives. S
characters are not particularly reputable, but the
of the respectable are commonly dull reading, a
Mr. Bartram does well to seek lively subjects, for
writing is apt to be long-winded, and even the stirri
related by the gay frequenters of the Boomerang
times upon the monotonous. "On the Track of
Sly," for instance, is mere silliness. Some of M
contributions, on the other hand, are highly spiced
anybody. It is not a particularly good collectio
but it contains one or two that are worth readin
shall be Lord," is the best; and "With a Tast
is almost worthy of a place beside Mr. Kipling's
smith" as a description of a Bacchanalian orgie.
to us that the stories would have been better wi
clumsy and old-fashioned framework.

A Reading Party.

burning to achieve another) discovers, in orthodox fashion, that college life even at Cambridge cannot give her everything; and the frivolous young lady, who had joined the expedition with a tardy resolve to make up for lost time, goes away to be introduced to the family of her betrothed. There is one disappointment—the plain student falls in love, but is rather unfairly fobbed off with a Newnham Fellowship. "Alan St. Aubyn" displays here her one stroke of originality.

In North Australia.

Despite its sensational cover, and the fact that Mr. Donald Macdonald and his collaborator have not attained to the level of "How We Kept the Flag Flying," yet THE WARRIGALS' WELL (Ward, Lock, and Co., 6s.) is certainly a book to read. The story is put into the mouth of one Jasper Meredith, an ex-army captain. He and his friend, Allan Ogilvie, go to North Australia in the employ of an exploration company. The outsetting of the story lacks coherence. But once into it, the reader finds himself fastened to an absorbing tale in which the style is well suited to the story. Like the life of the explorers, one of recurring quietude and adventure, the story now rises high and now sinks to dulness. But some of its characters are well done, especially the "hard-case" "Slasher" Quin and the scoundrel Fox. The tale gives much insight as to gold prospecting in North Australia; also how the black police there do their work, and, as it comes from those who know their ground, it may be taken "without salt." The end is all that one could wish it to be, there being a modicum of the inevitable love interest.

Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie.

Titles are as thick in the pages of HER GRACE'S SECRET (Hutchinson, 6s.) as blackberries in September—a fact which should be enough to secure Mrs. Tweedale's novel a wide reading in certain quarters. Whether, when read, it will be appreciated is another matter. Her aristocrats are terribly wicked, it is true; they break the ten commandments like so many eggs; and the majority of the ladies are haughty and beautiful enough even for the taste of the servants' hall. But they are also bored to extinction. The old Duke of Glenroy, Lord and Lady Arlington, and the rest find life in these lofty circles almost too hard a burden to bear, and after some time their persistent air of *ennui* infects the reader. The book is long: it has an ingenious plot (Her Grace's secret is, curiously enough, rather like the secret in "Tristram of Blent" turned upside down); it is written with some cleverness and some acquaintance with the world it describes. But it is too full of the air of boredom to be exhilarating, and the warmest admirer of the aristocracy could hardly call it pleasant.

THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY, by F. Norreys Connell (Grant Richards, 6s.), has the merit of being a little out of the common. "Zooks," said the Duke of York, "that's a rake-helly corner on the bay!" After this beginning we naturally find ourselves back in the days of Charles O'Malley; and the escapades of the Irish Captain, which culminate in his winning a wager that he would get Napoleon's sword on the field of Waterloo, form a clever revival of the manner of Charles Lever which is rather a refreshing change from the society novel.

A MAN OF MILLIONS (Cassell, 6s.), though not, despite its sensational incidents, wildly thrilling, is a well-written book, by Mr. S. R. Keightley; and the rough diamond of a millionaire, who returns from the life of an outcast in Africa, is well drawn, as is also the girl who reclaims him, though their agreement at the close

sixteenth century. It is a laudable attempt one, though as a story it wants coherence an little tedious in its rehearsal of the brawls Captain.

Miss Adeline Sergeant hardly puts forth he SYLVIA'S AMBITION (Hodder and Stoughton, quite harmless tale, pleasant enough to rea rather superficially on theatrical life, with a country home of a wealthy and philanthropic ma

THE BLACK MASK, by E. W. Hornung (Grant gives us the exploits of an educated professiona who appeared in a previous book by the same au his "Dr. Watson." They are sensational enou tails off considerably when the hero goes out dies there. The stories are ingenious, but the au like Raffles', might well be turned to a better us

SPORTING SORROWS (Arrowsmith, 1s.), by F bright little collection of amusingly written s on sporting subjects. The humour is fresh and of the sketches have previously appeared in *Pun* worth reprinting.

AN ILL WIND (John Long, 6s.) gives us one Cameron's ingenious plots wherein almost all the m the same girl, one of them being already engaged and subsequently marrying a third. They play manner a little too obviously amateurish to m all convincing.

A STOLEN WOOING, by Seyton Heath (Digb improbable, ungrammatical, well-meaning, and a It is well printed and brightly bound.

In a smooth style, far from being too wordy, marred by occasional lapses into slipshod Englis Tanqueray records, in THE CALL OF THE FUT Blackett, 6s.), the main part of an immoral, aest poet's journey through life. It is hardly an in but the book contains a pleasing sketch of a lady

A HARVEST OF STUBBLE (Francis Brett, 2s. 6 Hooper, is not a very creditable piece of work. not a book that a clergyman would choose to rea meetings. The tone throughout is vulgar an the characters and the setting are equally obj though the book may possibly be worth p emphatically not worth reading.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAG

In *Temple Bar* George Paston writes of " Professor in Literary England." The professo George Ticknor, who gossiped agreeably about Salon, &c. The inclusion of some of his Madame de Stael's salon would have added to the paper. One of the short stories is by Mr. H whose career we have watched with interest eve that very graphic book "In the Niger Country."

Those who are interested in the lighter lite will thank us for drawing attention to an article written by Mrs. Pennell and illustrated by Mr. on "Italy's Garden of Eden," which is Ruskin Italian Lakes. There is also an interesting accou Mead Howells, of life in the Paris Art Schools.

In Good Words some old acquaintances are

In the *Sunday Magazine* Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes discourses of the charity of Queens—a subject on which she has collected a good deal of information.

"Wanted—Women" in the *Empire Review* is an appeal to ladies of birth and education to go West and get married. It is pointed out to them, however, that they had better learn to make themselves useful in a house before they start. If they are competent and "willing"—not only in the sense of Mr. Barkis but also in the sense of the general servant—they have a fair promise of a happy home some forty miles or so from a railway station. "Silhouettes of the War" is anecdotal and moderately interesting. The writer's name is not given. The most important paper in the issue is Colonel Willcocks' account of the relief of Kumassi. He is very enthusiastic about the black troops under his command :-

> The only refusal to obey orders was that men in hospital broke out during the night and, willing to face any punishment except that of not being in the relief, joined their companies, hiding in the bush to avoid detection. Footsore, their legs in most cases a mass of ulcers, underfed, without an ounce of meat or salt or anything in the shape of grease to cook with, without change of clothing, these splendid fellows never grumbled; all they wanted was to say :—"I too took part in the relief of Kumassi."

The story of "The Duke of Kent's Military Service in the West Indies" is an unrecorded chapter in colonial history related by the Hon. N. Darnell Davis.

The *North American Review* brings to light an essay on Shakespeare, by Victor Hugo. It is like this :—

> Shakespeare the drunken savage! Savage, Yes, but the inhabitant of the virgin forest; drunken indeed, but with the ideal. He is a giant, beneath the boughs of enormous trees, who holds a great golden cup, and the light which he drinks is reflected in his eyes. Shakespeare, like Æschylus, like Job, like Isaiah, is one of the sovereigns of thought and of poesy, who, sufficient for the All Mysterious, have the depth of creation itself, and who like creation itself translate and illustrate this depth by a profusion of forms and images, springing from the darkness, in flowers, in leaves, and in living streams.

One can picture the poet declaiming this. One sees his arms waving, and eyes glowing like coals of fire.

In the *Universal and Ludgate Magazine* Miss Mabel Moore has an article on Wren's Library at Cambridge. The series of photographs—"Frenchmen of To-Day"—continues with M. Paul Bourget, "Gyp," and Madame Dieulafoy.

We have also received *The Woman at Home, The Universal and Ludgate Magazine, The Art Journal, Golden Sunbeams, The Dawn of Day, Little Folks, Cassell's Magazine, The Magazine of Art, The Connoisseur, St. Nicholas, The Gentleman's Magazine, Longman's Magazine, The Literary Era, The Artist, The Journal of Education, The Smart Set, The Rambler, The Antiquary, The Genealogical Magazine, The Public School Magazine, The Architectural Review.*

Correspondence.

WAS AMY ROBSART KILLED?

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Philip Sidney writes in answer to some criticisms of your reviewer on his recently published treatise "Who killed Amy Robsart?" With the point raised by your reviewer I have nothing to do. In fact I have not seen Mr. Sidney's treatise. But I am surprised that no reviewer has taken him to task for its very title. The question "Who killed Amy Robsart?" assumes, as a matter of course, that scandal was right in insinuating that Amy Robsart was killed by somebody, and except any testimonies hitherto unknown that Mr. have succeeded in unearthing. But, unless he has fo arguments to prove a murder, I submit that the title of h should have been, not "Who killed Amy Robsart?" Amy Robsart killed?"

My first article on the subject will be found in *Historical Review* for April, 1886 (Vol. I., p. 235), in argument would have been considerably strengthen seen at that date the text of De Quadra's letter, wh professed to translate in his History. As soon as I disc the whole text of that letter was actually in print publication, I wrote an article upon it, which will be f number for January, 1888 (Vol. XIII., p. 85), of the s To these two papers, especially to the last, I refer and all who are interested in the subject.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES GAI

West View, Pinner, Oct. 12, 1901.

AUSTRALIAN VERSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Jose, in his contribution on Austra remarks that he has said little of what he meant therefore may perhaps be pardoned for feeling una comprehend his meaning.

His article, however, amounts to a depreciation Lindsay Gordon and one or two of his time, and an a of some later poets, or poetical aspirants, who, he co much more typical of the country.

I have travelled through the bush more than most themselves, and, while my experience of the cities is weeks, my experience of the bush extends to some year emphatically that Gordon in his poems voiced Australia and to the native born of my time. And, though I have the country for some eight years, I venture to say tha Australia of to-day. Kendall we can leave aside, admired for some of his sad, sweet verses, he was neve by the Australians as typical of the country.

Mr. Jose tells us that the Australians mistaken Gordon as representative of the country at the Marcus Clarke in his preface to Gordon's poems, whic such an exquisite piece of poetical prose. Did any accept a poet as typical of their country on the critic? Further, is Mr. Jose aware that Gordon's in the mouth of more or less all Australia long befo Clarke wrote his appreciation? To say that Gordon Australian as "With Kitchener to Khartoum" is S absurd. And when Mr. Jose says that what he is call the "Wattleblossom" sentiment of the "Sick St appeals to the tourist and the townsman he is misre a poem which is one of the best descriptions of t philosophy of the bush.

Mr. Jose gives a number of quotations from writers, but one fails to see in them anything more of the life, or that the more serious represent more acc philosophy of the country in what, did one wish to "Wattleblossom" compliment, one might describe "never-never" sentiment.

It is true that a weird melancholy tinges the Gordon and others, and will any one with a touch of imagination, whether English or Australian born,

Where, with fire and fierce drought on her tresses,
Insatiable summer oppresses
Sere woodlands and sad wildernesses,
And faint flocks and herds.

And the following lines from the "Sick Stockrider" are as typical as any of the active life :—

'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile ;
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stockwhips, and a fiery run of hoofs :
Oh ! the hardest day was never then too hard !

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
London. EDWARD H. CANNEY.

"AN INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have no wish or right to meddle with English politics, nor have I either any competency to deal with military matters. But on reading Sir Redvers Buller's speech of the 10th inst., in which he brings in an "international detective," I could not help recalling a somewhat similar incident in literary history.

Lord Chesterfield and Montesquieu were good friends, and, on one occasion, while travelling together to Rome, they began to discuss rather hotly the character of their respective countrymen.

"The French," said Montesquieu, "are more intelligent than the English."

"Well," replied Chesterfield, "I do not deny it, but the English have more common sense."

Each persevered in his estimate of his own people, and, meanwhile, they arrived at Rome. Shortly after, Montesquieu received one evening the visit of an individual unknown to him, who said, in a mysterious voice, "Sir, I know you are a great French literary man, and for this reason, beside the great interest I take in your safety, I come secretly to inform you that the police of the Holy Office have their eye upon you, knowing that you are by no means a firm believer in our holy religion. I come, therefore, to warn you to be on your guard." The stranger quitted the room with the thanks of Montesquieu, who began to consider how to protect himself. With this object in view he burnt without delay the sheets of a book on the affairs of Rome, still in MS., at which he had worked for years. The following day he met Chesterfield and related to him what had occurred.

"Then," said Chesterfield, "you have done away with a work which cost you several years of thought ?"

"Yes."

"But, tell me, who was your visitor ? Did you ask for his name ?"

"No, I didn't. He merely said that he warned me out of sympathy. And considering that my book, though unfinished, was on subjects relating to religion, I thought it prudent to destroy it."

THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE R
BLACKMORE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have been asked to act as Hon. Secre
Treasurer of a Fund to be raised with the obje
Memorial of the late Mr. R. D. Blackmore in Ex
and, having known Mr. Blackmore intimately fo
years, and enjoyed the great privilege of his hear
ness I hardly say that in accepting the position
the feeling that whatever work it may entail it
a "labour of love."

The accompanying reprint of an article in
Circular and Booksellers' Record of May 4, 1901,
how the Memorial came to be suggested. It i
the Subscription Fund will be more than s
erection of a suitable Memorial in Exeter Cathe
proposed, with the sanction of Mr. Blackmore's
that any surplus should be invested for the benefit
Benevolent Fund, which has recently been
connexion with the Society of Authors.

I am yours faithfully,
R. B.
St. Dunstan's-house, Fetter-lane, London, E.C

* Mr. Marston will be glad to send the circu
reprint of the article above mentioned and a pre
the Honorary Committee of the Fund, which inc
of Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, M
&c., to any of our readers.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISH

The life of Christ is still the favourite gift boo
At least five new biographies are announced, the
being the guinea volume by Dr. John Watson
the Master" (Hodder and Stoughton). Mr. Co
sent to Palestine especially to illustrate this
pictures are reproduced in colours. "The I
the Redeemer" is Messrs. Cassell's contrib
already mentioned in *Literature*, is divided
written by various well-known writers of dif
bodies. A third biography (Grant Richards) is
J. Dawson, who has recently visited Palestine
"The Man Christ Jesus," and is as far as poss
versial. It is illustrated from the old mast
also the Rev. H. C. Beeching's "Life of Ch
Murray's "Home and School Library," and "
Lord Jesus Christ : A Harmony of the Gospe
Father Palmer (Art and Book Company).

"A History of the World" is a lar
announced the first volume of eight, to come t
Mr. Heinemann. The general editor is Dr. Helm
the Rt. Hon. James Bryce. It begins with th
American Continent, since in Mexico and P
documents of man's existence are to be found.

Mr. H. G. Wells' volume of "Anticipation
lished by Messrs. Chapman and Hall next mo
will also have another "Road" book by Mr.
ready—"The Norwich Road," illustrated by
with reproductions from well-known pictures.
lishers also announce a translation by F. A
Diaries of the Emperor Frederick, as edited by
Poschinger, with extracts from the diaries kept

month, is subsidiary to his "The Women of the Renaissance" and arises to some extent from the correspondence that book brought him from ladies on the part women may play in life.

Mr. Grant Richards will shortly publish a volume by Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., entitled "Ireland and the Empire: A Review, 1800-1900," sketching the political history of Ireland, and giving the author's views on the future.

"What's What," the new book of reference by Mr. Harry Quilter, which he describes as a "guide for to-day to life as it is, and things as they are," will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein on November 1st.

Mr. Elliot Stock will shortly publish a book by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald on "Bardell v. Pickwick," giving the real names of the characters introduced into the case, and some fresh information concerning its origin, with curious illustrations.

Miss Mary Wilkins' new book, "The Portion of Labour"—a long New England novel—will be issued by Messrs. Harper towards the end of October.

"The Military Forces of the Crown," by Colonel W. H. Daniel, late instructor at Sandhurst, is a book of interest to come from Messrs. Cassell. It is intended both for military men and the general public.

Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, are about to publish a volume of fairy tales by the Queen of Roumania, which bears the title "A Real Queen's Fairy Book."

A new series of books dealing with current ecclesiastical problems called "The Churches Outlook for the Twentieth Century" is to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock. The first volume to be issued next week is "Theology Old and New," by Dr. W. F. Cobb.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode are issuing as new volumes in the Bible Student's Library "Samuel and His Age," a study in the constitutional history of Israel, by Dr. G. C. M. Douglas, D.D., and "Grammar of Prophecy," an attempt to discern the method underlying the Prophetic Scriptures, by the Rev. R. B. Girdlestone.

Among the books we have not already announced coming from the Cambridge University Press shortly are "The Annotators of the Codex Bezæ," by Dr. Rendel Harris; "Cromwell on Foreign Affairs," with four essays on international matters, by F. W. Payn; "Hegelian Cosmology," by J. McT. E. McTaggart, uniform with his "Studies in the Hegelian Dialectic"; and two volumes in the Pitt Press Series, "The 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon," Book II., edited by G. M. Edwards, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Sidney Sussex; and Horace's "Satires," edited by the Headmaster of Westminster School.

The Oxford University Press announce the following works for the Series of Anecdota Oxoniensia:—"Collations from the Codex Cluniacensis s. Holkhamicus," a Ninth-Century Manuscript of Cicero, now in Lord Leicester's library at Holkham, with unpublished Scholia, two facsimiles, and a History of the Codex, by W. Peterson; Firdausi's "Yûsuf and Zalikhâ," edited by H. Ethé; "Kâuva Satapatha Brâhmana," edited by J. Eggeling; Bale's "Index Britanniae Scriptorum," edited by R. L. Poole and Miss Mary Bateson.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein will publish immediately a work entitled "A Scientific Philosophy the Harbinger of a Scientific Theology."

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall announce a new illustrated magazine devoted to carpentry, mechanics, electricity, and engineering, called the *Young Engineer and Amateur Carpenter*. The price is to be 4d., and the first number will be ready on the 25th instant.

Books to look out for at once.

"Hypolympia; or The Gods in the Island." By Edmund Gosse. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

[An ironic fantasy.]

"The Chartreuse of Parma." By Stendhal. With an Introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

"Living London." Edited by George R. Sims. Cassell. Part I., with photogravures.

"The Prophet of Berkeley Square." By Robert Hichens. Methuen. 6s.

"Count Hannibal." By Stanley Weyman. Smith, Elder. 6s.

"A Modern Antæus." By the writer of "An English Woman's Letters." Murray. 6d.

"In Spite of All." By Edna Lyall. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS

With notes where required to guide the reader as to contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent

ART.

L'IMAGINATION DE L'ARTISTE. Par P. Souriau. 7½ × 5. Paris: Hachette.

[By the author of "Théorie de l'Invention," "L'esthétique du mouvement," and "La suggestion dans l'art."]

THE PRINT COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK. By A. Whitman. 152 pp. Bell. 15s.

[The author is in the Prints and Drawings Department of the British Museum. It is a substantial work, with a great number of page illustrations, mostly in half-tone.]

FILIPPO DE SER BRUNELLESCO. (Great Masters Series.) By Leader Scott. 8 × 5½. 158 pp. Bell. 5s. n.

GIOVANNI SEGANTINI. By L. Villari. 11½ × 7½. '07 pp. 21s. n.

[A sumptuous work, with 75 of the artist's pictures.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By Graham Balfour. 2 vols. 9 × 6, 455 pp. Methuen. 25s. n.

[This is the "authorized" biography, undertaken at the request of Mrs. Stevenson, supplementing the letters edited by Sidney Colvin.]

STRINGER LAWRENCE (The Father of the Indian Army). By Biddulph. 8 × 5½. 133 pp. Murray. 5s. n.

[A short life, with portraits, &c., of the first English Commander-in-Chief in India, 1678-1775.]

PROPOS DE FELIX FAURE. By Saint-Simonin. 7½ × 4½. Paris: Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

GOODY TWO SHOES—NURSERY RHYMES. Part II. Ed. Welsh. (Both paper bound.) S.P.C.K. 4d. and 6d.

["Goody Two Shoes" is a slightly abridged reprint of the well-known tale (1768) attributed to Goldsmith. The illustrations are the original woodcuts. "The Nursery Rhymes" are well illustrated by Clara E. Atwood.]

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ANTHEA. By L. Rossi. 4½ × 3. Glaisher.

[A little fairy story in large print.]

MRS. HAMMOND'S CHILDREN. By Mary Stafford. 7½ × 5. Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d. n.

[Sketches of children's home-life amusement. Fairly well illustrated.]

THE REIGN OF KING COLE. Ed. by J. M. Gibbon. 7½ × 5. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

[A number of fairy stories from different sources retold. The Court of Old King Cole. Copiously and well illus. by C. Robinson.]

THE WONDER-CHILD. By Ethel Turner (Mrs. H. R. Cox). 7½ × 5, 320 pp. R.T.S.

[A story of Australian life, and the Australian war-continued.]

FAIRY TALES. From the Swedish of Baron G. Djurklou. Ed. by H. L. Brækstad. 8½ × 6½. 178 pp. Heinemann.

[A selection of the Swedish Folk and Fairy Tales collected twenty years ago by Baron Djurklou. Fully illustrated by Nordic artists.]

WITH THE REDSKINS ON THE WARPATH. By S. Walker. 280 pp. 3s. 6d. n.

[The adventures—fights with Indians, &c.—of a young Lad of Canadian Rangers during the French Wars in Canada in the first half of the eighteenth century.]

THE SOUL OF A CAT, and Other Stories. By Margaret. 7 × 4½. 174 pp. Heinemann.

[Mostly studies in cat-character, with sketches by Renan.]

THREE SAILOR BOYS; or, Adrift in the Pacific. By V. L. CAMERON, C.B. 7½×5, 149 pp. Nelson. 1s. 6d.

[Three runaway boys who go to sea and get caught by savages. Illus.]

A CHERRY TREE. By AMY LE FEUVRE. 7½×4¾, 183 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s.

[A short story of domestic life for girls. Two Illustrations.]

THE WORLD OF THE GREAT FOREST. By P. DU CHAILLU. 8½×5½, 323 pp. Murray. 7s. 6d. n.

[The animals of the Great Central African Forest (some of which were discovered by the author) here tell their own stories and explain their actions. The pictures (not all new, we fancy) are very good.]

CLASSICAL.

SEXTI PROPERTI. CARMINA. (Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis.) 7½×5. Clarendon Press. 3s.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY. Books XIII.-XXIV. Ed. by D. B. MONRO. 9×5¾, 312 pp. Clarendon Press. 16s.

[A continuation of the commentary on the Odyssey originally begun by Mr. Riddell, of Balliol, and completed as to its first part, books I.-XII., by Dr. Merry, in 1875. Appendices on Homer and his works occupy more than 200 pages.]

EDUCATIONAL.

GERMAN VOCABULARIES. For Repetition. By SOPHIE WRIGHT. 6½×4¼, 64 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d.

EASY GREEK EXERCISES. By C. G. Botting. 7½×5, 102. Methuen. 2s.

KENILWORTH ("Sir Walter Scott" Continuous Readers). Ed. by E. S. DAVIES. 7×4½, 216 pp. Black. 1s. n.

A TREATISE ON ELEMENTARY STATICS, for the use of Schools and Colleges. By W. J. DODS. 7×4½, 311 pp. Black. 7s. 6d.

LA LANGUE ANGLAISE SANS MAÎTRE. Par C. A. THIMM. 7×4¾, 108 pp. Marlborough. 1s.

DER ENGLISCHE DOLMETSCHER. Von C. A. THIMM. 7×4¾, 96 pp. Marlborough. 1s.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By G. H. THORNTON. (Self Educator Series.) 217 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

[Like other books in this series divided into two parts—First, Chapters on Composition with Exercises; secondly, Key to Exercises.]

FICTION.

LOVE LIKE A GIPSY. By B. CAPES. 7¾×5¼, 365 pp. Constable. 6s.

[A Romance of the Time of the American Revolution.]

DEEP-SEA PLUNDERINGS. By F. T. BULLEN. 7¾×5¼, 350 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.

[Stories belonging to Mr. Bullen's usual province, two-thirds of which are reprinted from newspapers and magazines.]

FRÉDÉRIQUE. By MARCEL PRÉVOST. Trans. by Ellen Marriage. 7½×5, 296 pp. Duckworth. 6s.

[The most important of the author's novels on Feminism.]

"MAH" LORRIMER. By F. MASON. 8½×5½, 244 pp. Treherne. 3s. 6d.

[Short sporting stories, mostly reprinted from the *Sporting and Dramatic News* and *Tillotson's Newspaper*.]

EAST OF SUEZ. By ALICE PERRIN. 8×5½, 311 pp. Treherne. 6s.

[Romantic and mysterious phases of Anglo-Indian life.]

MARY ANNE OF PARCHMENT BUILDINGS. By LUCAS CLEEVE. 7½×5½, 332 pp. Digby Long. 6s.

[The story of a barrister and a girl of the lower class who sacrifices her life for him.]

THE AWAKENING OF HELENA THORPE. By E. R. ESLER. 7½×5½, 320 pp. Partridge.

[The love story of a country doctor's daughter.]

THE GATHERING OF BROTHER HILARIUS. By M. FAIRLESS. 7½×5½, 171 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d. n.

[A mediæval story of monastic life.]

A BLIND MARRIAGE. By G. R. SIMS. 7½×5, 256 pp. Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d.

[Short stories of to-day.]

CAPTAIN ISHMAEL. By G. GRIFFITH. 7½×5½, 344 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

[Romance and adventure in the Pacific Ocean in the 16th century.]

A MAN OF MILLIONS. By S. R. CROCKETT. 7½×5½, 336 pp. Cassell. 6s.

[See Review, p. 376.]

TRAMUA QUEEN. By T. WILMER WILSON. 7½×5½, 355 pp. Arnold. 6s.

[Provincial life near the Lake Country.]

JOSEPH KHASSAN, HALF-CASTE. By A. J. D[illegible] Heinemann. 6s.

[A curious study of a humanitarian half[illegible] marries an English girl.]

SOME WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN. By MARC[illegible] 299 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

[Short stories. One or two of the women [illegible] scenes laid in England.]

LA COLONNE. By LUCIEN DESCAVES. 7½×4¾, [illegible] Stock. Fr.3.50.

LES OBERLÉ. By RENÉ BAZIN. 7½×4¾, 390 pp. [illegible] Fr.3.50.

LE MYSTÈRE DE KAMA. Roman Magique. By [illegible] 7½×4¾, 307 pp. Paris: Flammarion. Fr.3.50.

L'AGONIE. Roman Historique. By JEAN LOMB[illegible] With Illustrations. Paris: Ollendorff. Fr.3.5[illegible]

HISTORY.

AMERICAN HISTORY TOLD BY CONTEMP[illegible] Welding of the nation, 1865-1900. Ed. by A. B. [illegible] Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.

[The last vol., with general index, of t[illegible] book."]

THE CAPE AND ITS STORY; or, The Struggl[illegible] the Author of "Breaking the Record," &c. [illegible] 2s. 6d.

[A popular history to the taking of Pretori[illegible]

MODERN EUROPE. Vols. III. and IV. By T. [illegible] Ed. Revised by A. HASSALL. 7¾×5¼, 464+46[illegible]

[This is to be completed in six volumes.]

VERCINGÉTORIX. By CAMILLE JULLIAN. [illegible] Hachette. Fr.3.50.

THE LIFE OF A CENTURY. By E. HODDER. [illegible] 10s. 6d. n.

[A copiously illustrated popular narrative [illegible] all branches, of the Empire during the 19th cen[illegible]

LITERARY.

ESSAYS OF AN EX-LIBRARIAN. By RICHA[illegible] 350 pp. Heinemann.

[On Literary subjects—Coleridge, Shelley, [illegible]

THE WRITINGS OF OLIVER ORMEROD. A [illegible] By H. COLLEY MARCH, M.D. 7¾×5, 351pp. R[illegible] 5s. n.

[Ormerod wrote "The Felley fro Rachde[illegible] dale dialect of the visit of a shrewd Lancashir[illegible] of 1851, and a similar book about the Exhibitio[illegible] their quaint illustrations, were very popular. T[illegible] by any one but a Lancashire man, though th[illegible] them are included criticisms mostly in literary [illegible] the *Rochdale Spectator*, and criticisms on the S[illegible] to the *Vicar's Lantern*. Dr. March contribute[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAUNA, FLORA, AND GEOLOGY OF THE CL[illegible] SCOTT ELLIOT, M. LAURIE, and J. R. MURDOC[illegible] ON THE LOCAL INDUSTRIES OF GLAS[illegible] OF SCOTLAND. Ed. by A. MCLEAN. 3s. 6d. [illegible] ARCHÆOLOGY, EDUCATION, AND MIS[illegible] JECTS. Ed. by M. MACLEAN. 3s. 6d. n. 8½[illegible] MacLehose.

[These are the handbooks prepared for the [illegible] Association in Glasgow, 1901.]

HEADS AND HOW TO READ THEM. By S[illegible] 7½×5, 112 pp. Pearson. 1s.

[A popular exposition of phrenology, w[illegible] deduced therefrom as to choice of wives, servan[illegible]

THE COUNTING HOUSE GUIDE. By W. G. Con[illegible] Effingham Wilson. 7s. 6d. n.

[A very complete and useful book, intend[illegible] "Tate's Counting House Guide," now some[illegible] valuable feature is the insertion of copies of [illegible] used in commerce.]

POPULAR STUDIES IN MYTHOLOGY, ROMAN[illegible] No. XI. By I. B. JONS. Nutt. 6d.

[Another of these capital little paper-boun[illegible] the Mabinogion.]

THE QUIVER. Vol. for 1901. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. Vol. 40. 10×6[illegible] 10s. 6d.

ST. NICHOLAS. Vol. XXVIII., Part II. 9½×7, 57[illegible]

THE BOYS' OWN ANNUAL. Vol. for 1901. [illegible]

PHILOSOPHY.

HUMAN NATURE AND MORALS. By J. K. INGRAM, LL.D. 9×5½. 115 pp. Black. 3s. 6d. n.

[An account of Comte's theory of man's moral and intellectual constitution.]

THE ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICANCE OF HEGEL'S LOGIC. By J. B. BAILLIE. 9×5⅞. 375 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.

[Described as "A general introduction to Hegel's system." The author is a Cambridge man, and is now Lecturer in Philosophy at University College, Dundee.]

POETRY.

POEMS. By ELIZABETH M. ALFORD. 7¾×5, 83 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d. n.

[Partly reprinted from the *Queen*, the *Argosy*, and the *Family Churchman*, and from previous books by the author.]

POLITICAL.

LETTERS FROM JOHN CHINAMAN. 6¾×4½, 63 pp. Brimley Johnson. 1s. n.

[A pamphlet partly from the *Saturday Review* giving the Chinese point of view.]

THE IRISH LAND PROBLEM AND HOW TO SOLVE IT. By R. S. A. COSBY. 7½×4¾. 117 pp. Brimley Johnson. 1s. 6d. n.

[A defence of Irish landlords, reprinted from the *Westminster Review*.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE NOVELS OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON, in Twenty Vols. 7¼×4½. Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. n. each vol.

[Mr. Leslie Stephen's edition in 12 volumes is now out of print, and this is an attempt to produce a complete, handy, and inexpensive edition. The illustrations are from engravings by Stothard and Burney. The volumes are in small octavo, tastefully bound.]

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON. Three vols. Ed. by A. GLOVER. 9×6½. 459+464+466 pp.

[These portly and well got up volumes contain an Introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson, many portraits, and a great number of topographical illustrations, full-page and in the text, by Mr. Herbert Railton.]

THE OXFORD INDIA PAPER EDITION OF DICKENS'S WORKS. The Pickwick Papers. A Tale of Two Cities and A Child's History of England. 7×4½. 928+938 pp. Chapman and Hall, and Frowde. 2s. 6d. n. each vol.

[The first volumes of a new light and handy Dickens, printed in good type at the Oxford University Press. It will be a complete edition, in 17 vols., with portraits of Dickens, and illustrations reproduced from the original pictures, with some by modern artists, nearly 700 in all. Each book also has a list of characters. The "Pickwick" pictures (42) and the "Tale of Two Cities" pictures are from the originals.]

BRET HARTE'S TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS AND SELECTED VERSE. HENRY ESMOND. By W. M. THACKERAY. (Turner House Classics.) 6¾×4, 423+420 pp. Virtue. 2s. n. each vol.

[This new series is in "pocket duodecimo" and decorative style, choicely bound, in black, white, and red, with one and sometimes several illustrations. The editor is Mr. William Macdonald, and each volume is prefaced by a critical monograph.]

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON. Letters and Journals, Vol. VI. Ed. by R. E. PROTHERO. 8½×5½, 605 pp. Murray. 6s.

FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS. By R. L. STEVENSON. (Fine Paper Edition.) 6½×4½, 277 pp. Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d. n.

[Neatly bound. With Stevenson's own preface.]

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES, Vol. V. (Don Quixote, Vol. III.) 7×4½. 243 pp. Glasgow: Gowan and Gray. 1s. n.

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS. Warwick Ed. Vols. VII. and VIII. 2s. n. each. MIDDLEMARCH. Library Ed. Vols. IV., V., and VI., 10s. 6d. each. SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE. SILAS MARNER. FELIX HOLT. Blackwood.

[We have before called attention to this handsome edition. The frontispieces in half-tone by various artists are exceedingly good.]

THE ESSAYS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN KEATS. The Waldo Classics. Vols. VI. and VII. 6×4. 351+336 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. n. each.

[Further volumes similar to the reprint of Hazlitt's "Table Talk," noticed in last week's list.]

SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES. By MRS. JAMESON. (Miranda's Library.)

ARNOLD TOYNBEE. By LORD MILNER, G.C.B. 2nd Ed. 7 60 pp. Arnold. 2s. 6d.

THE FORMAL GARDEN IN ENGLAND. By R. BLOMFIELD. 250 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. n.

[The third edition of this well-known work may, as the hopes, recall attention to the first principles of a subject appears to possess a dangerous fascination for writers, with a pretty sentiment."]

TOURAINE AND BRITTANY. By C. B. BLACK. 12th Ed. 204 pp. Black. 2s. 6d.

THE HOUSE ON THE SCAR. By BERTHA THOMAS. 2nd Ed. 314 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[A tale of South Devon.]

SCIENCE.

PRACTICAL HISTOLOGY. By J. N. LANGLEY. 7½×5, 34 Macmillan. 6s.

PSYCHOLOGY, NORMAL AND MORBID. By C. A. MERCIER. 578 pp. Sonnenschein. 15s.

[The author is Lecturer on Insanity at two London M Schools, and this substantial work is founded on the thesis, whi thinks too much ignored that a knowledge of the normal precede a knowledge of the abnormal.]

SOCIOLOGY.

ESSAIS SUR LE MOUVEMENT OUVRIER EN FRANCE. By D HALÉVY. 7½×4¾, 300 pp. Paris: Georges Bellais. Fr.3.50.

L'HUMANITÉ ET LA PATRIE. By ALFRED NAQUET. 7½×4¾, 3 Paris: P. V. Stock. Fr.3.50.

CHIVALRY. By F. W. CORNISH. (Social England Series.) 7½×5, 3 Sonnenschein. 4s. 6d.

[Not a consecutive history, but a discussion of the ide knighthood—its faults and merits—in the 11th and 16th cent This is the sixth volume of the series.]

THEOLOGY.

THE WAR SONGS OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE. Two Vols. REV. R. M. BENSON. 8½×5½, 541 pp. Murray. 10s. n.

[On the Devotional use of the Psalms, with new translation.

GUIDANCE FOR MEN. By H. W. HOLDEN. 7¾×5½. 145 pp. Skeffingt

[Definite Church teaching.]

STUDIES IN CEREMONIAL. By the REV. V. SHALEY. 6¾×4, 2 Mowbray. 3s. 6d. n.

[An historical investigation adversely criticising certain ceremo &c., introduced into the English Church during the last fifty year

LEISURABLE STUDIES. By the REV. T. H. PASSMORE. 7¾×5½, 1 Longmans. 4s. n.

[Studies on religious subjects "which have lightened the g and solemnized the secularity of the *Church Review*."]

MATTHEW HENRY AND HIS CHAPPEL, 1662-1900. By H ROBERTS. 9×6, 265 pp. Liverpool Booksellers' Company. 5s.

[An account of the oldest Nonconformist chapel in Chester, on the biography of Matthew Henry, for whom the chapel was and the autobiography of Philip Henry, his father. The funds by the sale of the book will go to the repair of the chapel.]

RULING IDEAS OF OUR LORD. By C. F. D'ARCY, D.D. EARLY CHURCH. By PROF. J. ORR, D.D. PROTES PRINCIPLES. By J. M. GIBSON, D.D. (Christian Study Mas 7×4½. 139+146+171 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. n. each.

[Dr. Gibson's book aims at being a moderate statement Evangelical position, written in the hope of an understanding wi Sacerdotalists. Dr. D'Arcy is Dean of Belfast; Dr. Orr is fessor at the United Free Church College, Glasgow.]

THE ANCIENT EAST. No. III. The Babylonian and the H Genesis. By H. ZIMMERN. Nutt. 1s.

[The third of these short studies on recent Oriental discover the leading scholars of Germany, with bibliographies. The transla revised by the authors, are by Miss Jane Hutchison.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

THE GREAT DESERTS AND FORESTS OF NORTH AMERICA P. FOUNTAIN. 9×6, 295 pp. Longmans. 9s. 6d. n.

[Mainly deals with animal life. Mr. W. H. Hudson com the work in a preface.]

SUNSHINE AND SURF. A Year's Wanderings in the South Sea D. B. HALL and LORD A. OSBORNE. 8½×5½, 320 pp. Black. 1

[Impressions of travel in Central and Western Polynesia. Ph

TRAVELLING IMPRESSIONS IN AND NOTES ON PERU. SEEBEE. 7¾ 5, 196 pp. Stock. 3s. 6d.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 247, by MAX KARSTEDT, Kostbau

BLACK. 9 pieces.

WHITE. 9 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 248, by G. B. VALLE, Spezia

BLACK. 11 pieces.

WHITE. 11 pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 249, by W. F. von Holzhausen.—White (3 pieces)—K at Q Kt 3; Kts at Q 4 and Q B 4. Black (2 pieces)—K at Q R 8; pawn at Q Kt 5. White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 250, by Otto Würzburg.—White (5 pieces)—K at Q 8; Q at K R 2; rooks at K Kt 8 and Q Kt 5; B at Q R 6. Black (5 pieces)—K at K 6; pawns at K R 4, K B 7, K B 6, and K 4. Three moves.

BLINDFOLD PLAY.—Chess without sight of boards and men is no longer a wonder in the sense in which it so appeared when Philidor displayed the faculty in the middle of last century. He played three games simultaneously, and the fact was placed on record formally that succeeding generations might know and wonder at such a feat. Blackburne has long played from six to ten boards, and now Pillsbury has well succeeded with twenty against strong teams. He will often play twelve or more, with two or three of draughts and a hand at whist thrown in. How is it accomplished? No one can give a clearly satisfactory reply. Obviously memory plays a large part, and then also the faculty of picturing the boards and of concentrating attention upon one at a time. This is what the great expert Pillsbury himself says:—I can play best when I have a cigar in my mouth; only a cigar, never anything else. When I play a lot of different games at the same time I must be keyed up to it as it were. I practice what you may call self-hypnotism. It is largely will power. It is just this way:—When it becomes my turn to make a move at one of the chess boards my mental powers are concentrated very severely on the one move. All the other chess boards, the draughts, and the whist are obliterated from my mind. It is as though I had never started playing those games at all. I seem to remember nothing of them. I come to a decision, the move is made, and I turn again to the cards in my hand. Quick as lightning, the game of chess vanishes from my mind. Now it is nothing but whist to me. I seem never to have had a thought of anything but the game of cards. I play one. Then I move one of the draughts. These transitions of mind take place so quickly that I seem to be playing chess, draughts, and whist all at once, and to be thinking of all the games at once. But it is as I have explained.

GAME No. CV.—Played between two young experts at the New York State meeting:—

RUY LOPEZ.

White. L. Karpinski.	Black. W. E. Napier.	White. L. Karpinski.	Black. W. E. Napier.
1. P–K 4	P–K 4	26. Q–K B 2	R–R sq
2. Kt–K B 3	Kt–Q B 3	27. R–Q 3	R (Q 2)–R 2
3. B–Kt 5	P–Q B 3	28. R (Q 3)–Q sq	Q–B 2
4. B–R 4	Kt–B 3	29. Q–Kt 3	B–Q 2
5. Castles	Kt x P	30. Kt–K sq	B–Q B 3
6. P–Q 4	P–Q Kt 4	31. Kt–Q 3	Q–Kt 2
7. B–Kt 3	P–Q 4	32. K–R 2	K–B 2
8. P x P	Kt–K 2	33. Q–B 2	K–K 3
9. Kt–Kt 5	Kt x Kt	34. Kt–K sq	B–K 5
10. R x Kt	B–K 3	35. Kt–B 3	B–Q sq

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Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 210. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be

MR. H. V. ESMOND.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"Links with the Past." By Mrs. C. Bagot. (Arnold.)
"The War of the Civilizations." By G. Lynch. (Longmans.)
"Tales of Dunstable Weir." By Zack. (Methuen.)
"The Embarrassing Orphan." By W. E. Norris. (Methuen.)
"The Glow Worm." By May Bateman. (Heinemann.)

* * * *

We may congratulate Miss Netta Syrett on being the author of the play selected by the Committee of the Playgoers' Club, in accordance with their arrangement with Mr. George Alexander. Mr. Alexander, as our readers know, sympathetically mindful of the numberless amateur playwrights who never get [illegible]

Garden of Delight" (1897). The latter was published by Hurst and Blackett, who have also in hand a new novel Syrett, of which the title is not yet fixed.

* * * *

That portion of the library of the late Mr. Fre Ellis which comes under Messrs. Sotheby's hammer o ber 4 is noteworthy by reason of the number of K Press books on vellum it contains. As friend and William Morris, for on most points his advice was s received picked copies of all or nearly all the publ many of them, too, were gifts, with inscriptions on th Including the two trial pages of the Froissart, a wo would have excelled the Chaucer in splendour had it b pleted, 53 works were issued during the seven years. It is no uncommon thing for a complete set on paper to auction. A series realized about £430 when first s years ago; and as much as £560 has been paid for it hammer. In 47 cases a strictly limited number of co printed on vellum at about six times the price of those Of these the Ellis library contains no less than 28, the of which have never before changed hands publicly. The on paper was issued at £20, and has risen steadily, un is worth about £85, albeit 425 copies exist. Now for time one of 13 examples on vellum will be sold. Its orig was £126. This Chaucer, so far as modern books g corner-stone of the Ellis library, as it was of the Morr There are also rarities on vellum like the 1891 "G Plain," one of four examples bound in green vellum b experiment; the "Poems by the Way," which made as £50 in 1899; the "Defence of Guenevere," sold not for £39; and the Herrick "Poems," which have m tripled in value since published at 8gns. Among the are, too, several *editiones principes* of works by Morri Marbecke's "Booke of Common Praier Noted," pri Richard Grafton in 1550; the first issues of Keats' "End and Shelley's "Adonais," which, like many other vol in Cobden-Sanderson bindings; a 1501 Horæ, printed o by Kerver; the copy used by Ruskin, and containing m notes in his autograph, of John Stuart Mill's " Economy"; and "Leaves of Grass," with pencil co by Walt Whitman, who sent the book to Mr. Ellis with as to an English edition to be published by him.

* * * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw recounts his early struggles as a in a characteristic preface to the new edition of "Cashel Profession" (Grant Richards, 6s.). He wrote, he assures novels, and for many years the only people who handle and did not lose money by them were Messrs. Carter, I

Mr. W. E. Henley wanted to have it dramatized; Stevenson wrote a letter about it, of which more presently; the other papers hastily searched their waste-paper baskets for it and reviewed it, mostly rather disappointedly; and the public preserved its composure and did not seem to care.

Stevenson thought highly of it, and the letter referred to is in Mr. Colvin's edition. But it is there expurgated; and Mr. Shaw gives us for the first time Stevenson's analysis of the contents of the book:—

Charles Reade	1 part.
Henry James or some kindred author, badly assimilated	1 part.
Disraeli (perhaps unconscious)	½ part.
Struggling, overlaid, original talent	1½ part.
Blooming gaseous folly	1 part.

"If he only knew how I had enjoyed the chivalry!" adds Stevenson. Though we agree with Mr. Shaw in not thinking it a masterpiece, we enjoyed it when we read it in the shilling edition referred to. Some twenty years after its first appearance it was discovered in America, where it prospered.

* * * *

THE FIRST LINE.

21st October, 1805.

This day is full of glorious victory.
Echoes of conquest whisper from afar
In every wave of the remembering sea.
Dear England! hath thy crown a richer star
Than this brave jewel, Nelson's Trafalgar?
Or hast thou in thy missal lovelier name
Than his who stricken in the ebb of war
Pillowed his head on thine unsullied fame
And smiled into Death's eyes from out the smoke and flame?

Let the sea speak to thee, the jealous sea
Whose scorn of weakness is the scourge of fears,
Let her surge be a trumpet unto thee,
Her waves a memory ringing in thine ears.
Heed her, or thou shalt place sad dust with tears,
No laurel, on thy proud cathedral graves;
Heed her, or in tradition-robbing years
Thy trampled children looking o'er the waves
On this great day shall curse the sires who made them slaves.

Shall the shrugged shoulder speak a nation's mind
When at their post the easy wardens sleep?
Shall we be blind because our chiefs are blind?
And keep no count because no count they keep?
Nay! by the sacred blood that won the deep,
And by the words on our dead Nelson's lips,
We will not hold our British birthright cheap,
Assured our star shall never know eclipse
While British seamen man their country's honest ships.

If Alfred builded, canst not thou maintain?
If Nelson conquered, canst not thou make sure?
Are all thy riches, all thy splendour vain,
Thy realms a Paphian's glittering furniture?
Thine is wide empery—Wilt thou abjure
The open ocean, empire's silver key?
Perish the drunken thought! Be strong, endure;
Thou must be England, and thou must be free,
And while this England stands, England's must be the sea.

The Society of Authors have offered to e
designed by Mr. George Frampton, in the cry
Cathedral as a memorial to Sir Walter Besant.

We are glad to hear that Sir Theodore Ma
from his illness.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has offered £1,000 t
a free library; £2,000 to the town of Castle Dou
brightshire; and to Dundee £6,500 for fou
buildings (if the town furnishes the sites and le
in the £); and £11,000 for a central library an

Mr. Stopford Brooke will begin on October
College a course of five lectures on Matthew
contemporary poets.

At a mass meeting of students of St. And
held on Tuesday, a letter was read from Mr.
accepting his nomination for the Rectorship of

An Irish play, *Diarmid and Grania*, writ
and Mr. George Moore, was produced on Tues
Benson's company at the Gaiety Theatre, Dubl

It is denied that the dispute between M
Messrs. Pearson has been settled out of Court.
come on towards the middle of November.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been re-elected
Rottingdean Rifle Club, which he founded some

The naming of novels is an art in itself,
literary exercise is started by an evening
publishing a serial by Mr. Robert Machray. T
it, and a prize is offered to the reader who cho

The tenth session of lectures of the Biblio
will begin on Monday, when Mr. Cyril Dav
discussion on the various leathers used in book

The chapel in King's-court, Great Suff
wark, in which Bunyan once took refuge w
angry mob, has been closed by the County Co
of its dilapidated condition.

M. Victorien Sardou is writing a play o
Henry Irving.

It is said that Mr. Pinero's visit to I
Signora Duse's playing the title-part of his lat

Mr. J. M. Barrie's play *Quality Street* ha
at Toledo, U.S.A.

Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler
a member of the Ruskin Society.

The editor of *Boys of our Empire* has
scription list, in order to raise a testimonial fr
Jules Verne.

Mark Twain has become a politician, a
Tammany Hall and all its works at a public me
Waldorf.

An announcement comes from New Zeala
Mr. T. J. Burns, a leading Dunedin citiz

editions of Chaucer, copies of the first four folios of Shakespeare, and first editions of Froissart, Spenser, Herrick, Milton, Waller, Suckling, and Holinshed, and Still's "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which realized £64 at the sale of Mr. George Daniel's library in 1864.

The Languages of the Future.

Mr. H. G. Wells, who takes all prophecy for his province, has been discussing the languages of the future in an article published simultaneously in the *North American* and *Fortnightly Reviews*. His prediction is that the little languages like Basque and Flemish and even Italian will be squeezed out, that English, French, and German will struggle, and that French will win in the end. We are not at all sure that the former opinion is based upon a close observation of the facts or derives a great deal of support from them. The minor languages, though useless for commerce and often superfluous for culture, die uncommonly hard, and display remarkable vitality at the present time. The attempt to galvanize into life the old Celtic language of Ireland is only one case in point, and not, perhaps, one of the most important cases. The endeavour to revive Provençal in the South of France is in the main a literary enterprise. The instances which really affect Mr. Wells' argument are those in which the masses of the people have insisted upon retaining tongues which most of us consider outlandish. In spite of the opposition encountered, they have gained ground instead of losing it. There are at least two European countries in which this has notoriously and conspicuously happened: Belgium and Austria-Hungary. In Belgium a serious attempt was made to establish French as the general and official language. But the Flemish resisted, and after a long and furious agitation they obtained the complete official recognition of their language. It is taught in the Belgian schools, admitted in the Belgian law courts, and printed on the Belgian postage stamps. As every philatelist knows, on the earlier Belgian stamps the inscription "Belgique-Postes" stands alone; whereas they now carry the double legend "Postes-Belgique" and "Belgie-Posterijen." In Austria-Hungary the battle has been against German, which, of all the many tongues spoken in that composite country, is obviously the most suitable for general use; and two alternative languages are making headway against it. In Austria itself the Czech language is forcing its way to equality with German. In Hungary the Magyars, who hold the balance of political power, are absolutely persecuting German out of existence. Magyar, and not German, is taught in the national schools; only the Magyar names of places are given in the geography manuals and railway time-tables; German theatrical performances have lately been suppressed. German, in short, has been made as much a foreign tongue in Hungary as Magyar is in Prussia. Obviously there are here strong tendencies which will have to be violently corrected before the first part of Mr. Wells' prophecy can begin to be fulfilled. Nor are we satisfied of the soundness of the reasoning by which he maintains that French is destined to make headway at the expense of English. He writes that "the decisive factor in this matter is the amount of science and thought the acquisition of a language will afford the man who learns it," and that France has the advantage in this respect over England and Germany alike. Whether the latter proposition be true or not, the former fails to carry conviction. It is not warranted by ancient, mediæval, or contemporary experience, and it is based upon the familiar fallacy of putting the cart before the horse. The number of people who learn German in the

Literature Portraits.—XX

EDWARD FREDERICK BENS

Breezy optimism, great self-confidence, and cultiv
seem to be Mr. Benson's three principal charact
revealed in his work, and three excellent character
are for a man to be endowed with if he wishes to wi
in literature; for, together, they should imply a h
of sanity. This healthfulness is shown, quite apar
writings, in his life at Marlborough and Cambridge.
well, but he played well *too*, and made it difficult f
ever to be dull. Racquets and football, in both o
shone, denote much; the Wortz, Prendergast, an
studentships, all of which he won, denote much o
kind. He made the most of the best sort of educ
obtained in England and qualified for admission in
sort of modern society where manner and manners
are as indispensable as birth formerly was.

In the meantime, his scholarship had taken him a
in Athens, where he worked for the British Arc
School, and in Egypt, where he worked for the Hellen
he came directly under an entirely different set of
He came under them, moreover, at the time when
likely to have the best effect upon him, when he
enough to be impressed by the splendour of traditi
glamour of the past, but old enough to appreciate the
value and discriminate between the old and the out
both environments—in Piccadilly, where another
have become a *flâneur*, and on the Acropolis, wher
might have become a misty visionary—his training e
to control his temperament and arrive at healthy
His sanity, as it seems to me, gave him power to
unfitting and assimilate only the simplest and the best

From the same quality another thing inevitably
an honesty of mind revealed in a certain simple di
speech which, if not good style from a purely lite
of view, is a fair working substitute for it. Wha
Benson may do some day, he is at present so i
interested in whatever story he happens to be tell
the moment that he forgets all but the story; he be
beginning and stops when he comes to the end,
regard all fine writing for fine writing's sake as so m
of good time. Simplicity and straightforwardness are
and I doubt if in all his books there is one line tha
condemned as "precious."

It is only natural that with a mind as susc
impressions as a sensitive plate, much of Benson's w
be photographic in its fidelity, and, photography not
highest form of art, the inference is obvious. If he
judged only by his stories and books dealing with
his place in fiction would almost approach that of Du
in black and white; and incidentally it may be adde
no more Benson's fault that his characters speak a
argot in 1901 than it was Du Maurier's fault some
ago, as time is reckoned now, that his characters w
a Grecian bend. But the Benson who is known as
Benson is only part of the man. With his self-conf
optimism it was inevitable that he should at the
follow the line of least resistance; he went about with

whatever form of art, he is apt to find his public very tyrannical; he has done something well and stands committed to following it up with something similar, whatever his own inclinations or powers may be. Benson himself probably knew his potentialities pretty well, but he acquiesced easily in the situation, and the next year, in 1894, "The Rubicon" appeared. It had much the same merits and much the same demerits as its predecessor, to which, indeed, it was practically a sequel; and if to certain palates a sequel has the same sort of flavour as has a twice-lighted cigar, one need not find fault with the tobacco. In 1895 "Six Common Things" was published, and in 1895 there came the "Judgment Books." Of the former one cannot fail to have a high opinion. So far as publication fixes events these four books covered a period during which two things had happened—the "Dodo" tradition was established and Benson had spent three years in Greece.

In 1896 came "Limitations," and in that book there are two things worth noticing. It contains one of the best pictures I know of University life, and it seems to be in some sense a confession of faith on the part of the author. The really good story of undergraduate life remains to be written, possibly because, at the time the spell of it is strong upon a man, he has not acquired the power of expression, and because when he has acquired the power of expression the spell has weakened and his sense of perspective makes him hesitate as to whether it is worth writing about at all. But much of the charm of life at Cambridge is recalled by "Limitations," and for that alone some gratitude is due. More important, however, is the description of the struggle that goes on in Tom Carlingford's mind before he gives up what he believes he could do, and what he believes to be supremely well worth doing, and decides to be an apostate prostituting his gifts by simply using them to ward off starvation. There is the nucleus of fine tragedy, and one wonders how far the book is autobiographical. When once you have tasted enthusiasm you can never forget its wonderful intoxication although you may have lost it entirely. The chances may be a thousand to one that you can never fly, but lose the blessed illusion that you can fly, and what is left? I have often wondered whether "Dodo" was the statuette, and whether in Benson's studio a Demeter stands with her head bent in sorrow for her child. If so, one hopes that he has another goddess. For "Dodo" reappeared in person in "The Lady's Realm" if I remember rightly, and "Mammon and Co." did well in two continents in 1899, and "The Luck of the Vails" has been serialized and published as a book since then. Of "The Babe B.A." there is not much to say, and besides all these Benson wrote a multitude of little society stories, all bright and flippant, and cheerily, breezily amusing.

I do not want to seem to depreciate these things; they are wonderfully vivid, and, as I have said, photographic in their fidelity to the life they describe; if sometimes the people who move in the world seem sordid and mean, or heartless and unmoral, it is no fault of the author; it is their artificiality which is emphasized by his own truthfulness; they are at any rate well gowned and witty, quick in the up-take and mentally alert. Benson, with his optimism, sees the best side of them, and with his good taste makes the best of them. Above all, the books are amusing, as such books ought to be. But yet I seem to see their author a victim to the tyranny of the public he has created for himself. Are they his "statuettes"?

For apart from them all, on an utterly different plane, stand the two novels which show, and that perhaps in-

had suffered something of the unspeakable horro
goaded the Greeks into that rebellion than a
nearly a century after the event. He steeped
wonderful atmosphere of the country, with the
book is full of exquisite word pictures; he p
inmost hearts of the people, with the result th
contribution to the history of the time by its re
character of the people who rebelled; finally he
one living soul, incarnate in the "little Mitso
the central point of one of the most charming lo
have ever read.

These are the things which seem to me to
words, supremely well worth doing, and which n
do. What his place in fiction is destined to
entirely with himself, but, if "The Vintage"
to remain a single aberration from the paths
comedy, it may be very high indeed.

CRANSTOUN

Mr. E. F. Benson was working at Athens
Archæological School when "Dodo" appe
"Dodo" made her first appearance in two volum
and went through three editions in that form in
The book continued to sell remarkably well, and
one-volume form can boast of a fourteenth editio
though always certain of a fair measure of suc
reached anything approaching this circulation
books. "Dodo" was given another lease of
present year with a large sixpenny edition in Me
"Novelist" Series. The chronological list of
novels is as follows:—

1893.—"Dodo" (14th edition). Methuen.
1893.—"Six Common Things." (5th edition) (Osg
—now published by Harper.)
1894.—"The Rubicon" (5th edition), Methuen.
1895.—"The Judgment Books." (2nd edition) (Os
—now published by Harper.)
1896.—"Limitations." (Innes—now published b
1897.—"The Babe B.A.," Putnam.
1898.—"The Vintage" (3rd edition). (Methuen
ing serially in the *Graphic* and *Harper*
1898.—"The Money Market." (Arrowsmith's Ch
1899.—"The Capsina" (2nd edition). (Methue
1899.—"Mammon and Co." (3rd edition). (Hei
1900.—"The Princess Sophia." (Heinemann.)
1901.—"The Luck of the Vails" (2nd edition).

Mr. Benson was also the joint author w
Hogarth of the "Report on Prospects of
Alexandria," which was drawn up for the Archa
of the Egypt Exploration Fund, 1894-95, and re
members of the Hellenic Society, who had subs
the expenses of the excavations carried out
This month Mr. Benson is beginning a series of
Onlooker, entitled "Some Social Criminals."

The rumour is contradicted that the *Fig*
garded as the typical French newspaper, is to
the *Gaulois*. The latter is the younger paper,
at present, has a firmer hold upon the public.
as the avowed rival of the *Figaro*, in 1867; and
it has frequently changed sides. The editors ha
Tarbé, Jules Simon, and Arthur Meyer, the p
of the chair; and its policy has been successiv
Bonapartist, Republican again, Bonapartist a
Royalist. M. Meyer is such a devoted Royalist
to support the claims of the Duc d'Orleans eve
tender had publicly sneered at him for being a

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

A "Personal View."

Recent criticism has not been quite judicious in its estimate of some living American writers. The excessive praise bestowed on the rather facile historical novel "Richard Carvel" is a striking illustration of the lack of the sense of proportion in the minds of some critics when they happen to be reviewing new American works of fiction. Whatever may be the strong points of this book it is distinctly amateurish both in style and construction. Of course, "Richard Carvel" would never have been written if Mr. Stanley Weyman had not set the fashion of writing historical novels on the somewhat artificial plan of making the hero relate his own exploits. "Richard Carvel" is from this point of view little better than a clever imitation of so-called historical romances which, are doomed, sooner or later, to pass into oblivion for this simple reason—that they appeal too much to popular taste to have much solid artistic value.

The undiscriminating critic also misleads the public, as he probably misleads himself, when he lands Mr. Henry James and Mr. W. D. Howells as masters of style. The style of both of these authors is surely marred by cumbrousness, affectation, and self-consciousness. When we compare their method with that of Nathaniel Hawthorne, we are struck by the difference. Hawthorne appeals to the human heart; they appeal to the prejudices and, we might add, to the manias of latter-day literary pedants. While Mr. Howells sees nothing in modern life but "leather and prunella," Hawthorne sees a deep and tragic background behind the apparently commonplace routine of civilized existence. To over-estimate living American writers is to do injustice to Hawthorne. One of the worst offences of the log-roller is the way in which he, so to speak, depreciates the literary currency. He makes pewter pass for gold, so that books become a species of debased coinage. It is time to call attention to the fact that the American writers of to-day are much inferior artists to Hawthorne.

So peculiar is the position of Nathaniel Hawthorne in literature that justice has never been done to his extraordinary powers as a writer of fiction. It is true that Mr. Leslie Stephen in his work, "Half-hours in a Library," gives the American writer credit for having extracted poetry "out of the most unpromising materials"; but something more than this can be said of Hawthorne. He is not merely a great creative artist. He is a writer endowed with the rarest kind of originality; he is one of the true aristocrats of literature. His genius is the fine flower of Puritanism. In his writings there is nothing impure—nothing "common" or "mean." He has a positive disdain for the trivial. He has made imagination the torch of conscience. Tearing aside the mask of conventionality which human nature wears in everyday life, he reveals its inner depths with painful clearness and definiteness.

His method, indeed, is almost the reverse of that adopted

of the romantic incidents which not only give life an
the story, but bring out all that is most distin
characteristic in its *dramatis personæ*. The villain
Pyncheon and his terrible death have in them a kind of
fatality; but the author carefully avoids all "bloud
details, so that the tragic horror of the *dénouement* i
way, the opposite of melodrama.

Carlyle, in his somewhat ungenerous estimate
novels, has described them as "costume novels."
this is not a fair criticism of Scott. The Waverley N
enjoyed a long-continued popularity because of th
great merits as works of fiction. But it must be ack
that Scott was too much concerned about externals, a
always devote sufficient attention to the study of
This could not be said of Hawthorne. It is easy t
how differently he would have dealt with the sub
Scott has, after his own fashion, so strikingly
"Ivanhoe." We should have had very few tour
possibly, we might have had no description of a to
We should, on the other hand, have learned a great
as to the spiritual history of both Ivanhoe and Rebe
should have been more deeply interested in the un
brutality of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf's spirit than in
record of his crimes. A more lurid light might have
on the mysterious death of the Templar, Bois-Guil
according to Scott, after a fall from his horse, died a
the violence of his own contending passions. In
should have had none of the Wardour-street el
"Ivanhoe" if it had been written by Hawthorne.

But Scott was not Hawthorne. He was greater in
power—far inferior in penetrative insight. To h
admirers Sir Walter will always be the "Wizard of th
and his glamour will be unfading. To those whom
cannot charm, many—if not most—of his historical por
seem little better than "plaster of Paris," to use M
Stephen's somewhat disrespectful but not unfelicitous p

The book which has gained for Hawthorne the wi
is "The Scarlet Letter." He did not himself regard
work that embodied his highest conceptions as a litera
but it is certainly a masterpiece of its kind. In the
Arthur Dimmesdale we have a study in "morbid a
which impresses us as too cruel, too uncompromis
woman, Hester Prynne, is a heroine as great as Magda
moral martyrdom raises the story to the highest level of
Even George Eliot has never presented to us th
possibilities of a woman's nature so vividly or thor
Hawthorne has in "The Scarlet Letter." The book,
has artistic defects. Its "symbolism," on which M
James has laid so much stress, gives the story here an
curious aspect of unreality. The witch-element, t
mistake. It might, furthermore, be urged that ol
Chillingley is an attempt to personify the Prince of
in human form. But, when criticism has done its wor
Scarlet Letter" remains the greatest work of its ki

of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman, and gave a distinctness to his figure as he stood out from all the earth to put in his plea of guilty at the Bar of Eternal Justice. "People of New England," cried he, with a voice that rose ever high, solemn, and majestic, yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe, "Ye that have loved me—ye that have deemed me holy! Behold me here, the one sinner in the world! At last! At last! I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood, here with this woman, whose arm more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me, at this dreadful moment, from grovelling down upon my face! Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been, wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose, it has cast a lurid gleam of awe, and horrible repugnance round-about her. But there stood one in the midst of you at whose hand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

The dramatic power of the scene is only equalled by what one might call its spiritual realism. How terrible is the unveiling of a soul! and how marvellous is the gift of the artist who can thus uplift the veil! Many writers have, since Hawthorne's death, vainly endeavoured, by borrowing the confession-scene in "The Scarlet Letter," to adapt it to other circumstances, but what a failure such efforts have proved! The imitators of Hawthorne have not the art of creating an atmosphere in which their phantoms could live.

"The Blithedale Romance," though it possesses a deep interest as a tolerably faithful account of the Brook Farm experiment, can scarcely be described as an entirely successful work of fiction. But the character of Zenobia will always fascinate the student of female psychology. Mr. Thomas Hardy has never portrayed a more charming, a more wayward, a more elusive, or a more inscrutable type of womanhood. The scene in which the body of Zenobia is discovered in the river, with her knees still bent in the attitude of prayer, but with a look of proud defiance in her eyes, is one which clearly proves that Hawthorne was a consummate artist.

If we were merely discussing the question of style, it would be no exaggeration to say that Hawthorne has never written anything more beautiful than the description of the old man and the child in "The Dolliver Romance." The work, though a fragment, bears the stamp of genius. At the time when Hawthorne was writing it he was suffering not only from illness but from anxiety as to pecuniary affairs. He had previously written about his projected work in this characteristic fashion:—

> There is something preternatural in my reluctance to begin. I linger at the threshold and have a perception of very disagreeable phantasms to be encountered as I enter. I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book.

It would not, indeed, have been "a sunshiny book" if Hawthorne had lived to complete it. A book written by a man in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" can scarcely be expected to be mirthful or light in tone; and yet there is in story would have weakened its force as a finished
might be an interesting question for those con
mere art of manufacturing stories. But w
Hawthorne by this standard. Certainly in "S
or the Elixir of Life," the theme is also too fanci
perhaps, for successful treatment.

In "Transformation" Hawthorne gives us of
been said by a celebrated English novelist tha
design it was the greatest work of fiction ever w
the author had failed to execute his plan effec
the best passages in "Transformation" could
excelled. Balzac has never written anything
passages. Hawthorne, however, by his fastidi
mere dramatic situations, cramped his story
formation," which might have been his greatest
creates on our minds the same impression as
mutilated piece of beautiful sculpture.

Of the short stories of this unique writer it
speak too highly. Some of them are perhaps m
sentative of his peculiar genius than his more
For instance, "The Birth-mark" and "The Gr
have more spiritual significance than any oth
same length.

In one of the "Notes," which give suc
glimpse at the mental mechanism of the author
he would like to write a story about nothing. C
Flaubert says much the same thing in one of his
novel-manufacturer of to-day the idea may seem
in reality genius has little need of incidents to
works. It is not the situations in *Hamlet* but
of Hamlet's mental struggles that interest us mo
the greatest American prose writer, stan
analyst of the soul. His stern Puritanism has
strip off the stage accessories of life, and to lay b
and the convulsions which are the real sources
He is in literature what Spinoza is in philo
pursuer of truth. Those who are weary of be
and of sensationalism may turn to Hawthorn
and peace. His works have a cloistral calm w
in common with the mad rush of modern life.
a country where progress has almost made
wither" should have given birth to such a ma
needed a Hawthorne. His writings are the b
her restless pursuit of material success.

D. F.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

Samuel Richardson has, we are afraid, been
except students for many years past; and be
his three novels the modern reader probably kn
author or his works. One might ask a dozen
ances the names of Richardson's books and
"Pamela," "Clarissa," "Grandison," but it

In his day the whole of Europe positively raved about him. They imitated his style, they plagiarized his plots, made plays out of his novels, wrote continuations of his stories, and issued several translations of his works. These things were done by such men as Rousseau, Diderot, Goethe, Prévost, George Sand, Musset, Balzac, Voltaire, and Lessing—writers who did not, surely, follow the craze of a fashion as is done so extensively nowadays. They were admirers heart and soul of one of the greatest realists England has known. Rousseau considered "Clarissa" the finest novel in any language; Diderot in his "Éloge" promised to read him alternately with Homer, the Bible, Euripides, and Sophocles, and said that he rejoiced that Richardson had more admirers in France than in his native country. And those who did not "weep hours of life away," as a German poet confessed to have done over his work, came over to England to find the spots where the characters were supposed to have walked and had their being, much in the same way that Americans go to Stratford and admirers of Dickens to Rochester and the neighbourhood. In England the feeling was much the same, but not so strongly manifested. If one had not read the latest volume of "Pamela" or "Clarissa," as the case might be, it was considered a far more heinous crime than, say, to confess ignorance of "An Englishwomen's Love-letters" to-day. These facts elaborated in the few biographical accounts of his career have kept his memory green; and a knowledge of the place of Richardson in English literary history is part of the equipment of the literary student, even if few such students have taken the trouble to read him. Perhaps one reason why his works are not more widely read is to be found in the curious fact that while Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett are well served by the publishers of reprints, only one complete edition of Richardson's writings has been accessible for close upon a century, and that expensive, and, speaking from a general point of view, ungetatable. We are led, therefore, to welcome the complete edition included in our book list of last week, published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It is in twenty small well-printed volumes, and contains seventy-eight reproductions from the illustrations by Stothard and Burney—we reproduce one by Stothard—and a portrait of Richardson, the frontispiece to each volume being a photogravure. Miss Ethel M. M. McKenna's study of the novelist and his work is well considered and interesting. We confess, however, some curiosity to learn upon what authority she speaks of Fielding's "Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews" and of "his famous parody 'Shamela' to which Joseph Andrews owes its inception."

Richardson was born in 1689 in Derbyshire, so that when "Pamela" was written in 1740 he was over fifty years old. Everybody knows how it came to be written—it was evolved out of an invitation to write a volume of business letters. Long as it is, it is said that only two months were devoted to its writing, and only after office hours, for Richardson's printing business kept him occupied during the day. It was published anonymously and its success was immediate. "Clarissa" began to appear in 1747. "Pamela," according to the well-known story, so moved the blacksmiths of Slough that they broke into the church to ring the bells for joy when the heroine wedded her master. Whether the blacksmiths were equally interested in Clarissa we do not know, but there are plenty of instances on record of expressed agony of impatience for the new volume. It is undoubtedly Richardson's greatest book; Dr. Johnson proclaimed it the first book in the world for the knowledge it displays of the human heart. "Grandison" (1753) was the outcome of the pestering

O master of the heart! whose magick skill
The close recesses of the soul can find,
Can rouze, becalm, and terrify the mind,
Now melt with pity, and with anguish thrill;
Thy moral page while virtuous precepts fill,
Warm from the heart, to mend the age des
Wit, strength, truth, decency, are all com
To lead our youth to good, and guard from ill.

O long enjoy what thou so well hast won,
The grateful tribute of each honest heart,
Sincere, not hackney'd in the ways of
At each distressful stroke their true tears run
And nature, unsophisticate by art,
Owns and applands the labours of thy

To Richardson, surrounded by his little troop of ladies, the literary quality of such addresses matter

THE RESCUE OF MISS BYRON BY SIR CHARLES GRANDISO
THE HANDS OF SIR HARGRAVE POLLEXFEN
"The moment I returned to the chariot your lovely cousi herself into my arms."
[By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.]

provided they paid the proper tribute to his rather ta prudential morality, and he doubtless accepted with con

more than of "Tom Jones" or "Tristram Shandy." Who would have the heart to interfere with an author who assures us that his works were written to "amiably illustrate, and strongly enforce, the proper virtues of man and woman, parent and child, old age and youth, master and servant. Each of them communicated in a regular collection of familiar letters written to the moment while the heart is agitated by hopes and fears on events undecided. A method which must engage more strongly and prove far more interesting to the reader than a cold unanimating narrative of events long since determined."

Richardson carried on his business of printer and publisher in Salisbury-court. His house at North End is still to be seen. He died in 1761 and was buried in St. Bride's, Fleet-street.

MICK McQUAID.

An Irish correspondent writes :—The recent references to the creator of "Jack Harkaway" in *Literature* remind me of a similar curious instance of the immense popularity in Ireland of a serial writer whose personality was and is known to comparatively few people. The late Colonel W. F. Lynam, the creator of "Mick McQuaid," published next to nothing in book form, but he was a prolific writer for papers and magazines. In 1867 he began the publication, in a paper called the *Shamrock*, read chiefly by the Nationalist youth of Ireland, of a story called "Mick McQuaid's Conversion." It described the sordid cunning of a character who changes his religion for money. It caught on immediately, and for nearly thirty years the adventures of Mick McQuaid delighted a constantly increasing circle of readers. The "Conversion" was followed at once by a fresh serial called "Mick McQuaid the Evangelizer," showing his hero as a fully-fledged evangelist. It depicted the worst vices of the lowest class of Irish peasants, often with remarkable humour and raciness, and sometimes with coarse, savage power. The cry for "more" induced Colonel (then Captain) Lynam to present Mick in a new light, and he next appeared as "Mick McQuaid the Under-Agent," in which the cupidity and insolence of the inferior type of bailiff are depicted. The appetite of the *Shamrock's* public being unsatisfied, we next find Mick as "M.D.," and the life of the country doctor in Ireland and its humours and its miseries are well displayed. Then "Mick McQuaid, M.P.," comes on the scene and outshines all his previous records. His capacity for jobbery, his insincerity and roguery, are ruthlessly drawn. "Mick McQuaid, Solicitor," followed, and all the chicanery of the worst type of Irish attorney is set down in a quite Hogarthian manner. The circulation of the paper, meanwhile, increased by leaps and bounds, and it became a valuable property. Many Irish writers who have since become well known were its frequent contributors, and the same may be said of its artists, among whom were Harry Furniss, Gustave Doré, and G. Montbard. The next appearance of the famous Mick was in "Mick McQuaid's Spa," further illustrating his genius for dishonesty and his sublime impudence. The author tried vainly to invent other characters and to turn his attention to other subjects, but his readers only clamoured for more, and "Mick McQuaid, J.P.," and "Mick McQuaid, Poor Law Guardian," not to mention other serials with Mick as the central figure, duly appeared. When, on a change of proprietorship, an attempt was made to stop the interminable narrative, the circulation of the paper went down by thousands and the

CURRENT LITERAT

THE LIFE OF STEVENSO

THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By G
Two volumes. (Methuen. 25s.

There is no personality in the whole of
ture more fascinating than that of Robert
Much of this personal fascination he contriv
and well-concealed literary art, to transfe
of his books, which thus achieved that note of fr
sake of which certain writers are always val
than their intrinsic power quite justifies. C
task of his biographer is made harder tha
compensation, his work is assured of a r
it is at all adequately executed. Mr. G
life of his famous cousin is more than ade
say so; it is a dignified, scholarly, frank, a
time very loving piece of work, which is wh
subject. At the same time, it tells us, litt
Stevenson that was not already familiar to a sy
who had the Edinburgh Edition and the letters
Mr. Colvin at his finger ends, and who possess
ance with the various reminiscences which St
have published in the seven years that have
death. It was inevitable that, in anything p
definite and formal biography, this should
Balfour has candidly admitted it in his preface

In Stevenson's case, if anywhere, the
biography would be autobiography if it co
availed myself as far as possible of the wri
has referred to himself and his past expe
together the passing allusions to himself
throughout his works was an obvious duty;
my longer quotations, except in two or t
necessary instances, have been taken almost
material which was hitherto either unpublis
in the limited Edinburgh Edition. Whe
passage in his manuscripts or ephemeral w
his life or development, I employed it no
should have used a letter or a hasty note, a
same fashion, regarding it as a piece of dir
the best possible source.

This plan, which seems to us to be the o
adopt, necessarily involves a certain amount of
may even appear excessive to those who o
thumb the Edinburgh Edition. As they ar
thousand in number—at an outside computa
was right to consider the far larger numbe
deal of the autobiographic material publish
alone will be new. Even to the best-read ad
he has succeeded in purveying a respectab
material, though it is not of essential import
luckiest finds we are disposed to account th
autobiography which Stevenson set himself t
during his stay in San Francisco, when th
burning low. This especially helps him to
period of Stevenson's life which is still obsc
on his development and his literary work is so
one cannot but feel a justifiable curiosity

enough after all, chiefly consisting in the shifts to which even an Edinburgh lad is put when he tries to "see life" on five shillings a week, which was all the pocket money that Stevenson had to conduct his University career upon. An extract from the fragment aforesaid helps us to understand a good deal in Stevenson's work and in his own dim references to his youthful excesses :—

> I was the companion of seamen, chimney-sweeps, and thieves ; my circle was being continually changed by the action of the police magistrate. I see now the little sanded kitchen where Velvet Coat (for such was the name I went by) has spent days together, generally in silence and making sonnets in a penny version-book ; and rough as the material may appear, I do not believe those days were among the least happy I have spent. I was distinctly petted and respected ; the women were most gentle and kind to me ; I might have left all my money for a month, and they would have returned every farthing of it. Such indeed was my celebrity, that when the proprietor and his mistress came to inspect the establishment, I was invited to tea with them ; and it is still a grisly thought to me, that I have since seen that mistress, then gorgeous in velvet and gold chains, an old, toothless, ragged woman, with hardly enough voice to welcome me by my old name of Velvet Coat.

This gives us a good idea of the lad whom Mr. Henley painted in that sonnet which still remains, to our mind, the best portrait of young Stevenson that has been drawn with pen and ink :—

> Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
> Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
> Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist :
> A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
> Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
> And something of the Shorter Catechist.

Mr. Balfour has been thrice fortunate in the discovery of this fragment of autobiography, notably in its third book, "From Jest to Earnest," which describes the "high jinks" in which R. L. S. and his friends delighted, and indicates the passage from "greensickness" to that sane and manly attitude to life which was so signal a triumph over physical disabilities. Little less welcome are the charming reminiscences of Colinton Manse, which contain much that is fresh and characteristic, in spite of their having clearly furnished material for several published essays. Indeed, the two best parts of the book, to our taste, are those which deal with Stevenson's childhood, of which all is here collected that the world can ever expect to know, and with his life at Vailima, of which Mr. Balfour writes as a participant in the family interests and a close observer of the romantic life of Tusitala. Mr. Colvin was too unsympathetic with "the blacks and chocolates" to handle that well, and there was much to tell which did not find place in the Letters or in the South Sea book. The account of Stevenson's parents, too, is fuller and more subtle than anything that has hitherto been published, and the outside world should have no excuse for further misapprehending the relationship between Thomas Stevenson and his strangely gifted son, or for uttering such fatuities as the supposition that the whole of that relationship is painted in (for instance) "John Nicholson," which had just enough of autobiography to mislead the ignorant. Indeed, we have nothing but praise for the way in which Mr. Balfour has throughout his book fulfilled a task of extreme difficulty and

A Bible picture-book was given to him as an extra p
adds his mother, 'from that time forward it was the
his heart to be an author.'" He learnt, about the sa
lisp in numbers ; there is preserved a curious little po
the boy called a "songstry"—which his father secre
down and preserved. It may rank in the history of
with the epitaph of the duck on which little Sam Joh
—though that story rests on a worse foundation :—

> Had not an angel got the pride of man,
> No evil thought, no hardened heart would have be
> No hell to go to, but a heaven so pure ;
> That angel was the Devil.
> Had not that angel got the pride, there would hav
> need
> For Jesus Christ to die upon the cross.

The manner of Stevenson's collaboration has o
discussed, and the account of its method which is giv
surviving partner, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, will be read w
interest by craftsmen in the art of letters. He says :—

> When the idea for a book was started, we used
> over together, and generally carried the tale on
> invention to another, until, in accordance with L
> practice, we had drawn out a complete list of the
> In all our collaborations I always wrote the first draf
> the ground . . . . The first draft was then writ
> and rewritten by Louis and myself in turn. .
> collaboration was a mistake, for me, nearly as m
> him ; but I don't believe Louis ever enjoyed any w
> He liked the comradeship—my work coming in j
> energy flagged, or *vice versa* ; and he liked my appl
> he—as he always did—pulled us magnificently out o
> In a way, I was well fitted to help him. I had a
> dialogue—I mean, of the note-taking kind. I was a
> he an artist and a man of genius. I managed the pe
> shifts and inventions which were constantly necessar
> the practical man, so to speak, the one who p
> distances, and used the weights and measures ;
> Wrecker" the storm was mine ; so were the figl
> murders on the *Currency Lass* ; the picnics in San
> and the commercial details of London's partnershi
> was mine and Pinkerton to a great degree, and Capt
> was mine throughout.

It is always interesting to look into an artist's
and for all Mr. Osbourne's becoming modesty we ca
that a partnership was a mistake which gave us s
vigorous, and romantic a tale as "The Wrecker." F
us quote a rondeau which is of double interest as bei
the sole survivor of a form of verse in which Steve
took more than superficial interest, and as expre
philosophy of life with great directness. It runs thus :

> Since I am sworn to live my life
> And not to keep an easy heart,
> Some men may sit and drink apart,
> I bear a banner in the strife.
>
> Some can take quiet thought to wife,
> I am all day at *tierce* and *carte*,
> Since I am sworn to live my life
> And not to keep an easy heart.
>
> I follow gaily to the fife,
> I leave Wisdom bowed above a chart,

QUEEN VICTORIA AND SOME OF HER CONTEMPORARIES.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Supplement Vol. III.—How—Woodward. (Smith, Elder. 15s. n.)

In this, the last, volume of our great national dictionary, we naturally turn first to the excellent life of Queen Victoria, written by Mr. Sidney Lee. It occupies 110 pages and contains about 95,000 words. That is to say, it is long enough, if published separately, to make a book of respectable size. The bibliography shows that Mr. Lee has not been satisfied with the obvious sources of information, though these do really cover most of the ground. He has also been to such foreign authorities as De la Gorce's "Histoire du Second Empire," and Th. von Bernhardi's "Aus dem Leben"; has made considerable use of the vivacious and well informed sketch quite recently published in the *Quarterly Review*, and is so up to date as to include in his bibliography Mrs. Gerald Gurney's book just published on "The Childhood of the Queen"; and lays further claim to "private information derived from various sources." The precise part which this private information, necessarily used with much circumspection, has played in the writing of the life is not very easy to determine; but it presumably is relied upon for "personal characteristics" and for generalization and criticism. For Mr. Lee's historical conscience has prevented him from indulging in indiscriminate eulogy. He gravely rebukes the petulance and lack of consideration for the feelings of others which in Queen Victoria's early years (and notably in the Lady Flora Hastings case) placed her popularity in peril, and the personal preferences which sometimes swayed her in the choice of candidates for ecclesiastical promotion; and he sheds what will probably, to many readers, be fresh light upon her Majesty's character by recording that "she stoutly protested against the proposal for the abolition of flogging in the Army." Moreover, his summing up is written in the temper of detachment proper to the historian, though his language is sometimes severe. Of Queen Victoria's reluctance to visit Ireland he writes that she "by conduct which can only be assigned to care for her personal comfort at the cost of the public advantage almost sapped the influence which the Crown can legitimately exert on the maintenance of a healthy harmony among the component parts of the United Kingdom"; while of her final journey to that country he declares, with some excess, we cannot but think, of the critical spirit, that "it emphasized the errors of feeling and of judgment which made her almost a complete stranger to her Irish subjects during the rest of her long reign." The final verdict is that "Queen Victoria's whole life and actions were guided by personal sentiment rather than by reasoned principles," but that, with the exceptions referred to and some others, "the Queen's personal sentiment proved a safer guide than the best devised system of moral or political philosophy."

None of the other lives are nearly as long as that of Queen Victoria; but several of them are very interesting. One of the first is that of Thomas Hughes by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies; but we miss the familiar story about the negotiations for the publishing of "Tom Brown." Hughes, we have always heard, wanted Mr. Macmillan, as a personal friend, to buy the book outright for £100, but Mr. Macmillan, acting as a personal friend, refused. "Tom, my boy," he said, or is said to have said, "there's money for you in this for the remainder of your life."

Mrs. Lynn Linton is not wholly adequate, whethe of Mrs. Linton's remarkable relations with her her early work as a journalist, so fully detailed Sonies Layard's biography, and we have seen appreciations of Max Müller's work on philology tive mythology than that contributed by Profe Mr. Arthur Sidgwick's life of F. W. H. Myers d the poet as psychical researcher, but also mentio to us, that in his youth he swam the Niagara r Falls. Mr. D'Arcy Power's life of Sir Jame doubtless have been more detailed if the been able to read the memoirs published the some of the information contained in it appears placed at his disposal. Mr. H. R. Tedder's Quaritch has an exceptional vivacity and candou what squat and awkward figure, occasionally irrepressible egotism, pithy sayings, half sardonic, combined to form an interesting attractive personality." The sad career of Osca with by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, who informs wrote, while in prison, an apology for his life w the hands of his literary executor.

There remains Mr. E. T. Cook's life of Rus of all the biographies, except that of Queen Vi twenty-three pages. No better blographer than have been selected. He writes with equal sym ledge, and has the great gift of being concise wi The essay is an admirable summary, illumi personal touches, relating alike to the expe Hinksey-road, where the diggers included such disciples as Arnold Toynbee and Oscar Wil lectures at Oxford and elsewhere. At many of was himself present, taking notes for the *Pall* Others who attended them will appreciate this d

He was a magnificent reader. The quotat or from Chaucer or from some other favou declaimed as no other public man save Gladst declaimed them. He read his own works wi attention to emphasis and rhythm that they strain of music, in the memories of his hearers not powerful but had a peculiar timbre w penetrating and attractive. His old-fashi tion, with the peculiar roll of the r's, seemed harmony with the mediæval strain in his thou

It would be easy, but perhaps not wholly fa to criticize the occasional want of proportion i the lives included in this volume—three pages, Lord Leighton (by Sir Walter Armstrong), and Arthur Orton (by Mr. J. B. Atlay), and a som importance given, as it seems to us, to actors w died. Much depends, of course, on the am available; and this, when it is so often derive information," must necessarily vary to an ex proportionate to the importance of a subject. difficulty under which the editor of a volume many recent biographies labours is that whilst mass of printed material is at hand, in others, a Sir James Paget, the most important source of appear just too late for him to make use of. Th some biographies not of recent date which rep from the earlier volumes; such as those of Pic

TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON. By ANDREW LANG. ("Modern English Writers.") (Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)

This book, though it may not add anything to the popular knowledge of the great Victorian poet, nor indeed say much to affect the popular estimate of his poetry, is nevertheless a book which any lover of poetry will be glad to have read. To say that the book is by Mr. Lang is to imply at once that it is bright and entertaining; and it may be added that he has contrived to treat a greatly over-written subject with astonishing freshness and vivacity. His animated style, in which every sentence is like a pistol-shot fired point-blank at its mark; his restless idiosyncrasy, which seems afraid to be altogether serious for two pages together; his playful "digs" at the younger generation; his amenable assumptions of desirable ignorance ("I am not well acquainted with the habits of the greater ape"; "I confess to little acquaintance with modern ethical novels"); all these traits combine to render his work attractive, lively, and companionable. But what will perhaps be less easily appreciated, except by the professed student of literature, is the extraordinarily apt and ready acquaintance with a whole wealth of literary associations which peeps out everywhere from beneath the more superficial attractions of his style. Mr. Lang's felicitous allusiveness is inexhaustible, and to the reader who can follow him intelligently through his network of suggestions and snatches of literary reminiscence the book will have the additional charm of illustrating the subject with a diversity of associations which form a far more eloquent commentary than all the annotation of the pedants.

From the biographical point of view, Mr. Lang possesses a great advantage over his predecessors, in having Lord Tennyson's life of his father to draw upon. He is thus protected from error, and the accuracy of his little volume is generally sound. It may, perhaps, be noted that Browning was not in 1850 "already author of 'Men and Women,'" as a rather ambiguous phrase on page 83 seems to suggest; and that *Becket* was not (page 190) "put on the stage in 1891," but in February, 1893. Nor is it correct to say (p. 6) that the "Poems by Two Brothers" were by Alfred and Frederick, since the latter contributed but two or three pieces to the volume, and it was Charles who was the acknowledged joint-author with Alfred. These, however, are comparatively trifles. More open to criticism is Mr. Lang's contented reliance upon the "authoritative life" for all his biographical details. "I have not thought it desirable," he says, "to include what [Lord Tennyson] rejected"; and again, "Nor have I sought outside the biography by his son for more than the biographer chose to tell." This is, of course, a courtly compliment to the present Lord Tennyson; but, so far as a character-sketch of the poet is concerned, it has the effect of leaving us very much where we were before. Every one knows that Tennyson was a man of marked individuality, and subject to many shades of characteristic, but his biographers have hitherto done very little towards giving us a comparative or descriptive sketch of his life and temperament. Even the definitive biography itself is rather a storehouse of record than a picture of character. And, without in the least encouraging "tittle-tattle" or undesirable personality, we cannot help thinking it a pity that Tennyson should lack, what so many other less important persons have fortunately secured—

takes the safe view, which is also, generally speaking, one. His criticism is pleasantly free from fashionable he makes no ingenious attempts to maintain perverse theories; his estimate is that of the enthusiastic, fanatical, Tennysonian. Although he playfully professes ignorance of the stage and a lack of enthusiasm for the he is particularly interesting in his analysis of the positively "illuminating" on *Queen Mary*. His for "Maud" is less heart-whole than we should have but he writes with tact and a rather uncharacteri seriousness" upon "In Memoriam." His suggesti effect of that fine poem of consolation upon the mourner is touched with a sincerity that is both restr dignified. We have never read better criticism of w has too often been treated as the particular tourney- sectaries and schismatics.

Finally, the whole book is marked by an enth the spirit, as opposed to the letter, of true poet significance of Tennyson's work is being gradually ob criticism of the utilitarian order; and, since he deliberately philosophical, there is a growing tendenc him as though he were primarily valuable for his philo religious teaching, and his snatches of scientific Against this lumbering kind of comment Mr. Lang make protest. "The point of view," he says, "must shift generation of readers, as ideas or beliefs go in or out are accepted, rejected, or rehabilitated. To one age may seem weakly superstitious, to another needlessly After all, what he must live by is, not his opinion poetry. The poetry of Milton survives his ideas; may be the fate of the ideas of Tennyson, his po endure." This is admirably said; and, what is unquestionably true. We can only hope that Mr. Lang' may have its effect upon his successors in the growin Tennysonian commentators.

A COMMENTARY ON TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM." BRADLEY, LL.D., Professor of Poetry in the Uni Oxford. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. n.)

If any poem of Tennyson's can justly be said annotation and commentary, "In Memoriam" is cer one. It is perhaps the most widely read, as it is cer most frequently quoted of all his works, and yet it wou too much to say that it is probably the least understoo most easily subject to misinterpretation. And this mis rooted in its very construction and in the circumstan composition. As every one knows, "In Memori practically seventeen years in process of growth. It series of disconnected pieces, not even intended for pu and it only gradually grew into coherence and into the of a complete and progressive study. The result presents a sort of multiplicity in unity; its separate are in one sense complete in themselves, and in anc ponent parts of a corporate whole; so that, while poem is too long to be read at a sitting, and is, pe rarely read as a connected study at all, its section partially understood without reference to their pla graduated scheme of the argument. And, apart from thesis, there are textual difficulties of considerable co As Mr. Bradley justly says:—"The meaning of many is doubtful, and a few are extremely obscure; the caus

From one point of view Mr. Bradley has done his work, as was only to be expected, with exemplary judgment. Almost every difficult passage is satisfactorily elucidated; and, although there is an occasional tendency towards a somewhat tiresomely academic tilting with earlier commentators, the notes are for the most part kept commendably clear of excesses. The only respect in which Mr. Bradley seems to us to indulge his taste for annotation too freely is in the number and abstruseness of his illustrations. It is easy to see that he has been led astray here by Mr. Churton Collins' example, and, indeed, many of his parallel passages are taken straight from "Illustrations of Tennyson." But, not only are many of these cross-references far too elaborate to be profitable, but they have also the undesirable result of wearying the student on the one hand, and on the other of confusing his appreciation of the author he is studying by diverting his attention to literary parallels when it ought to be concentrated upon individual beauties. Here, for instance, is Mr. Bradley's note upon the verse—

> And all the phantom, Nature, stands—
> With all the music in her tone,
> A hollow echo of my own,—
> A hollow form with empty hands.

> Hollow: Tennyson is very fond of this word; *e.g.*, "Hollow smile and frozen sneer." "The Poet's Mind" (*cf.*, LXX. 4, LXXIII. 13). There may be a reminiscence of Virgil's "cava sub imagine formae." Aen VI., 293.

This is a fair example of much of Mr. Bradley's annotation, and, well-meant as it is, it is precisely the sort of commentary which deadens the mind of the young student to an intelligent and quick love of literature. As Mr. Bradley well says, there is no virtue in a sort of misty appreciation of poetry which enjoys without understanding; and it is unquestionable that, the more the heart of the meaning of fine poetry is understood, the more keenly it is appreciated for its own sake. But it cannot, we think, be pretended that either an understanding or a love for poetry is fostered by the sort of annotation that overlays a single passage with a variety of parallelisms, many of them far-sought and unconvincingly ingenious. On the contrary, the very opposite effect is produced, and the unfortunate habit of cramming—the perpetual risk of the modern system of examination—is insinuated into the one field of study from which a true lover of literature would be most anxious to exclude it. For "the cramming of tips" is the destruction of the literary spirit.

There are other respects, however, in which Mr. Bradley's commentary invites cordial approbation. Its elucidation of difficult passages is, as we have said, thorough; it is also concise and unaffected. His explanations are pleasantly free from the parade of the lecturer; they, curiously enough, avoid just those shortcomings which make the "Illustrations" appear a little self-consciously pedagogic. But the best part of the whole book is the *catena* of short prefaces, dealing with different aspects of the poem, historical, constructive, and spiritual. These are, in their way, models of brief elucidation, and will be helpful even to the experienced and methodical student of "In Memoriam." They sum up much thoughtful study in a little space, and convey a great deal of suggestive reflection brightly, clearly, and persuasively. The book is well worth possessing, if only for them.

As to the larger question of the general utility of commentaries of this kind, this clearly opens up arguments too wide argument, but we believe it to be a sound one. time for these commentaries comes later. When poetry has been intimately absorbed, the spi clearer by familiarity. At this stage the need obvious; and here a book like Mr. Bradley's tion, and perhaps even its necessity. If onl lecturers would appreciate more thoroughl gradation in the process of poetic taste, we popular appreciation for poetry would be more g sensitive. The fault of our modern system is commentary is used too early, and the sense o at its birth under a weight of quite subsidiar considerations.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD AS EA TRAVELLER.

A WINTER PILGRIMAGE: Being an Account of Palestine, Italy, and the Island of Cypru in the year 1900. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. tions. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. n.)

Mr. Rider Haggard is very amusing. We d to make of this book; classify it we cannot, but all with interest and amusement. Such an odd dry humour, unintentional humour, and humo explained with footnotes; of shrewd observat ignorance; of enthusiasm and good-humoured m hasten to add, Mr. Haggard never mocks a neither, again, does he pump up insincere senti fashion of Pierre Loti. It is a healthy book, the with a kind of boyish *naïveté*, who does not know should not be interested in his meals or the rail yet contrives to add a great deal which is re without realizing the difference.

The book has no unity. The architecture Station has nothing to do with Palestine, nor, in and yet we would not have missed some of simple remarks on what he saw in Florence, the an unsophisticated mind which knows little of admirations is, however, wasted; the "lace-wo marble dome" in Milan Cathedral is simply p whole thing a sham. We, too, hate a Continent every decoration strikes you like a blow, surr servility on fire for unearned fees, fed with mess soul loathes"; we, too, have suffered the sling outrageous fortune on Italian railways; but the of the essence of a winter pilgrimage to the Hol

Again, Mr. Haggard quotes Latin lines whi speaks of the "Mycenians," regards Homer and isolated sports of nature which have no co circumstances of their time, calls Mount Athos and imagines the modern Greek pet name Christ form of Christopher or what not, to be the s "Christ." He suggests that an ancient to "jeweller," because pieces of gold were fo Haggard is convinced that Tabor was the Transfiguration; thinks that Gordon's tomb wa and the hill which now presents two eye-holes Calvary. He does not know how completely th has been refuted (*e.g.*, in the last *Quarterly* P.E.S. fund). In fact, the reader who goes to

amuses. His adventures are told with something of Kinglake's good-humour, though hardly with his inimitable touch. When his amazement at what he sees does not strike him dumb, his descriptions are often really vivid. He has an eye to agricultural possibilities, and some good advice not only on these, but on other practical points. His account of the way to exterminate locusts may prove useful elsewhere. Above all, every great deed, or pathetic memory arouses in him an instant enthusiasm, which is quite sincere, though it scarcely lasts long. A healthy book, we repeat; it will not be mentioned a thousand years hence amongst the works of Palestine pilgrims, but it is quite worth having in this present year of grace.

THE MYCENÆAN AGE AND ITS LORE.

THE EARLY AGE OF GREECE. By Professor WILLIAM RIDGEWAY. Vol I. (Cambridge University Press. 21s.)

"What people made the objects called Mycenæan?" was the subject of an article published in 1896 by Professor Ridgeway in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. He came to the conclusion that this people was the nation called by the Greeks Pelasgi, a name which was for a long time thought to have been loosely applied by the ancients to the prehistoric inhabitants of Greece. That paper has never been answered, and, indeed, it was thought by many well able to judge to be unanswerable. Mr. Ridgeway proves his theory still more fully in the remarkable volume before us; and we frankly confess that his main position seems to be quite secure.

His method is briefly as follows. He first examines all the finds of Mycenæan remains. Their number, as they stand here for the first time collected, and their distribution, ranging from Spain to Rhodes, Cyprus, and Canea, from Etruria to Africa, and over practically the whole area of the Ægean, will come as a surprise to many. He finds in all the same characteristics, and concludes that they were made by one race. He then chooses out Crete and the Peloponnese, as places where large numbers of such remains have been found, and where not many successive races have lived; and tests the claims of the several races which have inhabited these countries to be the makers of the remains. He discusses the ancient statements about the Pelasgi, and shows them to be consistent, and to point all to the conclusion that the remains are Pelasgian. The theory is used to explain facts like the existence of Helots and Perioeci in Lacedæmon, and serfs in Crete, Thessaly, and elsewhere, as well as the absence of serfs in places where the Pelasgi had not been conquered, but their territory had passed by marriage to new masters.

Then comes a discussion of the Homeric age, in which dress, arms, and armour are made the tests of race; and the conclusion is made that the Homeric heroes were Achæans. Ethnology points in the same direction. The Achæans are a tall, light-haired race, identified here with the Celts, who came from central Europe by the trade routes and conquered the small swarthy Pelasgi then in their decline. The tombs at Hallstatt, Glasinatz, and elsewhere, are shown to contain accoutrements of the same kind as those described in Homer; and the burial customs of both correspond. Special attention is drawn to the shield and the brooch, which are examined in minute detail. Finally the Homeric dialect is examined, and with the Arcadian identified as a kind of Æolic, which Mr. Ridgeway believes to

point in the argument; for it is now impossible for an to say that the processes assumed are impossible Improbable. The same course is taken to prove conquered nations influence or are influenced by their in language, or neighbours by neighbours. It is a confirmation of the soundness of Mr. Ridgeway's theo how many difficulties are cleared up by the way. We space to examine these at length; but we must to point out that reasonable explanations are sug labialism in the Attic dialect, of the so-called Doric in Attic plays, of the strangeness of Homeric names, obscure letters in the Italian alphabet; and, aga Centaur myth, of the existence of cremation and inhu by side, of the developed literary style of the Homeric

As we cannot but agree with conclusions wh forth with such fulness and fairness of argument, our will be confined to a few points. First of all, there is amount of unnecessary detail in the account of ex dates and diggers' names might well be dismissed to for the argument would gain in clearness by some con A careful arrangement in paragraphs would also same end. Again, the chapter on the Brooch does n us to be sufficiently clear. The technical terms a explained, and where so much turns on minute dif form, each ought to have been depicted, especially several classes and sub-classes mentioned on page 531 lastly suggest a few additions. A μίτρη has lately b in Crete, and is figured in the last number of th The assumption that tribes diverse in speech mi communicate by written signs is amply borne out where one written language is intelligible over a lar but differently read. The awe of a race which canno one which can is exemplified in the Spanish di America. Perhaps the sacrifice of "red-haired me Egyptians, which Plutarch mentions, points to some of the Celts or Achæans. The Hbation-tube, or ho may be seen in a number of Roman tombs on the and in many earthen urns of the Italian muse Payne's village of women, described in the "Hist New World," throws some light on the Amazons Perhaps some clue to the origin of the Greek lett may be found if ever the Cretan tablets are decipher particular looks like the double axe, and a simil In a Laconian inscription is given this value by C shall look forward with keen interest to the seco where we hope to see some light thrown on the Poseidon, Zeus, and Hades, and, perhaps, an expl Dodonean Zeus, whom Mr. Ridgeway calls Achæan calls Pelasgian. No doubt Mr. Ridgeway will have to say of the "old-fashioned custom of women t ὀλολυγή at sacrifice" (Schol. Arist. "Knights"), an custom that the men shouted a pæan. Mr. Evans h Cnossos the picture of a female goddess in a s apparently a priestess is depicted holding the sacr on the bronze belt (μίτρη) mentioned above. On question more evidence is certain to be found when islands have been properly examined. There are them Cyclopean remains which have not been publi for instance, such a name as that of the hill Lars in Lesbos is a distinct point of contact with the Myce

come to sum up the discoveries of a generation and to see what is the result. Absolute certainty is claimed by no wise scholar; Professor Ridgeway, who is clearly confident in his own theory, would be the first to renounce it if further evidence made that necessary; and Mr. Hall is careful to point out that in prehistoric archæology nothing but a working hypothesis can be got. If Mr. Hall's working hypothesis differs from Professor Ridgeway's, we must endeavour to test how far this is due to a juster weighing of evidence, and how far to other causes.

In one point Mr. Hall has the advantage of other writers on the Mycenæan age; he is able to estimate the evidence from Egypt in the light of a wider knowledge. He has examined this evidence fully and carefully, and classical scholars will be glad to have it put in a form which they can understand, and yet so put that the Egyptologist can test the statements. This is, in our opinion, the most valuable part of the book, and we doubt whether Mr. Torr himself will now venture to contest the accepted date for the Mycenæan age. Mr. Hall believes that the "great men of Keftiu" were Cretans, who communicated with Egypt probably by way of Cyprus, basing the identification on a comparison of the Cretan cupbearer frescoes with Egyptian paintings of the Kefts. The illustrations of things Mycenæan from Egyptian sources are interesting and convincing, and we have no quarrel with this for a "working hypothesis." Mr. Hall is by no means rash in his use of evidence, and is careful to guard against mistakes such as assuming that a tomb is as old as the oldest object found in it. On the "question of date" and on Egyptian influence his book is satisfactory. He is also just in his deduction that the Mycenæan culture cannot have come from Asia Minor—that is, from Babylonia in the end. This has a bearing upon the latest finds in Crete, rude figures which have been assigned, with the rashness of half-knowledge, to a Babylonian origin.

On Greek soil Mr. Hall is not so safe, and we cannot think that he has mastered the evidence. He assumes that the Homeric culture was a decadent form of that of Mycenæ, in spite of the complete difference in armour and dress, and a wide difference in custom. The contrast between burning and burial, he says, "implies no difference of race," although it implies a wholly different conception of the next life. Those who buried the dead believed that the spirit remained with them; those who burned, that the spirit departed to another place. So the buried dead were worshipped; so Crœsus burned his offering to Apollo, that the God far away might sooner enjoy it. Mr. Hall actually urges the fact that both were practised side by side as an argument that they prove nothing as to race. As well might he assert that language is no test of race because English and Bengali are both spoken in Calcutta. The differences in arms and armour, he would have it, "only show that in the Homeric period they had altered somewhat from the old Mycenæan standard"; yet he cannot point to any intermediate stages or suggest reasons for the change, or explain survivals just where they would be expected. He thinks the Pelasgians excluded from the candidates for Mycenæ simply because no Mycenæan culture has been found in Arcadia, forgetting that this bleak district was the home of the poor, while the great fortresses and cities were all elsewhere. Legends of the Pelasgians are "so contradictory that nothing can be made out of them." He does, however, believe that the Pelasgians were non-Aryan and spoke a barbarous tongue; yet he seems to imply now and then that this non-Aryan tongue had affinity with Greek (p. 135, note). A similar confusion appears in his statement—

The fact is that, apart from his special depar
writes with insufficient knowledge. We have al
how curtly he dismisses the burial question,
ethnological considerations; in matters of reli
is equally rash. "Foremost amongst Pelasgi
Zeus," he says, "who was born in Crete." Yet
Mycenæan at Olympia, and when was he b
There is no proof that Mycenæan Crete knew o
the "old Pelasgic god of the double-headed axe
Zeus of later days, known from Plutarch, or the Pag
or Apollo Tarsia, or Asiatic heroes, or the Amazo
all use this axe, as human warriors did? None of th
if we ask for proof in place of assumption. We r
the theories put forth by Mr. Evans as to his C
not only accepted here as "working hypotheses,
as "without doubt" facts (203 ff.) Mr. Evans
taken a few of the scores of literary signs
Cnossian palace for Divine symbols, leaving the
themselves. Where this kind of argument leads
clearly enough; he actually makes the preposte
that the ornamental seat in the palace was a sym
leaf of Dodona! In fact, these theories cannot
Mr. Hall must reconsider his symbolism. Our
judgment has been rudely shaken; and we hope
nounce on such questions as he has imperfectly
confident dogmatism of this part of his book i
trast with the wise caution of the rest; and it
Mr. Hall's sincerity that he has hung out a c
those who are not colour-blind.

ART.

ANDREA MANTEGNA.

ANDREA MANTEGNA. By PAUL KRISTELLER. W
Plates and 162 Text Illustrations. Engl
S. ARTHUR STRONG, M.A. (Longmans. 70

This new life of Mantegna is not only th
which has been published this season, but the
monograph on an Italian master which has se
many years. The work of a German author
acquired a considerable reputation in more tha
literature, it appears, first of all, in an Eng
edited by Mr. Arthur Strong. The book does
author, editor, and publisher. A profusion of
trations adorn its pages, and the cover is decorat
duction of the noble bronze bust which sta
painter's last resting-place in the church of
Mantua. Dr. Kristeller's studies in Italian
have qualified him in an especial manner for
He is intimately acquainted with those Mantua
are so rich in material for the art-history of the f
and publishes several new documents which thro
Mantegna's history and on his relations wit
princes and princesses in whose service the best
were spent. At the same time he has carefully
master's works and the best critical opinions o
own judgments on doubtful points are alway
discriminating. Andrea Mantegna, our autho
preface, has never yet been given the place th

the keynote of Dr. Kristeller's book, the motive which he draws out and illustrates throughout the 500 pages of this fine volume.

It was in Padua, the centre of humanism in North Italy, surrounded at once by the most stimulating intellectual and artistic influences, that young Andrea grew up in the shop of Squarcione, "the father of painters." But his real teachers were the Florentine sculptor, Donatello, who came to work in Sant' Antonio of Padua in 1443, when Andrea was a boy of twelve, and the Venetian painter, Jacopo Bellini, who was employed in the same church a few years later, and whose daughter, Nicolosia, he married in 1454. The young Paduan applied himself with all the enthusiasm of his ardent spirit to attain the new ideals that came to him from Venice and Florence. Donatello taught him how to study nature; Jacopo Bellini and his son showed him the fine technique of Venetian painting. The frescoes in the Eremitani Church at Padua, painted between 1448 and 1455, were his first successes. While Donatello's influence is felt throughout, the bold experiments in perspective that we find in the frescoes which show St. James led to Execution and his Martyrdom prove that Andrea had profited by the examples of Paolo Uccello, who was then working in Padua. On the other hand, the marked advance in colouring and expression that becomes visible in the last subjects show how much he was still learning from the Bellinis, and more especially from his brother-in-law Giovanni. "How keenly," exclaimed Goethe at the sight of these frescoes, "and with what certainty an actual present is here reproduced." The Eremitani frescoes were, so to speak, the school in which Mantegna conducted his own education. By the time they were completed he was a mature and independent master. Besides the altar-pieces of St. Luke in the Brera and the St. Euphemia at Naples, both of which were painted in 1554, the Madonnas of Bergamo and the Poldi-Pezzoli, so full of strong human feeling and tender melancholy, are assigned by the present writer to this early period. Another work which we should have been inclined to place rather later is the St. Sebastian at Aigue-Perse in the Puy de Dôme, which was evidently brought to this remote corner of France by Chiara Gonzaga, who in 1480 married Gilbert Count of Montpensier. It is interesting to compare this little-known figure with the fine St. Sebastian at Vienna—probably a work of Andrea's early Mantuan days—and with the strangely vehement and exaggerated representation of the same martyr in the Franchetti collection at Venice which he painted at the close of his life.

The great Triptych, which is still the glory of S. Zeno of Verona, and the Christ on the Mount of Olives, which hangs close to the similar subject by Giovanni Bellini in the National Gallery, were not completed until the summer of 1459. By this time Andrea had already received a flattering invitation from Lodovico Gonzaga to enter his service, and towards the end of the year he moved with his wife and family to Mantua. The Gonzaga princes were liberal and intelligent patrons of the fine arts and treated Mantegna with unvarying kindness during the forty-five years which he spent at their Court. He received a salary of fifteen ducats a month, together with lodgings, corn and wood for his family, as well as frequent grants of land and money. But wars, plague, and famine impoverished the little State, and Mantegna was always addressing letters to the Marquis complaining that his salary was in arrears and reproaching him with not keeping his promises. "It is impossible to obtain from us what we have not got," wrote Lodovico on one occasion, in reply to these remonstrances, "and you yourself have seen that whenever we have been able to collect our revenues we have

Among the first works which Mantegna executed at Ma
the Triptych in the Uffizi and the Death of the Virg
the Prado at Madrid). The three great altar-pieces—the
della Vittoria, the noble Trivulzio Madonna, and t
and Saints in the National Gallery—belong to the last ye
century, when the master was already approaching his
year. So, too, do the smaller Madonna at Dresden and t
Child in the Mond collection. Of all the wall-paint
which Mantegna adorned the Gonzaga palaces and v
two series remain—the frescoes of the Camera del
Mantua and the Triumphs at Hampton Court. The
paintings which adorned the bed-chamber of the Marquis
in the tower of the Castello were finished in 1474, and
charming picture of the good prince in the heart of
The nine tempera paintings of the "Triumph of Julius
were begun in 1484, and were sufficiently advanced
later to be shown to Duke Guidobaldo of Urbino whe
to visit his betrothed bride at Mantua—not as Dr. K
in one of his very few mistakes states (at p. 274) to Du
of Ferrara. They were only completed after Mantegna
from Rome in 1490, and during his absence he wrote t
Marquis to see that the rain was not allowed to com
the windows and injure them, as he considered them hi
most perfect works. In 1629 these priceless works we
Charles I., and after being valued at £1,000 at the
King's works of art in 1651, were reserved by the Lord
Cromwell for the decoration of his own residence of Hamp
They were entirely painted over by Laguerre in Wil
reign, but even in their present deplorable con
splendour and beauty of the composition still excite o
admiration. The great procession moves along with
swing and freedom; every figure seems to be animated
same enthusiasm and stirred with the same emotion as
goes on his triumphal way to the Capitol. In Go
quoted words:—"The study of the antique supplies
Nature gives movement and the last touch of life." I
last years of Mantegna's career mythological subjects oc
increasing share of his time and thoughts. The two pict
Triumph of Venus, or Parnassus, and the Triumph of
or that of Virtue over the Vices, and a third, Com
Realm of Love, which Costa finished after his death,
the Louvre. The fine *grisaille* known as the Triumph
but in reality representing the image of the Phrygia
the Mother of Gods, publicly received by the Roman
Ostia, remained in the painter's shop at the time of
and was bought in Venice by Lord George Vivian and b
by his son to the National Gallery in 1873. Closely
this work, both in style and subject, are the drawings
Scævola at Munich, and the Combat of the Tritons
worth, and several of Mantegna's finest copper engrav

To the end of his life the master's activity neve
spite of illness and of financial troubles which at last
him to part from his favourite antique marble, the bust of
a few weeks before his death. He died on the 13th o
ber, 1506, at the age of seventy-five, and the cultured org
Lorenzo da Pavia, writing to the Marchesa Isabella, thus
the feelings of his contemporaries:—

"The death of our master Andrea causes
sorrow, for, in truth, in him an excellent man and
Apelles have passed away: I do believe the Lord G
to employ him for the creation of some beautiful work

destroyed by the modern spirit, a full and perfect understanding of the sincere and splendid representations of intellectual and physical life, of the intensity of purely human emotion and the melodious rhythm of form and movement, which, with a strict and stern restraint, but with a purity and strength equalled by no other artist of the Quattrocento, is expressed by the works and in the whole personality of Andrea Mantegna.

GREAT MASTERS IN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

(George Bell and Sons.)

Brunellesco.

FILIPPO DI SER BRUNELLESCO. By LEADER SCOTT. (5s. n.)

Three great figures dominate Florentine art at the opening of the fifteenth century—Brunelleschi (Leader Scott, following Vasari, adopts the popular form of the name in her book, but not on the title page), the architect of the cathedral dome; Donatello, the supreme master of sculpture; and Masaccio, the short-lived painter whose carmine frescoes mark an epoch in the history of the Italian Renaissance. All three men were united by a bond of close friendship, and Brunelleschi, the elder of the group, grieved bitterly, Vasari tells us, over the loss sustained by the world in Masaccio's early death. The great architect, there can be no doubt, exerted a powerful influence over his younger friends, and taught them to apply scientific principles to the arts. But it is less as the discoverer of perspective than as the builder of the cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore that Brunelleschi is remembered to-day. The history of this his great work, of the ridicule and opposition which he had to encounter, of the failures and misfortunes which attended the realization of his project, are the leading features of Leader Scott's excellent Life. Fortunately there is no lack of material for this important episode in Florentine art history. The biography of "Filippo di Ser Brunellesco"—to give him his full and correct name—by his friend and contemporary Antonio Manetti, lately reprinted by Signor Milanesi, gives a trustworthy account of the architect's career, and his statements are in almost every case confirmed by the Archives of the Opera del Duomo, lately collected and published by Cesare Guasti. Still more recently—in 1892—a distinguished German scholar, Herr von Fabriczy, has given us a full and complete life of Brunelleschi, in which all the documents relating to the master are carefully compared and edited, and many doubtful points are cleared up. The building of the dome occupied the last years of Brunelleschi's life. In 1417 he first laid his bold scheme for the erection of a free dome, "without scaffolding and centering," before the Councillors of the Cathedral Works, and it was not till August 31, 1436, that the cupola was finally closed and received the solemn benediction of the Bishop of Fiesole, while the bells rang peals of joy, and the whole city hailed the master with shouts of triumph. But during the intervals of his great work he was employed on several other important buildings, which are still the glory of Florence; amongst others, the portico of the Innocents Hospital, the church and sacristy of San Lorenzo, the beautiful little Cappella Pazzi in Santo Croce, the great church of San Spirito, and the famous Palazzo Pitti, which was still unfinished when he died in 1446. Brunelleschi visited Milan and Mantua and was consulted both by Duke Filippo Visconti as to the building of the strong Rocca, or fortress, in which he spent the greater part of his life, and by the Marquis Gianfrancesco Gonzaga as to the restoration of causeways on the Po. But, since the Rocca Visconteа was razed to the ground by the

Pintorricchio.

PINTORICCHIO. By EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPP

This painter, though he stands artistically than the majority of the men hitherto dealt wit provides a personality full of interest and picturesque treatment from the literary as artistic point of view. Like many other arti was fated to endure dire trouble in domestic much younger than himself, was flagrantly unfai suspected of having hastened her husband's neglect during his last illness, but this private l a measure balanced by the generous patron opportunities which befell him in his public car tive craftsman. His first chance came when he help to decorate the Sistine Chapel, and the commission to cover with frescoes the walls apartments in the Vatican. Innocent VIII. and however glaring may have been their delinquen men, were munificent and discerning patrons decision to entrust the adornment of their Pintoricchio was a wise and enlightened one. achievement, which by the liberality of the rei been judiciously restored and made accessible raised him to fame and opulence, and the descri by Miss March Phillipps is concise and intellig *opus magnum* was the decoration of the library of Siena, a task entrusted to him by Cardinal executed between 1502 and 1509. These great are familiar to all students of art, and a Pintoricchio's grand opportunities may legitim speculation as to what treasures of painting an world would now possess had Michael Angelo w like Pintoricchio's instead of the exacting and ir

Pintoricchio was born at Perugia about 14 opens the life of this painter in a tone of sneeri describes him as the pupil of Perugino. This correct, but, seeing that there was only eight y their age, it is likely that both men may have time or other in the same *bottega* under Fiorenz Bonfigli, who were at the period in question the in Perugia. His earliest work was done in Ro and the two frescoes in the Sistine Chapel are extant productions. The decoration of the App was begun in 1492, but the work was frequently the political unrest of the times. His minor wor among the most important are his frescoes Maggiore at Spello and in Ara Cœli at Rome. fashion with writers on Italian art to carp at V remarkable how often the sermon on a part achievement is preached from a text taken from garrulous Aretine. Vasari declares that Pintori his day a reputation greater than he deserved, least a portion of the merit inherent in the library at Siena may arise from the fact that t from sketches furnished by Raphael, who was th Vasari often dipped his pen too deeply in gall, that a certain justification exists for both of t Pintoricchio could hardly have been rated the of his time, but it is certain that he came portion of work and patronage. As to the ques assistance or inspiration in the Siena frescoes, t a subject over which art experts have wran

on the life, and not Vasari's text. Milanesi labours this point at great length, but his arguments and his parallel extracts from the different editions of Vasari do not establish anything like a refutation of the charge. But the controversy is unimportant, except to the archæologists. Pintoricchio has left us a body of work which, whether it be entirely due to his brain and hand or not, must ever remain one of the masterpieces of decorative art. It would be hard to name another painter who realizes so completely the joy of life. We are told that his own lot was unhappy, but in his age domestic irregularities were all too common, and in his busy life of absorbing work his troubles may have weighed lightly upon him. It is certain that his brush moved as if he were one delighting in the banquet of the senses, in the newly discovered earthly Paradise. In all his renderings of religious themes there is no touch of asceticism; his saints and virgins are fair and comely personages, set in splendid and luxurious surroundings—objects destined less to stimulate devotion than to delight the eye of the beholder. It was a happy conjunction when a painter thus inspired was selected to commemorate the life of the humanist statesman, the friend of Pontano who ultimately became Pope Pius II. Miss March Phillipps' volume is, on the whole, well carried out. She is an enthusiast who is nevertheless not blind to the shortcomings of her subject. Too much space seems to be devoted to biographical details and to description of the painter's work, and too little to the derivation and character of his art. Again, minor errors are somewhat frequent. Perugino was eight and not four years Pintoricchio's senior; Piero della Francesca sprang from Borgo San Sepolcro and not from Arezzo; and Alfonso Borgia was the third and not the second Pope Calixtus; but the book gives evidence of wide reading, and a sincere desire to present the subject in verisimilitude. The illustrations are fully up to the standard of the previous volumes of the series, which continues to hold its own easily in comparison with other issues of a similar character in Germany and elsewhere.

Francia.

FRANCESCO RAIBOLINI, CALLED FRANCIA. By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D. (5s. n.)

This is a good and useful little work. Dr. Williamson has carefully collected all the information that is to be found in contemporary documents respecting the goldsmith painter of Bologna, who enjoyed so high a reputation towards the close of the fifteenth century. Little, however, can be discovered as to the details of his life. He was born about 1450, became master of the Goldsmiths' Guild in 1483, and, after acquiring considerable fame throughout Italy as a medallist and worker in metal, he began to paint portraits and altar-pieces when he was nearly fifty years of age. His friendship with the Ferrarese master, Lorenzo Costa, who came to Bologna in 1483 and lived in the same house, may have encouraged the goldsmith to take up the sister craft, and the two artists were frequently associated together in important works. Costa, the younger man, had a higher imaginative gift and poetry of conception, but Francia, as Dr. Williamson remarks, "was the finest colourist and more deeply religious man of the two." All Francia's contemporaries speak in the warmest terms of his high character and integrity, and of the charm and sweetness of his nature. He was the most popular of teachers and had as many as 200 pupils, one of whom was that "beloved Timoteo" of whom he speaks so tenderly when he left Bologna and returned to Urbino to become the

seen in the gallery and churches of Bologna, but his m
known picture is the Buonvisi altar-piece, with t
lunette of the Pieta, in the National Gallery. Dr. W
gives us a few interesting particulars regarding this m
which was originally painted about 1515 for a chap
Church of San Frediano at Lucca, as well as extrac
seventeenth-century manuscript by Marcello Oretti
Archiginnasio Library at Bologna, which contains
Francia's works then existing in the different citie
From this we learn that the well-known Madonna o
Garden at Munich originally belonged to a Capuchin
Ferrara and that the fine Annunciation with the figu
Carmelite Saint, Albert, under an open portico, whic
belonged to M. Reiset and is now at Chantilly, was p
Francesco Maria, Duke of Urbino, and given by
secretary, Giovanni della Posta, for his chapel in the
Church at Modena. An excellent reproduction of th
forms the frontispiece to the present volume, w
contains reproductions of several of Francia's best por
the little-known fresco of the Madonna of the Earthq
its view of the towers and churches of Bologna. Bu
surprised to find no mention of the lovely Madonn
red-haired angel in the Mond collection, which is one o
finest of Francia's paintings in England. We must also
author's attention to the fact that Isabella d'Este's let
her son's portrait in 1510 was addressed, not to Cost
Francia's intimate friend, the poet Girolamo Casio, w
in the noble Bentivoglio altar-piece by our master, w
laurel crown bestowed upon him by Leo X. Again
the wife of Giovanni Bentivoglio, was not "the da
Carlo Fratello, Duke of Milan, and mother of A
Bentivoglio," but the child of Carlo Sforza, and
Giangaleazzo, the reigning Duke of Milan. This acc
lady married the son of the ruler of Bologna in 149
portrait, as well as that of her husband, appears i
beautiful frescoes in San Maurizio of Milan, where
daughter Alessandra had taken the veil.

Dr. Williamson's chapter on Francia's work as a
and the examples of medals and coins struck by him
of the Mint, first for the Bentivoglio Princes and then
Julius II., the conqueror of Bologna, are of especial inte
in his enumeration of the works which he executed for
families of Gonzaga and Este he omits to mention one o
renowned productions, the exquisite service of gold
plate, enriched with precious gems and encrusted wi
and foliage, which he made for the wedding of
Bentivoglio and the Duke of Ferrara's daughter,
d'Este, in 1487. Such wonders of the goldsmith's
Francia's name famous throughout Italy, and earned
the splendid tribute paid him at his death, when S
wrote:—"On the 7th of January, 1517, died Messer
Francia, the best goldsmith in Italy, as well as a most
painter, a first-rate jeweller, very handsome in person
eloquent in speech, although he was only the
carpenter."

Messrs. Bell's new "Miniature Series of Painter
has begun with the attractive illustrated booklets FRA A
VELAZQUEZ, and BURNE JONES (1s. n. each), seems to us
conceived. They give in small compass chapters on th
the art of each painter and on the illustrations by him
in the book, and lists of his chief works, of the bo

of the visitor to the third art congress of "The International." Is it true, as the envious gleefully aver, that the whole thing is becoming "played out"? We rather feel that there is a rebound from the nervous tension produced by the two previous exhibitions, and it would seem as if the hanging committee had circularized the artists in the terms of Mr. Whistler's Proposition No. 2, and besought them to contribute "the gentle truth," which, as The Master thought, has but a sorry chance in the unseemly struggle for prominence which is the predominant characteristic of the usual "pictures of the year." The true merit of this exhibition is perhaps to be found in the "Sailing of the Boat," by Alexander Roche, rather than in the purple "Rue de Village," by Loiseau, or the polychromatic "Quai en Zelande," by Émile Claus. Is it a new-born desire for quietude and repose that inclines us to prefer the simple power of "Plenilunio," by Pietro Fragiacomo, or the "Dordrecht" of W. Witsen to the "Recluse," in wax and water-colour, of Fernand Khnopff? "The frame," said Whistler, "is, indeed, the window through which the painter looks at his model, and nothing could be more offensively inartistic than this brutal attempt to thrust the model on the hitherside of this window"; and this proposition must account for the dissatisfaction which we feel this year with Bartel's huge "Milkmaid," the "General Music Director, Herman Levi" of Franz Stuck, and "La Fumeuse" of Francis Howard. Seen in the light of the Propositions, moreover, Hans Petersen's "Hochsee" seems to be neither sea nor land and Claude Monet's "La Plage des Petites Dalles" neither sky nor sea.

The desire of art to please rather than to astound is returning, and the poetic unreality of Millie Dow's "Vision of Spring" is better than the unpoetic brutality of A. S. Hartrick's "Three Rounds," the calm of Austen Brown's "Portrait" (No. 270) preferable to the out-of-date realism of Renoir's "La Promenade," the grace of "The Bouquet," by G. Santer, and the firmness of "Miss Betty Mylne," by E. A. Walton, more satisfying than the strained quality of "Rosemary," by W. Nicholson, than the inelegance of Greiffenhagen's flat "Family Group" or the plainness of Forain's "La Sollicitouse." We would sooner have the repose of John Lavery's "Mrs. Spottiswoode" and W. M. Chase's "His First Portrait" than the strange perspective of "Ring Toss"; the convention of "Mrs. Brown Potter" than the forced sentimentality of Milcendeau's "Amoureux"; and, frankly, any one of the Whistlers that have figured at Knightsbridge than the whole seven of this year's exhibition. Once again, the old things—amongst them W. Nicholson's portrait of Mr. Henley (unintentionally) as Rip Van Winkle, W. M. Chase's "Dorothy and her Sister," Witsen's "Dordrecht," and either of the two older Hornel's (Nos. 269 and 272)—are the best things. The supply of new masterpeices is not equal to the demand made by a recurring exhibition. It must be gratifying to a president to have on the walls of the exhibition over which he presides so many works which can point the moral of his own destructive Propositions! Yet an exhibition which introduces us to such a new view of things as W. Nicholson's "Winchelsea" and Dudley Hardy's "Solitude" is not held in vain. The *Art Record* for October 19 was a special number devoted to this exhibition, with descriptive letterpress and many reproductions of pictures.

The London Sketch Club.

It is amongst the works of the President, the vice-President, and some of the members of the council that we must look for the sketch at its ripest. Mr. Geo. C. Haité, Mr. Dudley Hardy, Mr. Tom Browne, and Mr. Hassell are the mainstay of the London Sketch Club, but they do not supply all that is interesting in the seventh exhibition. The freedom of Leo-Hankey, the directness of "The Emir" by Cecil W. Quinnell, the brilliancy of Frank Spenlove-Spenlove, the reality of "The Chalk Pit" by Walter Chrystal, the poetic of "Reclaim" by

OTHER NEW BOO

The Land of Nowhere.

It need not derogate from the quality Butler's EREWHON REVISITED (Grant Richards one advantage of its publication is the opportun reading "Erewhon" once more. Most peopl knowledge of past English history, but i prising to find how ignorant they are of the of thirty years ago. It is just the same with boo (to which some slight additions are made to se right) ranks among the cleverest and most p the English language, but so overwhelming is books that the lapse of a few years has practi oblivion. The picture of that land of tops an instant and general success. To conceive a To establish it in detail and elaborate it to its sions is a different matter. That is where Butler lies. The notion of the evolution of ma an obvious and rather trite one, but it was great subtlety: the world of the unborn and into the life of earth was a happy and original satirist. But the humour of the writer had a k it described the Colleges of Unreason, and playe round the moral conceptions of the Erewhonian on trial for consumption, and offered their sympat when he embezzled money. In these aston *ments*, with their humorous complications and suggestions of half-truths, lay the virtue "Erewhon Revisited" gives much less scope for intellectual agility of its predecessor. It is m ing narrative of incident and character, reco return of the traveller Higgs and his recog and his son's mother. It is a pleasant, alm story; and the presence of Higgs unrecognise who practice a cult in his honour provides many p But the irony is less conspicuous, the wit capricious, and less active in the acute and the preposterous. The Deformatory, for instance taught not to be too good, and learn that Washin tell a lie" was merely "an expression of reg which his education had been neglected"—d amusing *persiflage*. There is, however, run book one vein of deliberate and intentional sa in a prefatory note announces that he has profess himself a member of the more advanced Church." His views on an established tradit already found expression in "Erewhon" in t "Musical Banks." On the strength of them h —in the legendary worship which had grown up of Higgs as "the Sunchild" after his depa twenty years before—with a travesty of Christi as an attack on religious teaching superficial the subject. Professors Hanky and Panky amusing caricature of worldly religious o the picture of "Sunchildism" certainly deger once into rather a foolish flippancy. It is nec in order to prepare readers of the sequel to "E they have to expect. But unquestionably th high rank for its originality and humour, its vi and its lucid and scholarly literary style.

has done very well. He is craftsman rather than artist, but an exceedingly good craftsman, who knows how to handle his material. His book may be particularly recommended to people who have no leisure to study history deeply; and those who wish to study will find in it useful indications to direct their reading. The opening chapters, on the condition of the people when George III. was King, are especially well compiled. Nor

MR. AND MRS. BROWNING' FIRST VISIT TO ITALY AFTER MARRIAGE.
A Drawing by Mr. E. J. Sullivan to illustrate "The Life of a Century."
[By permission of Messrs. George Newnes.]

must we omit to praise the pictures. There are 519 of them—many of them, as will be seen from the one we reproduce, of a very original kind—and the labour involved in collecting them must have been immense. The handsome volume would be a welcome gift-book to any one.

FICTION.

The Slaying of the Red Beast.

Yet another story of the American War of Independence. We may say at once that CARDIGAN (Constable, 6s.) is a very good story, too, so far as the main elements of romance go. It is moving, spirited, with enough striking incident to furnish half-a-dozen ordinary novels, and a whole gallery of actors, some of whom are drawn with skill and discrimination. Mr. R. W.

burned alive, is within an hour or two of being hang
pany with the aforesaid Mount as a common felon,
safely through all these and innumerable minor enc
take hand in the fighting at Lexington, and finally
down, a sober, married man, in the old home by the
River. It is a moving tale, told with spirit and with
language and patriotic fervour. The passages w
Chambers recounts the Slaying of the Red Beast—
England of ours is the Red Beast—are done wit
gusto. The author's villains are painted with a bru
he lavishes upon them the blackest of black pa
naturally enough, they are all on the Tory side.
confess that a little more restraint would be sometim
able—a little less magniloquence, and not quite
aggressiveness of manner. But the story is so vig
enjoyable that it is possible to overlook many triflin
If Lord Dunmore is a caricatured fop-villain, and you
Butler a caricatured rogue-villain, and Miss Felicit
the customary heroine of historical romance, there
events redeeming points about Sir William Johnson
himself, and his two stanch henchmen. Nobody coul
book dull; it is packed with incident; it goes with
energy from start to finish. Lovers of the melodrama
it breathlessly.

Three More Musqueteers.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason's work improves in quality.
not fear comparison with any living writer of historical
"The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" was his first co
book, and CLEMENTINA (Methuen, 6s), is in some points b
that excellent story. It is told in the right heroic
Charles Wogan—the name will recall one of the
"Parson Kelly"—with his three trusty comrades in a
is as gallant a gentleman as we could wish to meet
Like Alan Breck, he is a "bonny fighter," and the
resource displayed in his innumerable contests—he
finds himself pitted against four or five opponents at
remarkable even for an Irish gentleman. For Mr. Wo
your true Hibernian stock, seldom at a loss either w
or tongue, and he needs all his dexterity to get thr
his self-imposed mission. Mr. Mason's Clementina is
personage than her Highness the Princess Clementina,
of Sobieski of Poland, affianced to James Stuart,
King of England, and detained at Innsbruck by the E
her way to Bologna. The rescue of this amiable
work enough even for the indomitable Irishman and
friends of Dillon's regiment, beset as they are by enc
traitors at every turn. Mr. Mason handles all the
the abduction in his best manner. The story takes
of the reader from the start, and it is told in a plea
with a spice of distinction and with no lack of humon
most heroines of historical romance there is generally
sameness, but the Princess Clementina is not too much
common model. She is at any rate a plausible creatio
author has wisely refrained from doing violence to p
in order to secure the conventional ending. "Clem
a good book of its class, well written and well constru
illustrations, by Mr. Bernard Partridge, are perhaps
that accomplished artist's happiest vein.

"Hearts in Revolt."

HEARTS IN REVOLT, by Henry Gilbert (George All
a curious study, not without fascination, of a young

And this very distinction, paradoxically enough, might be not unlikely to result in the man being ignored as something which it was too much trouble to understand. This may quite conceivably happen to the book. But any one who reads and understands it will find it difficult to forget.

Paul Armstrong.

A thoroughly capable writer, who has seldom put his name to a book unless he has had something to say, is sufficiently rare in these days to deserve our gratitude. Mr. David Christie Murray is a novelist whose work has always had an original note, and he does not readily descend to the manufacture of cheap machine-made fiction. DESPAIR'S LAST JOURNEY (Chatto, 6s.) may not have a very alluring title, but it is better worth reading than most of the novels we have seen of late. It traces the history of Paul Armstrong from his youth up, and Paul is an interesting character-study of the young man of genius who has to fight his way upwards from lowly beginnings. Paul's father also is a good character; the cosmopolitan impresario and playwright, George Darco, is admirable—as good a sketch of an uncommon type as we could wish to see. The authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy" could not have drawn the generous, irascible, eccentric better. It is a good story, excellently written. We catch in it, in parts, at any rate, a certain personal and pessimistic note.

HERB OF GRACE (Macmillan, 6s.) is one of Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey's quiet domestic stories, appealing as they mostly do to an enormous public. Miss Carey is safer when she does not go too deeply into details of masculine life. "The stakes [at cards] were high, though the boy was too much fuddled by champagne to guess that" is hardly put convincingly. "Stakes" (an odd word in this connexion) are hardly in the nature of ingenious acrostics to be "guessed" by the soberest villain.

Mr. Harold Bindloss in A SOWER OF WHEAT (Chatto, Windus, 6s.) preaches the dignity of labour. The scene of the story is laid in Canada, and the joys and sorrows of the pioneer's life in his grim struggle with the virgin prairie are the main theme. The type of career which is described may lack the romance and glamour of life in other parts of our Empire, but the Canadian farmer's lot is far from being all prose, and Mr. Bindloss never allows his tale to suffer from want of variety. Without being sensational the plot is interesting enough, although the value of the book undoubtedly lies in its fresh and vivid portraiture of Canadian homesteads.

Those who wish to read an intimate picture of provincial Spanish life could hardly do better than try THE FOURTH ESTATE (Grant Richards, 6s.), a translation by Rachel Challice from the original of A. Palacio Valdés. As a story it is, to put it frankly, rather dull, in spite of the struggles of the two Sarrio papers and the advent to that sleepy town of a most licentious and immoral aristocrat in the person of the Duke de Tornos. But it bears the impress of truth, and although it may not inspire us with any great respect for the modern Spaniard, the study of manners and customs on the Cantabrian coast has its interesting side.

Mrs. Egerton Eastwick's novel, BEYOND THESE VOICES (Burns and Oates, 5s.), is divided into two parts. In the first we are presented with "A Modern Pagan," Iolanthe, the beautiful half Spanish-American niece of an English Squire with a pedigree and its consequent pride and reserve, the second part being the sequel of her temperament and conditions. The book [illegible] evidence of far good reading, but the study of

CANON ISAAC TAYLO

The late Canon Isaac Taylor, rector of
died last week at the age of seventy-two, was
deserved more recognition than the daily Pr
to give him. He inherited literary gifts, bein
of Isaac Taylor, the well-known author of the "
of Enthusiasm," who was himself the son
represented in the religious literature of th
the nineteenth century. His aunt, the well-kn
or "Q. Q.," was a voluminous writer in high fa
sober folk of the past generation. When the la
wrote two volumes, in 1867, on "The Tayl
was able to give in an appendix a list of ninet
been published by members of his family b
the year in which he was writing.

Canon Taylor made his first venture in li
(after graduating at Trinity College, Cambridg
wrangler), by editing a new edition, under
Becker's "Charicles." He made no pretensions
scholar, but he had a thorough knowledge of
French, and wrote almost as fluently in either
as in English. It was characteristic of his bold
ness, in polemics that whilst still in his first cur
cliffe) he published an essay on "The Liturgy and
wherein he strenuously urged a revision of t
mainly on the ground that it would be "an ac
to the Dissenters." He came to London in 18
successively two West-end curacies. It was d
that he first published, in 1864, the book on lo
which he will be best remembered—"Words and
the first real attempt to give intelligent ill
historical, ethnological, and geographical value
and it at once brought its author's name to
science of local etymology has now outpac
theories confidently enunciated by Taylor, but
later editions is still accepted as a work of n er

From 1865 to 1869 Taylor was vicar o
Bethnal-green, and here he brought out, "for
tion," a sketch of the work done in the paris
Burden of the Poor," giving an unvarnished acc
of child labour. His rare leisure in the East
to compiling the literary annals of his family
green he went in 1869 to Holy Trinity, Twic
a holiday spent in Italy he was led to give p
Etruscan antiquities, particularly their numera
The result was a volume of some merit en
Researches," produced in 1874. In the follo
presented by Earl Brownlow (whose niece he
the valuable and quiet country rectory of Settr
He had now greater leisure for literary wo
began systematic and original researches in
the alphabet. Whilst engaged in this st
necessary to acquaint himself with the origin of
all the theories then current unsatisfactory,
examining the problem, with the result that
Phœnician and Latin solutions, and built
ingenuity, proofs of their Greek origin. In 1
his views, which are now generally accepted
entitled "Greeks and Goths, a Study on the
same year, in recognition of his philologi
he received from the University of Edinbu
degree of LL.D. His most important work
1883; this was "The History of the Alph
of which will probably always be recogniz
It is a detailed account in two volumes o
development of both Semitic and Aryan letters.
of Cambridge, in consequence of its merits,
author in 1885 the appropriate degree of Doct
in the same year he became an honorary ca
paper read by Canon Taylor at the Manchest
British Association in 1887 on "The Origin o

distressed many of his Church of England friends, Canon Taylor was never personally aggressive; and he entertained at Settrington more than one of the strong advocates of missionary work who had attacked him in the Press—no doubt to their mutual edification. Canon Taylor took a prominent part in the Domesday celebration. The memorial volumes on the subject, issued in 1888, contained three essays from his pen—namely "Domesday Survivals," "The Ploughland and the Plough," and "Wapentakes and Hundreds." Of these three, the last was the most open to criticism by Domesday scholars, but the first, with its instances of Yorkshire strip cultivation, was at once valuable and most interesting. For a long period Canon Taylor had intended to revise and extend his work on "Words and Places," recognizing the advance made in the study of etymology since his last edition in 1873. Eventually he abandoned the idea, mainly through failing health, and the collections that he had originally made for this purpose were issued in 1896 under the title "Names and their Histories," which is an alphabetically arranged handbook of historical geography and topographical nomenclature. The student of place-names will find it best to treat this book as an appendix to and a corrective of "Words and Places." For several years past Canon Taylor's health had been far from satisfactory, and he was able to discharge but few of his clerical duties. But his interest in literary pursuits remained keen to the last. In 1898 he was able to see a revised edition of "Names and their Histories" through the press; and even last Saturday (October 19) appeared a posthumous paragraph from his pen in *Notes and Queries* on South African place-names.

Correspondence.

STEVENSON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In these days of pocket editions, may I put in a plea for a reprint in that form of the complete works of Robert Louis Stevenson, including, of course, those pieces which were only reprinted in the "Edinburgh Edition," which, unfortunately, is beyond the reach of most? Such an issue would be a boon to all, but especially to persons like myself, whose employment necessitates a change of residence at least once a year. Books are notoriously heavy, and to save the heavy cost of moving same I am compelled to buy all I do in as small a bulk as is compatible with legibility.

The thirty-five (or thereabouts) large octavo volumes (not even uniform) which go to make up as complete a set of "R.L.S." as can be got upon the open market would take up more room than I can spare in my little library. The difficulty of the books being published by different firms was overridden in the case of the "Edinburgh Edition," and I see no reason why it could not be repeated.

I notice Messrs. Chatto and Windus announce (in their "St. Martin's Library") a pocket copy of "Familiar Studies in Men and Books," but there is no promise of the others following. A single work is, to my mind, useless. What is wanted is an edition including novels, essays, plays, letters, forthcoming life, and poems, and, for my own part, I would like Mr. Egerton Castle's French version of "Prince Otto" to be included.

While agreeing with Stevenson that in Mr. Meredith we have our greatest living novelist, I am sure most of your readers will agree with me when I say that "R.L.S." is more popular than even Mr. Meredith, and if Messrs. Constable find it pays them to issue a pocket edition of the latter's works there is no doubt that a similar issue of Stevenson would at least do as well.

In a bibliography, inserted in my book, I have en
these (and other) articles by him, all of which I perus
sending my manuscript to the press.

In support of my opinion that the mysterious
Amy Robsart was not the result of an accident, I hav
allude to a conversation which occurred, about a mo
Amy's death, between Elizabeth and a messenger
English Ambassador at Paris. In the course of this
the Queen stated that "none of his (Dudley's) men we
attempt at Cumnor."

If Amy's death was accidental, why did Queen
make use of such an expression as "the attempt"?

I am faithfully yours,

Oct. 21. PHILIP SI

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

We understand that the report that Mrs. Cornwall
quarterly, the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, published by Mr. M
comes to an end with the present number, is unfounded
contrary, the next number, due at the beginnin
new year, is all but ready for the press. No chang
made in either the price or the general get-up of the r

Mr. J. H. Slater, the editor of that useful work
Prices Current," has undertaken a similar book dea
Pictures and Engravings, which will be published
Christmas by H. Virtue and Co.

"Jane Austen: her Houses and her Friends," by C
Hill, will be published at a guinea by Mr. Lane in
or two. The author has been helped by the Auste
who have lent manuscripts as well as family portraits.

"Oxford University Sermons," by Principal Bel
Mr. George Allen will publish on the 28th inst., contains
a selection of sermons, an account of the rise and deca
institution—"the Sermon"—at Oxford.

Messrs. Ginn and Company, the United States sch
publishers for whom Mr. Edward Arnold has acted as
agent, have opened an office at No. 9, St. Martin's-stre
as headquarters for their business outside America.

A life of "Charles Haddon Spurgeon," by one w
him intimately, is one of Mr. Andrew Melrose's new a
ments for the autumn. A life in one volume of the great p
less extensive than that edited by Mrs. Spurgeon, is co
want. The same publisher has some new books in the
Own" Library for boys, including an illustrated re
"Westward Ho!"

Books to look out for at once.

"Wanderings in Three Continents." By the late Sir Richar
Hutchinson. 16s. net.
[A survey of Burton's most important expeditions, large
own words. Edited by W. H. Wilkins. Illustrated.]

"Then and Now." By Dean Hole. Hutchinson. 16s. net.
[Reminiscences. Illustrated.]

"The Life of Sir William Wilson Hunter." By F. H. Skrine. I

"Diaries of the Emperor Frederick." Edited by Marga
Poschinger. Translated by Frances A. Welby. Chapman and
net.

"The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen." By R. Barry O'Brien
Elder. 10s. 6d.

"Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal." By D. M. Wilson, the f
Commissioner in the Transvaal. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

"British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day." By M. H. S
Cassell. 5s. net and 7s. 6d. net.

"More Famous Homes of Great Britain and Their Stories."
A. H. Malan. Putnam. 21s. net.
[Among the writers are Lord Sackville, Lady Glam
Ernestine Edgcumbe, the Countess of Pembroke, and Lord Sa

"History of the Tower of London." By Lord Ronald Sutherlan

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS,

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[*Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.*]

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

FRENCH DECORATION AND FURNITURE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By LADY DILKE. 11¼×7½, 260 pp. Bell. 28s. n.

[A sumptuous, copiously illustrated work.]

MINIATURE SERIES OF PAINTERS. FRA ANGELICO, BURNE JONES, VELAZQUEZ. By G. C. WILLIAMSON and MALCOLM BELL. 6½×4½. Bell. 1s. n. each.

[See Review, p. 399.]

A WIDOW AND HER FRIENDS. By C. D. GIBSON. 11¾×7½. Lane. 20s.

[This is the new season's book by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, which will be welcomed by all who admire "The Education of Mr. Pipp," "Americans," and the other collections of these finely-drawn pen and ink drawings.]

THE MAGAZINE OF ART, Vol. for 1901. 12¼×9½, 576 pp. Cassell. 21s.

THE RELIQUARY AND ILLUSTRATED ARCHÆOLOGIST. Vol. VII. Ed. by J. R. ALLEN. 10½×7¾, 288 pp. Bemrose.

ENGLISH CHURCH NEEDLEWORK. A Handbook for Workers and Designers. By MAUD R. HALL. 10×7½, 130 pp. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.

[A finely-illustrated book, clear and practical, which fills a want which the revival of Church needlework has created.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE MARQUIS D'ARGENSON AND RICHARD II. By R. RANKIN. 9×5½, 300 pp. Longmans. 10s. 6d. n.

[Two separate historical studies bound together; one of the French statesman, 1694-1757, who has left us his "Memoirs," the other "The Causes of the Fall of Richard II.]

LINKS WITH THE PAST. By MRS. C. BAGOT. 9×6, 332 pp. Arnold. 16s.

[Mrs. Bagot was born in 1821, and her parents and grandparents bore their share in public affairs. There are also extracts from the diaries of Miss Mary Bagot, who saw much of society at the beginning of the nineteenth century.]

HUGH OF LINCOLN. By C. L. MARSON. 159 pp. MONSIEUR VINCENT. By J. ADDERLEY. 169 pp. 7¾×5. Arnold. 3s. 6d. each.

[These short biographies of Vincent de Paul, 1576-1660, and Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln (c. 1135-1200) form part of a little series of the "Lives of Holy Men," begun by Mr. Arnold.]

PRESIDENT McKINLEY. The Story of his Life. By D. WILLIAMSON. Stockwell. 1s. n.

[A short popular life, especially from the religious side.]

MARY RICH, COUNTESS OF WARWICK (1625-1678). By MARY E. PALGRAVE. (Saintly Lives.) 8×5½, 323 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

[Lady Warwick lived at Leighs Priory, Essex.]

THE LIFE OF PASTEUR. Two Vols. By RENÉ VALLERY-RADOT. Trans. from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. 9×6, 293+336. Constable. 32s.

ASOKA. Rulers of India. By V. A. SMITH, M.R.A.S. 7¾×5, 204 pp. Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.

[The 4th supplementary volume in this complete series, dealing with the life of the great Buddhist Emperor, 272-232 B.C.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

ON WINDING WATERS. By W. M. KIRAYDON. 7½×5, 330 pp. Partridge. 2s. 6d.

[Mishaps and adventures of a party of students canoeing on a North American creek.]

ICE-BOUND, or The Anticosti Castaways. By E. ROPER. 7½×5, 330 pp. Partridge. 2s. 6d.

[Boys' adventures in North Canada. Illustrated.]

GOD SAVE KING ALFRED. By the REV. E. GILLIAT. 7½×5, 422 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[A story with Alfred for hero. Illustrated.]

BOYS OF OUR EMPIRE. Vol. I. 12×8½, 944 pp. Melrose. 7s. 6d.

SUNDAY READING FOR THE YOUNG, 1902. 10×7¾, 412 pp. Wells Gardner. 3s.

[A copiously illustrated Annual.]

THE CAPTAIN'S FAGS. A School Story. By W. E. CULE. 7¼×4¾, 176 pp. Sunday School Union. 1s. 6d. Illustrated.

THE STORY OF CATHERINE OF SIENA. By FLORENCE WITTS. 7¼×4¾, 123 pp. Sunday School Union. 1s.

GEORDIE'S VICTORY. By MARGARET E. HAYC[illegible] Sunday School Union. 9d. Illustrated.

[A boy's battle with bad temper.]

MARLEY'S BOY. By JEANNIE CHAPPELL. 7×4[illegible] School Union. 9d. Illustrated.

[A moral story about a bad shilling which pas[illegible] hands.]

FANCY FAR LAND. A Collection of Stories for [illegible] MYRA HAMILTON. 9¼×7½, 229 pp. Chapman and [illegible]

[A large-sized volume, containing fanciful st[illegible] magazines—the *Quiver*, the *Sketch*, &c. A charm[illegible] illustrations, for children of from ten to fourteen [illegible]

ÆSOP'S FABLES IN VERSE. By ELIZABETH EY[illegible] Stock.

[The author's theory is that children will [illegible] better in verse. Only a few of the best-known are [illegible] illustrations.]

FOUR LITTLE FOLK AND SOME OF THEIR DO[illegible] 7¼×5, 111 pp. Stock.

[A tale of children's domestic life.]

EDUCATIONAL.

HORACE SATIRES. Book I. Ed. by J. GOW. [illegible] 6¾×4½, 120 pp. Cambridge University Press. 2[illegible]

XENOPHON MEMORABILIA, Book II. Ed. by G. [illegible] Press Series). 6¾×4½, 98 pp. Cambridge Univer[illegible]

LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR. By G. [illegible] 135 pp. The Macmillan Co. 2s. 6d.

[Founded on schoolwork in America.]

ALL FRENCH VERBS IN TWELVE HOURS. By A[illegible] 43 pp. Blackwood. 1s.

FRENCH TEST PAPERS. Ed. by ÉMILE H. LE[illegible] 126 pp. Blackwood. 2s.

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE READER. By E. E. SPE[illegible] H. MARSHALL. 1s. 6d. n.

[This comes between "The Junior Temple," [illegible] Readers—"for middle forms and standards." [illegible] English reading books in literature are all well do[illegible]

PASSAGES FOR PARAPHRASING. By J. F. M[illegible] Black. 9d.

[The passages are from poets—mostly E[illegible] eighteenth century—about 20 lines long and [illegible] certificate and University Locals.]

FICTION.

THE BETTALEY JEWELS. By E. M. C. BALFOU[illegible] 303 pp. Arnold. 6s.

[The tale of a remote country squire's famil[illegible] in the cupboard."]

MR. ELLIOTT. By I. O. FORD. 7¾×5½, 314 pp. A[illegible]

[A story of factory life and county society.]

REVERSED ON APPEAL. By J. ROSS. 7½×5, 375 [illegible]

[Deals with the question of marriage with a de[illegible]

THE WEALTH OF MALLERSTANG. By A. GISS[illegible] Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[The north of England at the beginning of the [illegible]

THE AMBASSADOR'S ADVENTURE. By ALLE[illegible] 344 pp. Cassell. 6s.

[Continues the adventures of the Ambassa[illegible] "Secrets of the Courts of Europe" (*Pearson's M*[illegible] political story introducing "personages of Europ[illegible]

FLOWER AND THORN. By BEATRICE WRITHY. 7[illegible] and Blackett. 6s.

[The troubled relations of an officer and his w[illegible] together again by the African war.]

THE CAVALIER. By G. W. CABLE. 8×5½, 371 pp. [illegible]

[The American Civil War.]

ANTONIA. By JESSIE VAN ZILE BELDEN. 7¾×5½, 196 [illegible]

[A story of the Dutch West India Comp[illegible] Hudson, 1640.]

THE GREATEST OF THESE. By HELEN WALLA[illegible] Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[Scotch life, ecclesiastical and provincial, in [illegible]

A MAN OF DEVON. By J. SINJOHN. 7½×5, 306 p[illegible]

[Four short stories, in Devon, America, and [illegible]

A FOOL'S YEAR. By E. H. COOPER. 7¾×5½, 320 p[illegible]

[Aristocratic and racing life.]

THE EMBARRASSING ORPHAN. By W. E. NOR[illegible] Methuen. 6s.

[In England and on an island in the Medit[illegible]

RED ROSE AND WHITE. By A. ARMITAGE. 7½×5, 334 pp. Macqueen. 5s.

["The experience of Ralph Mortimer, son of a knightly house, during the stirring times of Richard III. of England." Illustrated.]

THE LOVELY MRS. PEMBERTON. By FLORENCE WARDEN. 7¾×5¼, 300 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[A mildish and ordinary story of an impeccable husband, a beautiful wife, a wicked earl, and a meddlesome aunt.]

IN THE BLOOD. By W. S. WALKER. ("Coo-ee.") 7¾×5¼, 340 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[An Australian story of the bush, larrikins, "diggings out back," &c.]

GILLETTE'S MARRIAGE. By MAMIE HOWLES. 7¾×5¼, 321 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

[The prolonged disloyalty of a husband who marries for money.]

THE JOY OF LIFE. By ÉMILE ZOLA. Trans. by E. Vizetelly. 7½×5, 318 pp. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

[The title is sarcastic. It is a pessimistic novel of life in Normandy.]

MY ISLAND. By EILIAN HUGHES. 7×4¾, 208 pp. Dent. 2s. 6d.

[Begins with a study of the scenery and memories of Anglesey and continues with stories of Welsh village life. Three illustrations by Lady Stanley.]

IN SPITE OF ALL. By EDNA LYALL. 7¾×5¼, 388 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

[A romance of the Great Rebellion.]

THE REAL CHRISTIAN. By LUCAS CLEEVE. 7¾×5¼, 334 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[A modern story of a man who is converted to Rome, and fails to find there "real Christianity."]

WILLOWDENE WILL. By H. SUTCLIFFE. 8×5¼, 339 pp. Pearson. 6s.

[The adventures of a highwayman in Cumberland, 18th cent.]

DROSS. By H. TREMAYNE. 8×5¼, 222 pp. Treherne. 6s.

[The marriage of a clergyman with an adventuress and its tragic result.]

THE LOVER'S PROGRESS. Told by Himself. 7¾×5, 438 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[Three love experiences, in Paris and Spain.]

THE OLD KNOWLEDGE. By STEPHEN GWYNN. 7¾×5¼, 302 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[A story of Donegal at the present day and of an English girl who stays there. The central figure is a visionary peasant, who interprets "the old knowledge" or old folk beliefs of the people.]

LADY CHRIST. A Modern Mystery. By D. MACGREGOR. 7¾×5¼, 380 pp. Stockwell. 6s.

[The story of a *quasi*-divine maiden supposed to live in a Highland village in the early part of Queen Victoria's reign.]

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD. By ESCA GRAY. 7¾×5¼. 290 pp. (Popular Stories, No. VIII.) Stockwell. 3s. 6d.

[Another volume, dealing with county society, in this new series, which is presenting tales of an attractive and interesting kind, written from the Nonconformist point of view.]

LOVE'S CROSSWAYS. By MRS. A. M. DIEHL. 7½×5. Digby Long. 6s.

[A love story of girls' college life.]

THROUGH THE TURF SMOKE. Love, lore, and laughter of Old Ireland. By SEUMAS MACMANUS ("Mac"). 6¼×4¼, 174 pp. Unwin. 1s.

[Short stories—"The Bewitched Fiddle," "The Boyne Water," &c., by a native of Donegal.]

HISTORY.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY. Vol. I. Pre-History America and the Pacific Ocean. Ed. by DR. HELMOLT. 11×7½, 628 pp. Heinemann. 15s. n.

[This elaborate work is to be completed in six volumes. It is an English adaptation of Dr. Helmholt's work. There is a long introduction by Mr. James Bryce. This volume deals with the first principles of a universal history: man as a life phenomenon: prehistoric times; the complete history of America: and the importance of the Pacific Ocean. Illustrated.]

CHRONICLES OF THE HOUSE OF BORGIA. By FREDERICK BARON CORVO. 10¼×6½, 375 pp. Grant Richards. 21s. n.

[This is a very elaborate study drawn from original sources, with portrait illustrations from coins, &c.]

LA MORT DE LA REINE (Les Suites de "l'affaire du Collier.") By M. FRANTZ FUNCK-BRENTANO, d'après de nouveaux documents recueillis en partie par A. BIGOT. 7¼×4¾, 262 pp. Paris: Hachette. Fr.3.50.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, 1861-1865. By J. C. SCHWAB. (Yale Bi-centennial Publications.) 9×6, 332 pp. London: Arnold. New York: Scribner. 10s. 6d. n.

ENGLISH LAW AND THE RENAISSANCE. By F. W. MAITLAND. (The Rede Lecture for 1901.) 7¾×5, 98 pp. Cambridge University Press.

THE GREAT EPIC OF INDIA. By E. W. HOPKINS. (Yale B Publications). 9×6, 485 pp. London: Arnold. New Yor 17s. n.

ESSAI SUR TAINE: SON ŒUVRE ET SON INFLUENCE. GIRAUD. 7½×4¾, 311 pp. Paris: Hachette. Fr.3.50.

CHAMBERS'S TWENTIETH CENTURY DICTIONARY. T. DAVIDSON. 8½×5¾. 1,207 pp. Chambers. 2s. 6d.

[A clearly printed, full Dictionary by an experienced le with occasional small illustrations. Derivation and ap foreign phrases, common abbreviations, &c.]

MILITARY.

THE WAR OF THE CIVILIZATIONS. By G. LYNCH. 6½ Longmans. 6s. n.

["The record of a 'Foreign Devil's' experienc Allies in China." Photographs.]

WITH PAGET'S HORSE TO THE FRONT. By COMMO (Trooper). 8×5¼, 180 pp. Macqueen.

[Told by a barrister Volunteer.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR NATURALISTS. By D. ENGLISH. 9½ Iliffe. 5s. n.

[Naturalists have comparatively recently discovered photography, and much work of a popular kind has recentl in this direction by the Kearton and others. It was sensible and practical book on the subject, such as this, photography can really help the study. Many excellent Ill

PHILOSOPHY.

A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By A. K. Ro 8×5½, 519 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.

[By an American professor.]

LAST WORDS ON MATERIALISM. By PROFESSOR LUDWI Translated by J. McCabe. 7¾×5¼, 299 pp. Watts. 6s.

[A selection from the essays, published at differe various scientific and religious subjects, of the late profe of "Force and Matter"), who was described as a mat called himself a monist. With a Life of him by his brothe Büchner.]

STUDIES ON HEGELIAN COSMOLOGY. By J. MCTA MCTAGGART. 9×5¾, 292 pp. Cambridge University Pres

[Two chapters appeared in the *International Journal* o author is Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambrid

POETRY.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BUCHAN 7¾×5¼, 534+432 pp. Chatto and Windus. 12s.

[Well printed and bound, with two portraits.]

POEMS. By A. MUNBY. 8¾×7, 108 pp. Kegan Paul. 5s.

PRO PATRIA ET REGINA. Collected and edited by PROFES 7×4½, 163 pp. MACLEHOSE. 3s. 6d.

[An anthology from eighteenth-century poets, American. Issued in aid of Queen Alexandra's Fund for Sailors.]

TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND, AND OTHER POE BARLOW. 9¼×6, 223 pp. Glaisher. 5s. n.

FOLIA DISPERSA. By C. M. MASTERMAN. 7¾×5¼, 53 pp.

[Mostly sonnets.]

POEMS. By JOHN FARMER. 7½×5, 247 pp. Stock. 3s. 6d.

[Sacred and miscellaneous poems, and poems in the dialect. The author is an octogenarian Devonian.]

POLITICAL.

IRELAND AND THE EMPIRE. A Review, 1800-1900. RUSSELL, M.P. 7¾×5, 284 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[An historical review from 1800 for busy people who about Ireland. The last chapter is on "How the U maintained."]

BURMA UNDER BRITISH RULE—AND BEFORE. Two NISBET. 9×5¾, 460+452 pp. Constable. 32s. n.

[Describes the material progress of Burma since it British rule in 1886. The author has been twenty-five year

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

SIX SAINTS OF THE COVENANT—Peden, Semple, Welwoo Cargill, Smith. By PATRICK WALKER. Ed. by D. H 2 vols. 9×6, 365+264 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

[A reprint of these lives by Patrick Walker (1666-1745? as contemporary historical documents, and also for their S. R. Crockett contributes a foreword; and the editor su trative documents. Introduction, notes, and a glossary

friend, and added to in 1895. This edition is uniform with the same publisher's "Horæ Subsecivæ," recently issued—a neat little red book, with flexible cloth cover, and contains an Introductory note by Professor A. Crum Brown on his brother's life.]

HIGHLAND SUPERSTITIONS. By REV. ALEXANDER MACGREGOR. New Ed. 8¼×5¾, 64 pp. Stirling: Mackay. 2s. n.

[This brief and popular study was first published in 1891, after appearing in the *Celtic Magazine*.]

THE LIFE OF FLORA MACDONALD. By the REV. A. MACGREGOR. 7¼×5, 152 pp. Stirling: Mackay. 2s. 6d. n.

[This 4th ed. contains a life of the author and an appendix giving descendants of Flora Macdonald, by Mr. Alex. Mackenzie. The Life was the first authentic record, and gave reminiscences given to the author by Flora's daughter.]

NOVELS OF HIS NONAGE. No. 4. CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION. By BERNARD SHAW. Newly Revised. 7¾×5¼, 349 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[This very clever novel, with a pugilist for hero, deserved a reprint. Mr. Shaw writes a preface.]

THE EPISTLES OF ERASMUS. English Translation. By FRANCIS MORGAN NICHOLS. 9¼× , 486 pp. Longmans. 18s. n.

[This book includes the letters written when Erasmus was still at the head of the religious and literary movements of the time, and does not go beyond 1517, when the Lutheran storm broke over Europe. One chief object of the editor is to give the right chronological order of the letters. There is a full bibliographical introduction, a chronological register, and notes and explanations appended to the letters.]

THE STORY OF SOME ENGLISH SHIRES. By the late DR. CREIGHTON. 9×6, 382 pp. R.T.S. 6s. n.

[This important book, until now out of print, appears as published in 1897, with the addition of a chapter on the County of Cambridge.]

THE CHRISTIAN'S GREAT INTEREST. By W. GUTHRIE. (Books for the Heart.) 7×4¼, 251 pp. Melrose. 2s. 6d.

[A neatly got-up edition, with an interesting biographical introduction of this great popular work of Guthrie (1620-1665), a leader of early Scotch Presbyterianism.]

THE ZINCALI, or, An Account of the Gypsies of Spain, with an Original Collection of their Songs and Poetry, and a copious Dictionary of their Language. By GEORGE BORROW. 6×3¾, 493 pp. Lane. 2s. n.

[A well-got-up edition on fine paper, with Borrow's prefaces to the first two editions.]

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM. Trans. by E. FITZ GERALD. 4¼×3, 58 pp. Brimley Johnson. 2s. n.

[A minute pocket edition, bound in white vellum. With FitzGerald's preface.]

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN. ALFRED TENNYSON. FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS, VI. 5¾×4¾, 45 pp. Lane. 1s. n.

[Illustrated in line by Percy Bullock.]

LOVE POEMS OF E. B. BROWNING. (The Lovers' Library.) 5¼×3, 133 pp. 1s. 6d. n.

[Including the Sonnets from the Portuguese.]

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Trans. by E. W. LANE. Illus. by S. Wood. 6 vols. 7¼×5. Dent.

[Modified version of Lane's translation, published 1839-41, and the first complete translation from Arabic into English. Includes also the ten Tales, not in Lane but introduced by Galland in his French translation (1705). Preface on the literary history of the stories. Photogravures.]

LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. Ed., with Intro., by F. G. FURNIVALL. Illus. by H. Copping. 2 vols. 9¾×6¾, 347+309 pp. Raphael Tuck. 31s. 6d.

[A sumptuous reprint of the original Tales, with new Tales founded on the plays (other than the Histories) not dealt with by the Lambs. Dr. Furnivall also writes a general introduction and an introduction to each Tale. The volumes, bound in white and gold, are copiously and excellently illustrated in half-tone by Harold Copping.]

DESCARTES'S DISCOURSE ON METHOD. Trans. by GERTRUDE B. RAWLINGS. 227 pp. ON LIBERTY. By JOHN S. MILL. Ed. by W. L. COURTNEY. (The Scott Library.) 219 pp., 7×4¾. W. Scott. 1s. 6d.

[Two more volumes of this very extensive and well-printed series. In each case the editor, or translator, contributes a preface.]

SOCIOLOGY.

PUBLIC HEALTH AND HOUSING. By J. F. J. Sy[illegible] 216 pp. P. S. King. 5s. n.

[The Milroy Lectures delivered before the [illegible] Physicians, 1901.]

THEOLOGY.

THE ENDEAVOUR GREETING. Information and So[illegible] Members. By A. R. WELLS. 6¾×3¼, 59 pp. Melr[illegible]

[A little book giving information and suggestion[illegible] of the British National Council of Christian Endeav[illegible]

A CALL TO ARMS. By H. G. GROSER. 6¼×4, 31 pp.

[A short paper-bound appeal "to young men and [illegible] on the religious warfare.]

FRIENDLY COUNSELS. By REV. F. B. MEYER. 6[illegible] Marshall. 1s. n.

[A little book containing papers from a monthl[illegible] advice on practical and domestic subjects.]

THE TRINITY. By R. F. HORTON, D.D. 302 p[illegible] ASCENT. By the REV. F. B. MEYER. (Present Day [illegible] 8¼×5¼, 334 pp. H. Marshall. 3s. 6d. each.

[This series provides volumes of sermons by [illegible] Dean Lefroy, the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, and other [illegible] tributed vols. Mr. Meyer's book is a selection of [illegible]

TEXTS AND STUDIES. Contributions to Bibli[illegible] Literature. Vol. VII., No. 1. "The Meaning of [illegible] 'Constantinopolitan' Creed." By J. F. BETHUNE-[illegible] No. 2. "S. Ephraim's Quotations from the Gospel." [illegible] 8¾×5¾. Cambridge University Press. 3s. n. each.

THY HEART'S DESIRE. A Book of Family Prayer [illegible] LOVETT. 8¼×5¾, 280 pp. R.T.S. 6s.

[Provides a single prayer (without versicles [illegible] with a Scripture reading for each morning and [illegible] quarter of a year. Strongly bound, and printe[illegible] headings.]

THE MINISTRY OF GRACE. By J. WORDSWORTH, [illegible] 9×6, 486 pp. Longmans. 12s. 6d. n.

[A learned work on the origin and history [illegible] orders, Church festivals, asceticism and celibac[illegible] mainly founded on Diocesan addresses. Extremely [illegible] index.]

ERASMUS: A SERMON ON THE CHILD JES[illegible] LUPTON, D.D. 7¼×5, 42 pp. Bell. 2s. 6d.

[This is reprinted from the apparently unique co[illegible] undated translation of Erasmus' "Concio," whic[illegible] of the late Mr. G. W. Napier, of Merchistoun, Che[illegible] by Robert Redman, who died 1540. The use by t[illegible] word "Sir" seems (argues Dr. Lupton) to show t[illegible] was written for a formal opening of St. Paul [illegible] Paulines and bibliographers should note this little [illegible]

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. (Oxford Comme[illegible] RACKHAM. 9×6, cxv.+521 pp. Methuen. 12s. 6[illegible]

[The notes take the form of a continuous [illegible] read straight on. There are six chapters and introd[illegible]

THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REDEEMER. By [illegible] H. D. M. SPENCE and others. 8¼×5¼, 340 pp. Ca[illegible]

[Studies by the Archbishop of Armagh, the Bis[illegible] Ripon, Principal Fairbairn, Dr. Lyman Abbott and [illegible] from well-known pictures, with views.]

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS. By W. J. DAWSON. 9¼× [illegible] Richards. 10s. 6d.

[The human life, avoiding theology and met[illegible] took final outline during a visit of the author t[illegible] Illustrated from the Old Masters.]

LESSONS FROM THE PARABLES. By MRS. W. J. T[illegible] Stock. 5s.

[For home and school use. Commended in [illegible] Dean Hole.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVE[illegible]

BY THE WATERS OF SICILY. By NORMA LORIM[illegible] Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. n.

[Personal notes and stories of travel in Sicily [illegible] of letters to a girl friend. Photographs.]

THE SHERBRO AND ITS HINTERLAND. By [illegible]

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of next week's *Literature* Portrait will be

MR. SIDNEY LEE.

The accompanying article on Mr. Lee's literary work will be written by Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B.

* * * *

We shall also publish next week an article by Our Paris Correspondent on the chief recent publications and other literary matters in France.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"Letters of John Richard Green." Edited by Leslie Stephen. (Macmillan.)

"Wanderings on Three Continents." By Sir Richard Burton. Edited by W. H. Wilkins. (Hutchinson.)

"The Prophet of Berkeley Square." By R. S. Hichens. (Methuen.)

history of Mary Queen of Scots; and he is now enga
novel to be called "The Queen's Quair."

* * * *

M. and Mme. Psichari, the son-in-law and
of Renan, are preparing for the Press a volume of
writer's letters to his mother, written when Renan had
In his youth, between the Church and a life of scienc
explains his scruples to his mother with infinite
and the comparison of these letters with those to Her
be curious and instructive.

* * * *

A record price was obtained on Wednesday at
Rooms, when a beautiful folio Watteau passed for £
Hodgkins, the underbidder being a Parisian age
volumes are uniformly bound in old French red m
bear the arms of Louis Joachim Potier, Duc de Ges
1704), with the fleur de lis stamped in the four cor
Impressions of the plates are fine throughout, bu
slightly soiled. It is a curious fact that the numb
varies with each known copy of this rare work. In t
number is well above the average. At the same sa
Arabian Nights (16 vols. printed for private subscrib
the Kamashastra Society) fetched £33 10s., and a com
the Tudor Translations, 30 vols., £50. The sale
ceeding and we hope to give further particulars next

* * * *

Those who have been accustomed to read the
"Crockford's Clerical Directory"—and it is gen
reading—will no doubt recollect several acid parag
degrees conferred by certain American Universi
pleasant to be able to state that the University of Id
rate, does not regard its degrees as matter for traffic.
firm of solicitors, who recently wrote to the presid
society offering to purchase an LL.D. degree for a y
who was thinking of entering Parliament, received th
very caustic answer:—"The principal whom you re
disgraced his nationality, the Bar, and himself.
when he attempts to enter Parliament he will learn t
ambitions, unless carefully limited, are unrealizable."

* * * *

It will be remembered that a shiplead of sch
collected by the headmaster of Dover College, and
conducted by Dr. Lunn, lately made a holiday tour
Isles of Greece. Mr. Gwen Seaman wrote a poem on t
with the delightful couplet:—

'Twill be among their purest joys
To work it off upon the boys.

MUSINGS ON A SHELL.

Upon a mountain's height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came this shell upon the mountain height?
Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand—
Whether there cast when oceans swept the land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? far from its native sea,
One song it sang—
Sang of the mighty mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the awful vast, profound and wide—
Softly with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain's height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home; sing, O my home, of thee.

ROBERT M. SILLARD.

The King has given to Eton College a prize for proficiency in French and German.

Among the literary birthdays of next week are those of Ian Maclaren (November 3, 1850), Sir Rennell Rodd (November 9, 1858), "John Oliver Hobbes" (November 3, 1867), Eden Phillpotts (November 4, 1862), Jonas Lie (November 6, 1833).

Canon T. Thellusson Carter died at Clewer on Monday last. We publish an obituary notice in another column.

Mrs. C. Bagot, whose "Links with the Past" we review on another page, is the mother of Mr. Richard Bagot, the novelist, author of "Casting of Nets," and "The Just and the Unjust."

Some Dickens letters have been presented to the manuscript department of the British Museum, subject to the conditions that they shall not be shown to the public for another twenty years.

Mr. Hall Caine has been elected a member of the Manx House of Keys.

"Miranda of the Balcony," Mr. A. E. W. Mason's popular novel, has been dramatized and produced in America with considerable success.

Miss Dorothea Beale, Principal of the Cheltenham Ladies' College, was presented on Monday with the freedom of the borough of Cheltenham in recognition of her services in connexion with the education of the women of England.

The Bull at Rochester, famous as the resting-place of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Snodgrass, is about to be sold by auction.

The Bishop of Ripon will lecture on Burke at Glasgow next Wednesday. On Tuesday Mr. Henry S. Salt will lecture at Essex-hall, on behalf of the Humanitarian League, on Shelley as one of the pioneers of humanitarianism.

Dr. Conan Doyle is to be the guest of the Walter Scott Club at its annual dinner on Decem

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, the well-kn natural history subjects, has changed his n Thompson Seton. He maintains that Thompson w adopted by his family during the troublous times

At the recent counting of volumes in the British Museum, the estimate reached the en over two million volumes.

On Thursday a statue of Daniel Owen—the once a Stickit Minister, was unveiled at Mold

The cross on the Communion Table at Woburn-square, to which was attached the jewe Osmanieh, presented to Christina Rossetti for he wounded in the Crimean War, has been stolen.

Mr. Reginald Carter, Fellow and Tutor of Oxford, has been appointed to the rectorshi Academy, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Haw

Dr. Sophie Bryant opened the Irish Lit Session with an address at the rooms of the Soc Saturday evening, her subject being the Celtic

Leo Tolstoy, the novelist's son, has had but l his five act tragedy *Nights of Madness* at St. Pe

In a note in this column on October 19 action with reference to the Index, the "De Re one of the works on which the restriction is should have been spoken of as the work of Cope

A monument will be erected in his native la of Elias Lönnrot (1802-1884), the Finnish folk-l and author of a well-known version of the "Ka the great Finnish Dictionary.

A Russian version of *The Tempest* has St. Petersburg, at Mme. Yaworsky's theatre.

Señor Galdos is visiting Paris in ord with M. Coquelin *aîné*, with a view to the French version of his play *Electra*.

A monument to the German war-poet, Kor erected at Chemnitz.

A committee has been formed at Dijon fo erecting a monument to Bossuet. The subsc already amount to 45,000 francs.

We publish this week a portrait and an a work of Mr. H. V. Esmond, who, almost alone a poraries, has distinguished him and as dramatist. It sugge whether players are more likely to write good plays. The ques difficult because history and somewhat doubtful conclusions.

Plays, Players, and Playerights.

Music is not quite an exact one since it is

not necessarily distinguished actors. Shakespeare was not only an actor but an actor-manager. Molière was excluded from membership of the French Academy of Letters because he was an actor. The precedents, however, are too old to be very helpful; and it may be more interesting to consider the question with reference only to contemporary conditions. What we should expect, under those conditions, would be that the actor would be far less likely than the average man to write a very bad play, but that the man who has it in him to write a very good play would not be very likely to be an actor. The writing of plays is partly an art and partly a craft; and, in so far as it is a craft, the actor, if he have the merest modicum of intelligence, cannot help knowing a great deal about it. He has at least a certain negative equipment. Certain fundamental principles have been impressed upon him by his experiences at rehearsals and on first-nights. Certain mistakes, usual in the work of amateur playwrights, are quite impossible to him. He knows that situation counts for more than fine writing, that the most brilliant effects may be lost if they are not led up to, that other effects will not carry over the footlights at all, and that it is necessary for him to please the stupid as well as the clever people among his audience. Such instinctive knowledge is an immense initial advantage, and a good many actors (though hardly so many as one would have expected) have turned it to profitable account and produced plays (mainly farces and melodramas) which may fairly be described as workmanlike. Between the workmanlike play and the great play, however, a considerable gulf is fixed. The great play requires a great man to write it—a man of intellect, imagination, and knowledge of life; and our doubt whether such plays are likely to be written by actors is really a doubt whether men of commanding intellect are likely to feel tempted to adopt the stage as a profession. Rightly or wrongly, such men have, even in modern times, a suspicion of a feeling somewhat akin to that which prejudiced the mimes and mummers in days gone by—viz., that to paint their faces, and dress themselves in outlandish garments, and affect emotions, often ridiculous, at the bidding of another, is an undignified proceeding. In spite of the precedents of Shakespeare and Molière one finds it impossible to picture such dramatic writers as Tennyson, or Bulwer Lytton, or Victor Hugo treading the stage. Nor can one help feeling that, if they had done so, they would have forfeited some of their greatness. Whence it follows that the men best qualified to practise dramatic composition as an art have, in too many cases, had an inadequate knowledge of it as a craft. It is a difficulty which must be got over somehow if great plays are to be written. To some extent it is got over by the fact that a certain number of men of brilliant ability are stage-struck in their youth, and so learn the technicalities before awakening to the discovery that acting is an occupation not wholly worthy of the man who is conscious of the faculty of creation. This, we imagine, must have been the case with Mr. Pinero and Mr. Stephen Phillips. Such cases, however, are necessarily rare; and probably the cause of the theatre would be helped if people other than actors were afforded greater opportunities of studying the craft of writing for the stage. We do not suggest a School of Dramatic Composition, or anything of that sort. But there are certain facilities which it would not be difficult for enterprising managers to afford. They all know (through the MSS. submitted to them and through other sources of information) of young writers who have the root of the matter in them, though their ignorance

Literature Portraits.—XXV

MR. HARRY V. ESMOND.

The case of Mr. Esmond suggests some curious an reflections. Ask the casual playgoer what he kn a playwright. The casual playgoer will think of seve sentimental, fanciful pieces. The verdict will b fellow, writes nice little plays." Put the same qu student of the more serious drama and his mind w *Grierson's Way*. Nothing pretty or sentimental h truth, hard reasoning, an almost brutal fidelity to *Grierson's Way* the casual playgoer has possibly heard. The afternoon performances of the Ne Theatre Society were not in his line, and the piece been played since, in this country at any rate. Y strangely vivid and powerful impression upon the who did see it, and in my own case a lasting hope was, in the right sense of the words, strong and ori Violence and eccentricity too often masquerade in originality and strength, especially in these day criticism and hasty handing-about of the bays. eager for dramatic masterpieces, so credulous when t renascence is talked about, that it must go hard wright if he cannot contrive, once in his career at al persuade some little knot of critics that he is the c Alas! we have such a number of coming men—an so long to arrive. When *Grierson's Way* was played market Theatre that dull winter afternoon in 1899, a of us thought we were the witnesses of an arrival. Bu we to look back upon since then? If not a retireme point attained, yet merely a marking of time; a stan far as progress in artistic achievement is concerned; p us hope so—a *recula de pour mieux sauter*, when shall be come full circle.

Now which is the real Esmond? The creator Ball and Jim Grierson and Captain Murray and th maimed musician, Philip Keen; the creator, too, *The Divided Way*; the man who sees so clearly wh women are when you get at the real creature und wrappings of convention and circumstance? Or craftsman of theatrical plays, who preaches sentime unblushing brow: would fain persuade a world o beings that a habit of mind cultivated and rooted dee out twenty years can give way in a moment, in th of an eye, at the glance of a comely young woma the common save for a rosy cheek and a fresh air and dainty roguery: would have you believe that the saving of a boy from marriage with a wanton, middle-aged barrister would untruthfully proclaim his mistress? There can be no compromise betwe of life so utterly and entirely opposed. The same serve God and Mammon. Can the same writer seek eye for Truth and also serve tables spread by Sent If not, which is the real Esmond? Who, indeed, sh

Let us see what deductions we can found u writing career from the first. Of *Rest* I must co uninformed; it was acted at the Avenue Theatre so remote from our present age that the books of their mention of it leave its date to the searcher's

he marries the poor soul, while two pretty nieces who have flitted in and out during his period of aberration are also provided with husbands and dowries. *Bogey* was full of fancies, queer fancies and engaging fancies. Mr. Esmond let his freakish imagination run awhile unchecked. The same freakishness has been noticeable in most of his later plays, but not in any other to the same extent as in this. It is this curious element in his work that has made much of it seem unsubstantial, unreal. Leigh Hunt wrote a book to point the distinction between imagination and fancy. Mr. Esmond's plays might have served Leigh Hunt for so many examples of his theory. They are fanciful rather than imaginative. His ideas are quaint rather than illuminating. They seldom flood the mind with fresh knowledge, but they set it working in out-of-the-way directions. *Bogey* was an entertaining fantasy and there was some pretty writing in it. But it was of too thin a substance to take hold of the public which confers success from the box-office point of view.

The Divided Way, which at a short interval followed *Bogey* upon the same boards, failed for another reason. It was a study in morbid psychology, unrelieved by any lighter theme. In its kind it was true enough to nature, but the kind is not one that most people would admit to be either possible or suited to stage treatment. If *Bogey* was not real enough, *The Divided Way* was far too real. An outline of the story will plainly show why it had so short a life. Lois, a woman of passionate impulse, and of the unemotional, unimaginative type to which such women nearly always belong, has been engaged to marry Gaunt Humesden, who, travelling in Africa, is reported dead. The report is credited and Lois marries his half-brother. You may ask "why?" Mr. Esmond could only make answer that such things do happen, which is undeniable, most often to women like Lois. Later on Gaunt Humesden comes back very much alive. He is a good fellow and he accepts the situation. But his presence revives the passion which he had awakened in Lois, and she makes little attempt to conceal its revival. At last she drives him to take refuge in flight, but even then he is not safe, for Lois follows him. He pleads with her to return to her husband, and even threatens to poison himself if she still refuses. At this moment the husband comes upon them, prepared to take Lois back with him, to forgive and to forget. But the idea of going back to her life without Gaunt fills her with misery and repugnance, and it is she who swallows the poison that Gaunt had produced. So the play ends with suicide and despair, in unrelieved gloom and darkness. Now seven people out of ten decline to believe in the existence of such women as Lois, just as they scout the possibility of a woman like *La Femme de Claude*, or of a woman like *Iris*. "If such women do exist," say these people, "let us hear as little of them as we can." On the other hand, those who know that Dumas *fils* and Mr. Pinero and Mr. Esmond have drawn characters true to life, find the stage presentation of them, with its necessary reticence and limitations, falling short of the actual. The playwright is therefore in a hard case.

Possibly we have here the explanation of which we are in search. Mr. Esmond may quite well have said to himself "There is clearly neither money nor present fame to be won by drawing from the life, the ugly with the beautiful, the monstrous as well as the normal; go to, therefore, I will offer to the public that pays just the kind of travesty upon the facts of life in which it delights." And he may have sat down upon the spot and written *One Summer's Day*, which filled the Comedy Theatre for months and won golden opinions, as well as golden sovereigns, from all

only just to say here that he has done all this with a deft hand, with a pretty wit, with an en quiet humour. And very likely from his point right. As Mr. Alexander said in the very sen made last Saturday, it is difficult for those public with drama to disregard the demands of say "Is there not enough sorrow in the re should we have it in the theatre, where we wan after the day's toil and its sad experiences?" first order must be concerned with the lives tha the bells that are jangled, out of tune and h that have no history, the bells that chime swe opening to year's end—these provide the dr material. The pity of it is that there should theatre found among all the theatres of London few who care about a play that is something othe after the day's toil and its sad experiences. stands at present, it would be as unreasonable t for writing sugar-plum plays as it would be to merchant to sell only dry champagne. But *Grierson's Way* and understood what a future a man who could write so moving a drama; can that such a situation should exist.

I do not think that I need discuss the pl *Way*. So few people have seen it that nearly a lines would be dependent upon my rough sketch the play. That would incline them to do it les hope Mr. Esmond will publish it, for it reads al nets. The workmanship is as simple and bold original. The only defect to allege against it is calculated to depress the mind, to lower vitality. It is logical, natural, but it sends yo with a feeling of revolt against the conditions the hopeless tangle of so many lives. You do depression after reading it. Then it is the strikes you most forcibly. You say "It could n otherwise; it is *Kismet*," or, if you be an uph "It is the inevitable penalty of sin." But wh the tragedy played out before your eyes women, the pity and the poignancy of it are Which seems to suggest that there is somethin old belief that the theatre had its limitati subjects were not for dramatic treatment.

One lesson *Grierson's Way* teaches is t awakened in a woman's breast cannot be quene is a theme Mr. Esmond has developed in seve In nearly every one of them he insists that the woman can commit is to disregard what her he to marry without love. In *The Wilderness*, it is a little, and showed how a girl who married a m and his money learnt to love him for himself. Esmond drops a pretty broad hint that this hap was due mainly to the fact that no one had In *The Sentimentalist*, the play which was seen last Saturday, at the Duke of York's Theatre, inclined to press home his warning against with a vehemence that loses sense of prop indeed laugh a little himself at the lover who so far as to kill an elderly and battered duke duke's betrothed may wed, not the sentimental third adorer whom she really loves. Mr. Esmon sentimentalist, through the duke, and suggests

people eat unwholesome suppers; but it is on a different level from the rest of the piece. Nor do the fanciful touches here call forth quite the same sympathy as in the other plays. The "Trinity," as the four old friends illogically insist on styling themselves, are more than a little tedious. But the stuff of the drama is good, genuine human nature, tenderly and humorously presented, and I do not think Mr. Esmond has written any prettier love-scene, although he has written many pretty ones, than that for Dick, and in the final act. Dick's slowness to see that he has only to ask and to win reminds one of another Dick—Major Dick Rudyard in *One Summer's Day*, who was equally long in discovering Mayslie's readiness to fall into his arms. Oddly enough, the resemblance goes further, for each Dick is looking after an adopted son, though the plots are otherwise quite distinct. The "Kiddie," who is Dick Rudyard's charge, and the small boy and girl in *The Wilderness* would justify a fashionable palmist in crediting Mr. Esmond with fondness for children amongst his other qualities. But they scarcely remove that wholesome prejudice which most of us indulge against children on the stage.

Mr. Esmond's experience as an actor has, of course, very much helped him to master the technical side of playwriting, as Mr. Pinero's years of acting helped him. Yet neither of these authors write what are called "actors' plays"—that is, plays depending for their effect more upon trickery and "business" than upon exposition of character and study of men and women. Mr. Esmond was well-known as an actor before he gained a name or even made a bid for fortune as playwright. He first attracted notice in London by his playing in *The Middleman*. In this piece was acting also Miss Eva Moore, who in 1891 became Mrs. Esmond, and who has played several of the leading parts in her husband's plays. Mr. Esmond was particularly good in parts so utterly different as the scapegrace young Bompas in Mr. Pinero's play *The Times*, Cayley Drummle in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, the depressed little man (whose name I forget) in *The Princess and the Butterfly*, and Eddie Remon in *The Masqueraders*. When Mr. Esmond the actor had parts in Mr. Pinero's plays the experience must have been exceptionally useful to Mr. Esmond the dramatist. Mr. Pinero is a master of stage-craft. No young playwright could study in a better school. And, by the way, when one comes to think of it, Mr. Pinero has set us puzzles sometimes very much like that which we are investigating in Mr. Esmond's case. We are often in doubt as to what the real Pinero is like, what are his views and his outlook upon life, what his philosophy and his convictions. Can it be that actor-playwrights are influenced in the choice of subjects and in their treatment of themes more by the opportunities afforded for making effective drama than by settled habits of mind and bias of matured opinion? It may be. Now and again one is driven to say that it must be. And yet, as Mr. Bernard Shaw would mockingly remind us, "You never can tell."

H. H. FYFE.

Americans certainly take their literature very seriously if we may judge from a slip enclosed in a new book sent us by the Funk and Wagnalls Company. It gives instructions as to "How to open a new book"; and seems to combine the chief features of a conjuring trick, a scientific experiment, and a religious ceremonial.

In order to open a new book so that its back will not be broken, the following instructions will be of value:—The book should be held with its back on a smooth table, then the front board cover should be let down, the leaves being held in one

WOMEN'S JOURNALISM
"A Personal View."

By Mrs. E. T. COOK.

Things are always unexpected in life, and th
Women's Journals, even to the mere man, are ofte
reading. Was it not the late Mr. Corney Grain who
own inimitable way, that, if he ever chanced to have
to spare in a waiting-room, or country house, he invari
himself with the "Answers to Correspondents" i
"Ladies' Journals," where, no matter how tired he
he always found in such remarks as "Aspinall's En
for the face," or "If your 'Cosy Corner' is not co
cosy by sitting in it," unfailing consolation and charm

Have women really—as apart from men—quite s
distinct tastes in journalism? It is a wide question.
advanced and educated among them indignantly refut
and that, indeed, with so much energy and vigour a
suspicion of the real weakness of their cause. "M
ladies do protest too much." Is it not doubtful, t
even superior feminine souls could, or would, be
proof against an article headed "What Women are W
Spring"? Is it, according to generally received
even desirable that they should? But that is anothe

The superior few among women are right as wel
What may be perfectly true so far as they are conc
be equally untrue as regards the vast majority
Unfortunately, it is the large mass of these "others"
really answer the question. It is the actual facts tha
prove the truth; it is the demand that causes the sup
the large number of so-called women's publications
instance, as *The Domesticated Woman*, *Home Wrinkl*
Footsteps, *Society Chatter*, with a hundred other
every bookstall haunter will be able to reel off a
surely testify sufficiently to the average woman's ta
such tastes really culpable? I would not, myself, c
discriminate in this matter, for I have many charmin
at all unintelligent women friends who love such purel
papers. They cannot resist the attractions of *Home C*
become kleptomaniacs on the spot as regards *Societ*
The Domesticated Woman is ever at their elbow, th
politics in the severer abstract, but they turn at once,
by instinct, to the magic "Daily Magazine" of the
paper. Are they stupid therefore? Certainly not.
people, on the contrary, are often remarkably qui
practical, and talented. If it seems of vital importan
to know where Lady A—— buys her toupées, what the
of B—— thinks of the kindergarten system, or how
Mrs. C—— dresses her twins—why, it is, after all, an a
comparatively harmless folly. Everybody, perhaps,
tolerate such small-beer; but then people are not all a
have been away from England for ten years, and only

hammock; she can ruminate placidly on such ephemeral pastures without, at the end of the siesta, in the least knowing what she has been assimilating. In such cases, literature acts like a mild soporific, beneficial to the body, whatever it may be to the mind. It is difficult to gauge the public taste; some ladies may, like Mrs. Witlitterly, prefer a paper that is entirely invertebrate. In this connexion, I may say that I once happened to travel with two respectably dressed girls, of the "superior dressmaker" class, who both of them appeared to be entirely engrossed in popular weeklies. For one hour neither of the two looked up from her book, at length one of them yawned and said:—

"My story's awfully dry. How's yours?"
"Oh, such rubbish!"
"But there, it does well enough to pass the time away."

And then for another hour they read on speechlessly. Just good enough "to pass the time away"—demanding no mental effort, containing a variety of every kind of topic, and artistically seasoned with a few personalities—such appears to be the average woman's taste. And women's journals, if they would succeed, must always be written to suit the average woman. Editors must, after all, recognize facts. It is as well for the makers of women's journals frankly to recognize their limitations, and say mournfully, "As I can, not as I would." Though one would no doubt like to "raise the tone" of feminine literature, yet cash as a factor must of necessity be superior to sentiment. That is only political economy. Let not, therefore, the poor contributors to such periodicals be blamed for what they must perforce supply. Their duty is, beyond all else, to suit their public, and for every special magazine the experienced contributor will know well beforehand what style to adopt. The contributor may personally dislike the whole business of personal snobbery, she or he may, and probably do, feel utter indifference to the vagaries of the titled people they interview, or to the ambitions of the music-hall belle whose photograph they "write round"; yet the remorseless "tale of bricks" must be provided just the same.

Women's journalism has yet other dominant qualities. One of these seems to be a morbid desire to give its readers a little of everything, so that a mere penny weekly appears to aim at being an encyclopædia in little. Another is a continual straining after practical and methodical information, as if, indeed, the editor were in constant terror of being considered "undomesticated." The information is generally a trifle emotional, women being always in danger of making up by an excess of emotion for a deficiency of knowledge. A mere man will sometimes confess his entire ignorance of a subject, a woman, never. Ask a woman to write about the differential calculus, the philosophy of Kant, the rise of Buddha,

She will not fail or falter
But lend her to the task.

Most women journalists could write everything in their paper, and as for the dress-making article, there is hardly a woman alive who could not write that!

a *plébiscite*, started by an enterprising woman's
recently unveiled them.

But the vast differences of women's and men's
be easily seen by comparing the contents bill
written for each. In the woman's paper, whatev
absent, three factors are invariably present, viz.:

1. The Toilet and its Accessories.
2. How to make the Home Beautiful.
3. Spring Fashions.

The titles may, of course, vary, but the sub
stantially the same. Possibly, there may be furt
such as "Hints for Mothers," "Cookery as
"Answers to (generally love-lorn) Correspondent
would one think if in men's journals one can
items as:—

1. Mornings with my Tailor.
2. Evenings with my Wife.
3. How to make my Office Home-like.

Yet, it should be remembered, when the co
the general scrappiness of women's journals, are
the class of women for whom they are primar
mainly half-educated, and are also, by reason
domestic duties, too hard-worked to be able to ge
than a few paragraphs at a time. Further, th
distorted affection for details, though this, inde
result rather than the cause of their "scra
They, like, for instance, to be told exactly w
great authors wear, and how great authoresses do
though they have never read any of their works,
undiluted philanthropy on their part. I remem
of education who told me that she had so enjo
"Life and Letters" of Carlyle. "I must real
"now try to read one of his books." That is jus
It is this unrivalled power of sympathy, I w
curiosity, that makes her always so interest
"Answers to Correspondents" of ladies' magazi
questions that, I strongly suspect, are often man
office. Some feeling natures have been know
thrilled over their imaginary fellow-creatures'
and have melted almost to tears over "Forsake
ment by her cruel lover, or over "Blighted
sadder lot. Or if the correspondence reaches,
depths that it is impossible to fathom, yet i
interest thereby.

Women's private felinities, which are so muc
real life, do not, strangely enough, come into
their journals. Yet literary women are, as is
always above that very human vice.

"Does Mrs. X——— write well?" I
authoress ask of another.

"Ye-es" was the grudging answer: "but
vilely."

"How old is she now?"

"Well, she was forty till quite lately, but

Of the quaint uses to which the Queen's English is often put in women's papers, and which some journals seem to encourage, I will not speak here, but will pass on to the last count in the indictment, the snobbery of which some ladies' periodicals are so often accused. Of course, they are not all of them entirely beyond suspicion; and yet, even in this, it seems to me that men are at least equal offenders. For to how many dignified and severe publications, not women's papers at all, does not the possession of a title prove an "Open Sesame"? Even the sacred arcana of party politics is in their case a trifle less sacred to the "noble born." The snobbery of women's journals is, perhaps, a degree pettier and more personal; but that is all.

And is women's journalism only read by women? There was a feuilleton that ran lately its gay course through a daily paper, a story where, if I remember rightly, a golden-haired lady hid her murdered husband in an innocent haystack, and was thereupon promptly collared by justice. I was not surprised that the story—which, by the way, excited the outspoken and somewhat envious gibes of all the feminine Writers' Clubs—was eagerly read by all the domestic and shopkeeping class; but what really astonished me was to find several learned men, scientists and professors, and the like, quite conversant with the mysteries of the haystack, and intimate with the vagaries of the plot.

Yes, women's journalism may have its faults, yet, after all is said, must we not fall back on Mrs. Poyser's well-worn remark "I'm not denying the women are foolish; God Almighty made them to match the men"?

ANOTHER BOSWELL.

The good taste and thorough workmanship which are apt to characterize Mr. Dent's reprints have never showed to greater advantage than in his perfectly admirable new three-volume LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D., by James Boswell, edited by Arnold Glover, with an Introduction by Austin Dobson (Dent, £1 2s. 6d. n.). In all externals it seems to us an almost ideal edition. The page is excellently proportioned, the press-work (by Messrs. Turnbull and Spears) is unimpeachable, and the publisher has chosen a very light though substantial paper, which gives the volume an easy feeling in the hand. But, beyond this, the charm of the edition is enhanced by some well-produced portraits, and by a series of dainty and delicate illustrations by Mr. Herbert Railton, portraying a great variety of Dr. Johnson's haunts, restored by the artist's imagination to the condition of his time. These illustrations are indeed delightful, and may be said to constitute the unique attraction of the edition.

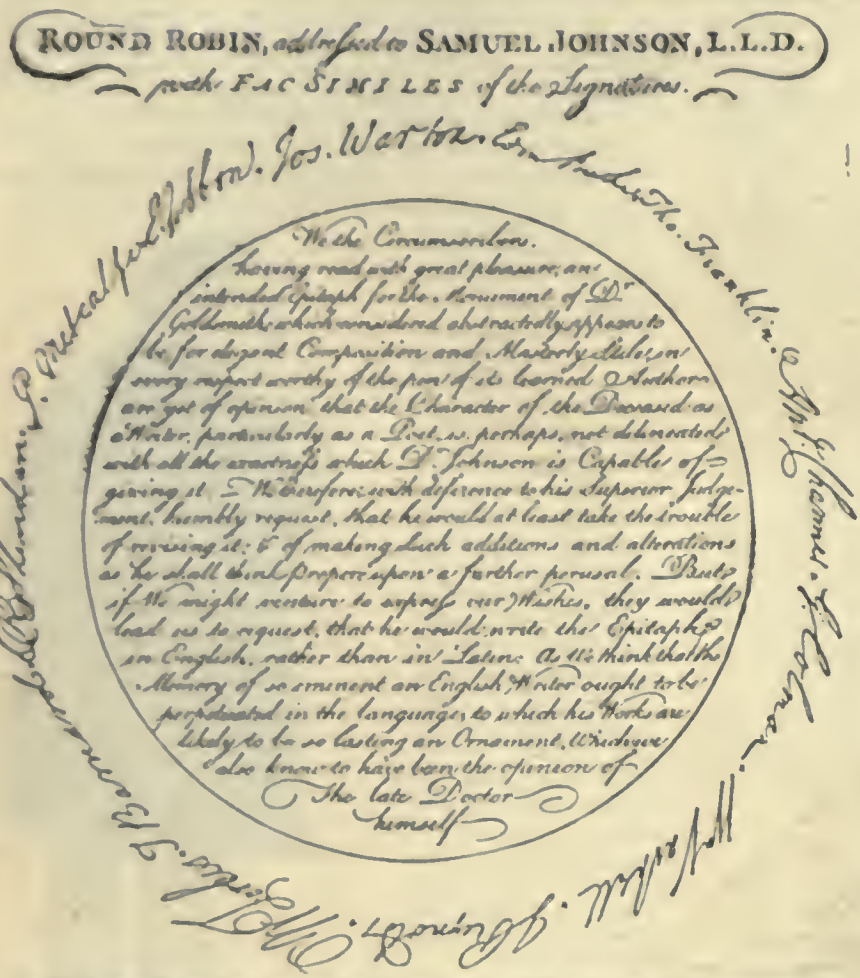
Mr. Railton's work is too well known to invite criticism at this time of day. It has certain patent faults of an over-elaborate and rather finical technique; but we notice gladly in a good many of these drawings a return to a more direct and simple method. For purposes like the present his work possesses individual qualities which quite outweigh its defects. We know of no artist who so happily combines fidelity to architectural detail with an atmosphere of sentiment; and the picture of Chesterfield-house, which we reproduce on page 416, is an admirable example of the combination. It is full of detail, and is yet pictorially charming and "suggestive." There are a hundred of these illustrations.

But the excellences of this reprint are not confine[illegible] of manufacture. The editorial work, without bei[illegible] or over-weighty, is thoroughly sound and comp[illegible] Arnold Glover's careful notes are already familiar t[illegible] the "Temple Classics," and Mr. Dent has been furth[illegible] in securing for the present edition a topographical [illegible] from the pen of Mr. Austin Dobson, than whom, of [illegible] is no one living better qualified for the task. It is [illegible] that Mr. Dobson knows what happened upon every day in the eighteenth century; and, though this may be a playful exaggeration, his present introduction abundantly proves that he can follow Dr. Johnson through every month of his life, from garret to drawing-room, with an absolutely infallible acquaintance with exteriors and interiors, and with the many figures with whom their histories have been associated. The introduction is indeed packed with intimate knowledge, and packed so closely that every subordinate sentence even contributes its addition to our information. We open at random and come upon the following:—

MR. AUSTIN DOB[illegible]
[Original Drawin[illegible]

> It was probably to the same bookish neighbourhood [*i.e.*, Little Britain] (where Dorset, years before, had bought an unsaleable work called "Paradise Lost") that he gravitated in 1737, [illegible] who bade him buy a porter's knot, was also a[illegible] Little Britain bookseller.

The simple statement that Johnson migrat[illegible] Britain is here made to support four illustrative fa[illegible] purchase of "Paradise Lost"; the depression of t[illegible] poem in the market; Wilcox's business as a booksel[illegible] same person's surly discouragement of the future le[illegible] *Ex pede Herculem*! The introduction is full [illegible] illuminative phrases. It displays Johnson in his [illegible] sets him over against the world in which he moved, [illegible] as it were, a moving panorama of eighteenth-cent[illegible] manners. It is stimulating to compare such thorou[illegible] and quick allusiveness with the ordinarily perfunct[illegible] which many distinguished men-of-letters are conte[illegible] duce" the classics to the general public. And [illegible] Dobson's skilled and graceful work is thoroughly [illegible]



ROUND ROBIN ASKING DR. JOHNSON TO REVISE HIS EPITAPH ON GOLDSMITH.
[By permission of Mr. Dent from his new Edition of Boswell's Johnson.]

ACROSS THE BORDER.

GLASGOW, Oct. 28, 1901.

The Literature of the Exhibition.

The Glasgow Exhibition has produced a good deal more literature than it has revealed, and there has been a fair amount of gold in the large mass of quartz which represents that production. The city has enjoyed a round of carnival and congress during the past six months; the representatives of foreign universities, the friends of Peace, sanitarians, electricians, engineers, are a few of the "types" among the strangers within our gates who have been fêted at the Exhibition, and, as a return for their entertainment, have, in the shape of papers and addresses, supplied both information and didactic which ought to tend to edification. Carnival and Congress alike culminated in the meeting of the British Association, which strengthened the kingdom of the atomic theory, gave free scope to Sir John Gorst, and even more pronounced educational revolutionaries, and was merely rent in twain over the relationship between the decay in [illegible]

tional, and scientific standp
alike complete and trustworthy
Glasgow," by Mr. Robert R
town clerk to the city, is es
of note as a concise manual o
history. The Exhibition has
been "celebrated" by the p
number of unofficial "Guides
Head and shoulders above the
of these is "Glasgow in 1901,
Messrs. William Hodge and C
on its title-page the name of "
Muir" as author. In the co
250 pages it deals lightly, brig
with "Glasgow of fact" and
fiction," with the pensive ach
the city's past; and its energe
not quite prosaic, present. Th
Hamilton Muir"—represents a
men. One is Mr. Muirhead B
the second is his brother, and
young lawyer whose modesty d
not to be mentioned, but wh
make some stir in literature b
of the most notable features o
1901" is its literary style, whic
as good as that of Stevenson at
the combination of authors p
style must remain a mystery f
but of the fact there is no dou
in 1901" is, indeed, the best b
dealing with Scottish life and
been published since Stevenson'
Notes" on Edinburgh.

Barring a few manuscrip
and printing-machines, there is
ing, no exhibit of literature i
collection. No attempt has
secure and show the manuscri
works of a great and represen
writer like Burns or Scott
and thereby to reveal the formation, developme
genius. On the other hand, the collection in the
"Archæology" is probably the most important
been seen in Scotland. It cannot but
most permanent of all kinds of literature—
devoted to the elucidation of history. Sir W
who recently founded a chair of "Ancient
Palæography" in Edinburgh University, did
that the study of Scottish history might be based
tact with "original sources," and Dr. Hume B
occupant of the chair, agrees with Taine: "Wit
which our archives offer us, we almost become the
of those with whose history we are dealing; and t
as I have sat among them tracing the ancient hand
mildewed pages, I have almost been tempted t
alond." A certain amount, at all events, of
"mildewed page" and the "original source
perienced. Not to speak of the relics of the St
Ages, of the canoes which recall the Ancient Brit
markable sculptured slab of freestone found n
[illegible]

England and Scotland. Meanwhile, the Glasgow Exhibition, especially on its archæological side, is to be handsomely dealt with in two forthcoming volumes to be published by Messrs. James MacLehose and Sons, publishers to the University. One will deal with the fine arts and historical loan collections, the other with Scottish historical antiquities as illustrated also in the loan collections. These are the only memorial volumes to be issued under the auspices and with the special assistance of the Exhibition authorities, and they will undoubtedly be found of considerable permanent value.

Glasgow Publishing.

The mention of "Glasgow in 1901"—not the only book of its kind called forth by the exhibition—serves, by the way, to remind one how far Glasgow has advanced in the manner of printing for its publishers. Messrs. William Hodge and Co. are well to the front in this matter. Time was when the University people of Glasgow found it necessary to go to Edinburgh in order to "gett one sheet right printed." That was not long after Cromwell declared that Glasgow was "a much sweeter and more delightful place than Edinburgh," and some days before Smollett celebrated it as "the pride of Scotland—one of the prettiest towns in Europe." Things have changed since then. Glasgow is not quite so charming now; but, on the other hand, there is no longer any necessity to go to Edinburgh to "gett one sheet right printed." Glasgow can do her own printing, and do it very well too.

As we have said, we are promised still another interesting addition to the literature of Glasgow. This is Mr. William Ernest Cameron's "Frivolous Glasgow," to be published shortly by Messrs. F. W. Wilson and Co., of 57, Hope-street. The book, which deals in a humorous way with life in the "sea-born city," will be profusely illustrated by Mr. Tom Browne and other well-known artists. Messrs. Wilson were the publishers of Mr. John Davidson's early works—of his story "The North Wall"—little known at any time, and now totally forgotten—and of "*Bruce*: A Drama," copies of which are now scarce and selling for as much as half-a-sovereign. Mr. Davidson was engaged in educational work in Scotland in those days. When *Bruce* was published he held an appointment as English master at Morrison's Academy, Crieff. Messrs. Wilson, it may also be noted, were the publishers of an excellent edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," with which the poet expressed himself as greatly delighted.

While Glasgow pays such close attention to the claims of local literature, she is not altogether unmindful of the classics. Long ago Robert Foulis, of Glasgow, produced an edition of Gray's poems, a beautiful quarto of some sixty-four pages, of which Gray remarked that it "must certainly do credit both to him and to me." "Dodsley's editions," said the poet, "are far inferior to that of Glasgow." The same thing might be said to-day, comparing some of the London cheap editions of Cervantes with that now being issued by Messrs. Gowans and Gray. Three volumes of "Don Quixote" are now ready in this fine edition; and the next of the series will be the "Novales Exemplares" of Cervantes, to be issued in February and March of next year. In this case the translation is being done by Mr. Norman MacColl from the *editio princeps*, and it is anticipated that it will be "the most exact yet published." The same publishers, it may be remembered, announced a complete edition of the works of Charles Lamb. This unfortunately has had to be

are "not entirely interesting to the general public" house staff of literary assistants numbers several known in the book world. Dr. Annandale has connected with the firm as an expert in dietetics cyclopædic work; and Mr. George H. Ely, another the literary staff, became favourably known to th couple of years ago as the translator of M. de Clavière's "Women of the French Renaissance." Mr. Ely has been engaged on the translation of a s by the same writer, which, as announced a fortnight published shortly by Messrs. Sonnenschein. Mr formerly assistant master in the United Westminster

"Keep your eye on Paisley," said Lord Rosebery memorable occasion. The advice was, of course, com politics, not with publishing; but Paisley can produce well as it once produced its famous shawls. There known story which relates how at a certain public Paisley the only stranger present was put up to health of the local poets; when he sat down every room rose to return thanks, with the exception of o was deaf! This story may be apocryphal, but the poets in Paisley. We have already mentioned s Gardner's forthcoming works. Messrs. Appleton, we have secured the American rights and ordered a larg Mr. J. R. Aitken's "Idylls of Eneichdhu," which wil almost immediately. Another Paisley firm, Messrs Parlane, have in the press what should prove a very History of Annandale, by Agnes Marchbank, whose Covenanters of Annandale, published some years ag well. Many notable names in history and literature be dealt with in this new volume. Ben Jonson certainly of Annandale descent, and no one is likely t fiery spirit who gave fame to Eccleftechan.

THE DRAMA.

"THE LAST OF THE DANDIES."

It was Mr. Pater, if I remember rightly, who s form habits is to fail in life. Mr. Tree is evidently opinion, for he declines to run into a groove, and theatrical world, renders the invaluable service things lively—making them hum, as the Americans we owe more to the manager in him, I think, than t for the actor has the limitations of his temperame there is no limit to the manager's artistic curiosity passion for experiment. One thing is certain. Th another man in London for the moment who could hav to put the Dandy on the stage. No doubt the concep Dandy as a protagonist of drama belongs to others W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, in fact; but *de rentibus et non existentibus*, &c., and the actual pres *Beau Austin* in space of three dimensions was the wo Tree. Dandy plays, then, naturally became a recognize species. There was Mr. Clyde Fitch's *Beau Brummel* have been a success in New York, but never perhap country. And now there is *The Last of the Dandies*, b author, with Mr. Tree to play Count D'Orsay. It is a ing and polychromatic affair, from the plastic point o it will hardly satisfy those who go to the theatre for

sort of august symbolism to appearances. He is what he is by virtue of personal magnetism, by a splendid contempt for ordinary standards of social value, dominating the world not by birth, nor yet by rank, neither by "grace" nor by "works," but by the cut of a coat and the adjustment of a cravat. That is to say, he is an animated paradox. He attracts us by what in other men would be repellent insolence, and wins our respect for sheer fatuity because it is carried to the verge of the sublime. It must be obvious to every one who knows the theatre that it is no proper home for this kind of character. For the theatre will only concern itself with characters on their human side, and the human side of the Dandy is just the side where his dandyism ceases to have any significance. In the theatre we see the fatuity but not the sublimity; we see a fop dropping his lorgnette to love and hate, laugh and weep, like other men, and we murmur to ourselves, with Faustus over Helen, "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" In a word, the absolute Dandy, like the absolute Geometer or the absolute Political Economist, is irreducible to terms of drama.

That is why, I submit, out of the half-dozen scenes of Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, one only (Act I.) exhibits the Dandy absolute. We see him at his dressing-table before his mirror and watch the various stages of the process by which the work of art (the Dandy is at once artist and work of art—that is his differential) becomes a finished masterpiece. But as soon as that process is complete the Dandy ceases to be a mere object of contemplation, because he has now to do something—namely, to take part in a dramatic action; and under that necessity, his dandyism becomes a mere side-issue. Superficially, it is true, the man retains his clothes and his air—the *stigmata* of his function—so that one might label the succeeding scenes—The Dandy at the ball, the Dandy in the gaming hell—the Dandy up the river, and the Dandy *in articulo mortis*; but the continuity of the character is only superficial, and we are now in reality considering the man for what he is worth as a man. I do not mean that we are applying any austere moral standards to him—that would be to break up the game altogether, for, judged by such standards, he is merely a libertine and a cumberer of the earth—but we are look genial and generous traits of humanity in him, that there is a heart under the brocade waiste under the macassar-oiled locks. To tell the perusing various memoirs of the Dandies, I a suspect that there is no such evidence. Mr. however, has, by the necessity of drama, to m His plan is to show us the Dandy purified and the awakening of the paternal instinct. D'Orsay twenty years' complacent ignorance of the fact son, and some sort of dramatic conflict is indicate to get this son happily married, even at the cost o to himself and his friend Lady Blessington. sought in the sentimentalizing of Lady Blessingto of her furniture and in the yearning of D'Orsay fo of the son whom he dares not openly acknowledge. this discovery of the son does not lead to a really tion—as it does, for instance, in Sardou's *Vieux Ga* sc. 7), where the father is challenged by the unac and has to keep his secret to himself and, by refu be branded as a coward. It merely leads to "tum plate" scenes—the river scene, with the Dandy *pied* in white silk, and the scene at Crockfo Dandy gambles to make a dowry for his son and the bank. Finally we have the Dandy dying, lik his *panache*, or like Richard III. "with armour—meeting death "like a gentleman," as he s brocade waistcoat and most elegant "frock." no play, whatever curious amusement it may provi of the costumes and manners of the time. As to could not be more carefully, more artistically done the introduction of walking gentlemen and l Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Countess Guiccioli, being the author's, not the manager's. Nor is Mr. Tree's fault that the character of D'Orsay dramatic character; he makes what he can—and actor could—of it, figure, rich, racy, style," with a red humour. The ladi Hanbury (Lady Bles Lily Brayton (her with D'Orsay's son), (Lady Summershir mother), all look ve their Early Victoria Edmund Maurice, Warner, and Mr. are good in rather

A. B.

The naming o streets is a matter to be discussed in th and for those who h it is worth noting t of Berlin it is prop two new streets Su and Hauptmannstra tainly testifies to a ciation of purely li

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MRS. CHARLES BAGOT'S REMINISCENCES.

LINKS WITH THE PAST. By MRS. C. BAGOT. (Arnold. 16s.).

This is, as we have already intimated, a "book to read." It contains nothing of great importance, but Mrs. Bagot writes so agreeably that her recollections of the whole Victorian period have a distinct value of their own. She kept diaries in early life, but destroyed them when she married, her husband being of the prudent opinion that dissensions and unhappiness have sometimes been caused by such writings. Fortunately, her good memory has enabled her to produce an amusing book which, we should think, cannot possibly give pain to any human being. In fact, so much delicacy is shown that when we are told that the "present possessor" of an estate is "on some points quite deranged," a foot-note adds that these words were written —of course, not by Mrs. Bagot—in 1817. We have no scandal of any sort in these pages, but only the kindly record of a long and pleasant life. Mrs. Bagot's father was Vice-Admiral the Hon. Josceline Percy, and her marriage with Colonel Charles Bagot, of the Grenadier Guards, connected her with Staffordshire as well as Northumberland. As a child, she saw William IV. and Talleyrand in his company; as a lady of seventy-five, she walked out to see the illuminations at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. These Links, however, stretch back to a time long before the writer's birth, for Mrs. Bagot's own recollections are freely supplemented by those of some of her older relations, and, in particular, by copious extracts from the journals of Colonel Bagot's aunt, Miss Mary Bagot, describing Staffordshire and its worthies of a hundred years ago.

All this varied and inconsecutive matter hardly admits of criticism; nor, indeed, should we wish to criticize anything so entertaining. We may suggest, perhaps, that Mrs. Bagot, seeing life always through Tory spectacles of the best quality, seems a little unconscious of the great events of her time, and of the prodigious social changes, to say nothing of others, that she has herself seen. But this is the severest remark that we care to make of a lady to whom we owe an eminently readable book. A few quotations will do justice to it better than any criticism. Of herself, Mrs. Bagot writes:—

> I stayed with my aunt, Lady Ashburnham, in Eaton-square, for my first and only London season, as an unmarried girl. She was one of the finest of the fine ladies in the London world of that day, together with Lady Jersey and Lady Palmerston. I remember dancing with old Lord Huntly, who made a point of dancing with every *débutante* because he had danced at the Tuileries with Marie Antoinette. He used to be much at the old French Court before the Revolution of 1789. I imagine that there are not very many left alive in the world who have danced with a partner of Marie Antoinette's.

After a charming sketch of a lady of the generation preceding her own, Mrs. Bagot adds:—

> As an instance of the quaint formality of the times, Mrs. Greville Howard told me that after playing all day with her cousins, Lord Bagot's daughters, in London, a maid came to fetch her back to her aunt, Lady Suffolk's house. She had to make a low curtsey to her cousins, and to say, "Ladies I

had asked whether he and his men might not pull English border town down, to revenge an imaginar the Scots! I cannot recollect what year it wa name of the small town. The old border spirit dying out; indeed it has not entirely died out yet.

And here a recollection of the Great Duke:—

> I remember interesting dinners at Sir Rob but Lady Jersey's evening parties dwell in my r as by far the most agreeable of any, for they w crowded. No one better knew how to *tenir salon* Jersey. One dinner at Lady Westmorland's rem memory; it was an early dinner, and we were t opera after it. The Duke of Wellington came into L morland's box, and then she reminded him that I h his great niece. He took my hand and kept it thro Act. My husband said to me afterwards "Why d speak to the Duke?" I had been brought up intense admiration of him by my father and uncles struck dumb. I simply felt that I was sitting ha with the saviour of England and Europe!

Miss Mary Bagot's journals, dated 1824, are as a those of her niece, and she in turn quotes what her lately dead, had to say of

> Sir Walter and Lady Barbara Bagot, who used in three days every alternate year from Blithfield t whose sons rode post to Westminster school prece servant with a horn, before the invention of stage these sons who were, as young men, sometimes re their father for being *late* when they assembled o'clock in the morning to hunt in Cannock Wood same period no carpet was ever spread in the "L. or the old drawing room, except on state occasions. considered as a treat, and rarely allowed to the da the house. Sir Walter Bagot represented the county years, and entered the town of Stafford for his elect head of 1,500 freeholders on horseback. He was of the Tory faction, and perhaps Lord Denbigh without some reason for the alarm he felt on heari beat (which was, in fact, only a signal for dinner) halted at Blithfield with his troops on his way to the '45.

But we might quote almost endlessly; we can onl and recommend the book, and hope that an index of be added to the second edition.

SOME RECENT THEOLOGY.

Roads to Rome.

ROADS TO ROME, being Personal Records of so more recent Converts to Roman Catholicism, with duction by Cardinal Vaughan (Longmans, 7s. 6d.), whic compiled by the author of "Ten Years in Anglican consists of sixty-five essays by various persons who ha Roman Catholics—that is to say, of nearly as many ap the Papal claim. Some are argumentative, some d some extremely personal, some are written in the l while others are in questionable taste. Among the w Lord Brampton (who is very brief), Mr. Edward Berd Brownlow, Mr. Kegan Paul, Monsignor Croke Robin

cause of their secession—that and the attraction on the other side of an authority professedly infallible. They are earnest, sincere, convinced; but this book reveals the fact that the men who "go over to Rome" are men of one cast of thought. Those who long to be told exactly what they are to think and do, those who are shaken to the depths by the freedom of thought and utterance which is allowed outside the Roman fold will naturally be attracted by a Church which says, as Monsignor Robinson joyfully proclaims, "I, and I only, am the one, true religion. All others are false, and not to be accounted religions at all." But, one asks sorrowfully, will either truth or unity be brought to mankind by such a method? The obvious reply to be given to Monsignor Robinson and the other Roman converts who have given us their experiences is, "This may be very well for you, but what good can it do to the rest of Christendom?" The unity achieved seems to be, as represented in this book, so limited, so far from that which is needed to draw Easterns, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Romans themselves into a united Christendom that is really Catholic. The men and women who have written for this book wanted a certain thing, and they have got it; we read with interest how they came to find it, but we do not see much to make us hope that their discovery will be of great value to other Christians.

The Sarum Use.

The Rev. C. Wordsworth, who is one of our most distinguished liturgiologists, has done good service in editing from a fifteenth century MS. SALISBURY PROCESSIONS AND CEREMONIES (Cambridge University Press, 15s. n.t.), with additions from the Cathedral records and woodcuts from the "Sarum Processionale" of 1502. The "Use of Sarum" for several centuries not only maintained a considerable prestige throughout England and to some extent on the Continent, but the continued interest that it excites is shown by the fact that so many of its service books have of late years been issued for the benefit of ecclesiologists and liturgical students. Amongst others, the "Processionale" of 1508 was printed (a very limited edition) in 1882, but this is the first time that a book has been issued which belonged in any special way to the actual mother Church of Salisbury. In old times, when the Bishop of Salisbury was at the Roman Court, a special place was assigned to him in the Pope's Chapel and at all great solemnities of Rome, as he was considered the *ex officio* Papal Master of the Ceremonies. Even now, in the Provincial Episcopal College of Canterbury, the Bishop of Salisbury could claim to rule the choir as precentor when the Primate of All England is celebrating Divine service. The MS. here edited is preserved in the Chapter Library of Salisbury and consists of fifty parchment folios; it is in many particulars a different book from that printed by Pynson in 1502 and reprinted by Dr. Henderson in 1882. It supplies directions for certain ceremonies to be performed at the altars of the parochial or monastic churches of the city, and details as to various rites which were peculiar to the Cathedral Church of Salisbury, such as "the publication of the Relicks by which the Cathedral was at once privileged and rendered famous." The relic list of Sarum, which was once a year read out or proclaimed in the church, was certainly by far the largest in England, and was popularly supposed to be the largest in Christendom. It comprised sixteen relics of our Lord and the Virgin, sixteen of the apostles, ninety-nine of martyrs, eighty-two of confessors, and twenty-seven of virgins. This represents a large majority of the whole of the saints canonized in the Church's Calendar. Those present at the formal proclamation of these relics, able ministers. Some of the picture details are speci
For example, the one for Palm Sunday is suffici
show that the *rami pro clericis* on the altar were
the East, whilst the *frondes et cetera pro laic*
willow buds still called "palms" in many of
tricts, and worn on Palm Sunday. The use o
palm, now so common throughout the Western
then apparently known. In the 400 pages o
edited and annotated volume there is much that is
and interesting, not only for liturgiologists, bu
interested in the history of the pre-Reforma
England.

Religion in the East and West.

We have already briefly noted the nature of
THE HEARTS OF MEN (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.
study of it leaves us at once interested and astoni
as one always is in the history of the mental de
able man, candidly and sincerely recorded, a
the apparently quite unconscious ignorance
displays of Western life and thought. In
People" he revealed an intimate knowledge
Buddhism, and he has extended his studies wide
Eastern religions. The result upon a mind w
religious beliefs in a simple attitude of inqui
adoption of the theory that religion is a matter
—a term left undefined—and emotion. The re
discouraged by the extreme *naiveté* with whi
announces the familiar difficulties of religion as
of his own, nor by the portentous announce
page, as a final conclusion, that "Religion is
infinite echoed from the hearts of men"; for th
is suggestive, much that is true and well pu
But Mr. Fielding, however well fitted to exp
a single people, is not equally well-equipped
tion of the heart of the human race. It is hardl
examining his reasoning to introduce the questi
cal relation between moral and religious beliefs,
natural religion, or the ideas of primitive ma
things are touched by him either superficially or
comparison made at the outset between the East
of religion—he quite ignores the vast indifferentis
Oriental—and the West, where religion has a less
the key-note to the inadequacy of the whole.
he says, "see Englishmen praying in the st
never." Would Mr. Fielding be surprised to h
historical phrase—that it is impossible to take
any town in England without seeing this stran
you ever hear," he asks, "of the worship of
Protestant Germany, in England, in Scotla
Such a worship is impossible." Western people,
for their religion the stimulus of miracle f
reason that so many of them are solitary, and
in life. After this we are not surprised to
what can only be described as a travesty of C
and a caricature of the typical religious We
meet with such dogmatic assertions as that
Christianity is due to the extended influence
without a hint that the exactly opposite stat
equally likely to be true. We need not purs
further through his own pages. The book can
serious contribution to thought; but it has inter

exposition. The introduction is unusually suggestive. Perhaps the most noteworthy point in a brief survey of the present position of the synoptic question is an account of the "general motives" which led to the formation of the Gospel tradition.

> The formation of the tradition regarding Jesus was a work of enthusiasm and devotion, carried out by men on whom he had made an overmastering impression and in whom his spirit was living and active. . . . Thus we know on the one hand that the tradition contains historical matter; and on the other that that matter was put in shape under an ideal impulse.

Incidentally, Dr. Menzies argues forcibly against the authenticity of the First Epistle of Peter, but speaking generally the tone of the entire book is constructive. The translation is open to criticism, ; it is plain and literal even to baldness; and some renderings strike us as really unfortunate (*e.g.*, *ἐνεβριμᾶτο*, "rated," "Jesus rated him saying, Stop speaking and come out of him"), but the translator has aimed at accuracy and vividness, and has, on the whole, been successful. The expository notes are scholarly and to the point, and have the merit of not being over-burdened with references. The only important passage in which the writer's judgment seems to us questionable is VII., 19, where instead of the R.V., "This he said, making all meats clean," Dr. Menzies translates, "It makes all meats clean." The note scarcely makes Dr. Menzies' meaning clear—but in any case he deprecates the idea that the words in question were intended to interpret Christ's words. "To interpret a parable," he observes, "is in general to spoil it." In spite of some defects this commentary may be commended as an independent and stimulating work.

The Apostles' Creed.

Mr. T. B. Saunders has done a useful piece of work in revising and editing Professor Harnack's article on the *Apostolicum* in THE APOSTLES' CREED, by A. Harnack, translated from Herzog's *Real Encyclopädie*, ed. 3, by S. Means (A. and C. Black). Harnack's view of the symbol is probably well known to scholars. The Apostles' Creed in its present shape appears to have originated in Southern Gaul, and was current in the West at the close of the fifth century. The relationship of the symbol to earlier confessions, Eastern and Western, is here minutely discussed. Professor Harnack points out that the original Roman symbol gradually "made its way into the Western provinces, without raising any claim to have been, in the strictest sense, composed by the Apostles," and to this he attributes the fact that it underwent many different modifications in these provinces. In its present shape the *Apostolicum* first appears in a sermon of Cæsarius of Arles. Among other interesting points is the suggestion (p. 79) that the Gallican symbol, containing the distinctive clause *communio sanctorum*, owed its final form indirectly to the catechetical teaching of Cyril of Jerusalem. The work of English scholars like Usher, Heurtley, Hort, and Swainson is generously recognized. In the note on page 2 "Foulke" should be "Ffoulkes."

The Coronation Service.

For some years the Coronation service of Queen Victoria, edited by Dr. Wickham Legg, has been published by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. As the time of another Coronation draws near, some more editions are inevitable. THE CORONATION SERVICE ACCORDING TO THE USE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, with notes and introduction, by the Rev. Joseph H. Pemberton (Skeffington, 2s.), has the with great exactness, and a good many useful explan are given; but we do not think Mr. Pemberton supposing that the two golden bowls in the fourteen Illumination are intended to represent the chalice an

Christian Mysticism.

Mrs. Eleanor C. Gregory's INTRODUCTION TO Mysticism (Allenson, 1s. 6d. n.) was prepared for re a Society of Ladies. We should doubt whether such wholly understood it, if for no other reason because that they know the meaning of the word "Tran The book has an interest as a presentation of the po of the various mystics in carefully chosen extracts writings; but there are three important facts in con mysticism which are not brought into sufficiently e The first fact is that all Christianity—even the Chr those Christians who have persecuted the mystic implies a certain measure of mysticism implied in the that faith is the evidence of things not seen. The s is that specialized mysticism is, historically, as a rul against some system of religious jurisprudence: i instance, was in Germany a protest against the Lutheranism, and at Geneva the protest against th barrenness of Calvinism. In the third place Mrs. Gr to mention that mysticism has been very frequently with an unbalanced mind. To be complete, even limits of an essay, she should have recognized the not only of such writers as Plotinus, Thoma Emerson, and Maeterlinck, but also of Donadille whose indiscretions are mentioned in the Regis Council of that city, and of Nicolas Fatio de D mathematician who abandoned mathematics for attempted to introduce into England the tran *illuminés* of the Cevennes, and was stood for his English pillory.

The Apostolic Constitutions.

THE LITURGY OF "THE APOSTOLIC CONSTITUTIONS, Cresswell (S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.), contains a translation of book of the "Apostolic Constitutions," prefaced by duction in which the author discusses various points with the authorship and contents of the so-called " Liturgy." It would perhaps have been well if the brought out more clearly the tripartite division of th the peculiar features of each division. His critic eighth book, the author of which was probably the fi of the whole collection, are judicious, although we be work dates from an earlier period than the middle o century. It preceded, probably by some years, Council. Its interest, as Mr. Cresswell remarks, lie sentation of a Liturgy "at least a century elder other." It is strange that the Constitutions were unknown in the West until the sixteenth century, rianus published an edition of them at Venice. Mr. little book will serve as a useful introduction to which the subject of ancient liturgies is more fully de

The City of God.

St. Augustine's monumental work, so grandly con on the whole, nobly executed, notwithstanding the w blemishes caused by his ignorance of Greek and Hebr very limited knowledge of Biblical criticism, has been several times into English. The first translation of mo was that by Healy in 1610, based on Louis Vive

Krishna and his abominable life." The legend is one of great poetic beauty. Among the sources from which Augustine quotes might be given the names of Eusebius and Hieronymus.

Liturgical students are not a very numerous body; not all perhaps are interested in the ancient ceremony of the blessing of the waters; and still fewer can read Syriac and Coptic, as well as Greek, Latin, and English. Therefore the number of those who will be worthy of THE BLESSING OF THE WATERS ON THE EVE OF THE EPIPHANY, "the Latin by John, Marquis of Bute, K.T., the rest for him, and with his help in part, by E. A. Wallis Budge" (Frowde, 6s.), is small. However, a translation is placed alongside of four of the offices, so that one can understand even the Coptic by the help of Dr. Budge. The plainsong music of the Latin rite is given. The Syriac and Coptic are printed in their proper characters, the two Greek versions are given without translation, and of the Russian the translation only is printed.

Those who wish to know all about the Church of Cyprus will be able to do so by spending 15s. on A HISTORY OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH OF CYPRUS FROM THE COMING OF THE APOSTLES PAUL AND BARNABAS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE BRITISH OCCUPATION (A.D. 45—A.D. 1878), together with some account of the Latin and other Churches existing in the Island, by J. Hackett, B.D., Chaplain to the Forces (Methuen). The number of persons interested in the subject is perhaps not large, but we can commend it to them with the assurance that the book is a monument of conscientious industry and packed with obscure information.

THE ACROSTIC POEMS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT: An English Version, Metrical and Alphabetical, by J. N. Glanville, M.A. (Skeffington, 2s. n.), is a literary curiosity. Mr. Glanville has not improved on the language of received versions, but his rendering is aimed at reproducing the acrostic form, to which (as he admits) he has sometimes sacrificed accuracy. His pieces are eight psalms, a piece from the Proverbs, and four from the Lamentations. We do not understand his view of the Tenth Psalm, but the rest are clear and interesting. It must be added that he is not a poet.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Some Biographies.

Mr. W. K. Dickson's LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ROBERT MURDOCH SMITH (Blackwood, 15s.) is a well-written biography of a soldier whose victories were exclusively those of peace. In early life, he commanded the detachment of sappers which accompanied Sir Charles (then Mr.) Newton's archæological expedition to Asia Minor. In 1863, a convention having been concluded with the Shah of Persia providing for the construction, under English superintendence, of a telegraph line through Persia in connexion with the Indo-European Telegraph system, he was appointed one of the section superintendents of the line. Ultimately, in the course of a connexion of nearly twenty-five years with Persia, he became director-in-chief of the Indo-European Telegraph, from which post he retired in 1888, twelve years before his death. The book contains good descriptions of his life in Persia, but the account of Sir Charles Newton's expedition to Halicarnassus is, on the whole, of greater interest. It is not given to every one to discover one of

prevailed on Lord Clarendon, the then Foreig
obtain a firman authorizing further explorations
a properly equipped expedition. The results of
have been fully stated, both in Sir C. Newton's
Blue-books. Murdoch Smith's letters to Sir
show that he was the first to point out the a
mausoleum, and it was his report and drawings
the key to the restoration of the building.
work, whether it was sufficiently recognized at
was undoubtedly of great value. The book
portraits and views, but, unfortunately, the pho
tion of the all-important plan of Halicarnassus i
cannot be studied without a magnifying glass.

Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt's life of LORD RON
is ostensibly a book for boys; but it is so much
slovenly work usually turned out for this pur
reluctant to relegate it to that category.
really graphic, and in the chapters devoted to t
characters besides Lord Roberts notably Joh
Neville Chamberlain—are well and clearly indi
praise the book with the more pleasure because t
war book which lately passed through our hands
prepared us to expect anything so good from
tribution to military history it must, no doubt,
the life of Lord Roberts lately written by G
but the avoidance of technicalities has its co
vantages. The style, if not always quite gra
formly spirited. Parents who buy the book for
take the opportunity of reading it themselves.

Mr. W. B. Luke's LORD MILNER (Partridg
a favourable example of the topical book whic
expanded newspaper article in boards. It does
thing about Lord Milner that we could not
found out for ourselves; but it saves us the tro
out, and it puts the facts well, without either
the bitterness of partisanship. It is interest
Lord Milner was in the same Honour Moderatio
(Trinity Term, 1874) with the Editor of *The Tim*
Conybeare, and Mr. Glazebrook, Headmast
Mr. Luke inaccurately adds to the list the name
ford, which figures in the list of the following M
In "greats" Lord Milner took his first side by
Iwan-Müller, of the *Daily Telegraph*, who h
reviewing his career in the magazines, and Mr.
the Headmaster of the City of London School
mentioned that Mr. Luke dwells at greater
Milner's early career than on his South Afric
drawing largely on Mr. Stead's account of his
the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Another book of the same sort in the sam
MARQUESS OF SALISBURY by W. Francis Aitken
ground having often been covered before, it
expected that this new life could be much more
tion. It is however rather a good compilation
from the speeches are well chosen so as to il
Prime Minister's gift of biting epigram, but
principles of his foreign policy.

Mr. David Williamson's PRESIDENT McK
1s. n.) will satisfy the needs of those who requ
biography. It does not attempt any general a
is devoted largely to the religious side of the lat

observing whatever there was to observe. The value of his book lies mainly in the fact that he has recorded his observations frankly, not suppressing things because they were horrible. Chinese and European atrocities are impartially recorded by him, and his candid admissions on the latter head invite confidence in his prediction that there will before very long be a recrudescence of the trouble. His comparison of the troops of the various nationalities is the more interesting because he had been in South Africa shortly before his trip to China. He thought the French contingent "absolutely beneath contempt," found the Germans admirable on the parade-ground but otherwise "heavy and slow in their movements," and the Americans too little disciplined, and he sums up thus :—

> From what I have seen in South Africa and China, I feel and know it—luminously know it in the marrow of my intelligence—that for that South African job, if it were to be done over again, I would select the British. They have done not only as well but better than any other nation would have done. Many things might have been done better, but when I saw the others there were everywhere signs of their probable failures being infinitely more numerous.
>
> There are only two armies that, granted the possibility of their being landed in South Africa, could have conceivably tackled the job. These are the Japanese and the Germans.

The book is quite interesting though only moderately literary.

The anonymous LETTERS FROM JOHN CHINAMAN (Brimley Johnson, 1s. n.) purport to be the work of a citizen of the Celestial Empire who has lived for many years in London. The lucidity and idiomatic accuracy of their style savours rather of the London journalist who knows China. Their object is to explain and justify Chinese points of view. They do certainly make the Chinese objection to missionaries intelligible, though the Chinese would be better people if they took some of the advice that the missionaries give them. Whatever may be the merits of Confucianism it has not prevented corruption, cruelty, and inefficiency in public affairs.

Before the Deluge.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY, by Sophia H. MacLehose (MacLehose, 6s.), is a clear and simple sketch of the events preceding the French Revolution, and of the chief persons who took part in these, which should make the book a useful introduction for young people to the more important histories. It shows evidence of much reading, and the list of authorities given is an imposing one. There is a good index, and many interesting illustrations, such as that of the King's *net*, a precious and almost sacred vessel of gold, shaped like the ship, in the arms of the city of Paris, and holding the supply of clean table napkins to be used by the King during dinner. At each course a fresh napkin was taken out, and given to his Majesty, by which we see that an unlimited supply of table linen is the sign of true nobility, just as an unconquerable attachment to table napkin rings is the infallible sign of the middle classes, by which you shall know them. For its purpose we can thoroughly recommend Mrs. MacLehose's book.

The Germ.

Mr. Eliot Stock's reprint of THE GERM places within the reach of seven-hundred subscribers of the modest sum of half-a-guinea a close *facsimile* of a famous publication. The original four parts, published in January, February, March, and April, 1850, are sufficiently rare to command a high price. They are rare because people would not buy "The Germ" and would scarcely consent to know of its existence ; and they are interest-

a literary organ of the Brotherhood of which Hol Millais, D. G. Rossetti, Woolner, James Collinson, F. G. St and W. M. Rossetti were the members. We further le 200 copies of the 700 printed were sold of No. 1, and issue of No. 2 was reduced to 500 copies. "It sold le than No. 1," says Mr. Rossetti tersely, and he is sil regard to the fortunes of Nos. 3 and 4. The present repr line for line *facsimile* of "The Germ," says the pre and the four illustrations which appeared in the work by Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, James Collinson, and W Deverell, "are faithfully reproduced by a photographic which renders the originals exactly," says the same au We wish we could agree. The photographic process empl a very poor apology indeed for the copper plates or used. One has only to compare the frontispiece to No. 2 how black and "rotten" the reproduction is. In fact the of "thickening up" goes through all the process repr employed, whether for pictures or type pages. It is not of the publisher, who has done art lovers a real service reissue, but of indifferent "process work." It w interesting to know why No. 4 has "May" 1850 printe it ? Was not the "May" subsequently cut out and th "April" substituted ? Mr. Rossetti also refers so vaguely to two fly-sheets which—when the third number magazine was about to appear with a change of tit "The Germ" to "Art and Poetry" ("more, I th Messrs. Tupper, the printing firm than by myself," s Rossetti)—were inserted, and presents the two of them in *fa* We do not think that these fly-sheets formed part magazine. The one issued with No. 3 had the new titl and Poetry : Being Thoughts towards Nature. Co principally by Artists" printed twice upon an unbac sheet and the following note added :—"The first two of the publication appeared under the name 'The t but in consequence of some misapprehension of its inte arbitrary title has been discontinued. This change will productive of any ill consequence, as the title appeared wrapper only, over which the above labels may be p This fly-sheet might well have been included in the tasteful and welcome reprint.

Belgium.

Mr. Cyril Scudamore's BELGIUM AND THE BELGIANS wood, 6s.) is a book that one is tempted to compare w Meldrum's "Holland and the Hollanders," reviewed columns when it appeared ; and the comparison is to advantage of the volume now before us. Mr. Meldru was evidently inspired by intimate first-hand knowledge country and people of which it treated. Mr. Scudamor smells of the lamp, and more research than experience s have gone to the making of it. It is full of facts and taken from various sources—from guide-books, from h and from official publications. We learn from it wha worth seeing in some of the principal cities (though som most interesting of them, Ypres, for example, are n with), and we also get many interesting particulars a Antwerp Docks, the administration of the Congo Fre the Belgian Army, the Belgian Universities, the Belg Office ; but, on the whole, the reader is likely to find more instructed than entertained. Moreover, one omission must be remarked. The language questi receives the most casual mention. But the history question—the failure of the attempt of the French-s faction to suppress the Flemish tongue—has a particular

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A PRINCESS (Harper, 7s. 6d.) is the autobiography of the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Those who go to it for revelations of Court life will be disappointed. The identity of the persons who pass through its pages is so carefully veiled that the whole thing reads like a fabrication, and as a fabrication it is devoid of interest. The tone is the tone of the penny novelette, the narrations offend continually against good taste, and the French phrases with which the book is plentifully besprinkled are principally needed as evidence of the author's ignorance of the language. One of them is our old friend *tout coucheble*, and another is *une petite siege*.

FICTION.

Mr. F. T. Bullen.

Mr. Bullen certainly has the gift of speech and has achieved much deserved popularity. But the sketches in DEEP SEA PLUNDERINGS (Smith, Elder, 6s.) are for the most part rather studies for stories than stories themselves. Nearly all of them would have bare rewriting, and all of them would have been better for compression. It sometimes seems to us that Mr. Bullen falls just short of complete success as a writer even in his chosen genre, because of his aptness to confuse two kinds of conviction. Difficult as it may be to define the difference, there is a method of obtaining an air of reality in pure fiction which is certainly alien from that employed by a writer in relating his own experiences. Mr. Bullen mixes both methods, with the result of making reality look as if it were partly invented and invention look as if its author did not quite believe in it. The book, however, contains excellent material. Mr. Bullen would probably be the last to deny his obligations to that great sea writer Herman Melville.

An Idealist.

We were attracted last year by a first novel from the pen of Miss May Bateman, and she now follows it with a second, THE GLOWWORM (Heinemann, 6s.), which has some of the qualities of the former book, and, so far as literary style goes, certainly reveals greater maturity. It is rather a slighter story than "The Altar of Life," but there is one feature about both books which gives them distinction. Miss Bateman deals in pathos and in tragedy; but she is not content simply to put in the requisite materials according to recipe, stir gently, and serve the result as a piquant dish of sensational romance. She has that essential for a work of art—a central idea, a conception that gives unity to the whole. This book gives us in its heroine the idealist, stumbling impulsively through the dark after the glimmering "ineffectual fire." Asenath, the child of strange fancies, leads on to Asenath with her girlish and mistaken passion for a pretty widow who has had a past, and to Asenath the woman who devotes herself to an unsatisfactory husband under the glamour of his heroic deeds in the Sudan. The child who is the tallest of her family and is "adored by the villagers" and the grooms is, one must confess, a little outworn; but the rest of the story is well knit together, and there is the true dramatic instinct in its tragic close amidst the hut-tax troubles in the West African bush. Miss Bateman has the merit—not too common a one—that she always writes in good taste of military and social life. Her new story is a good one, which would have borne a little more elaboration. But she writes with a real

remainder of the volume rather disappointed Couch has hardly fulfilled the promise of his remains a pretty writer enough and can sel dull, but the humorous fancy which used to work seems rather to have evaporated. The might have been the work of any capable hand

Miss F. F. Montrésor.

Miss Montrésor's women are excellent; good. There are in THE ALIEN (Methuen, considerable tenderness and strength. It is, written, but it does not quite touch the reade Mordaunt and Cousin Becky are drawn wit many touches of fine workmanship, but th Major Iredale is the customary woman's pic straightforward soldier whose watchword is perpetually irritating more sensitive people So, too, Cesare Vivario is the customary vill half-bred, cringing, blackmailing scoundrel. author has obviously taken a great deal of tro none of them really sympathetic. *Per co* ingenious and strong; there is pathos in Jas his cousin; and there is much preaching "The Alien" is better and more serious than but it is not quite so good as we have a ri the author of "At the Cross Roads."

"The Secret Orchard."

THE SECRET ORCHARD, by Agnes and Eg millan, 6s.), is a clever, lurid, interesting nov and still more often merely theatrical; but it pleasant book. The plot is strong—the inv tion into the household of an adored wife o whom the husband has sinned. He has long s his silence while the intolerable situation penance. The end is perhaps inevitable—a one. The characters of the beautiful wife a old adorers are drawn with considerable tend soften the book. Without them the bald facts

If a stirring story of adventure and hair sought it will be found in William Westall's Arthur Pearson, 6s.). In point of fact, the h intimates excepted, the characters in this mostly devils. Truly they "banged those d children of the devil" pretty severely, but t to choose between General Morillo, the General Bolivar, the Venezuelan patriot l cruelty, for neither of them was used to story is an unhalting record of battle, murder over which assuredly no reader need fall aslee

THE CRIME OF THE CRYSTAL (Digby, Long ties of all Mr. Fergus Hume's other novels—the the feelings and no wit to move the intell usual clever unravelling of a mystery, the usu too unpleasing people, and it is written in go not reveal more of the plot than is told in th improbabilities in the story of course, p than usual, but, after all, what do they matte for the careful hand of the artist when we Hume; we only want to go smoothly along did the murder—and that is one of the leg of modern days.

CANON CARTER OF CLEWER.

The memory of Canon Carter, of Clewer, who passed away this week at the age of ninety-two, is one of an exceptionally devoted life. But it is well worthy of recognition also for the fact that he has been for half a century one of the most voluminous religious writers of the advanced school of the Church of England. It was in 1841, just after the closing of the first chapter of the Tractarian movement which he supported from the first, that Carter was presented to the Rectory of Clewer, after a distinguished career at Eton and Christ Church (where he was a contemporary of Gladstone, Keble, and Bishop Wilberforce) and twelve years of clerical work in Bucks and Dorsetshire. His first publication was "Three Sermons connected with the National Fast Day, March 24th, 1847," with an appendix on the Days of Fasting or Abstinence as enjoined by the Church of England. It was the time of the Irish potato famine. "Can we stop," said the preacher, "and discuss the political bearings of nice questions, when the unshrouded and uncoffined dead are hurrying past thick and wan as the leaves of autumn?" The same feeling of humanity showed itself in his work at home. As a faithful priest and assiduous visitor, Carter was shocked at the overcrowding of the poor of Windsor, who were then housed in ill-ventilated and ill-drained courts. He met with many a rebuff in the work of reform; but he succeeded in interesting the Prince Consort in the question. In 1850 he printed, for private circulation, "Some Remarks on the Physical and Social Condition of the Labouring Classes of Windsor," setting forth a general scheme for the benefit of the town under the immediate patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert. This strenuous pamphlet was mainly directed against overcrowding, and if others of influence had been as energetic in this direction as was the rector of Clewer for over forty years, the housing problem would not now be so insistent as it is. "There is a call," said he, "now, that we should endeavour to raise up and cherish among our cottagers the honourable and independent character which has been wont to distinguish the English labourer; and to mark the reign of our present gracious Sovereign, not by extended conquests, but by the increased health, decency, and comfort of the honest poor man's home." A striking feature of Church revival during the past fifty years is the growth of sisterhoods. It owes more to the devotion of Canon Carter than to any other half dozen of its earlier supporters. From 1849 to his death he was Warden of the House of Mercy, Clewer, of which the Hon. Mrs. Monsell was the first superior. In 1855 he published "The First Five Years of the House of Mercy, Clewer," and in 1861 an enlarged edition under the title "The First Ten Years of the House of Mercy." The most successful and pleasantly written of his books, outside pure theology, was the "Memoir of Harriett Monsell" (1884), of which the last edition appeared in 1890. A more recent memoir (1895) was "A Record of the Life and Work of Richard Temple West" (vicar of St. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington). Biography had a special attraction for Canon Carter, and he edited and wrote prefaces for many lives; such as "James Skinner, Vicar of Newland," 1883; "Nicholas Ferrar," 1892; and "John Kettlewell," 1895. But his writings were mainly theological and devotional. The British Museum Catalogue, exclusive of new editions, enumerates upwards of 150 separate works from his pen, many of them, however, single sermons, or brief essays. His five volumes of "Spiritual Instructions" issued between 1870 and 1891 have

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZIN

The most distinguished contributor to the mag
month is probably Mr. Robert Burns. A hitherto un
poem by the poet is unearthed in *Macmillan's*. Burn
MS. has not been found, but a copy of the verses was d
among some papers belonging to the late Mrs. Berr
Monmouthshire, who died in 1885. Apparently the au
of the poem rests only on the fact that the late Mrs.
ton's copy has an endorsement to the effect that the ve
addressed to a Mrs. Curre by Burns. Mrs. Curr
daughter of John Bushby, of Tinwald Downs in Dumf
Thus we are introduced to yet another Burns heroine,
a new lyric. The poet actually compares her to his N
girl that inspired "Had we never loved sae kindly," a

Just such was the glance of my bonnie lost Nancy,
Just such was the glance that once brightened h
But lost is the smile sae impressed on my fancy,
And cauld is the heart that sae dear was to me.

Ilka wee flow'ret we grieve to see blighted,
Cow'ring and with'ring in frost nippet plain;
The naist turn o' spring shall awauken their beauty
But ne'er can spring wauken my Nancy again.

In the same magazine an admirably-written paper
the humour of present-day novelists unfavourably with
His humorous sayings and incidents belong essentia
characters to which he attaches them. Quote a remark
novels and the character that uttered it rises up vivid
the eyes. This, the writer maintains, is what make
so vastly superior to humourists like Mark Twain an
who fasten their humour on to their characters indiscri

The *Quarterly* deals less extensively than the *Edinb*
literature, though there is one notable literary article,
the subject is the work of the late Charlotte Yonge.
daring, the reviewer compares her to Miss Austen, w
much inferior to Miss Yonge in pathos as she exce
satire." But surely to write like this is to compare sm
with great. We think, too, that the reviewer exagge
importance of Miss Yonge's contributions to history
are not on a much higher level than Mrs. Markham's.
however, the writer's attitude towards the "problem
which he contrasts with the novels of Miss Yonge:—

> We hear in these days a good deal about the "p
> novel. In most compositions of this class the probl
> stated in its simplest terms, comes to this—how to
> passion or self-indulgence urges in one direction
> accepted laws of good behaviour point in the other. S
> an *Uebermensch* of the earlier world, solved it in
> "Libito fe' licito in sua legge." Another way is
> indicated by a worthy French dragoon officer, when
> some point of conduct with a relative of the presen
> "Je trouve ça tout simple; c'était son devoir."
> this latter solution does not, as a rule, recommen
> the heroes and heroines of much, and that perhaps
> popular, modern fiction. Goethe's "Entbehren s
> sollst entbehren" is wholly out of date.

In other respects the review is strong. "The C
Austria-Hungary" is a most lucid presentation of
most urgent problems of modern politics. A footnote i
that the writer is of Austrian nationality. His anti
are very gloomy. The long article on "The Pla
exhaustive and alarming, though the writer's alarm is
India than for England. The article on the Empress
does not seem to be based on the same intimate perso
ledge as the recent article on Queen Victoria; but it i
and interesting appreciation. Other subjects treated a
Revolt against Orthodox Economics," "Antique Gems
South Pole," and "Duelling in the Time of Brantôme."

The most notable literary article in the *Edinburgh* is o
and the Novelists." The subject is treated without

who left out of her books the things which she thought children ought not to know. "Whether," he writes, "psychological fiction and problem dramas, whether, that is, novel-reading and play-going, two of girlhood's most exciting amusements, are the fittest medium through which suggestions should be conveyed through which she should arrive at her first apprehension of the most intimate relationships, consecrated or desecrated, of womanhood and manhood, is an inquiry with which at the present day men, no less than women, will do well to concern themselves." "The Scandinavian Novel" is a third literary article. Comparing Scandinavian with English fiction the reviewer maintains that "the Scandinavian novel has something of the charm that a child has side by side with an affected man or woman of the world," and also that "with all its defects the fiction of these lands holds for the moment a more important place than does our own." The other articles are on "The French Expedition to Egypt in 1798," "Industrial Progress and Native Life in South Africa," "Life in Poetry and Law in Taste," "Magic and Religion," "Recent Russian Music in England," "The Macedonian Problem and its Factors," "The Fight against Consumption," "The Glasgow School of Painting," and "Party Politics and the War."

The articles in the *English Historical Review* are—"The Dedication of Kings in the Greek Cities" by Edwyn Robert Bevan, "The Dutch in Western Guiana" by the Rev. George Edmundson, "England and Sweden in the time of William III. and Anne" by J. F. Chance, and "A British Agent in Tilsit" by J. Holland Moss. Mr. Moss faces the question "How did Canning come to know of the plot matured on the Tilsit raft which he anticipated by the Copenhagen expedition?" The old story of the spy concealed on the raft is shown to be incredible. According to Mr. Moss, Canning's information was really incomplete; but, such as it was, he got it from one Mackenzie, who, in his turn, got it from General Benningsen, who betrayed as much of his master's designs as he was made acquainted with. This intimation, supplemented by Garlike's report from Copenhagen, was enough for the British Government to act upon.

The *English Illustrated* improves. The contributors to the new number include Mr. A. G. Hales, who writes an African love story, and Dr. Barry, and Mr. H. G. Wells, who supply a grave and a facetious essay respectively, the former on Anarchism, the latter mainly on what literary men should eat and drink.

Messrs. George Philip and Son send us a new magazine, the *Geographical Teacher*, which is to be the organ of the Geographic Association. Its object, as defined in an introduction written by Mr. D. W. Freshfield, is "to answer in the affirmative the question—Can you teach geography so as to make people think?"—that is to say, can the scientific teaching of geography be anything but the elaborate demonstration of the obvious. In this undertaking we wish the new magazine every success.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

The Fine Art Society has opened the autumn season in Bond-street with its usual enterprise. In one of the rooms there is a collection of water-colour drawings entitled "The Cities of Central Italy," by Alberto Pisa, and in another a collection of pen and ink drawings and a few sketches by Laurence Housman. The characteristic of Signor Pisa's work is that it is so unlike the drawings of Italy that we are accustomed to that it would seem as if the artist purposely saw sunny Italy on its few rainy days, and painted the South with all the sadness of the French romanticist or the sobriety of the typical Dutch painter.

Of Mr. Laurence Housman's work as an illustrator we have previously had opportunities to judge, more frequently through the medium of the reproduction than from the original

"The Arabian Nights." Dominated as he is however, Mr. Housman has a quality of line technique which is admirable. It is more Houghton of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" boisterous draughtsman of such illustrations History of the Third Calendar; closer in beautiful Princess Parizade than to the "The Kite Darts upon the Meat" in The Hist Mr. Laurence Housman, dexterous as he is w moreover, the saving grace of humour which attach us to Arthur Houghton; but, whatev comparison with his great prototype, his dr at the Fine Art Society show rare imaginatio this quality is so generally absent from illustrators, and for this we are more than gr

True art lovers will turn their gaze fr dealers of the West-end to the galleries of the heart of the City. Once again Mr. Temp than is expected of him to maintain interest Gallery, and the latest exhibition is among th of a noteworthy series. It is some time exhibited in Conduit-street the first five of hi tions for the Boston Public Library in Ill Quest of the Holy Grail," and the remaining now to be seen at the Guildhall. They displa solid draughtsmanship, his bold and voluptu rare gift of invention. We envy Boston their should be seen by all who take an inte decorative art before they leave this country.

The great vogue that old coloured engrav late has induced Messrs. Graves to arrange i of "Ladies' Portraits" after early English m for the most part, interesting efforts to revive art of printing copper plates in colours—no worthless substitute of hand-colouring monoc are sometimes printed from the old plat from plates recently engraved in the sty stipple. Many are successful, and all especially as most of the coloured prints been produced in England. It has long artistic reproaches that this class of wor only be obtained in Paris.

The Society of Medallists is holding its van Wisselingh's small galleries in Brook-str have an autumn exhibition of the usual Marchant celebrates his proprietorship of th Goupil Galleries with an exhibition of works Dutch Romanticists which he understands so

LIBRARY NOTE

The Earl of Derby recently opened Art Gallery and Library which is the town Diamond Jubilee. The library contains 12,00 art gallery is enriched by the valuable W pictures.

The *Library World* takes exception to column. We remarked that the proceeding meeting of the Library Association were no in some former years. But the *Library Worl* meetings in the past were rather bibliograp tual. The distinction seems to be somewhat not bibliography an intellectual pursuit? the technical side of library work the papers by Ernest Thomas, John Winter Jones, an were scarcely rivalled at the last meeting. that the popular mind should be made to un of the more prosaic duties of librarians.

The local collection at the Newington Public Library has been enriched by an engraved portrait of John Revoult, who was Master of the Walworth Academy for several years, the gift of Mr. T. A. Gilbert.

The second number of the *Library Record of Australasia* contains a good article on Sir Redmond Barry, founder of the Public Library and Museums of Victoria, with an excellent portrait. We learn from "Some Magazines of early Victoria" that the first attempts were mainly distinguished by an early death, and their successors by "flagrant, calm, unabashed piracy." A series of hints for small libraries is also valuable, but we hope the printer is responsible for "Westcott" and "Cas Koden" as the names of two American novelists.

The Irish Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction make a good departure in offering to village and working-men's libraries gifts of books to the value of £3 on economic, industrial, and allied subjects.

The committee of the Bethnal-green Free Library are in want of funds to wipe out a debt that cripples the extension of their work. Contributions will be gratefully received by the treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan, at Messrs. Barclay and Co.'s, 54, Lombard-street, E.C.; or by the secretary and librarian, Mr. G. F. Hilcken, at the Bethnal-green Free Library, London, N.E.

Correspondence.

THE CASKET LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, At page 219 of his "Mystery of Mary Stuart" Mr. Lang refers to certain suggestions of mine in explanation of the close agreement of Moray's erroneous description of a Casket Letter with a *précis* in the Lennox MSS. I do not admit the correctness of Mr. Lang's summary; and, moreover, my suggestions were, as I told Mr. Lang, made extempore, and without examination of authorities. They were not intended for publication, and it will be evident to any one who reads the paragraph that Mr. Lang has made an unwarrantable use of my communication. I do not doubt, however, that he has done so from mere inadvertence—an inadvertence due to the openmindedness which is one of the most striking features of his volume.

On the question of the Casket Letters his openmindedness has, indeed, been almost Quixotic. Some ten years ago he expressed his strong conviction that the letters were "doctored"; after more minute inquiry he began a paper in *Blackwood* about a year ago "strong in the faith that they were 'genuine'"; he ended that paper in doubt; and now he is almost convinced of a doctoring process so homœopathically small as almost in no degree to affect the main question. But since Mr. Lang has referred to certain suggestions of mine, may I be permitted, being no longer partially in the dark as to the nature of his discoveries, to touch briefly on four cardinal points—the more especially as on those points Mr. Lang has either, as it seems to me, neglected or curiously misinterpreted evidence that was in his possession.

1. The main *raison d'être* of his present volume is, I take it, his discovery of the Lennox *précis*. It has shattered his strong faith in the genuineness of the letters by suggesting the probable existence—surely most improbable on many other grounds—of a forged letter afterwards dropped. This remarkable theory is based on the supposition that the *précis* was not founded on information supplied to Lennox by Moray, or the informant of Moray, or one whom Moray informed. Any of those suppositions Mr. Lang deems highly improbable, and in reply to the suggestion the same account of the letter as he gave to De Silva, or not, probably De Silva did. On either supposition, we do n to search further for the source of the Lennox *précis* main ground of Mr. Lang's doubt disappears.

2. Mr. Lang recognizes that if Du Croc obtained Scottish authorities copies of the letters, the French ment might have discovered the substitution of a ne but he accounts for its silence on the ground that Elizabeth by criticism of two sets of copies of le certainly not then the obvious policy of France." Th may not be true, but Mr. Lang has neglected to the risk which the Scottish Lords would elect to run l the letters after officially supplying a copy to th Ambassador.

3. Mr. Lang thinks that Maitland may have f suppressed letter and put it in the casket before t reached Morton on the 19th; but he had hardly m day to conceive and perfect the scheme, and could do s the supposition that the key was not in the pos Bothwell. That he did it afterwards is still more that he so bungled it as to require to suppress it the improbability, and that it was not suppres immediately before the Westminster conference is s incredible. Nor do I think that Elizabeth meant to h Silva that Maitland had forged the letters. She consid he "acted badly" in joining the opponents of the Ques Robert Melville being the informant of Elizabeth, this of Mr. Lang's, to which he over and over again refers, an extraordinary mistake. "Leaving Edinburgh," Lang, "on June 21, the day of the discovery, Melvi London on June 23 or 24." Now it is certain that Me in London about the date Mr. Lang supposes; but othe Lang's chronology is sheerly impossible. Riding as a for a wager, night and day, and with a constant shor swift horses, Maitland could hardly, in those days, have journey within the time supposed. Nor was such un haste necessary. But the simple fact is that Lethingto write "the bearer, Mr. Melville," but "the bearer Melville" (who was already in London as the represen the Lords). Nor is either Mr. Lang's palæography his copyist at fault, for he professes to quote the already printed in Skelton's "Maitland." Similarly a on Maitland's truthfulness is founded on a misread letter of Drury. Maitland is represented as stating Queen had threatened to cause "Bothwell to forfe goods, and life." "Could the Queen who said that," Lang, "be in love with Bothwell"—quite unaware reference is to Huntly. Indeed, most of Mr. Lang's st against Maitland seems to have been created by a minor misapprehensions.

4. As to the cardinal matter of Crawford's Declara not Mr. Lang unconsciously supplied proof that the De has been corrected by the letter—not the letter part from the Declaration? Quite innocently (p. 390) states that there is "a corrected draft" in the Lenn proving "that the Anglicizer of Crawford's Scots occ altered it into harmony with the English version of La One can hardly credit that, after being used to assist i the letter, it was corrected by a translation of the forge Lang's incidental remark seems to turn the balance of pr against his own theory, but why did it never occur t print the draft?

Yours faithfully,

for to me at least they seem remarkably strong. I have shown that the news of Amy Robsart's death startled Elizabeth and made Dudley very uncomfortable; that the jury, who were no friends of Dudley's, found it a case of accidental death; that Cecil, who had been previously jealous of Lord Robert's influence and had expressed the worst opinion of his conduct just *before*, befriended him *after* the event; and that Amy's wretched half-brother Appleyard, whose evidence as to the murder Froude thought convincing, not only made no such imputation at the time, but when he did so, years afterwards, first, revealed his own baseness by saying that "for Dudley's sake he had covered the murder of his sister," and then was obliged to retract the imputation, which he was offered every facility to substantiate, and made a most abject apology, confessing even that he had accused Leicester out of malice.

All this Mr. Sidney has read, but he considers the question still is simply, "Who killed Amy Robsart?" And why does he think so? He has "only to allude to a conversation which occurred, about a month after Amy's death, between Elizabeth and a messenger from the English Ambassador at Paris," in the course of which the Queen remarked that "none of his (Dudley's) men were at the attempt at Cumnor." And Mr. Sidney concludes, "If Amy's death were accidental, why did Queen Elizabeth make use of such an expression as 'the attempt?'"

Well, I think I would put exactly the opposite question. If Amy's death were not accidental, why did Queen Elizabeth use such an expression as "the attempt?" All the world had known, and, not merely for "about a month," as Mr. Sidney makes it, but for two months and more, that Amy Robsart was dead—had been killed, in fact, whether by accident or design; and it is the strangest way of palliating a murder which was actually accomplished to call it an attempt. Elizabeth surely did not refer to an attempt which had succeeded. She referred to one which had not succeeded. And in fact, this expression, "the attempt," is the very thing which, as I showed some years ago in the *Athenæum*, makes the story of Amy's death complete. She had insisted, in spite of remonstrances, on dismissing her servants that day that they might go to what was called "the fair" at Abingdon—the pastimes on the Nativity of Our Lady, 8th September; and some bad characters took advantage of the house being almost entirely deserted (only Amy herself and apparently two other ladies being there) to make an "attempt"—simply, I presume, at burglary. This, no doubt, was what caused the alarm that made Amy fall down the awkward corkscrew staircase, and so caused her death. Read in this light, I see no mystery in the case at all.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES GAIRDNER.

West View, Pinner, October 26, 1901.

HAWTHORNE AND "THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In Mr. Hannigan's excellent Personal View of Nathaniel Hawthorne, I think he does less than justice to that remarkable book "The Blithedale Romance." Mr. Hannigan does, indeed, recognize the excellence displayed in the portrait of Zenobia, but I would submit that a careful study of the book will discover something more than this single triumph. It is indeed not difficult to see in the character portrayed. Take the scene between Zenob worth:—

"With what, then, do you charge me? worth, aghast and greatly disturbed by this me one selfish end, in all I ever aimed at, it out of my bosom with a knife!"

"It is all self!" answered Zenobia, w bitterness. "Nothing else; nothing but sel fiend, I doubt not, has made his choicest m seven years past, and especially in the mad have spent together. I see it now! I am awa disenthralled! Self, self, self! You have in a project. You are a better masquerader and gipsies yonder; for your disguise is First, you aimed a deathblow, and a treach scheme of a purer and higher life, which so had wrought out. Then because Coverda quite your slave, you threw him ruthlessly took me, too, into your plan, as long as the being available, and now fling me aside agai But, foremost and blackest of your sins, you inmost consciousness! You did a deadly own heart!"

Or, again, take the parting words betw Hollingsworth:—

"Up to this moment," I inquired, "how have you reformed?"

"Not one," said Hollingsworth, with on the ground. "Ever since we parted, with a single murderer."

This well illustrates the power of retic Hawthorne. Taking it all in all, I believe Romance" deserves a higher measure of p been awarded it by the leading critics.

I am, Sir, your obedient serva

MAJOR GRE

243, Hackney-road, N.E., October 25.

AUTHORS AND PUBLI

An English Reclam.

Mr. Laird Clowes, in the July *Fortnigh* English Reclam, who would do for English re with his encyclopædic reprints has done in is significant that it is an American who un the call. But Mr. Howard Bell is not conte Reclam's achievements in the way of chea Library" is to "go one better" and be the reprints in the world. Mr. Bell's ideas o immense, but it must be remembered that t proved remarkably successful in Germany. started his "Universal Bibliothek" at Le and it has been steadily growing ever since, h its 4,000th unit. Reclam's unit generally co which he sells for 2½d., but the number of Bell's unit will be strictly limited to 25 p sold to the public for a halfpenny, so that the author may be, will sell at the rate of pages, with extra charges for the covers

advisory editor, and Mr. A. R. Waller, acting editor. The library begins on November 1 with six volumes, including Plutarch's "Lives," Emerson's "English Traits," Browning's Uncopyright Poems, and Doran's "Monarchs retired from Business." After that there will be a regular output of three volumes a week, with editions of 20,000 each. The Plutarch will contain a "Benediction" from President Roosevelt, who has always carried a copy of the work about with him.

Another book-selling experiment is that announced by Messrs. Harper in their Magazine for November. "If you wish to secure at half-price any book mentioned in the list given below," they advertise, "fill in the coupon with the title and your name and address in full, and hand the coupon to your bookseller. If your bookseller is unable to supply the book on these terms, send your coupon, with remittance, to the publishers, and the book will be sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom." The list includes Miss Mary Wilkins' new long novel, "The Portion of Labour," and eleven other novels, as well as Lord Charles Beresford's "Break-up of China," Mr. Ransome's "Japan in Transition," and the translation of Margaretha von Poschinger's "Life of the Emperor Frederick." It will be interesting to hear what the booksellers have to say on the subject, but no doubt Messrs. Harper will come to some working arrangement with them.

There is more than the usual proportion of literary disputes at present set down for the consideration of the Judges as compared with the number at the beginning of the Michaelmas sittings last year. Among the applications for new trials to be heard by the Court of Appeal is one by the *Daily Mail* in connexion with the action brought by Miss Chattell, to whom such heavy damages were awarded by the Sheriff's Court last July; and the appeals from the Chancery Division include the case of "Aflalo v. Lawrence and Bullen." Amongst the numerous libel actions are "the Netherlands South African Railway Company v. Chapman and Hall," "London and Provincial House Property Investment Company v. the *Star*," "Jackson v. the *Star*," "Barr v. the Yorkshire Conservative Newspaper Company," "Nicol v. Glenesk," "Bottomley v. Hess" and "Longman v. Hess." "Corelli v. De Beck," an action classified as "work," figures in the King's Bench Division. In the case of "Neufeld v. Chapman and Hall," decided on Wednesday, the two main questions whether Mr. Neufeld's agreement as to royalties affected arrangements made by Messrs. Chapman and Hall for serial publication by Messrs. Newnes and for publication in Germany were decided by Mr. Justice Walton in favour of Mr. Neufeld, with leave to appeal. On the question of the claim as to pictures, Messrs. Chapman and Hall were successful. The Divisional Court will also deal with "*in re* Henry Labouchere (*ex parte* John Kensit)" and "*in re* Kensit v. the *Evening News*."

The "French novel," which the adventuress of fiction secretes beneath her sofa cushion, is not exactly a fair representative of modern French romance, and we are glad to see the publishers treating French romance as part of Literary History. We have mentioned Mr. Heinemann's new "Century of French Romance" Series, edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and now Mr. Grant Richards is starting a series of "French Fiction of the Nineteenth Century." There is an important difference between the two series. Mr. Heinemann's idea is to display the progress of French romance from 1800 to 1900 by giving one characteristic example of the work of each of the twelve novelists who, by

A volume of sermons by an author who is not only but the editor of an important daily newspaper is an departure in theological literature. The author is Russell, the editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, who his reminiscences through Mr. Fisher Unwin not long the title of "That Reminds Me —." His new volu will shortly be issued by the same publisher, i "An Editor's Sermons on Days of the Church Year, Subjects." It has an introduction by the Bishop of who thinks that no small part of the special value consists in its being so largely addressed to the cler so seldom get at the inner mind of such men," says t "that we have reason to be grateful when any o expresses himself thus seriously and frankly, and lets know and feel what his thoughts really are on the most deep and serious moment, the mysteries that our earthly life."

The Solomon Islands are probably the only i history of an island race having been seen and described 350 years ago, and then left unvisited and by civilization almost to our own day. The Hakluy publish this month a translation (first announced some of the original Spanish MSS. describing Mendana's of the islands in 1567, during his search for the continent of the Incas. The Isles of Solomon were geographers that they were at last believed to be fal expunged from the charts. Meanwhile, during this lo the arts, the manners, and even the language of the p remained almost unaltered. Lord Amherst of Hackne Basil Thomson are the editors of the volume, whic copiously illustrated with facsimiles and photogravure

Another Library of the "best novels" at popu (eighteenpence each) has been started. It comes fr Ward, Lock, and is called "The Great Novels a selection of the most popular books by famous illustrated and printed on antique paper and cloth. Dickens is represented by "Pickwick" an Copperfield"; Thackeray by "Vanity Fair" and "Pe Kingsley by "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia"; "Ivanhoe" and "Old Mortality"; and Lord L "Last Days of Pompeii" and "Last of the Barons." dozen volumes will be ready shortly.

Mr. Hall Caine's new story, "Unto the Third a Generation," begins in the Christmas number of the *Magazine* and will be completed in two large instalmen

About the middle of this month will appear Mr. Menpes' new book on Japan, from Messrs. Adam an Black. Its great feature will be the hundred full-pag tions in colour.

The bicentenary of Yale College is approaching, a other memorial publications coming, a volume, edi committee of graduates and called "Two Centuries of Activity at Yale, 1701-1901," will be published b Putnam on both sides of the Atlantic. The tomb of self in Wales is the goal of many an American p Professor Goldwin Smith, being in bad health, is take part in the celebrations of the bicentenary of versity, where he was to represent Oxford University.

Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower, the first volume "History of the Tower of London" will be publ Messrs. Bell shortly, has written another illustrate of reminiscences covering the last twenty years. It anecdotes of the Royal Family, Lord Beaconsfield, S Millais, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and J. A. Symonds. M will publish it. Two notable biographies have also b to Mr. Murray's list. One is "The Career and Corres Sir William Arthur White," our Ambassador at Const from 1885 to 1891, written mainly from Sir William's

a full account of the formation of the force and its services during the present campaign, with details of the subscription list and expenditure and of the names of the men. A second series of "Last Essays," by the late Professor Max Müller (Longmans), will very shortly be forthcoming, dealing with the science of religion. The last two papers are entitled "Why I am not an Agnostic" and "Is Man Immortal?"

The life of the late Sir Henry Acland will be written by Mr. J. B. Atlay.

Mr. W. D. Howells has written a work on "Heroines in Fiction" as a companion volume to his "Literary Friends and Acquaintances."

The following works are announced by Messrs. Longmans:—"A History of Architecture in Italy from the Time of Constantine to the Dawn of the Renaissance," by Charles A. Cummings, member of the Boston Society of Architects, in two volumes (elaborately illustrated); and "Notes for Hunting Men," by Captain Cortlandt Gordon Mackenzie.

Mr. B. T. Batsford will issue early this month a revised and enlarged edition of "A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method," by the late Professor Banister Fletcher and Mr. Banister F. Fletcher.

The fine art business of Raphael Tuck is being turned into a limited liability company with a capital of £500,000. Dr. Conan Doyle is one of the directors.

Messrs. Longmans inform us that Mr. Rider Haggard's letters to the *Daily Express*, which appeared under the title "Back to the Land," will not be re-issued in their present form. Mr. Haggard, however, hopes next year to publish, under the title of "Rural England," a work dealing fully with the agricultural and social conditions of the majority of the English counties, and incorporating the substance of the letters.

Some new matter for anthropologists is said to be contained in "Savage Island: An Account of a Mission to Niué and Tonga in the Pacific Island," a book by Mr. Basil Thomson to come from Mr. Murray. It is, to some extent, a sequel to Mr. Thomson's "Diversions of a Prime Minister."

Messrs. Otto Schulze, of Edinburgh, announce a monograph on the historical Church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence by the Rev. J. Wood Brown, of Florence.

A second edition of the Poems of Richard D'Alton Williams ("Shamrock," of the *Nation*), edited by Mr. P. A. Sillard, will be published by Messrs. James Duffy, of Dublin.

Mr. Patchett Martin, who has long been very ill at Shanklin, has been allowed to undertake the voyage to Teneriffe, where he proposes to winter.

Books to look out for at once.

"The Great Boer War." By Dr. Conan Doyle. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.
[New edition (thirteenth), with seven fresh chapters and a new map bringing the history to date.]

"Anticipations." By H. G. Wells. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.
["A forecast of the reaction of mechanical and scientific progress upon human life and thought."]

"The War of the Polish Succession." By the Crown Prince of Siam. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
[A volume of essays.]

"Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." By Constance Hill. Lane. 21s. net. Illustrated.

"Barry Sullivan and His Contemporaries." By R. Sillard. Fisher Unwin. 2 vols. Illustrated.

"County and Town in England." By the late Grant Allen. Grant Richards.
[A volume of historical and descriptive sketches of various counties and towns. With an introduction by Professor York Powell.]

"In an Unknown Prison Land." By George Griffith. Hutchinson. 12s. net.
[An illustrated account of the author's experiences and observations in New Caledonia.]

"Prosperous British India." By Wm. Digby, C.I.E. Fisher Unwin.
[With diagrams.]

"The Earth's Beginning." By Sir Robert Ball. Cassell. 7s. 6d.
[Based on Royal Institution Lectures, Christmas Course, 1900. Illustrated.]

"Three of A Kind." By Dora Hale. Hutchinson. 10s. net.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND R

With notes where required to guide the r contents.

[*Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude*

BIOGRAPHY.

LETTERS OF JOHN RICHARD GREEN. Ed. 9×5¾, 511 pp. Macmillan. 15s. n.
[This is practically a biography, told part words, partly by the editor from information sup Mrs. Green, and from other sources. Three port

NOTABLE MASTERS OF MEN. By Edwin A. P Melrose. 3s. 6d.
["Modern Examples of Successful Lives Williams, Carnegie, James Tyson, &c.]

THE WOMEN OF THE SALONS AND OTHER F By S. G. Tallentyre. 9×5¾, 233 pp. Longmans
[Essays reprinted from *Longmans*.]

MUHAMMAD AND HIS POWER. By P. D ORIGEN AND GREEK PATRISTIC THEO W. Fairweather. The World's Epoch Maker T. and T. Clark. 3s. each.
[The 10th and 11th volumes in this useful by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton.]

DISRAELI (MINISTRES ET HOMMES D'E Courcelle. 4¾×7½, 181 pp. Paris, 1901. - Alc

BOOKS FOR THE YOUN

TWO OF A TRADE. By the Author of "Val." 7 1s. 6d.
[A story of two sempstresses and of village

THE STORY OF ALFRED AND HIS TIMES. By 167 pp. Nelson. 1s. 6d.
[A popular life of Alfred for the young chapters on Saxon history before Alfred. Illust

GREAT EXPLORERS. 7½×5, 224 pp. Nelson. 2
[Marco Polo, Magellan, Mungo Park, Columbus, &c. Short and popular accounts copious illustrations.]

IN FAIR GRANADA. (Tales of History). By 8×5½, 439 pp. Nelson. 5s.
[The struggles between the Moors and the of Philip II.]

THE BARN-BOOKS.—THE FARM BOOK, by W. OF DAYS, by Clare Bridgman. 5×3¾, 2s. 6d. each.
[These are booklets, copiously and well illu

LITTLE CITIZENS. By Edith Farmiloe. 7¾×5¾
[A study of London children of the poor.

YOUNG BARBARIANS. By Ian Maclaren. 8 and Stoughton. 6s.
[Stories of life at "Muirtown Seminary"

CLEARED FOR ACTION. By W. Boyd-Alles Shaw. 5s.
[A story of the Spanish-American war, with the engagements.]

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES. By Cha Prof. W. P. Trent. 7½×4¾, 120 pp. S.P.C.K.
[Cheap and attractive reprint. Fourteen ill by Flaxman. Red paper cover.]

THE HISTORY OF THE ROBINS. By Sara E. E. Hale. 7½×4¾, 90 pp. S.P.C.K. 6d.
[Uniform with "The Adventures of Ulys line, by C. M. Howard.]

IN SHIPS OF STEEL. By Gordon Stalles. 8
[A tale of naval life to-day. Illustrated.]

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS. From the Ing E. M. Jessop. 10×7½, 19 pp. Eyre and Spotti
[This "decoration" of "The Jackdaw of of print for some ten years. Its interesting illu in red and black gave it a great success when pictures have been redrawn.]

ACTON'S FEUD. A Public School Story. By F. S 7¾×5, 259 pp. Newnes. 3s. 6d.

A REAL QUEEN'S FAIRY BOOK. By Carmen S Newnes. 6s.
[These fairy tales by the Queen of Ru Illustrated by Mr. H. Nelson and Mr. A. Garth

IN THE DICTATOR'S GRIP. A story of Adventure in the Pampas and Paraguay. By J. SAMSON. 7¾×5, 298 pp. Blackie. 3s. 6d.

[A story of English emigrants, Spaniards, Indians, and the South American fighting for independence at the beginning of the 19th cent.]

GOODY TWO SHOES PICTURE BOOK. Walter Crane's Picture Books. Large series. 11×9½. Lane. 4s. 6d.

["Goody Two Shoes," "Aladdin," "The Yellow Dwarf." In big print and big coloured pictures.]

NORMAN'S NUGGET. M. OXLEY. 7½×5, 297 pp. Partridge. 2s.

[A search for gold in British Columbia in the middle of the last century—fights with Indians, &c.]

UNDER THE SHIDAR'S FLAG. By W. JOHNSTON. 7½×5, 316 pp. Partridge. 2s. 6d.

[School life followed by fighting at Atbara and Omdurman.]

IN THE DAYS OF THE DRAGONS. By the REVD. E. C. DAWSON. 7½×5, 110 pp. Seeley. 1s. 6d.

[These are sound practical "talks" with boys on matters of conduct.]

HOLIDAYS AND HAPPY DAYS. By H. HENDRY. (The Larger Dumpy Books for Children.) 6½×4½, 120 pp. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.

[Papers for children on notable days in the year. Coloured Illust.]

EDUCATIONAL.

ALGEBRA, Part I. By E. M. LANGLEY and S. R. N. BRADLY. (Home and School Library.) 7×4½, 192 pp. Murray. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

MARIETTA. A Maid of Venice. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. 7¾×5½, 450 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[Mediæval Venice. Founded on the story of Zorzi and the secrets of the art of glassblowing.]

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE. By NEIL MUNRO. 8×5, 403 pp. Isbister. 6s.

[A romance of adventure in Scotland and on the Continent in the time of Charles Edward.]

THE PROPHET OF BERKELEY SQUARE. By R. HICHENS. 7¾×5½, 334 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[The amusing complications which surrounded a star-consulting resident in the square.]

COUNT HANNIBAL. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. 7¾×5½, 368 pp. Smith Elder. 6s.

[France in the days of Charles IX., beginning with the massacre of St. Bartholomew.]

THE ROAD TO FRONTENAC. By S. MERWIN. 8×5½, 383 pp. Murray. 6s.

[The French in Canada in the seventeenth century.]

ARROWSMITH'S ANNUAL. PATRICIA AT THE INN. By J. C. SMITH. 7×4¾.

[A story of the wanderings of King Charles II. after the battle of Worcester.]

THREE MEN OF MARK. By SARAH TYTLER. 7¾×5, 331 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[A story of Scottish laird society at the time of the Napoleonic wars.]

KITTY FAIRHALL. By the Author of "Idlehurst." 7¾×5½, 311 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[A story of peasant life and romance.]

A SOCIAL PRETENDER. By WINIFRED GRAHAM. 7¾×5½, 314 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[The heroine is the orphaned daughter of a baronet who is persuaded to live with a wealthy guardian under false pretences.]

CYNTHIA'S DAMAGES. By R. TURNER. 7¾×5, 311 pp. Greening. 6s.

[A story of theatrical life.]

A LATE REPENTANCE. By T. W. SPEIGHT. 7¾×5, 328 pp. Digby Long. 6s.

[A "Tichborne claimant" story.]

THE STORY OF SARAH. By M. LOUISE FROSSLUND. 7¾×5½, 433 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[A story of Dutch life in America.]

WIDOW WILEY AND SOME OTHER OLD FOLK. By BROWN LINNET. 7¾×5½, 307 pp. Seeley. 5s.

[Short stories of village life. With full-page photos from life.]

IRISH PASTORALS. By SHAN F. BULLOCK. 8×5½, 309 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[Short stories.]

THE WORLD AND WINSTOW. By EDITH H. FOWLER. 7¾×5½, 369 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[In a country town and in London society, to which a draper's son gains admission through the Civil Service.]

LAW.

AN EPITOME OF THE LAW AFFECTING MARINE INSURANCE. By J. DIGGINSWORTH. [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HISTORY OF POLICE IN ENGLAND. By CAPT. W. L. LEE. 7½×5, 416 pp. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

[From Anglo-Saxon times down to to-day. Englan Wales.]

THE BETTESWORTH BOOK. Talks with a Surrey Peas BOURNE. 7¾×5½, 325 pp. Lamley. 5s. n.

DREAMS AND THEIR MEANINGS. By H. G. HUTCHINSON 320 pp. Longmans. 9s. 6d. n.

[From the point of view of science and experience data supplied by correspondents, and two chapters on te premonitory dreams from the Journal of the Psychical Resear

AN IDLER'S CALENDAR. By G. L. APPERSON. 7×4½, 213 3s. 6d. n.

[Open-air sketches, mostly reprinted from the *Globe*.]

THE TEMPLE RECITER. Part I., Verse. Ed. by E. E 7½×5, 113 pp. H. Marshall. 1s. n.

[54 well-selected pieces, serious and humorous.]

THE THEATRE. The Development in France and England, an of the Greek and Latin Origins. By C. HASTINGS. Tra WELBY. 8¾×5¾, 368 pp. Duckworth. 8s. n.

[This book was fully reviewed in our columns when fir in French (*Literature*, February 9, 1901), by Mr. Walk conscientious and well-written history, closely packed w from the sixth century B.C. down to M. Maurice Donn Henry Arthur Jones.]

LETTERS ON LIFE. By CLAUDIUS CLEAR. 8½×5½, 277 p and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

ESSAYS IN PARADOX. By the Author of "Exploded Ideas 200 pp. Longmans. 5s.

[Short essays on various subjects, written in a personal

HOME WORDS, Vol. for 1901. *Home Words* Office. 2s.

RAISON, FOI, PRIÈRE. Trois Lettres par CTE. LÉON TOLSTO du Russe par J. W. Bienstock. 4¾×7½, 32 pp. Paris: Stu

THE STALL PLATES OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER GARTER. Parts V. and VI. By W. H. ST. JOHN HOPE. 12s. 6d. net each.

SOME FEUDAL COATS OF ARMS. By J. FOSTER. 13½× Oxford: Parker.

[A very sumptuous work which has grown out of the over the book "Armorial Families." There are 2,000 ain from the Bayeux tapestry, heraldic rolls, &c., a catalogue coats of arms, heraldic introduction, &c.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BOOK OF OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS. Handbooks o Gardening, Vol. IV. By H. ROBERTS. 7¾×5½, 111 pp. Lan

[Hints for inexperienced gardeners on the growth o flowers, with half-tone illustrations.]

FROM A MIDDLESEX GARDEN. By A. H. HYATT. 8½ Wellby. 7s. 6d. n.

[Notes of a literary and reflective kind on each m garden. With a preface by "E. V. B." (the Hon. Mrs. Bo

NAVAL.

BRITANNIA'S BULWARKS. The Achievements of Our Se Honours of Our Ships. Ed. by COMMANDER C. N. ROBI 10½×14½, 96 pp. Newnes. 10s. 6d. n.

[This is a large-sized thinnish volume rather of the picture book, dealing with famous ships at every period of history. The illustrations are copious and the edition suppl letterpress written up to them. The great feature is splendid water-colour drawings of ships and fights by M Dixon, which are far more artistic than any we have seen.]

ORIENTAL.

A CATALOGUE OF SYRIAC MANUSCRIPTS, Preserved in bridge University Library. By the late W. WRIGHT. LL vols. 9×5¾. 1,290 pp. Cambridge University Press. 60s.

[Mr. S. A. Cook writes an introduction describing the of the collection.]

PHILOSOPHY.

THE ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY OF SIDGWICK. By F. H. H 7½×5, 275 pp. Sonnenschein. 4s. 6d.

[Hints for the study and a critical exposition of the t the "Methods of Ethics." Accepted by Cambridge Uni 1901 as an "original contribution to learning."]

INTUITIVE SUGGESTION. A New Theory of the Evolution By J. W. THOMAS, F.I.C., F.C.S. 8×5½, 160 pp. Longmans.

[Founded on the theory that the intuitive faculties ("

POLITICAL.

QUESTIONS AMÉRICAINES. Par T. Bentzon. 7¼×4¾. 310 pp. Paris: Hachette. Fr.3.50.

[Six Essays dealing with Socialism, feminism, colonial wars, &c. One is on "L'Armée Anglaise peinte par Kipling."]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

AYLWIN. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. (Snowden Edition.) 8×5. 436 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 3s. 6d.

[We are glad to see a cheaper cloth-bound edition of this fine novel (to which "The Coming of Love," though published earlier, was a sequel) with its mystical romance, its Romany lore, and its picture of D. G. Rossetti in D'Arcy. Mr. Watts-Dunton writes a preface discussing some criticisms.]

ITALIAN JOURNEYS. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated by J. Pennell. 8¼×6, 292 pp. Heinemann. 10s. n.

[This was first published in 1885. It has been not so much brought up to date as pruned and revised from the literary point of view. The abundant illustrations, many of them in Mr. Pennell's best manner, add much interest to the book.]

SACHARISSA. Some account of Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sutherland, Her Family and Friends, 1617-1684. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). 3rd Ed. 9×5¾. 314 pp. Seeley. 7s. 6d.

[This excellent writer's account of Waller's Sacharissa was first published in 1893.]

AT THE COURT OF THE AMÍR. By J. A. Gray. 7¾×5¼. 523 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[Mr. Gray was surgeon to the Amir. The book was first published in 1895; a short preface is now added on the succession to the Throne of Habibullah.]

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES. Together with a Perversion and a Burlesque. By R. C. Lehmann. 7¾×5, 172 pp. 2s. 6d. n. MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC SEQUELS. By St. John Hankin. 8×5¾. 246 pp. 3s. n. Bradbury Agnew.

[Both of these are familiar to readers of *Punch*, from whose pages they are reprinted. They are well worth republishing. "Picklock Holes" contains also "Lord Ormont's Mate and Matey's Aminta," and the Munchausen-like "Pink Hippopotamus." "The Sequels" are very amusing, and range from pure burlesque, like the sequel to "Hamlet," to present-day satire, like the sequel to "The Critic." The illustrations by Mr. E. J. Wheeler, with some by Mr. E. T. Reed to the "Pink Hippopotamus," add much to the humour.]

SCOTTISH ARCHITECTURAL DETAILS. By J. W. Small. 14×9¾. Stirling: E. Mackay. 25s., n.

[A reprint (with the exception of seven substituted plates) of the author's "Leaves from my Sketch Book" (1880), with the same beautifully-executed drawings.]

JEAN-PAUL MARAT, THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND. By E. B. Bax. 2nd Ed. 8×5¼. 253 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

[This well-written attempt to defend Marat was published last autumn and reviewed by us on December 15, 1900.]

THE CHEMISTRY OF PAINTS AND PAINTING. By A. H. Church. Third Revised. 8×5¼. 355 pp. Seeley. 6s.

[This has long been out of print, and the present edition contains much new matter.]

ST. RONAN'S WELL. By Sir Walter Scott. (New Century Library). 6×4. 341 pp. Nelson. 2s. n.

[Another volume in this attractive series, with a capital frontispiece.]

THE LOVE POEMS OF BURNS. (The Lover's Library.) 5¼×3. 120 pp. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.

[Another of these dainty little books, which are now familiar to the public, printed in green ink with lilac decorations.]

COMING, OR THE GOLDEN YEAR. Third Edition. By Selina Gaye. 8×5¼. 340 pp. Seeley. 5s.

[This pretty tale of religious fancy was first published 1882.]

SONNETS. By R. C. Trench, D.D. Arrowsmith.

[A paper reprint of some of the Archbishop's Sonnets, handwritten, and very simply decorated by Miss A. J. Romilly.]

LA VIE MILITAIRE SOUS LE PREMIER EMPIRE. By Elzéas Blaze, Ancien officier de la Grande Armée. 4¾×7¼. 420 pp. Paris: Garnier. Fr.3.50.

[A reprint in one vol. of one of the best books ever written on the Grande Armée. The original appeared in 1837 in two vols., which have long been very rare.]

THEOLOGY.

GRACE AND CALLING. 74 pp., 2s. TESTIFY INGS. 219 pp., 4s. By H. W. Holden. 7¼×5

[Papers in the nature of sermons by the Vic The first expands the text "Called to be the doctrine that grace must precede the calling the teachings of St. Paul "to the state and tion."]

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF of Clifton. 7¼×5. 396 pp. Catholic Truth So

[Ecclesiastical history of the first two c Catholic Bishop of Clifton, who says, "I canno no controversial motive in publishing it."]

IMMORTALITY, AND OTHER SERMONS. Momerie. 7¼×5. 307 pp. Blackwood. 5s.

[Edited by Mrs. Momerie, with an Introdu explaining that he never left the Church. Ex views, two sermons supporting the theory of Fr

THE MONASTERY OF SAN MARCO. By G 130 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

[Mainly an account of the great men associa —Fra Angelico, Savonarola, and Fra Bartolom after the old masters. Well bound in green, wi

THE STORY OF JOSEPH. By J. R. Miller, Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

[Lessons from Joseph's life, attractively g borders.]

UNIVERSITY SERMONS. Preached before the Ed. by Ll. J. M. Bebb. 7¾×5¼. 398 pp. Allen

[This selection of University sermons by tains a history of the "University sermon" as

THE TEMPLE BIBLE. Vols. I. and II.—GENES 170+143 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n. each.

[This series treats the Bible on its literary

A BOOK OF COMMON WORSHIP. Prepared New York State Conference of Religion. 6¼×

[The Conference is an indirect outcome of of Religions. The book attempts to provid used by members of all religions in common from the Bible; (2) readings from the "Ethn Persian, Buddhist, Mahomedan, &c.); (3) universality, of ethical and spiritual religion society and the State. The sources are given i

ROMAN LAW AND HISTORY IN THE NEW T Rev. S. Russ, LL.B. 7¾×5¼. 480 pp. Riving

[In four books—The Gospels, The Acts, Later Events.]

THE CENTURY BIBLE. The General Epistles. 6¼×4. 350 pp. Edinburgh: Jack.

[These capital little volumes are now w (Professor at New College and Hackney Colleg Fellow of St. Johns, Cambridge) gives comple comes the Authorized Version, then the Revis

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. By J. R. Mille Stoughton. 1s.

[One of the well-known decoratively i booklets by Dr. Miller.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRA

THE VICTORIA HISTORY OF THE COUNT WORCESTERSHIRE, Vol. I. Ed. by J. W 340 pp. Constable.

[This follows on the volumes on Hampshire Is the first of four volumes, and deals mainly w and antiquities.]

WANDERINGS ON THREE CONTINENTS. By R. F. Burton, K.C.M.G. Ed. by W. H. W Hutchinson. 16s. n.

[Mr. Wilkins is the editor of the "Burton forms the second volume published since Lady deal with the years 1853-1870, from Burton's his recall from Damascus—the years which "w life." Most of these essays were delivered many of his writings are now difficult to g popular form a consensus of his most important

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 212. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be

Mr. H. W. LUCY.

* * * * *

Books to read just published:—

"Diaries of the Emperor Frederick." (Chapman and Hall.)

"Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick." By Charlotte Fell Smith. (Longmans.)

"Country and Town in England." By Grant Allen. (Grant Richards.)

"Then and Now." By Dean Hole. (Hutchinson.)

"Angel." By Mrs. Croker. (Methuen.)

"King's End." By Alice Brown. (Constable.)

"The Ambassador's Adventure." By Allen Upward. (Cassell.)

* * * *

We hope next week to reproduce the cover design of a fine

An important Dickens announcement comes fr
We gave a list the other day of new editions
now being issued in England. The novelist se
moment equally popular in America. A New Yor
Mr. G. D. Sproul, well known through the sumptuou
famous authors which he has launched, proposes to
Dickens (called the St. Dunstan Edition) which wil
number of distinguishing features. Each story will
by a critical essay by one of the most prominent w
day, and the following authors have already agreed t
such introductions:—Algernon C. Swinburne, Edm
Austin Dobson, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Sidney
Harte, Professor Saintsbury, George Gissing,
Meynell, Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell), Charles
Fitzgerald, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Clement Sc
Pollock, &c. Among the artists engaged to fur
illustrations are Harry Furniss, Gordon Browne (son
Dickens' artist-in-chief), H. M. Brock, and Hugh Th
preparation of the edition will be superintended b
Kitton, who will supply notes (both bibliogra
topographical) for each story. The St. Dunstan Ed
divided into three sections, the illuminated
bibliophiles' edition, and the autograph edition.
named, printed on special hand-made paper and comp
volumes, will contain the autograph signatures of the
and the bibliophiles' edition (also in fifty volume
tinted borders on every page. The Illuminated edi
very ornate, appealing to the wealthy collector of e
The text will be in a hundred volumes, printed o
only of selected skins of Italian parchment;
illuminated by hand, and the title-pages, chapte
and tailpieces elaborately decorated. This illumina
(In addition to the hundred volumes of letterpress)
at least fifteen volumes of illustrations, chief
impressions of all the plates and wood-cuts that hav
produced to illustrate the writings of "Boz." A
number of sets of the St. Dunstan Edition will be p
English market. The issue, at the rate of one volu
will begin in January next.

* * *

A characteristic figure of the old Oxford ge
passed away in Dr. Charles Lempriere, D.C.L., Se
of Saint John's College. He was eighty-three at the
death, and the lives of himself and his father, the
Lempriere of the "Classical Dictionary," covered
(1765-1901). He was on the foundation of his college
came, of course, from Merchant Taylors) for more
five years. He would probably have repudiated

journalists in the United States and in England, Dr. Lempriere will be remembered rather as a typical representative of the lay fellows of the unreformed University. He had travelled widely and he had a remarkable collection of stories, legal, political, social, and adventurous, which generation after generation of Oxford men heard with delight. In Oxford he has certainly not left his equal as a raconteur; and in his own college, to which he was devotedly attached, he must be keenly missed. The new system does not supply men like him; and with his death the change that has long been going on in academic and literary Oxford receives a further emphasis.

* * * *

Now that the lady publisher has arrived we shall probably have to discuss the possibilities of the book trade in general from the woman's point of view. Women booksellers, of course, have long existed in London, but mostly as dealers in second-hand books. There are two well-known lady booksellers in Kensington, however, who opened a regular shop as an experiment about eighteen months ago, and who have made a great success of it. Bookselling, they declare, is a delightful business for a woman, and one in which she has every opportunity of excelling. Publishing, of course, is a more serious matter and needs experience as well as capital to start with. "Florence White," the new publisher, begins appropriately with a "Home Series" which she edited for Mr. Grant Richards, and which she has taken over from him. We have also seen her Imprint on a new handbook on "Smallpox."

* * * *

It is nearly two hundred years since Elkanah Settle, the last of the City laureates, contributed to the glories of the Lord Mayor's Show. The poet made a popular organizer-in-chief of the yearly pageants, for he knew what his public wanted, though his attempts to flatter the Companies to which the new Chief Magistrates belonged were apt to be incongruous. On one occasion, for instance, when a Grocer happened to be elected, he introduced Diogenes into the pageant sitting in a currant-butt. It was characteristic of the ingenious Settle—years after he had measured his mediocre muse against the genius of Dryden—that he finally took to roaring in the body of a painted dragon for one of the shows of Bartholomew Fair. Hence the couplet which Pope puts into his mouth in the "Dunciad":—

> Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
> Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.

There were dramatic representations, with songs, and orations in verse, when these "Triumphs"—or "London Pageants" as they were more commonly called—were in their prime; and they received the added dignity of being described in a separate official publication. "My Lord Mayor" in those days must sometimes have felt extremely uncomfortable amid all the poetic praise which was showered upon him:—

> You have done all things fair, no action foul;
> Your shereevelry gave relish of good rule,
> Nor need they doubt your mayoralty, therefore,
> Begging your pardon, I shall say no more.

This was in 1690, and followed after forty other lines in similar strain. One, "apparelled like a Moor," reminded the Lord Mayor of 1585 more sensibly of his duties to London:—

> This now remains, right honourable lord,
> That carefully you do attend and keep,
> This lovely lady, rich and beautiful,
> The jewel wherewithal your sovereign queen

Mr. Thomas Hardy denies the statement of that he has given up writing novels.

Mr. Shorthouse, we are glad to hear, is bett

Sir Theodore Martin, who has nearly rec recent illness, has left Llangollen for the South

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is leaving Englar Brussels. He has completed his first long seri will appear in serial form first, and subsequen by Messrs. Hutchinson. His new play will be s by Miss Annie Hughes.

Among the literary birthdays of next w M. Louis Fréchette, the Canadian poet (Nov Mr. Joaquin Miller, "The Poet of the Sierras 1842), Mr. Winston Churchill, the American n ber 10, 1871), Mr. Julian Corbett, romance (November 12, 1854), Sir William Anson, the dis writer and Warden of All Souls (November Robert Hichens (November 14, 1864), and Mr. Aldrich, the American writer (November 11, 18

Emeritus Professor Masson has been obl health, to resign his seat on the Committee o Public Library Commissioners.

Mr. Owen Seaman has been elected a Committee of Management of the Society of Ant

The Rev. John Julian, LL.D., compiler of of Hymnology," has been presented to a canonry

Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour, was entertain the Authors' Club on Monday last, and made growing keenness of international competition.

A letter written by the late Queen Victori has been sold at Sotheby's auction rooms for £5

In a book sale in Wellington-street a copy Bacon's "Essayes or Counsels" was sold for £1 of the 1631 folio Shakespeare fetched £70, and Cities," first edition, inscribed "Charles D Macready, December, 1859," £25 10s.

Mr. Stanley Weyman's novel, "Count Han dramatised by the Rev. Freeman Wills and the Langbridge.

Next Friday Mr. Bernard Shaw will lectur hill under the auspices of the Northern He Society on "Literature on a Little Oatmeal."

The latest addition to the Tauchnitz seri selections from Swinburne, by Mr. William Sha

M. Rostand has announced his intentio inaugural speech at the French Academy in ver

The death is announced of Dr. Bruno Scho known German Socialist and Editor of the *Leipz*

The King of Italy is busily engaged upon hi Nummorum Italicorum," which is to be a liter history of the coinages of the 250 different mint

Publishers, Authors, and Agents.

Since we discoursed, in this column, upon literary agents, we have received letters on the subject from various correspondents, and have read a good many other letters on the same subject, addressed to the *Author*. Authors' agents have unquestionably, as the Americans put it, "come to stay"; and the reason is that they save trouble. One of the ways in which agents save trouble is pointed out in the communication which Mr. Arnold Haultain sends to us from Canada. To the colonial author who wishes to do business with a London publisher their existence is, as Mr. Haultain points out, an immense convenience, if not an absolute necessity. They place at his disposal information which it would be almost impossible for him to acquire in the colonies as to the *status* and the kind of business done by the different publishing houses, and, by providing a central depôt for manuscripts, save these manuscripts many superfluous journeys to and fro across the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans. To authors living in remote country places, or wintering abroad, or travelling for business or pleasure, they render a service less in degree but similar in kind; and indeed most of the authors who have taken part in the discussion pay the publishers the compliment of insisting upon the trouble which the agents save them rather than on the protection which they afford them against the possibility that an occasional publisher may, in his dealings with them, take advantage of his own greater knowledge and wider experience of the value of the literary property offered for sale or exploitation. Owing, indeed, to the desire of authors to save themselves trouble and to economize time which they could, or fancied they could, employ more profitably in writing, or studying, or meditating, or seeing life, literary agency was a flourishing business long before the literary agent was heard of. The publishers themselves did the whole of it in those days, and even now they still do a good deal of it. But, as it was not their main business, and as their main organization was directed to quite other ends, they naturally could not afford to act as agents for the marketing of serial, Continental, or American rights on such favourable terms as the men who were agents first and last and all the time. What an agent did for a ten per cent. commission, a publisher often felt himself obliged to charge as much as fifty per cent. for doing. Naturally, therefore, with the rapid and wide extension of American and serial markets, literary agency gradually passed into the hands of a particular set of men—several of whom, as a matter of fact, had retired from publishing in order to attend to it. The publishers themselves very constantly delegate to them any agency work with which they happen to have been entrusted. That fact alone would suffice to demonstrate their possibilities of usefulness to authors. Other reasons for looking favourably upon them are given by the *Author's* debaters. The agent, says Mr. E. F. Benson, "will be far more likely to know that magazine which will be suitable for his author's works, and, in the case of serialization, what magazines have openings, than the author himself." Mr. Eustace Miles says much the same in other words. Other authors frankly confess that their agents make better bargains for them than they were ever able to make for themselves. The array of argument is certainly weighty and the consensus of opinion is striking. But we are not prevented from thinking that the literary agency business, though good in itself, is a little over-done, and that some young authors are in too great a hurry to put their literary consciences into an agent's keeping. In literary, as in other matters, there are advantages to be gained by fighting the battle of life on your own account, instead of paying commissions to flesh-flies for your

Literature Portraits.—XX

MR. SIDNEY LEE.

Mr. Sidney Lee, regarded in the aspect with which are chiefly familiar, may be compendiously described a in biography. He is also much else, and perhaps might be characterized as an expert in early English, Elizabethan, literature. When, however, a man has thoroughly identified with a great undertaking as has M the "Dictionary of National Biography," it is no surprise if he bears his achievement about with him a and if the public almost resents his appearance in a unconnected with it. It is interesting to trace the co the scholar and literary critic into the biographer—a which, taking the term in its widest acceptation, we prepared to maintain. The progress of develop scholar into editor and from editor into biographer is Literary promise and University distinction gained College make Mr. Lee sub-editor of the dictionary commencement in 1883. After little more than during which twenty-one volumes have appeared, the of his unwearying services is felt to demand his assoc Mr. Leslie Stephen as joint editor. After little more t during which time six more volumes make their appe temporary failure of Mr. Leslie Stephen's health m Mr. Lee's appointment as the one man competen office, Mr. Stephen, upon his recovery, resuming his p foremost literary contributor. Mr. Lee carries on the Vol. 27 to its conclusion, in 1901, with Vol. 63, and add volumes of supplement recently published, leaving n business faculty, literary knowledge, tact, considerat urbanity never to be effaced from the recollection of had the good fortune to co-operate with him. M regressive movement has been observable, the edit his way back to authorship by the production o bound to develop into books. Mr. Lee had alread valuable contribution to Shakespearian literatu "Stratford-on-Avon, from the earliest times to the Shakespeare" (1885), and his acquaintance with eve spearian detail was so complete that his dictionary the poet, though most comprehensive, was evident ground-work of the book he was to write. It according (1898) into the independent work which has given M assured place among eminent biographers. Shortly a the necessity was imposed upon him of writing the li Victoria, and this obligation has produced a mem accurate, and impartial, so pervaded by a statesma and crowded with severely compressed facts, as to ne expansion which the biography of Shakespeare has to become in a certain measure the standard work on t There are respects, of course, in which no condens can aspire to so proud a place. The life of the Queen fully exhibited without access to a vast mass of do evidence, so much of which must be incorporated narrative as to render this a work of great extent. I be long before these materials become accessible, this is the case, although the ends of biography ma subserved by their publication, it may be otherwise ends of Literature.

The contrast between the methods of biography

times rightly, but more frequently without ground. If he has fatigued us with the merely trivial and irrelevant he is indeed open to reproof, but most commonly this is not the case. Everything that he has given us is in general really valuable, and it is rather his merit than his fault to have collected so much. His fault, if he has one, is to have claimed the standing of a biographer while he is in fact merely the purveyor of biographical material. Take one of the most notorious recent instances of a ponderous and inartistic biography—the official biography of Lord Tennyson—how much of it could we really spare? When it comes to be finally appraised by posterity the complaint will not be of the things inserted but of the things omitted. Or take what really does seem at the first view a brilliant example of thoroughly artistic treatment and a happy balance between narrative and document. This will be found for serious purposes a less satisfactory work than the Life of Tennyson. Froude's Life of Carlyle appears an almost perfect biography until the reader does what Froude never did—lift his eyes from the materials immediately before him and cast them upon the rich stores lying neglected around. If Froude had been a conscientious biographer, if he had not, like the monk in "The Misfortunes of Elphin," limited himself to "a single and simple draught of whatever happened to be before him," he, too, might well have sunk under the accumulation. As it is, the accident of material of the first importance as far as it went—though only a portion of a vast store—falling into the hands of an accomplished literary artist competent to shape it but too indolent to enrich it, has adorned our literature with a truly classical and very inadequate biography.

We conclude, then, that the official biographer, he who undertakes a task imposed upon him by a sense of duty or by his special relation to the deceased, will in general be obliged to resign himself to act as intermediary between the crude material on which he operates on the one hand, and on the other the artist of the future who will recognise that much which now cannot be overlooked will have proved itself of merely transient interest. Our literature does, indeed, possess something of the kind in the abridged biographies, which have of late years been so numerous; but the need for cheapness has constrained the writers to err as far on one side as the official biographer has been constrained to err on the other. Nothing, for example, can be more masterly in their way than Mr. Morley's miniature Lives of Burke and Walpole, but Mr. Morley would be the last to deem that the final words of biography upon such men could be uttered with such brevity. Lord Rosebery has almost shown how a bulky and unreadable Life of Pitt may be superseded; had his scale been about twice as large, Bishop Tomline might have passed from the library to the lumber room, whither it is hardly safe to remand him at present. In his lives of Shakespeare and Queen Victoria Mr. Lee has come nearer than any one to affording a model for the condensed, but not shrunken, biography of the future, and his success is due in great measure to his association with the "Dictionary of National Biography" so long directed by him.

The superintendence of an undertaking like the "Dictionary of National Biography" must indeed be a rare qualification for the work of a biographer. It involves acquaintance with every kind of character, the man of action, the man of thought, the man of art, nor less those phases of human life which attract mainly by eccentricity or picturesqueness. It implies endowment with that quality above all essential to a biographer, a just sense of proportion, and moreover that extensive knowledge without which a sense of proportion will find no scope for

never been necessary to plead any. Equally combination of a high tone of general impartial openness in the expression of opinion, with abstinence from anecdotes that might give p that might give offence. When the great nu tors is considered, it is evident that this discr be largely due to the judicious supervision of Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee, indeed, has had but litt exercise of this wise moderation in his own chiefly relate to the literary figures of h numerous are they, however, that had he nev editorial office, he would still have been on spicuous persons in the history of the Diction of articles contributed by him, not including the Supplement, is 820, comprising 1,370 pages, have been furnished by the next most co The collective extent of these is almost exa three volumes, or nearly one-twentieth part of t a large proportion are short memoirs of indi known to be readily undertaken by ordinary therefore involving more troublesome resea names, many are upon personages of the first c great article on Shakespeare may be placed bethans who most nearly approach Shakespea awakening interest, and whose place in liter more nearly approached his but for their p Sidney and Marlowe. Sterne, a less sympa afforded matter for a memoir which, from its o even more of a biographical landmark. Au important biographies may be named those of F gist, Gower, Howard, Earl of Surrey, Nash, I Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

Few modern books have from the first take a position as the standard works on their resp Mr. Lee's Life of Shakespeare. Two causes may and foremost Mr. Lee's great though simple dis from critical disquisition, Shakespeare's life cou The scantiness of our information about Sh parison with his stupendous position in liter such a commonplace that it had been almost fo information actually did exist, and readers the reappearance of a personality deemed ob emergence of a faded picture under the h restorer. By the dexterous use of every trai to depict the world in which Shakespeare u made Shakespeare himself, if not an altogeth perfectly visible figure. Such a feat could one thoroughly steeped in the atmosphere of and Mr. Lee's previous literary career may ne been a long unconscious training for it. The the special practice obtained by work o dictionary is perceptible in the Life of Shake pragmatic character, its lucid precision, an superfluities. Among these must be reckoned is no superfluity, the æsthetic criticism which case may worthily employ the highest tacu indulged without restraint, might easily subme Mr. Lee has been wisely content to indicat mentally demonstrating, his competence for the subject. Once, indeed, treating the vex "only begetter" of the Sonnets, he offers a s ling originality with which I, for my part, an But the question is not æsthetic, but of th

Queen's life and reign shall be written from official sources, and to resume this position when the more ambitious work, remanded to the library of the historical student, shall have ceased *volitare per ora virûm*. The only unfavourable criticism which I have seen passed upon this admirable memoir, objecting a certain austerity of tone, seems to me to indicate defective appreciation of the correct attitude of a dictionary of biography. The articles in such a work have something of a monumental character; they are to serve as authorities for a long series of generations, and it is necessary to consider how they will be regarded by posterity. Hence the enthusiasm which may be legitimate in dealing with personages whose place in history has long been settled must be restrained in the case of contemporaries; the reader of the twenty-first century must not be able to criticize the writer of the twentieth as carried off his balance by the emotions of his day. Should Mr. Lee's article become a book, we doubt not that it will be found to throb with the pulse of the time.

While Mr. Lee's special task might seem to be the development of that form of biography which the age especially demands, something intermediate between the storehouse of detail and the mere compendium, this is far from the only form in which trained intelligence and vast experience could be rendered useful to biography. The great Dictionary, one of the most remarkable instances of the application of the co-operative principle to literature, may be the prelude of more extensive manifestations of this universal tendency. Its publication, and that of the excellent German biographical dictionary of the Munich Academy, have brought the universal dictionary appreciably nearer; it would even now be perfectly possible to compile one for the Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon, and Scandinavian races. Again, our national archives and collections of manuscripts in private hands abound with unused biographical detail, only needing to be extracted and published on some systematic plan. Whether in any of these or in some other manner, we trust that Mr. Lee's proved ability and unparalleled experience will be made available on his return from the change of scene which, one regrets to hear, he has been compelled to seek as a consequence of the excessive strain imposed by the Supplement to the Dictionary.

R. GARNETT.

Mr. Sidney Lee's earliest published writings, which appeared while he was still an undergraduate at Balliol, consist of two articles in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—"The Original of Shylock" (February, 1880) and "A New Study of *Love's Labour's Lost*" (October, 1880). They attracted the favourable notice of Shakespearean scholars and critics, and thus was laid the first stone of the edifice of Mr. Lee's contributions to Elizabethan history and literature. The Shylock article formed the nucleus, so to speak, of the memoir of Roderigo Lopez in the thirty-fourth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (1893), and that on *Love's Labour's Lost* was expanded in 1886 into a paper read at a meeting of the New Shakespeare Society, entitled "The Topical Side of the Elizabethan Drama." It was afterwards printed in the society's transactions and also in pamphlet form. In 1882 Mr. Lee edited, for the Early English Text Society, a reprint of Lord Berners' early sixteenth-century translation of the French mediæval romance, "Huon of Burdeux." Mr. Lee's first original work was "Stratford-on-Avon from the Earliest Times to the Death of Shakespeare." It was published in 1885, and formed a handsome folio volume, with illustrations by Edward Hull. A new edition (octavo), with Hull's illustrations, appeared in 1890. In 1886 Mr. Lee edited, with many valuable additions, the autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

The rest of Mr. Lee's published writings group themselves under three heads—(1) the work done by him in connexion with

More, Jane Seymour, Edmund Spenser, and
Whitgift. The list is not confined to the Eli
Of memoirs of persons belonging to other
most considerable are, perhaps, those of William C
Herbert of Cherbury, and Laurence Sterne. The artic
Victoria and Mr. George Smith (the originator an
of the Dictionary) form Mr. Lee's most important
to the supplementary volumes of the Dictionary;
that might be mentioned are the lives of James Dyk
and G. W. Steevens. On January 31, 1896, Mr.
lecture at the Royal Institution, London, on
Biography," which was printed in the *Cornhill*
March of that year. By the wish of the late Mr. G
it was also printed in pamphlet form and
contributors to the "Dictionary of National
Twenty-five copies were privately issued an
by the author, with the concurrence of Mr. Ge
for presentation to a few friends and colleagues
are prefaced by a dedicatory letter from the
Mr. Leslie Stephen. The lecture was once agai
for distribution among the members of the Internati
Congress at the Guildhall, London, July 13, 1897.

The first edition of the "Life of Shakespeare" (t
Shakespeare in the "Dictionary of National Biog
published in June, 1897, in the fifty-first volume)
November 22, 1898; a second was called for on
and a third on January 2, 1899. The fourth editio
in March, 1899. A library edition, illustrated with
portraits, facsimiles, and typographical views, was
December, 1899, and a Students' edition, entitled "S
Life and Work: Being an abridgment chiefly for
students" was put forth in November, 1900, at the
half-a-crown. A German translation of the original
duced by a highly appreciative preface from the
Richard Wülker, appeared at the end of 1900. "S
Hand-writing," a pamphlet with facsimiles of the fi
signatures of the poet (extracted from the "Life of Sha
was published in 1899.

Besides the lecture on "National Biograph
mentioned, Mr. Lee has contributed the following
the *Cornhill Magazine*—"The Death of Queen Eli
Anniversary Study" (March, 1897); "Shakespea
Earl of Southampton" (April, 1898); "The Shake
Folio: some Notes and a Discovery" (April, 1899); "
and Shakespearean Drama" (May, 1900); and "
and Patriotism" (May, 1901). To the *Nineteenth*
has contributed "Shakespeare in France" (June,
"On Shakespeare and the Modern Stage" (January
the *Fortnightly Review*, "Shakespeare and the Earl of
(February, 1898). An article on "The Admirable
appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (March, 188
Bibliographica he contributed a paper entitled
bethan Bookseller" (*cf.* Vol. I., Part 4, 1895).

Among the most interesting of the pamphlet
Mr. Lee from time to time are "The Study of Eng
ture, an address delivered at the inaugural meeting of
Literary Association, at Toynbee Hall, Tuesday,
1893," which was printed for private circulation at
of the Committee of the Association; Shakespea
Henry the Fifth," written on the occasion of the pr
the play by Messrs. Lewis Waller and William Moll
Lyceum Theatre, Christmas, 1900; and "Shakespea
Elizabethan Playgoer," a lecture delivered at Quee
Harley-street, London, on March 20, 1900, then
"An English Miscellany," a volume presented to D
in honour of his seventy-fifth birthday, February 4,
afterwards reprinted as a pamphlet.

A book has just been completed under the aus
United States Government which, apart from the
its subject, will give a fruitful field to those enric
in literature who amuse themselves by computing

A PLEA FOR SATIRE.

A "Personal View."

Twentieth-century literature seems to be remarkable at present for a dearth that would at any time be peculiar in a civilized community that knows the art of writing—a dearth of satire. For satire is not, like tragedy, the result of great poets being born in conjunction with great times; rather it is the very concomitant of putting pen to paper as natural to all the *fins-de-siècle* that have followed the age of innocence as ballad-making was to that age, as common as letter-writing, as necessary as *billets-doux*. Swift, in his preface to the "Battle of the Books," explained the reason of its popularity when he wrote—after his double-edged fashion—that "Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it." But Swift would have been a fish out of water at the present day, unless by his own efforts he could have made the tide flow again.

Some people, indeed, maintain that we are not without our satirists, mentioning Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Seaman, Mr. Max Beerbohm. And these no doubt are excellent in their way. *Punch* maintains its place, and its genial persiflage contributes greatly to the amusement of county families. But that, I gather, is mainly because they see their own faces in *Punch*, and not everybody's but their own. Where, then, does the satire come in? What do snobs learn from it, as in the days of Thackeray; what advice, gratis, to nations is there, as when Keene drew? In the works of Mr. Shaw, most people are apt to see Mr. Shaw's face, tolerably mocking, it is true—but a little too cock-sure to be taken for that of an evangelist in disguise. And much the same applies to Mr. Beerbohm, except that he is too modest. It might be said of him, as Matthew Arnold said of the poet Gray, "he never speaks out"—not even in the *Saturday Review*. If Mr. Seaman possesses the true qualities of a satirist, the ability, *inter alia*, of using his pen like a sword (which matter from sheer ignorance I leave to others to decide) he is the solitary exception, and may be taken to prove the saying with which I opened—that there is a dearth of satire.

Now a dearth of satire argues one of those two things—a dearth of satirists or a dearth of satirical matter, or perhaps both. That the number of satirists is not large I have already suggested. But not even the most serene of optimists—not even Mr. Hall Caine, let us say, or the Marquis of Salisbury—would seriously maintain that there is a shortage of opportunities for satire. In the world of religion, when has there been a greater abundance of monstrous folly than is to be found in those strange beliefs that appear to have become one of the chief exports from the United States of America? Not so very many years ago Mr. Mallock in his "New Paul and Virginia" made amusing havoc of the religion of humanity. And that, by comparison with some recent "religions," is the very essence of philosophic

I incline to think English Literature is one larly that romantic portion of it that deals wi Our novelists, at least, have never encour tendency to splendid isolation. Assisted by the tour in many countries and gather honey from understood why, in the circumstances, we are acc For whereas a French novelist lays his plots usua draws his characters from his compatriots, whom German in Germany and a Russian in Russia), narrow and more imaginative—"Imagination circular Tourist Ticket" is a title for an essay t written—our novelists, I say, lay their plots in Russia, with indiscriminate generosity. Ev the fatherland of our novelists. Perhaps tha not as prophets held in honour outside our own that is why it is worth while praying for anoth or even Junius.

Of all fields the political is surely the one batten on most. True, he was a party politicia the two—two for the sake of argument—part such an adherent! It is almost impossible to by a fatuity of circumstances it has come about when the two parties have reached the tw Jingoism and Pro-Boerism, there is hardly a wri of either that can deliver himself of more than art of political leader-writing appears to be re —enchantingly simple—of saying "You're ano different ways as will serve to fill a column. selves are no better. Sir Henry Campbell-Ban he blushes for Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Ch that he doesn't care, and so they go on. Pope's satire on Lord Hervey, for instance, wa say that it was more effective. And if matt come to such a pass that Pro-Boers conceive th in accusing Jingoes of being worked by a R capitalists, and Jingoes in accusing Pro-Boers money from Dr. Leyds, it does seem as if *raison d'être*.

Is personal satire then to be recommended that those social reformers who condemned on the ground that it was so abused in the ci have mastered the whole of the argument. liability to be misused is against it, and the m the private man is to be distinguished from the a more complete justice on the whole. Bu satire, which depended on its wit for its po than the nursery personalities that politicians in If we are to call each other names, why not giv stick? I do not see how I can call a certain a boor—merely in a Pickwickian sense. I h wish to do so. But other politicians have, and short at the wish. Therefore they call him a b result? *Nil*, except a loss, so to speak, to And yet they meant something, they were fu were earnest and conscientious. The mistak

more convincing in its way, especially if it be compounded of savage indignation and wit. And yet no one sharpens his pen for the purpose. It may be, of course, that satirists exist, but will not declare themselves. Perhaps no one really does feel indignant at anything—not even a Liberal at Mr. Chamberlain or at the policy of concentration camps. Perhaps we all feel that we are all sinners together, and that even a Liberal Government would not immediately accomplish the millennium. Or, in other moods, that we are all flying so high that any attempt to call attention to the faulty wings of our meteoric neighbour will only result in fixing the popular gaze on our own absurdities. But what I venture to think is the chief reason for the dearth of satirists is this—that we are all in love with popularity. The twentieth century has made popularity into a virtue, whereas it is a vice of the worst description unless it occurs a hundred years after a man is dead. Popularity was not so desired by previous generations—possibly, of course, because they were not so bent on virtue. They liked to let loose their moral indignation at times, even though it provoked a counter storm. So satire flourished. It will flourish again when satirists are ready to run the risk—the almost certain peril—of not pleasing everybody.

R. E. V.

FOREIGN LETTER.

FRANCE.

THE SUMMER OUTPUT OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

If Shakespeare had been a modern Frenchman he would have answered to the question "Who stays Time still withal"? by the instance not only of the lawyer in the Long Vacation, but of the Parisian publisher between the middle of June and the middle of October. During this period criticism chiefly consists in spasmodic indications as to the merits of some novel fitted for railway travel or the seaside. Nevertheless, before mentioning the score, more or less, of volumes which have had their place in the satchels of French tourists during the last three months, there are a few literary events of interest to record:—The erection of yet another monument to one of those *poetae minores*, this time Gabriel Vicaire, of whom some months ago I spoke in these columns, the arrival at the National Library of the precious little package of the Goncourt archives, and the resuscitation of the long-forgotten Paul de Kock.

A posthumous volume by Vicaire, "Au Pays des Ajoncs: Avant le Soir," has just appeared, which may be commended to those whose acquaintance with the French poets is confined to the classics and the Parnassians. *Le pays des ajoncs* is Brittany, the Brittany of saints and fairies, of haunting superstitions, and the environing sea, a world that had become a second *patrie* for Vicaire. In the poems collected under the second title, "Avant le Soir," there are verses that have a wonderful, a Lamartinian, charm:—

> Parfois, nous semble-t-il, un reflet de l'aurore
> Illumine la lande où nous allons rêver.
> Mais ce jour incertain, qu'il est timide encore!
> Que l'aube de nos cœurs est lente à se lever!

seem little concerned with these matters of fi[illegible] being writers whose books sell admirably. Th[illegible] production of a Goncourt Academician, the "[illegible] (Plon) of the brothers Margueritte (although Pa[illegible] chosen by Goncourt) was a few weeks ago in its [illegible] edition. The volumes of Elémir Bourges, too, one [illegible] new Academicians—the other two being M. Ladem[illegible] M. Léon Daudet—are commanding in first editions [illegible] which the contemplated reprint by M. Stock be[illegible] already "Le Crépuscule des Dieux"—will natura[illegible] diminish. M. Descaves and the Margueritte[illegible] both army, but in a very different spirit. The former, in "[illegible] (Stock), records the significant episode of the Com[illegible] Vendôme column came crashing to the ground, and [illegible] the *grognards* of the Hôtel des Invalides is not [illegible] sons of General Margueritte would have signed. [illegible] Victor Margueritte have the same painstaking pati[illegible] ing with the war of 1870 as M. Descaves or M. Z[illegible] cannot forget that they are the heirs of a glor[illegible] name, and they do not let the cult *à la Goncourt* of [illegible] fact absorb them to the exclusion of poetic truth [illegible] bears as its title the famous exclamation of the [illegible] William when he beheld the sublime *chemuchée* [illegible] Sedan, and forms a stirring epic of the events of [illegible] banks of the Moselle and the Loire.

With the best good will in the world, it woul[illegible] within the limits of the period taken for this s[illegible] many more than twenty new books which sho[illegible] and not simply borrowed for an hour from [illegible] library. Let us begin with the French novel. O[illegible] curious literary phenomena of the moment is the su[illegible] the dead Jean Lombard's "Byzance" (Ollendorff) [illegible] years of almost complete oblivion, this new edition [illegible] the tables of the Paris *salons* by M. Paul Marg[illegible] unique performance in literary mosaic, full of [illegible] Byzantine in its play of barbaric splendours, but t[illegible] unreadable book, as well as the most un-French, w[illegible] sold to the extent of 50,000 copies within a month [illegible] "Quo Vadis" in the hands of the French public [illegible] its archæologic erudition to dwell on its meretric[illegible] ism. It is impossible for the faithful historian [illegible] it; it is no less impossible to assert its pleasure-g[illegible] for readers of taste and intelligence. The same m[illegible] the other reprint of a work by the same author, [illegible] (Ollendorff), although it is presented to the public [illegible] Mirbeau, who is, at all events, a man of inte[illegible] preface is the best thing in the book.

Hardly less widely-read, and not less frankl[illegible] but a finer product, is the "Aventures du Roi [illegible] M. Pierre Louÿs (Fasquelle), a new departure [illegible] manner on the part of the writer, but, despite much t[illegible] an English taste, no less noticeable than his other [illegible] excellence of style. There is much intellectual [illegible] be got out of M. Tristan Bernard's "Mari Paci[illegible] Blanche). The pacific husband, whose sensation[illegible] here depicts with quiet humour, is merely any a[illegible] married man in France, and it is of his every-day [illegible] his wife, his wife's family, and the little conve[illegible] world in which he moves that M. Bernard ha[illegible] historian. No one could have written the boo[illegible] appearance of the Monsieur Bergeret series. Noth[illegible] thinner than the texture, but it is of the very ve[illegible]

reveals rich sensibility in noting the more refined "states of soul" of the well-bred *jeune fille* as she evolves amidst the conventions of refined French life. The book has too little form of the sort which delights in the two novels just mentioned, but it has a tenderness and a charm of verisimilitude which distinguish it from most modern fiction. One is struck more and more by the documentary value of French fiction. A story like "Petite Ville," by Claude Anet (Revue Blanche), is, in its kind, as good as a chapter of Taine for the comprehension of French provincial life. And of the same kind of worth, but prodigiously unwholesome, offering the documentation, happily, of a very narrow world, are the "Monsieur de Phocas" of Jean Lorrain (Ollendorff), M. Alfred Jarry's "Messaline" (Revue Blanche), and "La Morte Irritée," by M. François de Nion (Revue Blanche), works which no doubt would be better in the hands of the modern psychologist than in those of the French *jeune fille* who has been looking at them askance. The latter story shows unmistakably the influence of such men as Professor Pierre Janet, or Dr. Paul Hartenberg, or Dr. Maurice de Fleury, on *belles-lettres* in France. The second of these specialists has even become himself a novelist, and, after having produced one of the most curious of monographs on that too-common type, the person suffering from an extravagant self-consciousness, in "Les Timides et la Timidité" (Alcan), he has attempted to illustrate his thesis in a story entitled "L'Attente" (Ollendorff). The novel demonstrates the correctness of his analysis of the timid type, synthesizing results at which he had arrived in his treatise. The two books should be read together, as an interesting example of a trained psychologist invading the field of pure letters for the instruction of outsiders. And it is to be regretted that M. Huysmans has not availed himself of the uncontested scientific explanations of the trances and flagellations which abound in the lives of Saints, and notably in the life of that Saint Lydwine of Schiedam to which he has devoted a characteristic but incomplete book (Stock).

We must not quit the world of fiction without offering to M. Jean de Mitty our congratulations on his discovery and preparation for the Press of an unpublished novel by Stendhal which, written in Italy between 1831 and 1836, has been sleeping in the portfolios of the Grenoble Library ever since, "Lucien Leuwen," (Revue Blanche). No one who has not grubbed among these manuscripts can realize the amount of patient labour required for such a task. But M. de Mitty is a pious Beylist, and among Stendhal's pages those which he has here saved from oblivion are well worthy to take their place; they are a psychological study of society in the time of Louis Philippe, meriting, like Dr. Hartenberg's book, an essay by themselves.

So much, then, for recent fiction. I turn to quite another class of production and note the appearance of a new, greatly enriched, edition of Professor Langlois' "Manuel de Bibliographie Historique" (Hachette), a book known already in its earlier form in every University in the world, and of the fourth volume of the "Année Sociologique" (Alcan), published under the direction of Professor Durkheim, in which we have, besides the original memoirs, some 500 pages of analyses of all the sociologic literature of the world between July 1899 and 1900. The utility of this publication needs no commendation. Sociological studies in France have highly developed in late years the monographs of French students vying in number and in interest with the series of the Johns Hopkins University. Among the most striking of these volumes is the study, just published by Alcan, on labour and food questions in Australia and New Zealand, in a book by Doctor [illegible]. He plays to-day for Australasia the

seaweed. M. Seignobos, with a soul undaunted armchair to the strand, and, unlike Canute, det the waves. His method is not a new one, but for *organon* it certainly is. He explains how to test this mass of uncoordinated matter, and his book It is the companion volume, worthy of its pre now famous "Introduction" already named. O the more when one reads a book like "L'Opinio by M. Tarde, or "L'Évolution du Socialisme Bourdeau (Alcan), where the atmosphere is times journalistic rather than scientific, though the suggestiveness, the real brilliancy, of both of essays.

That the essay form, however, has compensa impossible in the soberer prose dominated by method, is certain; and we find this prove Chevrillon's "Études Anglaises" (Hachette), and in Mme. Théodore Bentzon's "Questions Américai These two volumes can be grouped together not the similarity of their theme—both deal with characteristics under different social *milieux*—b they supplement each other as a report of the of English and American life. Mme. Bentzon one of the "Anglo-Saxon" clans, that of N incomparable. No one is so well fitted as interpreter of the social aspects of life on the A communities to the readers of the Old World. has a prose style poetic and rich in literary allu random, and fall upon his reflections on the typ *gentleman* as portrayed by Millais, Watts, Wells

> Belles et braves âmes que celles de ces au regard si cordial et si droit, dont l'œil a frais de l'enfance, et la joue le premier inca n'a fait que se faner doucement. On aime à on se sent devenir meilleur et plus fort dev devant tout ce qui est harmonieux, juste e dans l'ordre. Ils nous disent la vie saine de s'encadrant dès l'enfance dans son groupe na dans un milieu de calme et de beauté, à l'abr des vilenies, enveloppé et protégé par l'Illu instincts héréditaires et les préjugés qui soutie dont il aide à former la substance, lié à elle, et pour elle, achève à se développer, et reste les êtres qui vivent en équilibre avec eux-mê leur milieu.

A portrait like this is as fine as any of t evoked it, and it is a fair sample of the quality of book. This is literature, literature without a tra such as a James Russell Lowell or a Charles Lam finer than issued often from the uncertain quil But there is much that is noticeable on a utterance. There lies before me a book inte informed, in which one of the younger Fre Charles Legras of the *Débats*, introduces to his English novelists from Mr. George Meredith an Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Hamilton Aïdé catholic—and the English poets, the critics and eighteen little essays under the title "Chez No d'Angleterre" (Ollendorff). There has appeare a little volume of great talent by one of the French biologists, "Le Conflit" (Colin), by

along the Dalmatian coast at Spalato and Salone, at Delphi, at Athos, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, and we shall have given a fair report of the best that has been thought and said in France during this last summer. As one looks back across the period two volumes conspicuously claim our attention; that of M. Seignobos and the "Études Anglaises" of M. Chevrillon. They prove once again the sanity and soberness of the French intellect, its interpretative power, and its superiority in artistic expression.

W. M. FULLERTON.

THE DRAMA.

"THE SENTIMENTALIST." "THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT." "SHEERLUCK JONES."

In appreciating the talent of Mr. H. V. Esmond in the last issue of this review Mr. Hamilton Fyfe confessed himself puzzled to find "the real Esmond." May I suggest that the real Esmond you cannot see because, like the Spanish Fleet, the real Esmond is not yet in sight? That the real Esmond is still in the making? That Mr. Esmond has not yet "found himself"? In other words, that he is not yet an intellectual adult? I put this point interrogatively, because I, too, am puzzled, with the rest of Mr. Esmond's admirers. "Quel est donc ce mystère?" as the man says in Racine's play. It is better to assume immaturity as the solution, because that leaves room for hope. Further one may justify the solution by pointing to the fact that Mr. Esmond's work is still in the imitative stage. Imitations and reminiscences—probably unconscious (and the more unconscious, the better evidence in support of my point)—abound in *The Sentimentalist*. The hill-top and its symbolism and even the dialogue between poet and sweetheart which is uttered there have traces of Ibsen and particularly of *When We Dead Awaken*—Ibsen banalized, unfortunately, and brought down from philosophic poetry to what Victor Hugo called "guitares"—that is to say, tra-la-la sentiment about the dawn and the storm, birds and flowers, the pure ether and "the great world down there," the marriage of true minds and a loveless union with a wealthy baronet. That is the worst of Ibsen; he won't mix with barley-sugar; nor is he to be given away with a pound of tea. Then Mr. Esmond gives us a hero who, after loving a lady, falls in love with the lady's daughter when she grows up to be the very image of her mother. See Maupassant's "Fort Comme la Mort," or an early Pinero called *The Weaker Sex*. That was never a pretty theme, with whatever tact it might be treated; but when Mr. Esmond brings in the mother grown ludicrously fat, and bewailing her thirteen stone, he makes the theme positively ugly, and so only fit for farce. In the three-and-twenty years which pass between the sentimentalist's passion for the mother and his passion for the daughter he lives a life of reckless debauchery. Why? Not because Mr. Esmond looking at life for himself has seen any sentimentalists behaving like that; but because he has seen plays or remembered novels wherein they behave like that. We all know that debauchee in fiction. "Ah, I, too, believed in pure love once; but a woman jilted me, and I swore to be revenged on the whole sex; and now I am what you see!" And, with Mr. Burchell, we whisper "Fudge!" That is a monosyllable I earnestly commend to Mr. Esmond. When these stage conventions beckon to him, let him whisper Fudge! to himself

man, a Duke, and, of course, a cynic and a bla[illegible] youth and beauty with diamond tiaras, we know Esmond got *him*. He comes from that very F[illegible] which he accuses the sentimentalist *of* reading—th[illegible] I am myself the dupe of a convention when I ascribe to the *Family Herald*, which is, nowadays, ver[illegible] austerely scientific organ. It is safer, then, to [illegible] wicked Duke belongs to the literature of the kitche[illegible] does the murder of the Duke by means of a poiso[illegible] (or whatever the lethal weapon is). It is an excelle[illegible] melodrama, this murder, just as the thirteen-stone [illegible] excellent idea for farce, and just as the scene wh[illegible] hesitating between the confessing suitors A and [illegible] suitor C because he holds his tongue is an excelle[illegible] comedy. But to serve up these various ideas of co[illegible] and melodrama in one and the same play is a wil[illegible] and the most indulgent view one can take of it is t[illegible] be a boyish "lark." And yet the players—Mr. W[illegible] mentalist), Miss Miriam Clements (sweetheart), an[illegible] Somerset (duke)—are quite serious over it. Th[illegible] enough; for it is the business of actors to act—"t[illegible] reason why." It is the playwright's business, [illegible] reason why; and it is to be hoped that M[illegible] having fancy, stage-craft, vitality, and all sorts [illegible] qualities, will by-and-by see his way to makin[illegible] reasonable.

It is easy to be wise after the event, and t[illegible] must not say that *The Likeness of the Night*, [illegible] Clifford's play which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal brou[illegible] year at Fulham and have now revived at the St. [illegible] obviously the work of a novelist. Nevertheless [illegible] unmistakably illustrate M. Brunetière's favourite p[illegible] it is proper to dramatic characters to act, to exert [illegible] whereas the characters in a novel are acted upon. [illegible] this play, on discovering the "second household" [illegible] by her husband, does not show fight; she simply [illegible] fate and drifts into suicide. So the mistress, now [illegible] second wife, when she discovers that the first wife [illegible] suicide, makes no attempt "to see the thing thro[illegible] also bewails her fate, and shrinks from the husband [illegible] the corpse floating between them. And there are se[illegible] the various parties argue out the case of love [illegible] bonds, but no scenes wherein "passion and duty co[illegible] the grapple" in definite action. Everybody there [illegible] nobody an agent. But "novelistic" though it is [illegible] instead of dramatic, the play certainly ought to int[illegible] playgoer by the clearness with which its theme has b[illegible] out and the distinction with which it is presented. [illegible] there is the superb *cri du cœur* of Mrs. Kendal in t[illegible] and the hysteric passion of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree in t[illegible] please the lovers of "emotional" acting—whose pleasu[illegible] will be a little tempered by a vague surprise th[illegible] women as are here presented should sacrifice one her[illegible] other her honour for so weak and colourless a husband, poor Mr. Kendal, is compelled to play. M[illegible] has not, I submit, been at sufficient pains to explain us; he is really little more than a *ficelle*. Is he a [illegible] Or a "collector" of domestic specimens? Or a lad[illegible] "mere man?" The last, I fancy; for he is not [illegible] consistent character; a man who cannot say bah! t[illegible] pooh! to a hysterical woman would never have the p[illegible] two establishments.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

LETTERS OF JOHN RICHARD GREEN. Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN. (Macmillan. 15s.)

It is difficult to realise that John Richard Green's laborious and fruitful life lasted for little more than forty-five years. He gave Tennyson the impression of being "as vivid as lightning," and vivid no doubt he was; but it would be truer to say of him that his genius, his energy, and the brightness of his nature were not fitful, but constant, in their quality. Let us call it rather vitality than vividness. It is clear from these letters that few men have had a greater power of learning and of enjoying the best things that life has to offer. Even at forty-five he had accomplished a great deal. When we consider what he had done, and what he intended to do, we shall see how great a historian was lost to us when he died.

For all practical purposes this volume of letters is as good as a biography. In some respects, indeed, it is much better, for it includes none of the trivial details which formal biographies too often contain. The letters, a continuous series from early manhood, cover nearly the whole ground, and speak for themselves. Whatever else is necessary in the way of narrative, and now and then of criticism, is supplied—we need not say, admirably—by the editor, Mr. Leslie Stephen, who has had the assistance throughout of Mrs. Green. From the first it is evident that Green's vocation in life was not Churchmanship but literature. For the practical duties of an East London clergyman—and almost all his active clerical life was spent in the East-end—his unselfishness and his natural kindliness well fitted him; but his leisure, such as it was, was devoted to historical reading, and to a long series of articles for the *Saturday Review*, most of which may rank as literature. This was in the three or four years from 1867, a period during which he worked far beyond his strength. His health gave him a more than sufficient reason for abandoning an active clerical career, though another not less imperative reason lay in the fact that, a Liberal in politics, he became, or thought he had become, too Liberal in theology. Consequently, without any abatement of his faith in Christianity, he turned to those historical pursuits which had long been a passion and almost an instinct with him. But for the details of these biographical facts we must refer the reader especially to Green's own letters to Professor Boyd Dawkins and the historian Freeman, to whom the greater part of the correspondence is addressed. The letters are mostly of an old-fashioned length and substance; but, whether serious or playful, they all possess the charm of humour and sincerity. They would have deserved to be published, even if Green had written nothing else.

Yet, if we were to draw up a list of the six most important English books of the last thirty years, it would be difficult to leave out Green's "Short History of the English People." It is not his only work, nor his longest, nor his most mature; but it is the book by which he will be remembered. It has gone through many editions, both here and in America, and has been translated into French, German, Italian, and Russian. A Nanking translator, who has not yet finished his task, declares that "it must be magnificent in English," and hopes to make it equally good in Chinese. Magnificent it is not, for the author was not misled into anything like magnificent writing. Its most

cherish the novel design of interesting as wel
his readers. It had faults, of course. The fi
tained many inaccuracies now revised away.
more unfortunate, the prescribed limits of the bo
author to treat the eighteenth and nineteenth
surprising inadequacy. But it was a book which
It was recognized as "real and original work,
Stubbs' phrase, and met with little hostile crit
"Short History" practically superseded all othe
almost as soon as it was published. It had occ
time from 1869 to 1874, and was the work of a
that the state of his lungs rendered his life pre
said to himself (after a visit to Sir Andrew Clark
omnis moriar." His letters have much to say
History"—"Little Book," or "Shorts," as he
In October, 1872, he wrote to Mr. Freeman from

> I daresay you would stare to see seven p
> the Wars of the Roses, and fifteen or six
> Erasmus, and Tommy More—"Great Tom," a
> be called—however, so it is. I think this sec
> the New Learning, with the previous ones
> Revolt, which was really an account of the wh
> of agriculture and landed tenure from the Co
> and on the "Towns," by far the best things I

This section on "the New Learning," by-the-
those sixteenth-century chapters which Mr. Fresm
weakest part of the book. Green wrote in 1878
with Mr. Freeman, and had done his best to "
write" the period for his longer work. A ye
replies to some remarks by Mr. Freeman, auth
least, of the objections subsequently urge
History:—

> In the same way, the "putting things out
> means, I suppose, putting things out of the
> hitherto occupied in common histories. But
> in many ways different from that of common h
> (whether rightly or wrongly don't matter here
> a wholly new epoch—which I choose (again rig
> to call the "Reformation"—begin towards th
> VIII.'s reign with the Law of the Six Articles.
> I hold that at that time a certain form of reli
> thought, calling itself Protestantism, which ha
> confined to a small section of the nation, began
> to get hold of the nation at large, and produce
> that followed very weighty results on its h
> make the origin of this mode of thought cl
> back some way into the former period, and
> appearance of overlapping and confusion an
> out of their places. But if my *plan* be right, t
> places; and if my plan is wrong, then the boo
> beginning to end. I have always said to myself
> possible the book may utterly fail, and tha
> grumble if it does. I give English history in
> which it is intelligible or interesting to me,
> follow that others will find my rendering of i
> intelligible.

After the publication of the book, writing to
in January, 1875, he refers to a somewhat obvious

> As to the general feeling of all the r
> haven't carried out my plan after 1660, it w
> better had I frankly owned in the preface how t

ashes to me; nevertheless for truth's sake I did violence to the natural man and turned away from Sir Roger de Coverley and the "Rape of the Lock" to cotton-spinning and Pitt's finance. It cost me a lot of trouble, and I knew the book wouldn't be as bright and pretty, but still I think I did rightly. However, Belinda and Sir Roger will brighten the pages of the bigger book, and indeed my fingers itch to be at them.

But the letters treat of many subjects besides the "Little Book." Many of them, perhaps the best, describe visits to Italy and the South of France; for during the later years of his life Green was compelled to winter abroad. They show an extraordinary capacity for seeing at a glance the main physical features of places, a quality which constantly appears in his historical work, and an exuberant enjoyment of all that he saw. But his health failed more and more, and he died in March, 1883, working, with his wife's help, steadily to the last. The "Conquest of England," not in a fully revised form, was his last book. As Mrs. Green truly says in her preface to that work, "It was impossible for him not to know that his powers were only now coming to their full strength, and that his real work lay yet before him. 'I have work to do that I *know* is good,' he said, when he heard that he had only a few days to live." There would have been no arrogance in *qualis artifex pereo*.

A UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY: a Survey of Man's Record. Edited by Dr. H. F. HELMOLT. With an Introductory Essay by the Right Hon. James Bryce. Vol. I.—Pre-history—America and the Pacific Ocean. (Heinemann. 15s. n.)

This is the first instalment of an English "adaptation" of a "Weltgeschichte" in eight large volumes written by various contributors under the general editorship of Dr. Hans Helmolt. Several volumes of the original work have by this time been issued, and it must be on the verge of completion, if not actually completed. The special feature of the undertaking is that chronology is subordinated to geography—in other words, no attempt is made to present the story of man on the planet as a continuous whole, and the work proceeds on the principle of geographical distribution, each successive section dealing with a certain section of the earth's surface. Thus, the present volume, after a good deal of introductory matter, includes the entire history of America. The second volume deals with the populous nations of Eastern Asia and the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans; the third with the rest of Asia and the whole of Africa; the fourth with the nations on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea; the fifth with the nations of South-Eastern Europe, including the Slavonic peoples generally; the sixth with the Teutonic nation and the Roman Empire; the two final ones with Western Europe, the seventh bringing their history to the year 1800, and the eighth treating of the nineteenth century. There is much to be said both for and against a scheme of this kind; but it has one obvious advantage. The reader knows beforehand which volume to consult for any desired information; and as the volume before us has an excellent index little time is wasted in the process of looking things up.

From the publisher's prefatory note we gather that in preparing the English "adaptation" he has acted on the advice of experts in "the rejection here and there of sections which did not seem quite adequate from the point of view of its new circle willing to undertake it. In a few extremely lucid an written pages Mr. Bryce gives us his idea of what the World ought to be. He points out that duri century there has been an immense increase in the constructing it, that the progress of geography and a to say nothing of other sciences, has done much to f task, and that it may therefore be attempted with a aspect of success than formerly. On the other hand, that it is beset, for the same reasons, with increased and that it is easy to fall into the mistake of tre one point of view to the exclusion of another. At th he approves, on the whole, of the plan adopted in work, and compliments the contributors—a complim well deserved—on being thoroughly penetrated wi in which it is conceived.

From Mr. Bryce's introduction we pass on to D own pages, here entitled "The Idea, Universal which formed the original introduction to the work. entitled this interesting chapter "Object and Aim history," and the change is not conspicuously for Dr. Helmolt evidently possesses a considerable k modern literature, and he here picks out, as pl reader, the more or less smart sayings of many aut short comments of his own. The best of these is, o —for the translator, distrusting either his own abili it into English, or the capacity of the English read humour of it, has cruelly cut it out—an extract fro Hans von Held:—

> Sitzt das kleine Menschenkind
> An dem Ozean der Zeiten,
> Schöpft mit seiner kleinen Hand
> Tropfen aus den Ewigkeiten.
>
> Sitzt das kleine Menschenkind,
> Sammelt flüsternde Gerüchte,
> Trägt sie in ein kleines Buch,
> Schreibt darüber "Weltgeschichte."

This is really excellent; and some couplets quo Helmolt from the poet Zitelmann are almost as good which runs thus:—

> Der Pendel schwingt, doch treiben ihn Gewi
> Und uns bedingt Gesellschaft und Geschicht

These lines, too, are omitted in the English translatio worth remembering, no less for the cleverness of the for the justice of the reflection embodied in them easy to select from Dr. Helmolt's own contribution t any extract which shall fairly represent his atti subject; but we take, almost at haphazard, a pass he comments apologetically on the circumstance t takes precedence of other continents in the arrang work:—

> Although we may begin with America an Europe, we will not say that the origin of a development is to be sought for in the former, and out from thence toward the west—the "east" of The historian does not feel called upon to de respecting priority of birth. America's being will neither support the opinion of certain ethno to the great antiquity of American history, nor question whether the United States will some day part once played by Rome in the world's develop

Dr. Helmolt, like the immortal Slender, is inspired by the best of intentions, though we fail to apprehend his meaning in all its fulness, and pass on to the next chapter, in which Professor J. Kohler discourses at length on the "First Principles of a History of the Development of Mankind."

Professor Kohler's chapter is also of an introductory character. He traces, on familiar lines, the progress of man from a state of nature to a state of civilization, culminating in Spiritual Culture, the Overcoming of Instinct through Liberty, and Social and Political Institutions. "Development," he observes, "fulfils itself in communities of men. Except in a human aggregate it cannot come to pass; for the germs of the development which are brought forth by the potentiated activity of the many may exist only in a society of individuals." Of this and the like of it the reader will probably say that it may be true, but that it does not after all carry us very far. Passing over Professor Kohler we come, in Chapter III., to "Man as a Life-Phenomenon on the Earth," by the eminent ethnologist, Professor F. Ratzel, who devotes more than forty exceedingly instructive and interesting pages to a discussion of the influence exercised over history by geographical facts and conditions. Dr. Ratzel writes well, though he is too fond of laying down general laws. We are not sure that "through the entire course of history an ever-increasing value attached to land may be traced," that "similar locations give rise to similar political models," or that "political growth is necessarily preceded by commercial development." But the whole chapter will be read with interest, and here and there the reader comes on a pregnant saying such as "Originally the coast was the threshold of the sea; but as soon as maritime races developed it became the threshold of the land." The contrast between ancient and modern times in the aspect presented by the ocean could not be better expressed.

The best piece of work in the volume, to our thinking, is the fourth chapter, in which Dr. Johannes Ranke, well known through his exhaustive treatise entitled "Der Mensch," describes human life in "Prehistoric Times." Dr. Ranke, who does not admit any evidence of man's existence earlier than the Drift period, skilfully traces the story of palæolithic man, his food, habitation, ornaments, implements, and habits of life—giving, amongst other things, a full account of the discoveries of the geologist Oscar Fraas near the source of the Schussen, which are less known in this country than they ought to be, considering their intrinsic importance and the thoroughness with which they have been investigated. The earlier neolithic period—that of the Danish shell-mounds—forms the transition to the fully-developed neolithic life in which man practised agriculture and pottery and possessed domesticated animals. The Swiss lake-dwellings and the remains found in a cemetery on Lake Hallstatt, in the Salzkammergut, best represent in Europe the change from the Stone Age to the Age of Metals; and a special interest attaches to the latter as being relics of the very race which, according to Professor Ridgeway, appears in Greece as the Achæan, and thus constitutes a veritable link between prehistoric and historic times. Dr. Ranke's chapter concludes with an admirable descriptive summary of the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann on the site of Troy.

The chapter which follows, contributed by Dr. Häbler, is the longest in the volume. It purports to give the history of America from the earliest times to the present day. A disproportionately long space is occupied in describing the aborigines in the period antecedent to the discovery of the new continent; and of this part it must be said that although Dr. Häbler has compassionately grappled with a vast mass of untractable material Dr. Häbler is unacquainted with Mr. Payne's "
New World," or he would scarcely have repe
amongst other things the fable that the Mexi
more accurate system of chronology than
conquerors. The history of the European m
and South America is allotted a comparativel
occupying, as it does, less than half the v
unfortunate, as Dr. Häbler's strong point is the
authorities, and some important aspects of t
necessarily been passed over altogether. The f
volume are occupied by a chapter on the "Histo
of the Pacific Ocean," written by the late Co
and revised by Professor Charles Weale. The
interesting illustrations. It is handsomely and c
and should certainly commend itself to the Engl
enterprising attempt to handle a large subject,
recognized authorities, in an instructive way.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Windsor Shakespeare.

So far as the contents are concerned th
SHAKESPEARE (Jack, 2s. n. each volume), of
eight volumes have reached us—*Romeo and J*
Midsummer Night's Dream, *Macbeth*, *Julius*
lanus, *As You Like It*, *The Merchant of Venice*
identical with the Harvard edition, the work of
published in America in 1881. The only differe
lines are now numbered—a great convenience
frontispieces are added to each volume. But
these slim volumes, bound in red and gold cov
hand yet large enough to look imposing in a
immense improvement on the Harvard.

Mr. Hudson aims at satisfying the Shak
without burdening the general reader, by put
notes at the foot of the page to help the reader
culties, and holding over the more elaborate com
of each play. The notes that accompany the te
helpful so long as they are merely explanatory.
is not so successful when he criticizes Shakespe
to the visible appearance of Banquo's ghost on
ground that the ghost is only visible to Macbeth
is logical, and raises up again that old boge
spearian critic—the subjective ghost. But, lo
the scene more dramatic as Shakespeare planne
somewhat rash attack is made upon Polonius' co

> To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the
> Thou canst not then be false to any

This [says Mr. Hudson] is regarded by
high strain of morality. I cannot see it s
indeed true that we have duties, indispensabl
selves; that a man ought to be wise for hi
the being wise for one's self is the first and t
I do not believe. And the man who mak
principle of morality never will and never ca
self.

This is too literal a reading of the passage. To
self may surely signify more than Mr. Hudson
by "wise for one's self." It implies being t
science and resolutions—being in fact unself

adopts emendations on the old text without saying so, and interesting facts with regard to Shakespeare's relations to his contemporaries—such as his indebtedness to Lyly for Polonius' advice or the reference to Spenser's Teares of the Muses in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—might also have been mentioned in the notes intended for students. But Mr. Hudson's comments, if not always as full as they might be, have the advantage of being useful and to the point.

Dr. Furnivall and Lamb's Tales.

Nothing is more fascinating in biography than the glimpses we occasionally get of authors at work on the masterpieces which we have treasured from childhood. Such a glimpse is given us in the correspondence of the Lambs quoted by Dr. Furnivall in his new edition in two volumes of LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE (Raphael Tuck, 31s. 6d.) now before us :—

> You would like to see us (writes Mary Lamb) as we often sit writing on one table (but not on one cushion sitting), like Hermia and Helena in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or rather like an old literary Darby and Joan, I taking snuff and he groaning all the while. . . .

In a letter to Wordsworth Charles writes "Mary is stuck fast in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—

> She complains of having to set forth so many female characters in boys' clothes. She begins to think Shakespeare must have wanted imagination ! I, to encourage her (for she often faints in the prosecution of her great work), flatter her by telling her how well such a play and such a play is done. But she is stuck fast, and I have been obliged to promise to assist her.

Once more Mary sticks fast, this time in the preface, and Charles' portion of it begins at a problematic "which" where poor Mary had drawn up in despair. But, notwithstanding the groans, the snuff, and the fierce smoking of tobacco entailed, the work came to them as a welcome relief at a time when they were very poor and in low spirits. Charles had compared their companionship to that of "toothache and his friend gumboil, which, though a kind of ease, is but an uneasy kind of ease." This odd couple, toiling away to order, to keep the wolf away from the door, in their dingy lodgings in Mitre-court, would have laughed if any one had told them that a hundred years hence so distinguished an English scholar as Dr. Furnivall would devote so much loving care to their work.

But their tales can scarcely be praised too highly. To turn a play into a novel is always a perilous task ; and Shakespeare presents especial difficulties. His works are not only an *embarras de richesses* to the story-teller ; they are often rambling and discursive. The vast mosaic of the dramatist can only be conjured into the simple pattern necessary to the story-teller by the most tactful exercise of the art of selection. And here, we think, Dr. Furnivall a little misjudges the achievement of the Lambs :—

> The odd thing is [he says] that two such humourful folk as Mary and Charles Lamb were, two who so enjoyed Shakespeare's fun, made up their minds to keep all that fun (or almost all) out of his plays when they told the stories of them to boys and girls who so like fun too.

Where, however, the fun is intimately connected with the plots, as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, we have plenty of it in the tales, and the Lambs, no doubt,

—*Love's Labour's Lost, The Merry Wives of Wi*
Cæsar, Troilus and Cressida, Antony and Cleopatra,
This completes the tragedies and comedies. "For th
or Historical Plays," writes Dr. Furnivall, ignoring
Conch, readers must turn to Shakespeare's works.

Dr. Furnivall sets about his task in a very di
to the Lambs. Far from attempting a separate art
Lambs may be said to have done, his whole en
interpret Shakespeare as closely as possible to chi
result is descriptive accounts of the plays in all th
aspects, rather than "tales." Dr. Furnivall blame
them as sketches. He constantly refers to the stag
Lambs were careful not to allude to the dramatic
which the tales were derived. Moreover, each sk
with some note of the date of the play dealt with a
among the rest. Dr. Furnivall is able to be much
the Lambs because he has really chosen quite a differ
He describes all the underplots, and is careful no
amusing character or situation go by. His *Coriol*
us with a vivid impression of the great scene whe
saves Rome from her son's wrath, and with the gre
the play—"Think'st thou it honourable in a noble
remember wrongs"—ringing in our ears. His *A*
Cleopatra and *Troilus and Cressida* are not so
but the humour of *The Merry Wives of Wi*
Love's Labour's Lost is brought out with much
his erudite introduction to the second volume Dr. Fu
cusses briefly the printing and publishing of the pl
theatres in which they were acted, and puts before
to-day an amusing sketch of a boy's life in Shakespe
taken from Francis Seager's "Schoole of Vertue a
good Nourture for chyldren" (1557). It is perhaps
hope that his introductions to the twenty plays told by
will be deeply studied by children. But they should be
useful to all pastors and masters who are coaxing the
perusal of Shakespeare. The tales are now arranged
logical order, so that the editor, besides bringing
the salient points of each play, can trace the evolutio
speare's art. We are surprised that he should con
babble of the fool" as one of the drawbacks of *K*
that same fool whose jests seemed to Leigh Hunt
sighs of knowledge."

Mr. Harold Copping's copious illustrations are
excellent examples of draughtsmanship. In many
particularly in the full-page illustrations—he has
poetic spirit of the plays. He adopts Mr. Forbes
reading of the thoughtful and melancholy Hamlet—la
trace, if any, of madness. His work and that of the
the binder of these handsome quarto volumes, boun
and gold, help to make Dr. Furnivall's edition a bea
book for children and adults alike.

PORTIA AND NERISSA.

Drawing by Mr. Harold Copping to illustrate Dr. Furnivall's Edition of "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare."

[By permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons.]

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Sir James Paget.

Mr. Stephen Paget has shown both literary skill and editorial judgment in the MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF SIR JAMES PAGET (Longmans, 12s. 6d. n.). The autobiography which forms the first part of the book was written by Sir James when he was at the height of his fame as a consulting surgeon (1880-1885), and gives an excellent idea of the qualities of mind and character that led to his success. He had a positively Teutonic power of application, thinking nothing of sixteen hours of hard work a day for months at a time; he had a genius not only for seeing the outward signs of health or disease in his patients, but for estimating their mental or moral fibre as well; and he never for a moment lost sight of the high responsibilities of his profession. The autobiography is annotated by Mr. Stephen Paget with the help of the Bishop of Oxford and others. Paget was the son of a successful man of business at Yarmouth, who, however, had suffered severe losses when it became necessary to educate his younger son. Like many another boy of sixteen, James was fired with an ambition to enter the Navy in his youth; but after much deliberation this scheme fell through and it was decided that he should learn to be a surgeon. After a period of "apprenticeship" at Yarmouth he entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital, helped by his elder brother (afterwards Sir George). When qualified, he had a long period of "waiting," occupied by hard unremunerative work of every kind, laborious days spent with no apparent reward. He had been a surgeon for sixteen years, he writes, before his income from practice amounted to £100. His reputation at the hospital earned him appointments which enabled him in 1844 to marry Miss Lydia North, and in 1851 he began private practice in Henrietta-street. Once fairly started he made rapid progress; he had always had the reputation of a man who was bound to "come on," and in a comparatively few

his reputation as one of the best after-dinner spe
In the latter part of his life he came naturally
most of the distinguished persons and men of s
and he corresponded with not a few of them. Sev
of Paget are given in the book; perhaps the b
tion of his picture by Millais, made in 1872
eight years of age. We have nothing but praise
It presents an almost ideal picture of a great
has the merit, too rare in such volumes, of not c
fluous page.

Living London.

Messrs. Cassell's LIVING LONDON is be
parts (7d. each), and, judging from the first part,
to be a very well-conceived and very attractiv
has two main features. First, chapters on di
London are written by different authors, an
of writers in this first part, for a popular boo
would be difficult to improve—Mr. G. R. Sims,
Major Arthur Griffiths ("In London Barracks
Lowndes ("Marrying London"), and Count
in East London"). The other main feature i
from life of London types, incidents and in
vivacious and admirably selected. We shall
further instalments with interest.

"What's What."

We have anticipated with considera
advent of a new encyclopædic book of
such as was announced to come from Mr
It is an attack, necessarily demanding en
preparation, upon a field already occupied by
and other publications. WHAT'S WHAT (Sonnen
stout volume, agreeably turned out, a wor
candour of its confession that it is only at presen
and its friendly invitation to its readers to w
they approve or disapprove, rather disarms cri
containing such an enormous amount of origin
can only gasp with astonishment on learning t
book was first conceived "at Mullion, in Cornw
2nd of September, 1900," and that "the final
sent to press on Thursday, October 10, 190
most superficial glance at the book will sho
has struck out a line of his own. He may ev
discovered a "want." The book is not t
compendious works of reference to which we
is a book to be read rather than referred to;
statistics miscellaneous information; it is imp
than realistic; it is for the drawing-room
office. It consists, in fact, of an enormous nu
written magazine articles on every conceivab
are nine pages of statistical matter on th
world; but, on the whole, we imagine t
consulted not so much for exact facts and
as for general knowledge, topics of conver
reading. And inseparable from this metho
the personal note. The book gives a conspe
taken by a capable journalist with much exp
wide interests in many things. A certain e
inevitable result, and one may illustrate it by
notice of Mrs. Humphry Ward among the ch
day, and of any account of the solicitor's
Professions; and the personal factor is, we

Lords), but we have looked in vain for any full information about modern political life. Now we commend this suggestion to Mr. Quilter. If, as we suppose, he wishes to help the average well-informed man, let him remember that nothing is so difficult to keep in the mind as recent political history. Will he include in his next edition a brightly written sketch of the course of English politics, say, since 1875? Nothing could, in our opinion, be more useful. The lists of books in one or two different departments at the end of the book are useful and might be further developed. As we have shown, it would be easy to offer criticisms on what is omitted or included. But as a book to some extent experimental, we give it a cordial welcome. It is an undertaking of a new kind carried out with a great deal of skill and imagination, and likely to be read with both pleasure and profit.

Dean Hole on Social Changes.

It is perhaps superfluous to enter into any detailed and serious consideration of the views as to social changes expounded by Dean Hole in THEN AND NOW (Hutchinson, 16s. n.). Their value lies in the fact that they express a personality, and that they express it in a charming literary form. The Dean is a well-known anecdotist, who brings out of his stores things both new and old; and as an octogenarian, who has followed all the changes of the Victorian era, he has much to say on education, sports, home life, cycling, parties, and many other subjects. To our mind, the charm of the Dean's view of life is its extraordinary freshness. His optimism and benevolence is indeed old-fashioned; it recalls the days of Dickens and of his friend John Leech, but is none the worse for that; and few octogenarians are so entirely free from any of those prejudices against social innovations which have no basis except a dislike of novelty. The Dean does not cling to the very dangerous maxim, "The old is better." Another feature of his comparison of the present and the past is that, while strict enough on "the things that matter," he is extraordinarily tolerant about things which do not essentially matter very much; and we especially commend his manly advice on the relations between the clergy and laity. And a third note of the book is the Dean's wholesome and humorous contempt for pretentiousness. He is also a wide reader, and has much that is sensible to say on the modern novel and on the improvement in journalism. On the whole we like this book—the ripe experience of a religious man of the world—better than the "Memories," and we may warmly commend it as a "book to read."

Dreams.

Mr. Horace Hutchinson is a man of a good many interests, and it occurred to him one day to write an article on the different kinds of dreams which are familiar or common to nearly every one. It appeared in *Longmans*, and it brought Mr. Hutchinson a great many letters. The result is DREAMS AND THEIR MEANINGS (Longmans, 9s. 6d. n.). It is a magazine article very much extended in width and length, but not in depth. Mr. Hutchinson chats agreeably about what certain men of science whom he has read for the purpose of his book have to say about dreams and about the different classes of dream—the falling dream, the flying dream, the unclothed dream, and so on—which his correspondents write about. And he adds a good many of the well-authenticated instances of the premonitory and the telepathic dream such as the Psychical Research Society have accustomed us to. But the subject does not receive any new light; and one cannot honestly say more than that the book may be skimmed through with a certain amount of entertainment.

found impression upon her fellow-prisoners in the Conc
including even those whose political opinions dif
widely from her own. But when she has a pen in her h
of the charm evaporates and the impression ceases to
favourable. Madame Roland is then very self-
very obviously aware of her own merits, and as
if she were attending her own funeral and preachin
funeral sermon. On the other hand, the historical
of her writings is not great, and their literary mer
than moderate; while they undeniably illustrate t
side of her character, and in particular her longing
of persons born to more exalted station than herself.
Richards, however, has turned the book out very ne
several excellent illustrations taken from old
paintings, and views. Goupil's and Helmsius' p
Madame Roland are included among them. The short
tion by Mr. Edward Gilpin Johnson is very good.

Women's Work.

Mrs. Arthur Lyttelton's little book on WOMEN
WORK (Methuen, 2s. 6d.) contains sensible chapters on
jects as the family, the household, philanthropic
work, professions, and friendship. Her sentiments a
cultivated women in general, and there is scarcely a
the book that we should wish to criticize. It is sad
the extreme difficulty of putting all this good a
practice. As things are, there is certainly a gr
ineffective philanthropy on the part of the rich, an
petent and ill-paid work on the part of the poor. Mrs.
is quite right in deploring the undersellling that goes
working women, and in recommending them to orga
difficulty—of which she is fully conscious—is to bri
better state of things. And so with most of the othe
that perplex women, both rich and poor. The aim
rich or well-to-do young women who remain single
much more enviable than the battle for existence
poverty would subject them. Yet, when those wh
work wish to occupy themselves profitably, it is far fr
find a rational outlet for their energies. If their object
and benevolence, we cordially agree with Mrs. Lyt
nothing can be done to any good purpose without
ledge of social problems. Probably there are too man
in this particular field.

Laity in Council.

Books like LAITY IN COUNCIL: Essays on Ec
and Social Problems, by Lay Members of the Ang
union (Wells, Gardner, 10s. 6d.), are not wholly sat
they are, in fact, books that are not books, but rather
essays which ought to have appeared in the magazine
remained. Every now and then an exception occurs;
brilliant men arises, united by the constant inte
University life and by the stronger tie of a "move
the result is "Tracts for the Times," "Essays and
or "Lux Mundi." But how exceptional are the cir
that can make many men write as one! "Laity in
will not disturb society; people, no doubt, will dip
pronounce one or two of the essays to be good. W
(except, of course, reviewers) read each essay right
The book embodies the progressive High Church spiri
one of the most interesting features of the Church t
it has therefore a value for those who wish to unde
present position of religion; furthermore, it is by lay

Maritime Law.

Mr. A. Saunders' new treatise on MARITIME LAW (Ellingham Wilson), in spite of its painfully significant sub-title and singular literary form, will probably soon come to be appreciated as a work of sterling value, both as a text-book and a book of reference. The sub-title runs thus:—"Illustrated by the History of a Ship from and including the agreement to build her until she becomes a total loss." Surely this is a quaint sentence to appear as part of the title-page of a solemn treatise on law. When we reach the text we find the author's style equally quaint. It is in narrative form and begins with the determination of a shipping-owner to enter into a contract with a shipbuilder to build a new steamer by way of an addition to his fleet; and the last chapter tells us how on her ninth voyage the new steamer comes into collision with a French steamer off Ushant and goes to the bottom, the company owning the unfortunate vessel being eventually wound up. Between the beginning and the end of her career the steamer is supposed to have made nine voyages, the imaginary details of which are given in sixteen chapters. By way of showing that the book is well up to date we may take the fifth voyage to which three chapters are devoted. Here we find stated the rights, duties, and liabilities of the author's ideal ship (which he names the *Malabar*) as a neutral ship in time of war. The *Malabar* has been chartered on behalf of a Spanish subject residing at Havana to proceed there with a cargo of rice. After discharging this it has to go to Liverpool with a cargo of tobacco, and from Liverpool to return to Havana with a cargo of merchandize. Meanwhile war has been declared by Spain against the United States, and on her return voyage to Havana the *Malabar* is overhauled by an American cruiser, and eventually is found to be conveying munitions of war for the Spanish Government. The numerous points of law which might be expected to arise in connexion with such an apparently simple episode are sketched out by Mr. Saunders in a graphic and readable style. The lay mind can readily follow it and the legal mind may profitably consult it, since abundant references are given to reported Cases and to the judgments of the Courts. We find such questions discussed as the right of a captain to vary the route prescribed by a charter; his duty on the approach of a belligerent cruiser; his duty as to producing ship's papers and submitting to the inquiries of the officers of a cruiser; his liability and that of the shipowner when, unknown to either, his ship is carrying contraband of war fraudulently concealed and otherwise designated in the Bills of Lading—and so on, to dozens of petty details of practical importance in the routine of the merchant service. This analysis of one group of chapters will serve to furnish a clue to the construction and character of the book. We think highly of it as a text-book from a lawyer's point of view, and it is so well put together in regard to its array of facts that it will prove of the greatest usefulness to commanders of ocean-going steamers and sailing vessels alike. Indeed, every owner of large merchant vessels plying to foreign ports would do well to provide a copy for the use of every captain in his employ.

We note a few points which the author might remember with advantage when a second edition is called for. It would be useful to have dates attached to the Cases cited; and all the commas should be struck out after the volume-numbers of the various Law Reports which are cited. A chapter, or a few pages, devoted to flags and signals, their use and abuse, would be valuable, as also would a chapter specifically dealing with the rights and duties of the owners and captains of private pleasure yachts. Important questions of law arose as to the action of Mr. Lancaster in his yacht the *Deerhound* after the [illegible]

FICTION.

Zack.

Zack's West Country Stories are the real
OF DUNSTABLE WEIR (Methuen, 6s.), as in al
does not merely write as the Devonshire c
she writes as they think. She is not to be c
her accurate observation because she has obvi
to observe. She has the sure touch of the
with intimate, instinctive knowledge. We rem
such West Country writers as Mr. Baring G
Couch, and Mr. Eden Phillpotts, but we are n
is not the one writer of the day worthy to we
Richard Doddridge Blackmore. One never
reading her work, that she has fabricated a
knowledge of dialect and local colour. There
struction, no ingenious machinery, or stage
stories seem to flow from her pen as natural
fountain. The notes of humour and pa
unforced. The most unusual of the incidents
improbable, and the most grotesque characters
"Zack" has so far worked only on a su
highest flights may possibly be beyond her.
can tell until she attempts them. But s
comparison with any writer who is working
or on the same scale. Whether her Devo
quite equal to Maupassant's Normandy st
decide on a first reading. We must wait
whether they wear as well. But, whether "Z
of Maupassant or not, she is unquestionably i
with him, and is one of the few of the younge
of fiction from whom we confidently anticipate

In Donegal.

THE OLD KNOWLEDGE (Macmillan, 6s.)
Gwynn's first novel, and it shows an a
Repentance of a Private Secretary." It
find a novel, in these days of hasty writing
manship, written throughout in such easy an
and fulfilling so admirably all that it sets out
knows his country—it is Donegal, and he has
before—and he brings it before us here as
set himself some time ago to describe its "high
We could not wish for a better picture o
than he gives us in the Lisles, nor bette
peasantry than we get in Margaret Coyle a
and the rest. It is an excellent little love-s
and the opening scene on the river, where the
for the first time, is excellent. But it is
the book something different from the custo
is Conroy who gives Mr. Gwynn his title.
out of the common, and he is drawn with co
mystic, a poet, a dreamer, full of the "Old K
with the inalienable sadness of the Celt
Frank and Millicent make a very charmi
book ends pleasantly, in the orthodox fashion
woman says, in one of her delightful proverb
the sea-gull follow the plough together, b
mate?" This is a book to read, and it will
than once.

Mr. Irving Bacheller.

unhappy Britisher. Darius Olin (the "D'ri" of the title page) is the kind of figure your American novelist cannot well do without —the quaint, rugged, pure-bred woodsman, with sinews of steel and unfailing resource in time of need. They have the liveliest of adventures, these two, fighting on the Canadian frontier, capturing and being captured, and the love-interest is prettily worked out. Those Britishers are a low-down set, naturally, but Mr. Bacheller is perhaps not quite so hard on them as some of his compatriots have been recently, and Lord Ronley has even some tincture of fine feeling. The episode of the adventure in the Temple of the Avengers, chapter XIV., is exciting enough for anybody. We enjoyed "D'ri and I"—it is pleasantly written and very full of incident.

A Novel of Journalism.

A DOUBLE CHOICE, by James Baker (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is the story of a young man with artistic perceptions and a great capacity for taking pains, who begins as assistant in an art dealer's shop in a provincial town and ends as Berlin correspondent of a great London journal. In tracing his career Mr. Baker manages to give a rapid and clever impression of the multitudinous interests of a capable "special's" life, and he knows his journalism well. It is difficult for a reviewer to be quite just in writing of books that deal with literary and journalistic "shop," partly, perhaps, because he is obsessed with his own ideas upon the subject and apt to be intolerant of anything that does not absolutely square therewith. Mr. Baker is terribly in earnest. We yield to none in our appreciation of journalism as a high vocation, but equally we believe in the saving grace of humour. In this grace Mr. Baker is deficient. His hero is not a prig, but he is a little dull. But if the book is liable to criticism from the point of view of literary art, it is nevertheless one which will please a great many readers.

Mr. M. P. Shiel.

Weird and uncanny are the epithets that do most justice to Mr. M. P. Shiel's latest romance. THE PURPLE CLOUD (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), like its predecessor, "The Lord of the Sea," professes to record the ravings of a patient under hypnotic influence. These take the curious form of a young doctor's experiences in an imaginary Arctic expedition. Alone of the party he succeeds in reaching the North Pole, but the punishment which his arrogance entails follows swiftly. The luckless discoverer fights his way back to civilization only to find the whole earth a charnel-house, and its entire population destroyed by an all-pervading poisonous vapour. After twenty years of restless wanderings, kaleidoscopic in their variety, he makes a second discovery, which we leave the reader to share with him. The story is as bewildering as a nightmare and defies serious criticism. Mr. Shiel's imagination carries all before it. "L'audace, encore l'audace, et toujours l'audace" must surely be his motto. One can only hope that some day he will make a saner use of his remarkable gifts.

A Detective Story.

Mr. Louis Tracy has fallen into line with the rest, and written his detective story. THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF LADY DELIA is its name (Pearson, 6s.); it has a startling but rather attractive cover in black and yellow; and it contains a stolid Scotland-yard inspector of the approved type, and a subtle young barrister with plenty of money and a fixed habit of meddling with other people's business. It is quite a reasonable story of its kind, and preserves its mystery up to within a few yards of the finish, although the experienced reader

the river . . . stranded there . . . on the banks of ing Keremosz and forgotten by the march of Progre it an interest. So does the beauty and passion of th and the strange ambition of her father, who sacrifices to his yearning for Vienna, the great town that he seen, but whose every street he knows by heart. M should be above using the age-old device of the letter wrong envelopes, though we must admit that in thi more convincing than usual.

A New England Village.

The present craze for historical romance in Ame altogether to our taste, and it is a pleasant change to so simple a transcript from plain country life as K (Constable, 6s.) by a lady who signs herself Alice charming story, instinct with humanity, well written characterization far above the average, it carries o traditions of that New England literature to which tales of Miss Mary Wilkins. It is unobtrusive in ap It has no staring cover and no announcement enclos publisher of "phenomenal success" on the other s Atlantic. Perhaps it will be passed over in the press announcements. But it is well worth reading—muc than many books that receive their daily half-column of ment. There is more thought and originality and ten the back of this little volume than in a round dozen published stories of the Revolution or of the Civil Wa it may sell as it deserves—but we doubt it. Unobtru no doubt a good quality in itself, but the publishers given the public a chance by binding "King's End more attractively.

La Vie de Bohème.

THE BOURGEOIS (Unwin, 6s.), by Mr. H. de Vere Stac unconventional book about as strange a set of Bohemia as it is possible to imagine. The oddities of an ex-medic playwright, and hypochondriac, a pessimistic clown, a mathematician, an advanced absinthe drinker, and a who lives on his friends are set into relief by the philistine and bourgeois of the deepest dye. There of racy humour and picturesque incident, though Mr. in straining every nerve to be amusing, does n succeed, and is at times decidedly coarse in his allusio is little or no love interest in the book, the leading la out to be a shop thief, and Mr. Stacpoole commits th mistake of ending a comedy, bordering on farce, with tragedy. Nevertheless, "The Bourgeois" is a cle somewhat out of the ordinary run of novels.

Sporting Stories.

Messrs. Treherne's series of Shilling Sporting Sto well with Lady Florence Dixie's pretty little tale, and is now continued with a book of different type, means without merit, called REMINISCENCES OF A G HORSEDEALER, by Harold Tremayne. It is a series o and incidents of hunting and horsedealing, showing gentlemen who deal in horseflesh, though not immac certainly be much less black than they are generall They make bright and clever chapters likely to intere folk. From the same author and the same publis Dross. The story of a clergyman's infatuation for, and with, an adventuress with its tragic end is a subject t to us to want more detailed and careful treatment tha

eyes, staring at us from the cover, seem larger than ever—and he is not yet safely dead; he is merely "a yellow-robed mysterious figure"—in short, a Buddhist priest. We take note, too, on p. 88, of these disturbing words, from the doctor's own mouth:—"The whole story I cannot tell you at present. Some day it will come in its proper place and you will know everything." These latest adventures of the Doctor are, we must confess, rather dull.

The Rock.

"Alix Orient"—we will assume it to be a pseudonym—who has written TANGLES (Digby, Long, 6s.), evidently knows Gibraltar pretty well, and brings the daily life on "the Rock" before us clearly enough from the civilian's point of view. This in itself is a merit, and the book is also pleasantly written and betrays tact, but there is no story, or at the best a very inconclusive story, and the mannerism of dubbing two characters "The Modern Maid" and "The Remarkable Boy," and generally referring to them by these cumbrous titles, is more irritating than amusing. It seems probable that the author—we must assume her sex—depicts herself under the former of these names. She has read more than most young ladies, and she has a modicum of original thought, but "Tangles" is not an attractive novel. It suffers from too much dialogue—cleverly done in places—but too flippant to be serious and too serious to be flippant. On the whole the general effect is dull.

"Death the Showman."

Those who have patience enough to push through the first fifty or hundred pages of John Fraser's DEATH THE SHOWMAN (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) will be rewarded by a really strong story. The writer has, however, seen fit to indulge in such a wealth of obscurity at the outset that we fear few will reach the desired haven. It takes some perseverance to acquire the drift of things at the Villa Glück, but once this has been done the members of the astonishing house-party there assembled become extremely entertaining. The whole story centres round a prolonged intellectual and emotional duel between Dolores Alva and Mrs. Jack Cade, and both characters are drawn with firmness and perception. One is struck with the author's strength in description; there are imagination and virility rather than delicacy, and if only certain tendencies towards slang and deliberate obscurity were corrected the style would be admirable. Such words as "niff," "chuck," "fuggy," and a dozen others are too low in tone for a book that is not low-pitched. Sometimes, too, taste is offended by a metaphor, vulgar, if apt. "The sun had gone down in a pewter sky" grates a little, as certainly does "the sky was like a grape-skin that had been sucked and spat out." We must give up trying to discover what lies behind the baffling phrase "tearfully empirical." Yet there are symptoms of power, and we recommend the writer to subject his art to rigid discipline.

Mr. Thomas Cobb.

SEVERANCE (Lane 6s.) is an admirable, pleasant novel, of the type which Mr. Thomas Cobb, the author of "Mr. Passingham" and "Carpet Courtship" &c., finds little difficulty in presenting to the reading public. At least the clever character sketches, the commonplace but telling incidents, are effective, mainly, on account of a certain graceful facility. The story of the various severances of man and wife and lovers is not of great importance; the play of humour is the thing. The pleasant sequence of events is such as may befall any of us. Although Mr. Cobb hardly attains to his highest in "Severance" his book is

Scottish history and a method that at least
His personages here are not very lively, a
does not make matters much gayer by
narration. As for the historical details
are well enough; Queen Mary, of the
Red Moray, Darnley, and the rest play th
with grace and skill. Mary Hamilton does n
with hooks of steel as she does her "sometim
The general effect is sometimes a little such
the theatre when all the characters on the sta
laughter or bathed in tears and the audience

THE HOUSE OF DE MAILLY, by Marga
(Harpers, 6s.), treats once more that rather ha
romantic and picturesque subject, the reign
the competition at Court for the post of favo
life and tragic death of beautiful Marie
Duchesse de Châteauroux, is very well pictur
whose dramatic sense is true, and her dia
interesting. The book is beautifully illustrat

The re-issue of the Lancashire roman
SENDING, by Allen Clarke (Henderson, 6s.),
attributed to local interest. As a story i
author has no grasp on the wider issue of
that of the Civil War. Allen Clarke has
picture of the sack of Bolton from obviously p
while he is so careless in his more general m
Lord Falkland among Puritan leaders. But
even a quaint charm, about the homely
There is nothing very convincing in the love
Dick or the character of the foundling, John
But some of the elder townsfolk of Bol
depicted, especially the Fal-staffian landlord
Scythe."

HENRY BOURLAND: THE PASSING OF T
E. Hancock (Macmillan, 6s.), is yet another
the American Civil War which are at pre
produced and as tirelessly consumed in the U
Hancock is a Northerner who has made a pr
regard the war and its results from a Souther
he has produced a sympathetic picture of the
inevitable downfall of the Southern plante
days. Henry Bourland, his sister, and his
fine characters, but the account of their f
and painfully devoid of style. In fact, th
given an admirably conscientious study of
conditions, the dash, romance, and poetry of t
confined to its suggestive sub-title.

GYDA THE GOTH (Burleigh, 3s. 6d.) aim
character and life at the Court of Consta
the year 1066; but Mr. Ernest Western
indifferent success. Gyda, into whose mou
is his one outstanding virtue. She persua
true feminine representation of the Norse
Where the author fails is in the general
story, in spite of its references to Norse
Western gives us some stirring scenes wh
stantinople; but we cannot accept a king
eleventh century, who is named Makartee;
have been the name of a gossip a thousand ye

The French Revolution, with its rev

In A Deal with the King (Digby, Long, 6s.), a stirring romance of love and war, Mr. J. T. Findlay takes us back to the ill-starred Jacobite rising of 1715. The character of the Old Pretender has long since been torn to tatters, and the author has wisely made an adventurous young laird the hero of his story. How the latter, who bears the euphonious name of Pittendrigh of Auchmunziel, punishes his Prince's treachery and deserts his flag is told with much liveliness and variety of incident. The book is none the worse because it does not distort the facts of history.

The Lion's Brood (Heinemann, 6s.) is a thorough and, on the whole, a successful picture of the days of Lake Trasimene and Cannæ. Mr. Duffield Osborne has spared no pains in his attempt to reproduce the Rome of that time, and he has contrived an ingenious story with many surprises and with several stirring scenes. Over most novels of this kind there is apt to hang the shadow of the "Dictionary of Antiquities," but Mr. Osborne's careful particularity of description does not unduly obscure the human element. He draws for us Fabius, the Dictator (and has the courage to refrain from quoting the line of Ennius), Minucius, his *magister equitum*, Varro, the butcher-consul, as well as Hannibal, and Mago, and Maharbal, and some of the chief men of Capua. Marcia, daughter of Titus Manlius Torquatus, is the heroine; Lucius Sergius Fidenas the hero, and both hero and heroine prove themselves worthy descendants of old Rome. A good book of its kind, displaying some scholarship as well as ingenuity of construction.

The Little Saint of God, by Lady Fairlie Cuninghame (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.), is a spirited tale of the Chouan rising in Brittany. The author has kept conscientiously close to history without making her story tedious. Thérèse de Moellien, the heroine, is not the kind of "ministering child" suggested by the title and by her nickname among the peasantry, but a mixture of Joan of Arc and Flora Macdonald—a gloriously intrepid and beautiful creature. The Marquis de la Rouérie, the great Chouan leader, is the principal character. In his social capacity Lady Fairlie Cuninghame has made something of a coxcomb of him. But the adventurous part of the tale is capital.

Accurate knowledge of a period and facility in writing may enable one to produce a faithful historical study, but they are not sufficient if one would produce a live story. Miss Gertrude Hollis has chosen the years 1091-1100 as the period for her book In the Days of S. Anselm (London, S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.), and her story centres round the appointment of the Abbot of Bec to the Primacy of All England. She knows her facts and she writes well—many of the descriptive passages are charming—but she is weaker on the dramatic side of life in that rude period; she lacks just that touch of genius which breathes life into the dry bones of the past. The book is well produced, and should be useful to teachers who want to convey to their pupils an idea of the social life of England under the feudal system.

In spite of its curious staccato style there is a fascination about The King's Ring (Jarrold, 6s.) which is difficult of explanation. A translation from the Swedish of Zacharias Topelius, it seems to voice the Swedish hero-worship of Gustavus Adolphus in whose personality and exploits during the Thirty Years' War the romance is centred. It possesses vivid colouring, some humour, and a certain nervous force reminding one in a measure of the delightful stories of another period by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. The actual translation

place soon after that of his namesake the "Confessor," as Miss Davidson suggests, he may have been poisone unscrupulous partisan who wished to secure the cr Harold. The book is praiseworthy and industrious. an immense amount of ground; we go with the cal most of the European kingdoms of the eleventh cen the curious may pick up much varied information o The book is dedicated, by permission, to H.R.H. the P Cornwall and York, who can, by the way, trace her it is said, from Edward the Exile through his Margaret.

To suggest that a story in its event is not tru only to court the rejoinder that the events as describe happened in real life; one hesitates, therefore, to Gillette's Marriage (Heinemann, 6s.) would not have as Mamie Bowles declares, but it certainly taxes habilities, Gillette being the woman that she was. T extremely unpleasant, and not one which can be rec to any one who wishes to preserve a healthy taste appropriate to fiction. But it is amazingly clever in less analysis of a rare character and in its revelati working of a woman's mind in supreme moments. Up Miss Bowles has focussed all her powers, and the searching study of a woman by a woman, written wi force and free from the weaknesses of phrase-making. a suggestion of reserved force that holds out great p the future. There is much that we dislike in the book, are errors in taste. But it makes us expect a good deal Bowles in the future, if she can find some theme more than a husband's persistent unfaithfulness.

As a picture of manners in a small and decaying Interloper (Griffiths, 3s. 6d.) may have interest; as is devoid alike of plot and incident. Miss S. Elizabeth is responsible for this history of Landwich and of its families, seems to have set about her task with no plan. Possibly she expected that the story would g writing, but if so we fear that she was disappointed left doubting until the very last chapter whethe Stoddart or Richard Upcher is to have our sympath lady. Apparently the author found herself afflicted w uncertainty, and decided to bring a very invertebra an unsatisfactory conclusion by killing Miss Lorain balking both her suitors. But for the evidence o page we should have put these errors down to inexper Miss Hall appears to have written at least one other n

His Lawful Wife, by Jean Middlemass (Digby, L concerns the daughter of an East-end shopman. H Kitty; and it suits her, for she is the unmeaning misc in the life of herself and her parents. After running home in a passion, somewhat justified by the words a of her overdry and pious father, she returns a suppos The first third of the story drags a little, then Miss M plunges into her plot in a manner that gives the rest until the happy conclusion is reached. Jesse, Marlowe (Digby, Long, 6s.), is termed "a realistic fa At the outset, Jesse, a "little boy," is made drunk with by his father; but where the "fairy" portion comes in is say. The chapters headed "His Metamorphosis," "H ness," "His Exceeding Foolishness," "His Asinin ness," and a dozen more of "His" doings do not, ala to the humour they suggest. Yet if this record of J

BOOKS AT AUCTION.

THE ELLIS SALE.

The Ellis collection sold by Messrs. Sotheby on Monday last was composed for the most part of examples from the Kelmscott Press. The 133 lots included in the sale brought an aggregate of £5,588, but eliminating from this the amounts paid for the pen-and-ink drawings, &c., the result shows that the books fetched the very high average of over £36 per lot. The following were among the principal books sold:—

Kelmscott Books, Presentation Copies from William Morris.		
"The Glittering Plain," printed on vellum, 1891	£114	0
"Poems by the Way"	60	0
"News from Nowhere"	39	0
"Reynard the Fox"	44	0
"Poems" of Shakespeare	91	0
"Order of Chivalry"	41	0
"King Florus"	38	0
"The Glittering Plain" 1894	35	0
"The Life and Death of Jason"	20	0
Ordinary Copies Printed on Vellum.		
"The Defence of Guenevere"	£42	0
"The Histories of Troye"	61	0
"The Life of Wolsey"	41	0
"Godfrey of Bolayne"	56	0
"Utopia"	51	0
"Sidonia the Sorceress"	48	0
"Gothic Architecture"	9	10
"Poems" of Keats	71	0
"Psalmi Poenitentiales"	27	0
"Savonarola"	27	0
"Poems" of Shelley	89	0
"Syr Percyvelle"	22	0
"Poems" of Herrick	59	0
"Poems" of Coleridge	37	0
"Sire Degrevant"	18	0
"Flower and the Leaf"	20	10
"The Shepheardes Calendar"	50	0
"Syr Launfrace"	20	0
"Works" of Chaucer	510	0
Ordinary Copies.		
"The Glittering Plain," 1891	£22	0
"Poems" of Keats	25	10
"Poems" of Shelley	28	0
"Life and Death of Jason"	16	0
"Poems" of Herrick	19	0
"The Earthly Paradise"	23	0
"Sigurd the Volsung"	26	0
"Works" of Chaucer (one of 20 copies bound at the Doves Bindery at a cost of £13 each)	112	0
Miscellaneous.		
Caxton. "Cronicles," 1611	£60	0
"Dictionary of National Biography," 63 vols.	34	10
Lamb. "Elia," presentation copy from the author	77	0
Morris. "The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine," 1856	11	10
"Purchas, His Pilgrimes," 5 vols., 1625-6	53	0
Whitman. "Leaves of Grass," 1871, with letter from the author	35	0
"Horae," Kerver's print of 1501, a perfect and almost spotless copy	140	0
Mill. "Principles of Political Economy," Ruskin's copy, with many of his MS. notes	23	0
Blake. "Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience," in 54 ll., illustrated by the author	700	0
Marbecke. "The Booke of Common Praier Notes." Grafton's rare print of 1550, fine copy	202	0
The Original Ink Drawings of the 87 designs of Burne-Jones for the Kelmscott "Chaucer"	800	0
Forty-four drawings by Burne-Jones to illustrate the story of Cupid and Psyche	74	0
Books Bound by Cedric-Sanderson.		
Swinburne. "Atalanta in Calydon," 1865	£66	0
Shelley. "Adonais." A gilded reprint of the Pisa edition of 1821	47	0
Morris. "Sigurd the Volsung," 1887. Presentation copy	111	0
" "Dream of John Ball." Presentation copy	99	0
Keats. "Endymion." First edition	131	0
Morris. "Love is Enough." First edition, large paper	177	0

condition, and uncut, was sold for £41. The El fetched the extraordinary price of £131. Oth bound by the same artist at an original cost were the "Love is Enough," with water-colo the margins, and the "Sigurd the Volsun copy. The moral of their prices would app old-fashioned fixed belief in the monetary v untouched margins and "in paper boards as holds good, provided that the binder is, for least, a man who is fashionable and has the market.

The old discussions amongst book collecto of Blake are likely to be revived by the copy of the "Songs of Innocence and S ence." The present estimation of Blake m from 1867, when Mr. Swinburne practically poet into fame, but during the last few year for good copies of Blake's works have been In December, 1900, Blake's own MS. of "An with all the original drawings by the author, £235 at the Lakelands sale in 1891, was sold Some collectors argued from this that Blake's wane, but the price obtained this week falsifie The Ellis volumes, copies originally given by Calvert, consist of fifty-four leaves, printed on only, and each mounted in a heavy sunken mou catalogue described the plates as being "exq but this is just the question at issue. Many to give Blake all the praise that his work as they are not prepared to regard him as a grea is a good deal of weight in the contention, for illustrations in the cumbersome bundle of leav would have sustained the credit of even a seco century miniaturist.

Messrs. Hodgson's sale last week incl interesting lots in addition to the already "Œuvres," which at £665 more than doubled within a year, and compare with £315 paid by Mr. Quaritch in 1896. The first edition "Poems" would have brought more than £9 date, 1851, been erased; eight volumes of Byron, limited to 250 copies, now being Murray, fetched £7, as against a cost of a single page of the Kelmscott Chaucer £4 12s. 6d., or equal to about £1,300 for whereas the Ellis example brought £510.

The exhibition of the famous Chigi Bo Colnaghi sets at rest the question as to the p instance the Prince Chigi was tempted to def for the picture—much renovated we sho shown by the "kind permission" of Mrs. G Discovered by the painter, Morelli, and dec except for the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, Botticelli in Rome, it was sold some two y £13,000; and it certainly is a very beautifu for the charm of the Madonna, but for the rare scape background, which is as interesting a painter's most delicate and yet forceful ma Should the picture ultimately go to America will come to something more than £2,000.

The fourteen examples of Sir Henry Ra which Messrs. Forbes and Paterson have adde of their gallery in Bond-street, should afford the followers of art in London to become bett the characteristics and qualities of a painter

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—II.

The editor of the *Nineteenth Century* supports in that Review the militia ballot. "Did Elizabeth Starve and Rob her Seamen?" asks Vice-Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge. He answers that her administration of the Navy "compares favourably with that of any of her successors' Governments." Mr. R. B. Marston asks "Can the Sea be Fished Out?" He thinks not. "It seems probable, indeed, that in every second, every minute, and every day, more fish is produced in the sea than all humanity combined could devour in the same time." And he proceeds to argue that "it is a disgrace to our nation, depending so entirely as we do upon the sea for our existence, that we do less than almost any nation to encourage and support our fisheries, both inland and sea." Mr. Wilfrane Hubbard explains the French Associations Law, and opines that "there is no reason why the present exodus (of the monks and nuns) should have more permanent results than the many that have taken place before." There is no article in the number that can legitimately be classed as literary.

In the *Fortnightly* Diplomaticus heaps ridicule on the South African policy of the Government in an article styled "A Comedy of Proclamations." The party politician will mark this as a useful article for reference. There are two papers on Afghan probabilities, one by Sir Lepel Griffin and one by Colonel Hanna. "Military Crime and Its Treatment" is the subject of a thoughtful discourse by Major Arthur Griffiths, to whom all classes of criminals are professionally familiar. Mr. J. B. Firth's article on "The Guerilla in History" is opportune, and shows us, among other things, how the Prussians dealt with guerillas in 1870:—

> When the railway bridge at Fontenay was blown up by the Chasseurs des Vosges, the Germans burnt down every house in the village and levied a fine of ten million francs, or £400,000, upon the entire population of Lorraine.

This admission, quoted from General von Widdern, is also interesting: "In such circumstances many a reprisal was made, and death was often inflicted upon innocent people." Literature is represented in the number by an article on Madame de Sevigné by the Hon. Mrs. Chapman, and by reviews of "Sir Richard Calmady" by Mrs. Hugh Bell and of *Iris* by Mr. W. L. Courtney. "In a flabby age," says Mr. Courtney, "when we chatter about temperaments, and imagine that they can excuse us for want of will, it is well that we should be reminded, as we are in Mr. Pinero's remorseless treatment, of the inexorable laws of ethics and life." But what does Mr. Courtney mean by the remark that Iris was "only weak, not wicked"? Between wickedness and the weakness attributed to her, there is no difference recognizable by the moralist. She only gets sympathy at the theatre because the part is in the hands of an actress who fails to render the wickedness.

In the *Contemporary* the inevitable character-sketch of the new United States President is by Mr. Albert Shaw. Mr. Shaw's prediction is that "his international attitude will be as pacific as that of Mr. McKinley, whose policies will be continued without perceptible change of direction." "Protestantism in France" is the title of an article by Mr. Richard Heath, who takes the responsibility of foreseeing "another movement founded on essentially the same Gospel as that preached by Haldane which will, we trust, see its way to making it plain to cities and villages, churches and families, that they are by nature steeped in sin." Frankly, though we know France pretty well, we see no signs of this. Revivalism like Haldane's is a thing which the French temperament seems constitutionally incapable of comprehending, though it certainly once flourished at Geneva, and inspired a few Frenchmen like Félix Neff. Mr. F. T. Jane writes on "The Seaworthiness of Destroyers." His main point is that, "by the nature of things, accidents must happen to destroyers, and disasters cannot always be avoided if a useful Navy is to be maintained." More-

or any other known lady novelist—Miss Cor
Cholmondeley, Miss Annie Swan—and you will find o
the task is easy for a man, or not. If, by impossibility,
these ladies asked me to be her brownie I should be
detected, even by the least expert reader, not to mentio
though I think I would succeed best as an imitat
Annie Swan." Perhaps. Yet Dumas found "collabora
imitated his style successfully enough, though they
compete with him in imaginative endowment.

The *Monthly Review* has latterly been taking th
novelists for its special province, and has this month
Mr. R. Nisbet Bain on Maksim Gorky, whose name o
transliterate as Maxim Gorki. It is a remarkable ca
Mr. Bain relates. Gorky has been a cobbler, a
draughtsman's assistant, a gardener's help, a turn
kitchen of a steamboat, a baker, a railway porter, an
He only began to write in 1892, and he already ran
Tolstoy in the estimation of his countrymen; his note
glorification of vagabondage, and a contempt for resp
and the moral consciousness. No doubt he is the sym
roscola—of some deep-seated disease of the Russi
organism. No doubt, too, translations of his tales wil
be among the common objects of our library table
meanwhile a translation of one of them, done by M.
appears in the magazine we are noticing. An artic
Sydney Brooks in the same number explains the
Tammany Hall, and Signor L. Villari shows us what prog
and economic reform are making in Italy; Mr. T.
has a paper, equally well written and illustrated,
Modern Thoroughbred," and Mr. E. H. Cooper di
"Nurseries of the Twentieth Century," pleading for
profession, the deputy-mother, the guardian with plena
the mother's help enlarged and glorified into a
authority over governess, nurse, and dressmakers,
to refuse the requests of aunts."

Blackwood publishes another article describing
tion of war from the pen of the pseudonymous "I
Since the ultimatum was launched no one has done t
thing better than this writer. If his literary gifts are
those of G. W. Steevens, he has a greater knowle
subject, and he has seen things at closer quarters.
attack—an exploit of Menné's Scouts in the Versam
his theme this time; this picture is admirably graph
are reviews of three recent biographies—those of
Sir Gerald Graham, and Sir Robert Murdoch Smith—
Musings without Method are devoted partly to Gene
and partly to Count Tolstoy. The writer's admiration f
the novelist is coupled with profound disdain for the
message to the world.

The *Sunday Magazine* has an authentic account
and work of Mr. F. T. Bullen. We gather that th
nautical writer began his career as a landsman in the
logical Office, and afterwards opened a shop in Lon
where he framed pictures. His first literary co
appeared in *Young England* and the *Boy's Own Paper*
Words. Then he rose to the *Spectator*. His first gre
was with "The Cruise of the *Cachalot*."

The *Universal and Ludgate* has two good "trick"
one on the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard at Gospor
other on the Bismarck Museum at Schönhausen. Ther
short story of some merit by the Earl of Iddesleigh.

The number of the *Revue Blanche* for November 1
long article by M. Gustave Kahn on "The Origins o
ism," in which this literary movement from 1879
explained perhaps fully and clearly for the first t
evolution of symbolism is, of course, not yet ended. Bu
rightly thinks that the time is ripe to appreciate th
emancipation in French verse of which he himself, no
the Mallarmés and Verlaines, has been one of the he
has therefore drawn up "notes" for the future h
the movement. They are personal and autobiograph

Correspondence.

THE LITERARY AGENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May a writer exiled in the fringes of the Empire say on behalf of the literary agent that the employment of such a personage by such an exile bespeaks not surely a deep-seated distrust of publishers, but only a deplorable distance from them? If Mr. Heinemann would tell Australasian and Canadian writers how they should otherwise offer their wares to London publishers, I am sure they would thank him. To send a manuscript half-a-dozen times back and forth across the Atlantic or the Pacific maketh the heart sick—and uses up a lot of postage stamps. Yours faithfully,

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

Toronto, Canada, Oct. 26.

WAS AMY ROBSART KILLED?

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your last issue Dr. Gairdner tells us that on the day of Amy Robsart's death at Cumnor that house was "almost entirely deserted (only Amy herself and apparently two other ladies being there)." But is this inference of his correct? Does not the same original information which proves that Amy would not go to Abingdon state also that "Anthony Forster refused that day to go to the fair"?

Dr. Gairdner proceeds to argue that, in the deserted condition of the house, a "burglary" took place, and that in the ensuing "alarm" Amy fell down "the awkward corkscrew staircase, and so caused her death." Now, I believe that I have read all the original evidence on the subject available, just as Dr. Gairdner has, and I have never found any account whatsoever of this extraordinary "burglary." No reference to these "bad characters" is offered in Blount's letters to Leicester. Moreover, how does Dr. Gairdner know that Amy fell down an "awkward corkscrew staircase"? Cumnor Place was admittedly a low building, and the idea of Amy twisting herself into such a position as to break her neck by falling down a short winding staircase on an alarm caused by the presence of burglars, whose existence is never even mentioned by contemporary writers, is, to my mind, improbable. Finally, although Dr. Gairdner contends that Cecil befriended Dudley "after" Amy's death, he seems to forget that Cecil, nevertheless, termed Dudley "infamed by his wife's death."

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

November 4. PHILIP SIDNEY.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The Trade and the Season's Novels.

The booksellers are passing through what a prominent member of the trade describes as the critical stage of the autumn season. A month ago everything was going well; now trade is comparatively slack, and the success or failure of the season as a whole depends on the next few weeks. This is not the normal course of events, but we are told that the same thing happened last year, when the book trade, after an alarming drop just before Lord Mayor's Show day, recovered so completely that [illegible] of the season's business was done during

of Lord Ernest Hamilton's new historical romance [illegible] Hamilton," the story of the serving-maid of [illegible] Scots (Methuen). Lord Ernest Hamilton had [illegible] spurs as a writer of historical fiction, but this is h[illegible] "hit"; a third edition of "Mary Hamilton [illegible] press. So far as fiction is concerned Messrs. [illegible] reached the end of their programme, though th[illegible] one novels is their largest on record for any one [illegible] all these books, we are informed, have been rep[illegible] successful being Lucas Malet's "Sir Richard [illegible] in its fourth edition, and Mr. A. E. W. Mason's [illegible] while the new book of humour by Mr. W. W. [illegible] Freights," has already gone to a third edi[illegible] published less than a month ago. "Tristram of H[illegible] naturally went very well, but "The Benefa[illegible] authoress of "Elizabeth and her German Garde[illegible] has even exceeded expectations, selling bette[illegible] day since its first appearance four or five wee[illegible] the other outstanding successes of the season [illegible] tioned Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "New Canterbur[illegible] stable); Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way[illegible] Maxwell Gray's "Four-Leaved Clover" (He[illegible] Carey's "Hero of Grace" (Macmillan); Sta[illegible] "Count Hannibal" (Smith, Elder); and Max Pe[illegible] Giant's Gate" (Cassell).

New Annuals.

It is scarcely correct to say that Messrs [illegible] completed their programme so far as fiction is [illegible] they have a new publication by Miss Marie Cor[illegible] for the market; for Miss Corelli, following [illegible] Dickens and Thackeray—and lesser lights of [illegible] bringing out a Christmas number. She has writ[illegible] and the contents include several short stories, [illegible] essay on a matter of current interest, and one [illegible] Quite a crop of new Annuals is springing up thi[illegible] the newcomers, as already announced in *L*[illegible] Louis Wain's. This is to be issued immediately [illegible] contributions by Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. T. [illegible] Frank T. Bullen, Mr. Herman Merivale, and Mr [illegible]

E. V. Lucas and Charles Lamb.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, who brought together the [illegible] of Lamb's Letters in his volume on "Charles [illegible] Lloyds" (1898) has discovered a little nurser[illegible] King and Queen of Hearts," illustrated, wit[illegible] there seems every reason to believe were comp[illegible] Lamb before he wrote the "Tales from Shakes[illegible] sister—the book which has hitherto been rega[illegible] juvenile work. A facsimile of this volume wil[illegible] lished by Messrs. Methuen, for whom Mr. Luca[illegible] a sumptuous reprint of the first editions of [illegible] Elia"—illustrated by A. Garth Jones—which w[illegible] about the 22nd inst.; this is to be followed [illegible] edition of the first and second series of "The [illegible] by Mr. Lucas for the Little Library. Next [illegible] Lucas begins the new series of "Little [illegible] Children," which he is editing for the same pu[illegible] being to get entertaining or exciting storie[illegible] children, the moral of which is implied rather [illegible] The first two volumes will be "The Air G[illegible] Mastermans and Dobson Major nearly lost the[illegible] T. Hilbert, and "The Beechnut Book," by Jac[illegible]

This month Messrs. Macmillan will publis[illegible] Fiske's last contribution to the literature on [illegible] evolution and its reconciliation with Christianit[illegible] lasting," as it is called, is the crowning volum[illegible] series on "The Idea of God," "The Destiny [illegible] "Through Nature to God," which also appear[illegible] editions through Messrs. Macmillan. Fiske wa[illegible] years old when he died some five or six months [illegible] long exercised a powerful influence over Americ[illegible]

The new novel by Ralph Connor, the aut[illegible] Pilot," which we mentioned some time ago, is t[illegible]

Books to look out for at once.

"*The Times* Life of Queen Victoria." 1 vol. Sampson Low. Two guineas net.
[With about 21 photogravure portraits covering the whole period of the life of the Queen.]

"Poems of the Past and the Present." By Thomas Hardy. Harpers. 6s.

"The Tale of the Great Mutiny." By W. H. Fitchett. Smith, Elder. 6s.
[With portraits.]

"The Art of Life." By R. de Maulde la Clavière. Sonnenschein. 6s.

"Caroline the Illustrious." By W. H. Wilkins. Longmans. 2 vols.
[A study of the life and times of the Queen-Consort of George II. Portraits and other Illustrations.]

"Before I Forget." By Albert Chevalier. Fisher Unwin. 16s.
[Mr. Chevalier's Autobiography. Illustrated.]

"Words by an Eye-Witness." By "Lineman." Blackwood. 6s.
[A book on the struggle in Natal, reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, with fresh material.]

"The French People." By Arthur Hassall. Heinemann. 6s.
["The Great Peoples" Series.]

"Stag Hunting with the 'Devon and Somerset.'" By Philip Evered. Chatto and Windus. 16s.
[Illustrated.]

"The Making of a Marchioness." By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Smith, Elder. 6s.

"The House Divided." By H. B. Marriott Watson. Harpers. 6s.

"The Marriage of Lydia Mainwaring." By Adeline Sergeant. Hutchinson. 6s.

"Houses of Ignorance." By Frederick Carrel. John Long. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS,

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

ART.

ANDREA MANTEGNA. By Maud Cruttwell. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) 8×5, 132 pp. Bell. 5s. n.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS WOLSEY, LEGATE AND REFORMER. By E. L. Taunton. 9×6, 230 pp. Lane. 15s. n.
[Deals with Wolsey as a Churchman, and studies the causes which led up to the Reformation. The author is a Roman Catholic priest, and wrote the "History of the Jesuits of England." Excellent Illus.]

BARRY SULLIVAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By R. M. Sillard. Two vols. 9×6, 275+257 pp. Unwin. 21s. n.
[A long and attractively bound life of the great actor by an admirer, with portraits of him at different ages.]

MARY RICH, COUNTESS OF WARWICK (1625-1678): HER FAMILY AND FRIENDS. By Charlotte Fell Smith. 9½×6, 377 pp. Longmans. 18s. n.
[Shedding some light on the social history of the seventeenth century at Court, in Essex—the home of the Riche—and elsewhere. By the authoress of the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography."]

LORD KITCHENER. By H. G. Croser. 7½×5, 216 pp. Pearson. 2s. 6d.
[A popular account of his career.]

DIARIES OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK. Edited by Margarethe von Poschinger. Trans. by Frances A. Welby. 9×6, 369 pp.
[Giving the campaigns of 1866 and 1870-71, and the journeys to the East and to Spain.]

HENRY SCHOMBERG KERR, Sailor and Jesuit. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 8×5½, 413 pp. Longmans. 6s. 6d. n.
[Kerr (1838-1895), the grandson of the sixth Marquis of Lothian, was a Jesuit Missionary in India, Zambesi, and elsewhere.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

LITTLE PEOPLE. An Alphabet. (The Dumpy Books for Children, No. XI.) Pictures by Henry Mayer. Verses by T. W. H. Crosland. 5×3½, 94 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.

TRUE STORIES OF GIRL HEROINES. By Evelyn Everett Green. 8×5½, 571 pp. Hutchinson. 5s.

A LITTLE IRISH GIRL. By J. M. Callwell. 7½×5, 240 pp. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

THE DRAGON OF PEKIN. By Capt. F. S. Brereton. 7½×
Blackie. 5s.
[A story of the Boxer revolt.]

THREE GIRLS ON A RANCH. By Bessie Marchant. 7½×
Blackie. 2s. 6d.
[A story of Mexico.]

THOSE TWINS. By Eleanor D. Adams. 7½×5½, 211 pp. Black
[The adventures of a mischievous but lovable little co
nine. Illustrated.]

FOR THE OLD SCHOOL. By Florence Coombe. 7½×5, 308 pp.
[The doings of the boys at a small private school.]

THE CHILD'S BIBLE. Illus. New Ed. 10½×8, 410 pp. Cassell
[This gives consecutively parts of the Bible adapted t
Of the original edition 150,000 copies were sold. It is no
large type, with 88 plates from pictures by modern artists a
fine coloured pictures specially designed by W. H. Margetson

INTO STORMY WATERS. A story for girls. By Mrs. H.
7½×5½, 155 pp. Sunday School Union. 1s. 6d.
[A story of school and home life.]

GAMMON AND SPINACH. Illustrated by Stewart Orr.
John Bryner. 8½×11, 102 pp. Blackie. 6s.
[Coloured pictures, chiefly funny animals, with their
in verse.]

ROUND THE WORLD TO WYMPLAND. By Evelyn Sharp
235 pp. Lane. 5s.
[Eight fairy stories. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward.

THE ANIMAL BOOK. By F. Smith. 11½×9½, 96 pp. Black
[Account of 32 animals in large print, with full-page pic

A GALLANT GRENADIER. By Capt. F. S. Brereton. 7½×
Blackie. 5s.
[A tale of the Crimean war. Illustrated.]

CLASSICAL.

NONIUS MARCELLUS' DICTIONARY OF REPUBLICAN
By Prof. W. M. Lindsay. Parker. 4s.

GREEK AND LATIN COMPOSITIONS. By R. Shilleto
441 pp. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. n.
[This is a collection of the large number of "compositio
among Mr. Shilleto's old pupils, and attributed to him. It
with a brief preface, by Mr. Shilleto's two sons. The
printed on one side of the page, the Greek or Latin on the

FICTION.

O'CALLAGHAN, THE SLAVE TRADER. By C. D. Lampen. 8×
Digby Long. 3s. 6d.
[A story of smuggling and robbery in France and
savage and slaving adventures in West Africa. Illustrated.]

THE SHADOW OF THE PURPLE. By W. Beatty. 7½×
Gardner.
[Short stories of the days of Justinian, Richelieu, Q
beth, Louis XV., &c.]

O'ER MOOR AND FEN. By J. Hopkins. 7½×5½, 340 pp
and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
[Methodist life in Lancashire.]

A FLOWER OF ASIA. By Cyril. 7½×5½, 399 pp. Burns and
[A story of India, and its many religions, in the sixties.

LOVE IN ITS TENDERNESS. By J. R. Aitken. 8×5
Gardner.
[Stories of Scotch life, of a pathetic and rather religi

THE GOLDEN SPUR. By J. S. Fletcher. 7½×5½, 329 pp. J
[The story of a conspiracy to secure the person and
German princess staying in a castle in Ireland.]

THE SACRED PRECINCTS OF THE CLOSE. A Tale of a
City. By S. Wardase. 7½×5, 167 pp. Sands. 3s. 6d.
[A brief modern love story of Cathedral life.]

A DRONE AND A DREAMER. (The Dollar Library). B
Lloyd. 7½×5, 259 pp. Heinemann. 4s.
[Modern life in Pennsylvania. Told by the "Dreamer.

SALAMMBO. By Gustave Flaubert. (French Novels of
teenth Century). Translated by J. W. Matthews. 7½×
Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. n.
[The first of this series which we described last week.
up book in yellow cover, with an admirable photograph
and a good appreciation (7½ pp.) by Mr. Arthur Symons.]

KING FRITZ'S A.D.C. By Frank Hird. 7½×5, 305 pp. H
[The Court of "Ehrenfelberstein" supplies the *salouro*
story. Time, to-day.]

AN ORIGINAL GIRL. By Ethel F. Heddle. 7½×5½, 387 pp.
[The romance of a girl's life begun among poor surroun

THE WINDS OF CORTHRIGG. By CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE. 8×5, 280 pp. Isbister. 6s.
[Story of modern life in Cornwall, with illustrations.]

VISITING THE SIN. By EMMA RAYNER. 7¾×5¼, 448 pp. Putnam. 6s.
[Mountain life in Kentucky and Tennessee, mostly founded on stories told the author by old residents.]

THE ARBITER. By Mrs. H. HELL. 7¾×5¼, 313 pp. Arnold, 6s.
[A social and political novel of modern life.]

THE FIERY DAWN. By M. E. COLERIDGE. 7¾×5¼, 360 pp. Arnold, 6s.
[Paris in the first half of the nineteenth century; introduces Victor Hugo, Gautier, and other literary characters, and contains passages borrowed from Imbert de Saint Amand, Louis Blanc, &c.]

HALF MY LIFE. By W. T. HICKMAN. 7¾×5¼, 303 pp. Arnold, 6s.
[An artist tells the story of his life up to his marriage.]

CYNTHIA'S WAY. By Mrs. A. SIDGWICK. 7¾×5¼, 322 pp. Arnold, 6s.
[A young English millionairess in German society.]

GOD SAVE THE KING. By R. MACDONALD. 7¾×5, 335 pp. Hutchinson, 6s.
[A tale of Charles II.]

TWO BABES IN THE CITY. By CHRISTINE SETON and ESTRA WILBRAHAM. 7¾×5, 229 pp. Arnold, 3s. 6d.
[The doings and experiences in society and business of two girls who run a typewriting office.]

ONLY A NIGGER. By R. MITCHELL. 7¾×5¼, 351 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
[The nigger is an admirable and learned Hindoo. The story hinges on an Englishman's implication with an Italian secret society.]

TALES OF A DYING RACE. By A. C. GRACE. 7¾×5, 250 pp. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
[Short stories about the Maoris, reprinted from Australian papers.]

OLD BLACKFRIARS. A story of the days of Sir Anthony Van Dyck. By BEATRICE MARSHALL. 7¾×5¼, 323 pp. Seeley. 3s.
[At the Court of Charles I. Based on Addison's story of Leontine and Eudoxus in the "Spectator."]

THE HAPPENINGS OF JILL. By "IOTA." 7¾×5, 378 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
[At a landowner's home on an island off Ireland, and mining in Africa.]

GREAT LOWLANDS. By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH (Mrs. LEE-HAMILTON). 7¾×5¼, 377 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
[Great Lowlands is a country town. It is a tale of (Independent) chapel life.]

STEPHEN KYRLE. By KATHERINE ANDREWS. 7¾×5¼, 383 pp. Unwin. 6s.
[An Australian story, beginning at Melbourne in 1852. One of the characters is a felon who is a sculptor.]

A MAN OF IRON. By J. MORGAN-DE-GROOT. 7¾×5¼, 312 pp. J. Long. 6s.
[Much concerned with a League of Terror for the reformation of society of to-day.]

WITHIN THE RADIUS. By A. KINROSS. 7¼×5, 281 pp. Duckworth. 6s.
[Another of Mr. Kinross' books of adventure in London, on the lines of Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights."]

ONE LIFE BETWEEN. By ALICE M. MEADOWS. 7¼×5, 423 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
[A story of crime and its discovery.]

THE PERIL OF THE PRINCE. By HEADON HILL. 8×5¼, 317 pp. Pearson. 6s.
[The Prince is the Prince of Wales. A story of modern Anarchism.]

IN OUR COUNTRY. By MARION HARLAND. 7¾×5, 465 pp. Putnam. 6s.
[Stories of Virginia at the time of Mr. Harland's childhood, with illustrations of lake and forest.]

THE TRAITOR'S WAY. By S. LEVETT-YEATS. 7¾×5¼, 307 pp. Longmans. 6s.
[A novel of French history, introducing Richelieu, Condé, &c.]

HISTORY.

THE WAR OF THE POLISH SUCCESSION. By H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM. 7¾×5¼, 73 pp. Oxford: Blackwell. 2s. 6d. n.
[A brief sketch for Oxford "History men" and others.]

NOVA LEGENDA ANGLIÆ. Ed. by CARL HORSTMAN. 2 vols. 9×5¾, 2084-731 pp. The Clarendon Press.
[Gives the text of Wynkyn de Worde's Edition collated with MS. Cotton Tiberius E. i. This has been ready some years. The Introduction is not considered complete, but is issued to avoid delay.]

LITERARY.

DANTE AND GIOVANNI DEL VIRGILIO. By P. H. WICKSTEED and E. G. GARDNER. 9×5¾, 340 pp. Constable. 12s.
[An edition of Dante's Latin Eclogues and of the poetic remains of Del Virgilio, including the latter's poem to Mussato. There are

FREDERICK THE GREAT ON KINGCRAFT. Fr
By SIR J. W. WHITTALL. 9×5¾, 236 pp. Longm
[Claims to give the text and translation of "
de Prusse, écrites par lui-même, A.D." 1764, fro
Frederick the Great's own hand, possessed by
father. Carlyle denied the authenticity of
Reminiscences of the travels and family of
President of the British Chamber of Commer
chapter on Turkish stories.]

BOOKBINDING AND THE CARE OF BOOKS.
No. 1.) By DOUGLAS COCKERELL. With Dra
7½×5, 336 pp. Hogg.
[This is the first of a new series of text-book
and artistic craftsmanship. It is well illustrated

MISCELLANEOUS.

GALLOWAY GOSSIP EIGHTY YEARS AGO.
TROTTER. 7¾×5¼, 469 pp. Courier and Herald.
[Sketches told in broad Scotch of the
aboriginal Picts of Galloway ("The Stewart
already published a "Shire" volume) as they ex
before they were "crowded out." Mr. S.
Preface. They were taken down mainly from
Scotch lady, and the author claims that they gi
of strictly grammatical Scotch.]

THE BRIDE'S BOOK. By Mrs. E. T. COOK, 7
and Stoughton. 6s.
[Chatty papers on matters before and after
bound in white vellum, with blue ribbons.]

THE LIQUOR WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. 7½×5
lishing Co. 3d.
[Papers on liquor legislation read at the
Congress, 1900, and articles by Miss H. R. Sch
Schreiner.]

THE QUEEN VICTORIA BIRTHDAY BOOK.
6¾×5. Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.
[For every day of the month some actions a
and remarks of the Queen with numerous port
bound in violet and gold.]

HOW SHALL I WORD IT? By One of the Aristo
Pearson. 1s.
[How to write letters with examples of all k
a publisher to a proposal of marriage.]

THE DAWN OF DAY (1901). 9¾×7½, 286 pp. S.

A VERSAILLES CHRISTMASTIDE. By MARY
81 pp. Chatto and Windus.
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[See Review p. 415.]

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"The Chapters of the Coming Forth by Day,"
1898. They are now revised, with notes, i
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POETRY.

JOHNNIE COURTEAU AND OTHER POEMS.

POLITICAL.

THE PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES. Vol. C. Title, Appendices, and General Index for the whole Session 1901. 9½×6, 782 pp. Wyman. 16s. 1½d.

[Compiled by Miss Nancy Bailey.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE REVISED EDITION OF THE WORKS OF TOLSTOY. Ed. by AYLMER MAUDE. I. Sevastopol and other Military Tales. Trans. by Louise and Aylmer Maude. 8½×5½, 325 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[The first volume of what promises to be a fine edition of Tolstoy's complete works, edited by Mr. Aylmer Maude, who is well known as a disciple and exponent of Tolstoy. He contributes a general preface to the edition and a special explanatory preface to these stories, and a note on transliteration. There are also brief notes on the text. The introductions are well adapted to help an intelligent and appreciative reading of Tolstoy; and Mr. Maude is in close communication with Tolstoy himself, who thinks highly of his translations.]

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Ed. by P. S. ALLEN. (The Silver Library.) 7¾×5¼, 364 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

[This extremely well-printed library series of reprints from modern authors is now very extensive. This volume contains historical scenes and portraits, with some more general sketches, taken from the History of England and the Short Studies, and one on "National Independence" from the "English in Ireland."

THOUGHTS IN THE CLOISTER AND THE CROWD AND COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE. By SIR A. HELPS. (The Cloister Library.) 6½×4½, 271 pp. Dent. 2s. 6d.

[We are glad to see Helps brought before the public again in the series of dainty booklets. "Companions of My Solitude" brings in the characters first introduced into "Friends in Council," and it might, perhaps, be asked why the sequel should here appear as if it were complete in itself.]

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[We gave some account of this series last week. They are attractively bound books, very light in the hand.]

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[Two of the volumes of the edition of 1890 revised. The translation of "An Enemy of the People" is a revised version of Mrs. E. M. Aveling's; that of "Ghosts" is partly based on one by Miss Lord. The introductions by Mr. W. Archer give the stage histories of the plays with quotations from criticisms.]

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[Further volumes in this excellent edition, with introduction by George Gissing, topographical illustrations by Beatrice Allcock, and notes by F. G. Kitton.]

DR. THORNE. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Ed. by Algar Thorold. 6×4, 840 pp. Lane.

[Fine paper edition, bound in black and gold, with Introduction.]

THE ROMANCE OF KING LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA AND HIS FAIRY PALACES. By FRANCES GERARD. 7¾×5¼, 268 pp. Jarrold. 6s.

[We reviewed this book on December 23, 1899, when it was published at 16s. It ran through three editions, but is now out of print.]

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. KING LEAR. Edited by W. J. CRAIG. 8¾×6. 249 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

[Uniform with the "Romeo and Juliet," edited by Professor Dowden, which appeared last year. Handsomely bound in red and gold, with Introduction and notes at the foot of each page.]

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. By W. M. THACKERAY. 7¾×5¼. 850 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

[Second volume in this New Uniform Edition of Thackeray, with author's own illustrations and preface. Bound in green.]

THE WORKS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY. Vol. II. Letters and Memoirs, Vol. II. Edited by his Wife. 9½×6. 250 pp. Macmillan.

[We described this edition on October 5. This volume carries the life from 1851 to 1856 with another portrait.]

MEMOIR OF SIR GEORGE GREY, Bart., G.C.B. By Dr. C[illegible] With a Preface by Sir E. Grey. 8×5½, 167 pp. Longmans.

[This new edition has a short preface by Sir Edward G[illegible] M.P., on the late Bishop's intimacy with the family, his write the memoir, and quoting Lord Northbrook's opinion "perfect as it stands."]

DID MOSES WRITE THE PENTATEUCH AFTER ALL? [illegible] SPENCER. 7¾×5¼, 291 pp. Stock.

[This was first published in 1892. This edition contai[illegible] preface in which especially instances are given to show [illegible] Bible is not "treated like any other book" by the critics.]

THE DRAMATIC LYRICS AND ROMANCES AND OTHER [illegible] OF ROBERT BROWNING. The Oxford Miniature Poets [illegible] 813 pp. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.

[A wee book printed on India paper text only.]

THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION: EGYPT AND CHALD[illegible] Prof. MASPERO. 4th Ed. Edited by Professor Sayce. [illegible] by M. L. McClure. 10½×7½, 800 pp. S.P.C.K. 24s.

[We noticed this erudite and handsome volume on M[illegible] In this edition Prof. Maspero has brought the book up to [illegible] as Egypt is concerned by embodying the latest discoveries in [illegible] Valley and rewritten the account of the Early Egyptians, [illegible] some additions in the history of the people of the Euphrates.]

THEOLOGY.

THE UNIVERSAL OBLIGATION OF TITHES. By A B[illegible] 8×5½, 156 pp. Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d. n.

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[Short readings on The Incarnation as the foun[illegible] Christianity.]

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[These are brief papers reprinted from *Good Words*.]

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[Another little book by this well-known American religio[illegible]

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOL. By J. A. PICTON. 8×5½, 101 pp. [illegible]

[The author was one of three who voted against the te[illegible] the Bible in Board schools.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

WITH THE TIBETANS IN TENT AND TEMPLE. By SUSIE C. [illegible] M.D. 8×5½, 406 pp. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 6s.

[An account of four years' (1895-1899) missionary resi[illegible] travel in Tibet. Illustrated.]

COUNTRY AND TOWN IN ENGLAND. Together with some [illegible] Churnside. By GRANT ALLEN. Introduction by Prof. F. Vor[illegible] 8×5½, 271 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[These historical studies of the counties and representat[illegible] of England appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 1881-82, but prepared by Grant Allen for publication. Part of the bo[illegible] Chronicles of Churnside" attempts (with a map) to recons[illegible] history of a part of Dorset from savage to modern times.]

THE WESSEX OF THOMAS HARDY. By B. C. A. WINDL[illegible] 323 pp. Lane. 21s. n.

[An account based on personal observation of the pl[illegible] tioned by Hardy, with quotations from the novels, an[illegible] illustrations by Mr. E. H. New. Finely printed and bound [illegible] and gold.]

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PROBLEM No. 261, by the late G. C. Heywood, Newcastle.—White (4 pieces)—K at Q Kt 3; Kts at Q B 7 and K Kt sq; pawn at Q B 6. Black (4 pieces)—K at K B 8; R at Q 6; pawns at K Kt 2, Q Kt 4. White to play and win.

NEWS AND ITEMS. Several large tournaments are starting at the City of London C.C. (7, Grocers'-hall-court, E.C.). Old and new members compete in these. One is for the [illegible] and club championship, with £15 as first priz[illegible] Newnes, M.P., and Mr. F. G. Naumann give the l[illegible] A great number of matches are being played, bu[illegible] chess clubs the system of adjudication leaves mo[illegible] over, and only a few ever hear what has been [illegible] United States besides tremendous correspon[illegible] (East v. West, &c.), there is one now beginning [illegible] York and Pennsylvania with at least 230 players [illegible] Kent v. Yorkshire, Kent v. Devon, and East [illegible] Kent, and numerous other large matches are bei[illegible] commend the system; it forces studious [illegible] "skittling" system is of little use to any one. [illegible] for the study.—M. Tschigorin, the Russian cha[illegible] much for the game. We give one of several enco[illegible] strong players of Moscow.

GAME No. CVIII.—A splendidly contest[illegible] game, with varying fortunes, played recently in [illegible]

WHITE. M. I. Tschigorin.	BLACK. Allies.	WHITE. M. I. Tschigorin
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	31. P-B 4
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	32. R-K 5
3. B-Kt 5	Kt-B 3	33. Kt-Kt 5
4. Q-K 2	B-B 4	34. Kt-K 6 ch
5. B-Kt	Q P×B	35. R-K 4
6. Kt×P	Q-Q 5	36. K-Q 2
7. Kt-Q 3	B-Kt 3	37. K-K sq
8. P-K B 3	B-K 2	38. R-K 2
9. Kt-B 2	Castles K R	39. Kt×Kt P ch
10. P-Q 3	Q R-Q sq	40. Kt-R 5 ch
11. Kt-B 3	Kt-R 4	41. P-K R 3
12. Kt-Q sq	P-K R 4	42. P-Kt 4
13. B-K 3	Q-K 4	43. R-B 2
14. P×P	R×B P	44. K-B sq
15. B×B	Q×Q ch	45. K-Kt 2
16. K×Q	Kt-B 5 ch	46. R×R
17. K-Q 2	R P×B	47. R-Q Kt sq
18. Kt-K 3	R-Q R 4	48. P-B 5
19. P-K Kt 3	Kt-Q 4	49. K-B 3
20. Kt-B 4	R (R 4)-B sq	50. R-K Kt sq
21. Q R-K sq	P-Q Kt 4	51. P-Kt 5
22. R×B	P-Kt	52. P-Kt 6 ch
23. P-Q R 3	P-B 6 ch	53. P×P ch
24. P×P	R×P	54. P-Kt 7 ch
25. Kt-K 4	R-R 4	55. R-Q R sq
26. P-K B 4	Kt-Kt 3	56. R-R 8
27. R-K 7	R-R 7	57. R-B 8 ch
28. R-Q B sq	Kt-B 5 ch	58. R-K 8
29. K-K 2	Kt-R 6	59. R×Kt
30. K-Q sq	Kt-Kt 4	60. Kt-B 4 ch and [illegible]

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With Biographies and [illegible]

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" 18	.. ..	Mr. ANTHONY H[illegible]
" 25	.. ..	Mr. RIDER HAGG[illegible]
June 1	.. ..	Mr OWEN SHAM[illegible]
" 8	.. ..	Dr. CONAN DOY[illegible]
" 16	.. ..	Mr EDMUND GO[illegible]
" 22	.. ..	Mr. AUGUSTINE [illegible]
" 29	.. ..	Mr. ARTHUR SY[illegible]
July 6	.. ..	Mr THOMAS HA[illegible]
" 13	.. ..	PIERRE LOTI.
" 20	.. ..	Mr. GEORGE GIS[illegible]
" 27	.. ..	ROBERT LOUIS [illegible]
Aug. 3	.. ..	VICTOR HUGO.
" 10	.. ..	THOS. CARLYLE
" 17	.. ..	IBSEN.
" 24	.. ..	JOHN RUSKIN
" 31	.. ..	COUNT TOLSTOY
Sept. 7	.. ..	WALT WHITMAN
" 14	.. ..	WILLIAM MORR[illegible]
" 21	.. ..	RALPH WALDO [illegible]
" 28	.. ..	THE BROTHERS [illegible]
Oct. 5	.. ..	ALGERNON CHA[illegible]
" 12	.. ..	H. G. WELLS.
" 19	.. ..	ROBERT S. HICH[illegible]
" 26	.. ..	E. F. BENSON.
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" 9	.. ..	SIDNEY LEE.

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Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

In our next week's issue will be published a Special Portrait of

MR. ANDREW LANG.

An article containing a full critical appreciation of Mr. Lang's literary work will be contributed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton; and in the case of so prolific an author special interest will attach to the full bibliography which will, as usual, be appended to the critical article.

* * * *

The number will also have a Special Supplement dealing with New Books for the Young, copiously illustrated. The subject of Books for the Young will also be dealt with in a special article written by Mr. G. A. Henty, under the heading "A Personal View."

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

The Royal Warrant for the new Accession Service w
at our Court at Sandringham" on Saturday, the King's
and made known shortly before noon. Later in the d
editions of the Prayer-book, containing the alterati
prayers for the Royal Family and the new Accessio
were delivered to the King, the Queen, the Prince an
of Wales at Sandringham, and graciously accepted. T
and Princess of Wales have since sent, through S
Biggs, their sincere thanks to the *employés* of t
University Press for their congratulations on the con
the ancient title on their Royal Highnesses. We have
from the Oxford University Press two of their revise
books in small and large size, elegantly bound in lea
similar volumes from the Cambridge University Press
taining Hymns Ancient and Modern.

* * * *

There is an idea that announcements will be too bea
capped by Coronation news during the first half of ne
be much good to the publishers. Booksellers discuss the
of Coronation year with mingled hopes and fears. I
almost for granted that no literature of any kind—sav
tion literature—will be looked at during the heig
festivities; but, on the other hand, there is likely to b
influx of visitors, especially of Americans—always good
to London booksellers—that the gains both before and
great event are likely to make ample amends for the lo

* * * *

Meanwhile Messrs. Macmillan have made a start
announcements. One of the volumes announced by the
early part of next year is a volume of philosophical essays
men, edited by Mr. Henry Sturt. Among the contrib
Drs. Stout, Rashdall, and Bussell, and Mr. F. C. S
whose object is to dispute the standpoint of the most p
representatives of Oxford philosophy, and to show tha
may be combined with a fuller recognition of
experience. Two art books are also announced for
by Messrs. Macmillan—a thirty-guinea work by M
Frankau on John Raphael Smith, the eighteenth
engraver (two volumes), and a two-guinea volume
wood engravings by Mr. Timothy Cole after Old
Masters, with articles on the artists by Professor Van

* * * *

The album containing the address which is to be
presented to Earl Roberts, with the life-sized portrait o
Lieutenant Roberts, V.C., on behalf of eighty-two fr
admirers, is, in a measure, a triumph for the Londo
Council's Arts and Crafts School, the design, inlay, an
being entirely the work of two old pupils of the school,
F. Sangorski and G. Sutcliffe, except the Arms and the
Cross, which are worked by Mr. Harry Ford. The result i
both to them and to their instructors, and comes as an en
sign that the scheme of the Technical Education Bear
provision of a Central School of Arts and Crafts for L
taken practical shape. Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe

cover bears a similar design, with a Victoria Cross in bronze in the centre, and a raised shamrock at each corner for the album to rest upon. On the inside cover on opening the album is a

COVER DESIGN FOR MEMORIAL TO LORD ROBERTS
Designed by Messrs. F. Fitzgerald and G. Ratcliffe

vellum panel, bearing a wreath design with the initials of Lieutenant Roberts in the centre and the dates of his birth and death. Then comes another vellum panel, with a miniature of Earl Roberts, painted in ivory by Mrs. Emily Barnard. In the centre of the album is the following written address :—

> This album, together with a portrait of Frederick Hugh Sherston Roberts, who died from wounds received when attempting a deed of splendid gallantry, for which he was at once awarded the Victoria Cross, was presented Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, K.G., &c., by his friends and admirers as a token of sympathy with him in the grievous loss of his son, and in recognition of the unparalleled services rendered by him to his country.

Then comes a written list of the eighty-two subscribers, followed by four vellum sheets containing their signatures. Among the subscribers are the Duke of Connaught, Lord Salisbury, Lord Halsbury, Lord Rosebery, Lord Ashbourne, the Dukes of Devonshire, Norfolk, Marlborough, Portland, Abercorn, and Fife, Lord Londonderry, Lord Ripon, Lord Cromer, Lords Milner, Brassey, Selborne, Tweedmouth, and

It is twenty-two years since Miss Kate Green
died at the age of fifty-five, produced her first vo
the Window," to be followed by the "Kate Green
Book." But she had already, as an illustrator of c
and Christmas cards, struck an original note with
old-fashioned children which charmed the child-
artists of yesterday, and which continue their in
Ruskin lectured upon her at Oxford, and sh
influence on art illustrative work on the Continen
indeed, to have been better known in France t
suspected. At the news of her death, M. Ars
published nearly a column article on the firs
Figaro; the *Débats* had a leading article, a
in general showed that even Pro-Boer
appreciate English traits of another sort.
loved her work. They call her "Kate," and are
one so "original" remained, in her pers
"mysterious." They have gone to Vapereau,
Grande Encyclopédie, even to Meyers' German E
for information. And in the dearth of positive f
little essays on the literature and art of childh
the same breath the names of Fénelon and Kate G

* * *

By a singular coincidence, on the day af
Greenaway's death her publisher, Mr. Frederick
the house of Warne and Co., also passed away.
prominent figure in the publishing world for
years. He was born in 1825 and was only fo
joined his brother, W. H. Warne, and his brot
George Routledge, in the publishing business ca
years under the title of Routledge, Warne, and R
Frederick Warne's energy was unbounded. O
with which he was associated in early days was
Cabin," his firm issuing the first cheap editio
England, an edition which had an enormous c
was also largely responsible for the publica
"Natural History," another enormously succes
W. H. Warne died in 1856, but his brother rema
to Mr. George Routledge for another nine
however, Mr. Frederick Warne founded a bus
in Bedford-street, Strand, where the firm has
since. Bedford-street and its neighbourhood has
famous publishing centre of late years that it is
that the only other publishers in the distric
Messrs. Macmillan, on the opposite side of
Warne was joined by Mr. Edward J. Dodd—a
and fellow-worker at Routledge's—and Mr. A.
left Messrs. Dalziel Brothers for the purpose
main idea was to popularize good healthy lit
"Chandos Classics" was the forerunner—ap
library, which was rather more expensive—of all
which have since become such a feature of the b
"Chandos Classics" Series now embraces near
of which nearly 4,000,000 copies have been so
Dictionary" was another lucky venture on Mr.
It came at a time when the Spelling Bee was al
altogether it is estimated that considerably over
must have been sold. The dictionary, revised
still one of the best-selling books of its kind
"Little Lord Fauntleroy" and all Mrs. Hodgso
works—with the exception of the novel which

Convocation at Oxford has accepted the £1,000 bequeathed by the late Mrs. Matthew Arnold for the purpose of founding a Matthew Arnold Memorial Prize on some subject connected with English Literature.

* * * *

Canon Gore, the Bishop-designate of Worcester, has been a voluminous author, but to the general public he is probably best known as the editor of "Lux Mundi," to which he contributed the well-known essay on "The Holy Spirit and Inspiration." His own works, most of which, like "Lux Mundi" and its appendix, come through Mr. Murray, have also had exceptionally large sales. His series of simple expositions of portions of the New Testament has been especially successful, the first volume, on "The Sermon on the Mount" (1896), being in its fourteenth thousand; the second, on "The Epistle to the Ephesians" (1898), in its tenth thousand; and the third, on "The Epistle to the Romans" (1899), in its sixth thousand. Canon Gore's "Bampton Lectures" for 1891 on "The Incarnation of the Son of God," which are almost as widely known as "Lux Mundi," are now in their tenth thousand. The smaller volume on "The Mission to the Church," which appeared in the same year, has run to 6,000; and his "Dissertations" is in its second edition. Mr. Murray also publishes the volume of "Essays on Church Reform" by various writers, which Canon Gore edited in 1878, as well as his four lectures on "The Mission of the Church," delivered in the Cathedral Church of St. Asaph in 1891, and his last work, an inquiry into the institution and doctrine of the Holy Communion, entitled "The Body of Christ." Although the latter only appeared in the spring a second edition, with a new preface, is already announced. Two of Canon Gore's books are published by Messrs. Longmans—"The Church and the Ministry" (1893); and "Roman Catholic Claims" (1889). Among his other works are "Leo the Great" (1880), "The Creed of the Christian" (1895), and "Good Citizenship" (1899).

* * * *

The countless readers of "W. V., Her Book" will remember the sad loss suffered by Mr. William Canton last April. The sympathy then shown, and "the suggestion of one who loved her, though he never looked upon her face," has induced Mr. Canton to write a little biography of his daughter, which will shortly be published under the title of "Winifred Vida" by Messrs. Dent. An interesting feature of the book will be a series of recollections of Winifred's schooldays, written a few weeks after her death by her cousin Phyllis, covering the three months they were at school together.

* * * *

Mr. Perry Robinson, who succeeds Mr. Canton as Messrs. Isbister's manager, is a Westminster and Cambridge scholar who has returned to England from America. He founded in the States several commercial journals which have been extremely successful; and has made a reputation there as a writer of short stories, as the author of a novel which still sells (published by Harpers, in 1895); and as a politician who was one of Mr. McKinley's managers during the Presidential campaign of 1896. As a journalist Mr. Robinson has been a regular contributor to American magazines, especially the *Forum*. It will be gratifying to English publishers to learn that Mr. Robinson returns to London convinced that the methods of the best English houses are the soundest methods that [illegible]

London, finding it increasingly hard to thi[illegible] names for its streets, has at length decided, app[illegible] take some of its literary associations and land[illegible] account. The other day a Smollett-street was [illegible] and this week the County Council has given the [illegible] "Little Dorrit's Playground" to the new open [illegible] Southwark, hard by what remains of the old Marshal[illegible] Two or three years ago it seemed probable that the [illegible] of Dickens' Marshalsea, which includes the wh[illegible] debtors' portion the portion which the novelist [illegible] personal experiences in the bitter days of his youth, [illegible] he afterwards immortalized in "Little Dorrit"—wer[illegible] be improved off the face of the earth. That danger [illegible] however, and we believe it is still possible to trac[illegible] footsteps as he went over to the Borough—as Forster [illegible] writing of "Little Dorrit"—"to see what traces w[illegible] the prison, of which his first impression was taken in hi[illegible] which had played so important a part in this his la[illegible] and every brick and stone of which he had been able [illegible] in his book by the mere vividness of his marvellous [illegible] It is still possible to climb the stairs to the "top [illegible] one," which in all probability included the very roo[illegible] by Dickens' father and family; and Little Dorrit's [illegible] be found without any difficulty.

* * * *

Professor Owen M. Edwards' volume on Wales, w[illegible] Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" Series ([illegible] and pictures), is to be published the week after next. [illegible] Edwards is Lecturer on Modern History at Lincol[illegible] Oxford.

* * * *

The story of the revival of Italian art in the Mi[illegible] would not strike everybody as likely to make a suitable [illegible] for children, but Mrs. Albinia Wherry, the author of a su[illegible] illustrated volume entitled "Stories of the Tuscan [illegible] which Messrs. Dent will shortly publish (her "Greek [illegible] with Story and Song" is also published by Mess[illegible] thinks otherwise. Her plan is to give a sort of [illegible] history, relying largely on the illustrations—which inc[illegible] photogravure plates—to keep the attention of her [illegible] audience. Only a limited edition of the work will be i[illegible]

* * * *

The sixth issue of the Literary Year Book is now [illegible] preparation, and the editor, Mr. Herbert Morrah, wi[illegible] to hear from all Authors who are not yet represe[illegible] Directory of Authors; all letters to be addressed [illegible] Ruskin House, 156, Charing-cross-road, W.C., up to [illegible] inst.

* * * *

Some recent Book Auction American prices [illegible] following:—

"The Vicar of Wakefield," first edition, two vols., crimson crushed levant morocco extra, gilt backs and edges, by F. Bedford ... ... £8[illegible]

"The Traveller," first edition, with the rare half-title, olive crushed levant morocco extra, gilt edges, by Rivière ... ... [illegible]

"Oliver Twist," first edition, original wrappers, uncut [illegible]

"The Germ," original issue, bound at the Doves Bindery, presentation copy, with signed MS. poem by W. M. Rossetti at the end ... ... [illegible]

Shelley's "Alastor and other Poems," first edition, 1816, original binding (back broken), in case, by Riviere... [illegible]

A narrative of the colonial tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, written by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, is being prepared for issue in book form by command of the King.

Next week's literary birthdays include those of Mr. W. S. Gilbert (November 18, 1836), Mr. R. Nisbet Bain, the Russian scholar (November 18, 1854), Miss Ada Cambridge (November 21, 1844), Mr. Quiller Couch (November 21, 1863), Professor Skeat (November 21, 1835), Mr. George Gissing (November 22, 1857), Mr. Justin McCarthy (November 22, 1830), and Mr. Gilbert Parker (November 23, 1862).

We hear that Lord Wolseley is writing his reminiscences.

Mr. G. C. Macaulay has been elected professor of English language and literature at Aberystwith.

The log-books of the "Agamemnon" have been added to the Nelson manuscripts in the British Museum.

Mr. Augustine Birrell has been invited by the Bristol North Liberals to contest their district at the next general election.

Mr. Charles Hamilton Bromby will lecture on the early life and works of Chaucer, at Kent-house, Knightsbridge (Lady Ashburton's), on Tuesday afternoon, November 19.

Dr. Garnett will take the chair at the lecture of the Dante Society, which will be given by Dr. Hodgkin, on November 20, at 45, Harley-street.

Only £001 has been subscribed for the proposed statue to Lord Byron at Aberdeen, and the sculptor's design is to be modified in consequence.

The Christina Rossetti Cross, which disappeared from Christ Church, Woburn-square, was discovered inside the church railings the other morning. The precious stones had been abstracted.

A Victor Hugo Society has been formed in Paris. The members call themselves Hugophiles, which sounds better than the earlier word Hugolâtres.

A new adaptation of Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris* has been produced at the Princess's Theatre under the title of *The Shadow Dancer*.

Victor Hugo's bust by Dalou, now on view at the sculptor's studio, will be placed in the foyer of the Théâtre Français, beside Houdon's bust of Voltaire.

The monument to Heine, subscribed for by the Viennese, is to be placed over his grave in the Montmartre cemetery.

A number of letters written by Verdi to the poet Ghislanzoni about the libretto of *Aida* are to be published at Bologna.

M. Jules Verne is shortly to undergo an operation for cataract which the specialists think will restore his sight. He has just finished his ninety-ninth novel.

* * * *

Mr. C. E. Plumptre is engaged on a "History of the Progress of Liberty of Thought during Queen Victoria's Reign." It will be published by the Rationalist Press Association.

A new work on Scotland's Cathedrals, by M. E. Leicester Addis, will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock immediately. It

week, writes to say that she did not publish "Th
The only book which as yet bears her imprint is
entitled "Smallpox; its Prevention, Treatment,

"The Hero" was Mr. W. L. Courtney's su
Playgoers' Club, and it shall be our subject
alleged hero of a work of art be he
Heroes. that he need not, are any particula
impossible as heroes? And if s
These are the questions; but, as both fictio
art are progressive, it seems doubtful whet
visional and tentative answers are possible.
began by ruling out the saint on the grou
passive creature . . . a dead white";
quite follow the argument. A saint is not bor
may also be unmade; and a picture of a saint i
the unmaking, or the resistance of attempts to un
fraught with dramatic possibilities. The ten
Anthony is, perhaps, the typical case; there is
or of movement in that story. Nor is it strictly
to the generally accepted definition, that a sain
passive creature. "Havelock's Saints," for ins
far from being passive creatures. Nor was
passivity that Joan of Arc, that very dramatic
canonized. So far, therefore, we find oursel
with Mr. Courtney. He seems a truer phil
draws attention to the modern tendency to
people of no particular importance. This is,
the great facts in literary and dramatic evolu
only the practice, but the avowed principle,
French dramatists—to go no further back—to
Mr. Courtney put it, "a position great enou
significant person." The heroes of Corneille
statesmen, nobles, Kings. It would have seem
these writers to expect an audience to be conc
fortunes of such a hero as John Gabriel B
husband of the Second Mrs. Tanqueray; wher
would probably seem a hopeless task to Mr. Pi
A. Jones to interest the public in such heroes
Athaliah, or the Cid. To what extent Mr. Cou
the causes of this radical change in the point of
easily discover from the summarized report of h
certainly cannot be attributed to any single ca
has, no doubt, as Mr. Courtney says, been a fac
Revolution and the kicking over of the traces
things which have enlarged our literary as well
outlook, and caused the average man to take
emotions a great deal more seriously than his
did. We should imagine that another factor has
of comedy upon tragedy. At all events com
way and tragedy followed it. If Molière c
common people interesting, the tragedian wo
tempted to break with tradition and try to do
perhaps the most potent factor of all has be
tendency of modern works of fiction, whether n
treat ideas as of more moment than stories. T
who objected to "Paradise Lost," that it
anything," was an anticipator, and more of
knew. The modern novelists and dramatists
may indeed be aware that story-telling is not
stration; but they also aspire to be somethin
idle singers of an empty day. They want to ref

Literature Portraits.—XXVIII.

MR. H. W. LUCY.

It is as "Toby, M.P.," that the world best knows Mr. H. W. Lucy, and the creation of that silent but sagacious member of the House is undoubtedly his best title to fame. He has spent the greater part of his life in chronicling Parliamentary history, and he has made out of this apparently intractable subject a series of diaries at once instructive and humorous. It is a considerable feat, requiring for its execution a combination of qualities none too common. For the Parliamentary reporter who essays the difficult task of handling that solemn assembly from the humorous point of view must walk delicately along a narrow path. To amuse, he must of necessity be personal; and yet he must contrive to keep his personalities within the bounds of good taste. Even so, it must be impossible to avoid, at times, offending somebody. It says much for Mr. Lucy's tact that he has contrived for so many years to write the most outspoken criticism in so engaging a manner as to reduce the risk of offence being taken to a *minimum*. For since the early seventies he has been steadily employed in this particularly delicate business, often in two or three periodicals at once, and seldom failing to ridicule when ridicule was in any way deserved. That he should have been able to accomplish this without arousing the deadly enmity of his victims is a pretty sure sign that he possesses the great gift of humour—that humour which renders innocuous the criticism even of personal peculiarities.

Mr. Lucy might fairly be called a caricaturist in print. In fact, he has all the qualities common to the best caricaturists—a keen sense of humour, an unfailing eye for any personal eccentricity, and the power of exaggerating any deformity to a ridiculous degree without impairing the artistic value of the portrait or the excellence of the likeness. He is a Parliamentary portrait-painter, but he does not permit his models to pose themselves decorously in the approved heroic attitudes; he prefers to catch them unawares in the midst of their daily work; he watches them, with an observant eye, from the Press Gallery and remarks their behaviour at opportune moments. All the details, all the little mannerisms, are noted down with a remorseless precision and amplitude. Reading the volumes of republished Parliamentary diaries you may come across many scores of these thumb-nail sketches in which the slightest eccentricity of the speaker is seized with a surprising accuracy. Here, for example, is a passage from the last published of these collections, which gives a fair idea of the writer's manner, and the photographic particularity of his descriptions. Mr. Burdett-Coutts is the subject, and he is "reciting" the peroration of a certain speech:—

> There was no rude haste about the movement. Everything was done with orderly precision that betokened long practice before the appreciative cheval-glass. First the left arm, thrown out, grasped the back of the bench. A basis of security being thus obtained—and the highest art cannot ignore these vulgar considerations—the orator, slightly leaning over, rested on his left leg, bringing his right foot round with slow grace till it was poised on tip-toe on the other side of its fellow. Then, always with the impressive absence of haste, he, with long sweep, brought his right arm round till

It is Essence of Parliament, and the unnecessary particles are ruthlessly pruned away. Even on the r when he has ventured to write on subjects outside t Commons the old instinct pursues him, and he ac certain uneasiness when embarked upon a long ne Parliamentary characters are not readily banished fr and they crop up even in his novels. "Gideon example, which is ostensibly a story (and a rather story, too), is really valuable chiefly as a gallery of eminent Parliamentarians. It is not a bad way, for the author wisely chose his favourite sub chief thread in his plot, and made his rich sa son contest a borough in the Liberal interest. B never is quite at home in story-telling. Detache the book are excellent, especially when the write the action for awhile and turn to verbal descriptio almost hear the sigh of relief with which he unfamiliar vehicle to take care of itself while he p mouth of some character a criticism of Gladstone or own account a picture of Beaconsfield. The latter one of the best descriptions Mr. Lucy has done any

> Taken at a back view it would not be thoug very old man. He was smartly dressed in a coa year. In gracious recognition of this spring da strayed into winter weather, the garment was o with trousers to match. A blue necktie and l gloves (over which mittens were drawn, since it quite spring), completed an attire remarkable on on this particular day. But the wearer was himse man. He walked erect, and with a certain swi But his progress was slow, and there was a curiou about lifting his feet, which suggested that his soled with lead. Then his face was very old, lea and with deeply-furrowed lines by the side of which was adorned by a little patch of hair, su black, which just covered the portion of his appe diately under the nostrils, like an "imperial" tra

The remarks of Captain O'Brien on Gladstone leader, some pages before the passage quoted, are es and equally true to life. "Gideon Fleyce" is reading even now, for the sake of these and simil It is at once a novel and a note-book which Mr. Luc with sketches of his numerous acquaintance. His have the air of being drawn from the life, and I am think that the author would never feel at his ea model. Perhaps this is one reason why he has not d fiction. Three books represent, I believe, his tota this branch of literature, unless we are to include t able volume, "The Fate of Fenella," to which he co small share in company with twenty-three other writ or less distinction. The other two are "East and a volume of short stories called "The Miller's Some Distant Connections," which is not, perhaps, in happiest vein. The fact is, fiction is not his *métier*; the by-product of a busy journalistic life; and it is to criticize these experiments at any great length.

From an early age Mr. Lucy had set himself t journalist. In "Faces and Places," a little boo some years ago in the Whitefriars Library, he tell how he set about it, and with what perseverance he way upwards. His parents had apprenticed him to

was there, the young assistant editor of a local daily paper. He gave me some trial work to do, and was so far satisfied that he promised me the first vacancy on the junior staff of reporters."

It is Mr. Lucy's chief praise that he has evolved a sort of personal journalism that is light and bright and without offence, and that has, furthermore, many of the qualities belonging to good literature. He has added his quota to the gaiety of nations; he deserves, with Garrick, his niche in the Temple of Literature.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

Mr. Lucy's bibliography should begin, we believe, with some juvenile poetry which appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury* while he was trying to serve his apprenticeship in a Liverpool merchant's office. He was only nineteen years old when, on the recommendation of Mr. (now Sir Edward) Russell—whose volume of sermons, by the way, is just appearing through Mr. Fisher Unwin—he was engaged as chief reporter on the staff of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*. Five years later he went to Paris to study language and literature, and, returning to London, joined the staff of the morning edition of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1870, the *P.M.G.* being the first journal represented by him in Parliament. Six years later Mr. Lucy began his connexion with the *Daily News*, and added the *Observer* to his list in 1880. It was in the following year—in January, 1881, to be exact—that "Toby, M.P.," made his *début* in *Punch*. Mr. Burnand had asked Mr. Lucy to write "The Essence of Parliament," which had been contributed in succession by Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor. "My only difficulty," Mr. Lucy once explained to an interviewer, in referring to this period of his career, "was to do something original. The 'Cross Bench' articles which I had been contributing to the *Observer* had attracted a good deal of attention, and having made that success, it was rather difficult to make another in the same line." Then the idea occurred to him to make use of "Mr. Punch's" idle dog "Toby" by sending him to Parliament, and "Toby" has been member for "Barkshire" ever since. Mr. Lucy's list of books, chronologically arranged, is as follows:—

1874.—"Men and Manners in Parliament," by the Member for the Chiltern Hundreds. Reprinted with additions from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Tinsley Brothers.

1880.—"A Popular Handbook of Parliamentary Procedure." Chatto and Windus. Another edition was published by Routledge in 1886.

1882.—"Gideon Fleyce." A novel. Three volumes. Chatto and Windus. Now published in one volume.

1884.—"East by West." Letters describing Mr. and Mrs. Lucy's tour round the world. Bentley and Son.

1885.—"Speeches of the Marquess of Salisbury." "Speeches of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone." "Speeches of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain." "Speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill." Edited by H. W. Lucy. Routledge.

1895 and 1896.—"A Diary of Two Parliaments," in two volumes. Vol. I.—The Disraeli Parliament, 1874-80; Vol. II.—The Gladstone Parliament, 1880-85. Reprinted from the *Daily News*, *World*, and *Observer*, and dedicated to the Earl of Rosebery, who suggested the plan of the work. Cassell.

1896.—"The Emperor's [Frederick's] Diary of the Austro-German War, 1866, and the Franco-German War, 1870-71," (with Prince Bismarck's rejoinder). Edited by H. W. Lucy. Routledge.

1897.—"The Fate of Fenella." A twenty-fourth part of the experiment in literary collaboration which appeared serially in the *Gentleman* and was subsequently published in book form by Messrs. Hutchinson.

1892.—"A Diary of the Salisbury Parliament, 1886-92." Cassell.

1895.—"Faces and Places." (The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour, new series, with Mr. Lucy's portrait). Henry and Co.

1896.—"The Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone." A

THE EVENING PAPE
A "Personal View"

By HAROLD BEGBIE.

The other night, as I fell languidly throu
slumber, my spirit bumped upon a somnolent no
snatching forty winks in a quiet corner of the
and without any intention of that kind woke h
Although somewhat bored of late by the platit
the criticisms of Sainte-Beuve, and the m
Shakespeare, I found the good nobleman excessi
even anxious to discuss with me the affairs of s
ture.

"The truth is," said he, plucking an asphod
himself comfortably upon an elbow, "I have lo
in my head for the advancement of culture o
this appearance of yours—which I trust is an
speedy, disembodied, and eternal sojourn amon
the first opportunity of conveying my idea to
Therefore," he continued, setting his forelock str
your coming was a little abrupt and interrupted
dream conceit, I am very glad to welcome you,
shall be able to make your brief visit pleasant a

I expressed my gratitude for his great con
promised to impart his views to the world by
would ensure them receiving serious and profoun

He smiled and honoured me with a little bow
the asphodel he had plucked, and with one leg cr
on the other, he entered slowly, yet carelessly, u

"Let it be known," said he, "that nothi
pleasurable to a nobleman than the proprietorshi
newspaper. I lay stress upon the vesperal c
journal, because, although no newspaper in
flowing with wealthy people should be in vulgar
hands, the matutinal paper is more hastily r
gotten, and less the topic of conversation at dinn
journal should be published at five o'clock, and s
of those evidences of hasty composition which i
many of their morning contemporaries. And new
least engrossing part of the ideal journal. Th
and brings me back to my first point, the ownersh
Now, a nobleman should care very little for th
fluctuating events of a day, but, by his tr
character, he should care very greatly for the d
interests of life, the main current of national ex
spirit animating the steady progress of evolu
choose for his editor a man of wide culture and br
let him inspire such a man with his own notion
and the public would be provided with a pa
soothed their distracted nerves and corrected
and vulgarity."

"But," said I, "would it pay?"

as vulgar. Shakespeare has never quite recovered from Lord Chesterfield's charge of vulgarity."

"Is Lord Chesterfield here?" I inquired.

The spirit shook his head.

"But my noble proprietor should have no thought of making his paper pay," the spirit continued. "He must review only such books as are deserving of serious mention; and so arrange his advertisements that they do not occupy a place on every page. He must turn a deaf ear to the blandishment of actors, and criticize only such plays as are of a literary character. This would free his columns of those eternal announcements which every day convince the newspaper buyer that it is impossible to keep abreast of the literary times; and it would rid him of the necessity for publishing demoralizing accounts of the millinery worn by actresses in every stupid play that struts its hour upon the stage."

"You don't think," I ventured to put in, "that such a paper would be—well, just a little heavy?"

He flung away the nibbled asphodel, and sat up. "My dear fellow," said he, "can anything be duller than the evening paper of to-day? No, there would be brightness and lightness rather than dulness and heaviness, in a paper that filled its pages with bright sparkling essays, with smooth verse, with witty anecdotes, and with short stories of only the highest excellence. Such a paper would gladden the soul of the jaded merchant returning to his hearth, it would speed the dullest railway journey to the most impatient clerk, and it would provide talk for the stupidest dinner-party in Belgravia. To read it every night would become the duty of England, and not to know its views on the subjects of the day would be to announce oneself vulgar and ignorant. Oh, such a paper would be the best-loved thing in England!"

He began to pluck asphodels quickly, filling his long hands with the beautiful flowers.

"Conceive the joy of the world in finding a paper in its hand which had order, neatness, and dignity in its appearance; the composition of the news agencies translated into polite English, and forming a connected narrative; the telegrams, thus translated, relegated to the back page; the wisdom of the war critic, the profundity of the politician, the lightness of the essayist, the brilliance of the novelist, filling the other pages in print that a gentleman may read without tears! What a boon! Would not such a paper come to each man as an old friend, a conversationalist to be welcomed at the fireside, a companion for slippers and pipe? Petrarch, I think, had been content to lay his dying head on such a pillow; Milton had deemed such a page worthy of his nightly pipe and ale. And that is the condemnation of the present evening paper; it has no sense of slippered ease about it, no friendly and genial companionship, no comforting sobriety, no character. Hysterics, hysterics, all is hysterics!"

He tossed the flowers he had gathered into the air, and they fell in a pretty shower about his smiling face.

"Oh, the joy that your rich men miss!" he exclaimed. "What

the world a heterogeneous assortment of dead and dyi
He would be forming taste, not glutting the appetite."

I was growing enthusiastic. "Have you thought
taking name for —"

"And let me point this out to you," he interru
national character is fast being corrupted by vulgar
prints whose one purpose and intention is commerc
a journal as I dream of would wage steady, persi
contemptuous war on such sheets; it would dam
vulgar, it would proclaim to the world that to be seen
or reading such vileness is to convict oneself of sha
open Philistinism; then would those crazy colum
and the world be delivered from the jerry-builder
ture!"

He threw back his head, and the enamelled mead
swerve upwards as though to pillow it; but the g
flowed over and about the head, a purple cloud dess
enwrapped the languid frame, and presently the
blotted out in shuddering mists, and I woke to fi
letters at my bedside.

Among those letters was a flattering request from
of *Literature* for a "Personal View."

ACROSS THE BORDER.

EDINBURGH, Nov. 1

Whatever may be the ultimate position assigned to S
it is certain that his countrymen have lost none of the
in him. The new Life by Mr. Graham Balfour, th
generally admitted to contain little fresh matter, is bei
read and discussed. Even the letter-to-the-editor ma
roused into activity. In particular, it is asked what has
the memorial of Stevenson which was announced as a'm
to be unveiled in St. Giles' Cathedral nearly a year ag
to take the form of a medallion of Stevenson by Mr. St.
the American sculptor, whom Stevenson described as
the handsomest and nicest fellows I have seen." No on
to know the reason for the delay. Even the secret
St. Giles' Cathedral managing board can give us
"The last entry in my letter-book on the subject,"
"was under date May 26, 1900—that is, eighteen mo
In that letter I intimate that the managing board sanctio
form of epitaph, and since then I have heard nothing m
memorial." It is surely time that the committee were
themselves, if only in justice to the subscribers,
whom paid down their money in 1896. Meanwhile th
people are proposing a memorial of Stevenson on
account. In the Exhibition art galleries there is a f
by Mr. D. W. Stevenson, the Edinburgh sculptor, a
almost been decided to purchase this for the city. *
has, of course, had its say about the author of "
Island" in connexion with the new Life, and its
attributed to Mr. J. H. Millar, the Edinburgh lawye
upon the fortunate term which enables the critics to sp
"Kailyard" school. Mr. Millar is said to be pre
volume of essays in which doubtless the "Kailyarde

Mr. Lang and he came into conflict. Now they are tilting over the character of "the good Regent Moray" or rather the reviewer accuses Mr. Lang of a change of front in regard to the "bastard of Scotland." It is a pretty quarrel, but only the closest students of this dark and troubled period of Scottish history can fully understand it. "Not yet, I fear," says Mr. Lang, "does your reviewer quite see the delicate point which divides us." A good many people will, we suspect, share the luckless reviewer's lack of perception.

The annual meeting of the Scottish History Society was held the other day in Edinburgh. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost" is the motto of the society, a motto to which the members have acted up with praiseworthy industry and precision. Judging by the announcements of forthcoming issues, the society's future programme will probably be even more interesting than its record for the past. Some time ago the council accepted the offer of Father Pollen, S.J., to set aside for publication by the society certain papers which concern the affairs of Mary Stuart during her reign in Scotland. This volume will be published almost immediately. It will be followed next year by another work connected with the unfortunate Queen—Mr. John Scott's "Inedited Narratives and Transactions of Rare Contemporary Tracts relating to the Life and Death of Mary Queen of Scots." Clearly the time has not yet arrived for the final word on Mary Stuart. There is another work of a very different kind announced by the society which deserves notice. This is the Register of the Abbey of Lindores, the well-known monastic house founded on Tayside by a brother of William the Lion on his return from the Holy Land about 1178. The charters of such kindred institutions as those of Kelso and Melrose have thrown much light on the mediæval life of Scotland, and doubtless the Lindores Register will be found equally worthy of attention.

Students of Scottish history will be glad to learn that the second volume of Dr. Hume Brown's History of Scotland is finished, and will probably be published before the year is out—bringing the narrative down to the Revolution of 1688. Dr. Brown, who was recently appointed to the Sir William Fraser Chair of History in Edinburgh University, was intended for the Church. He preferred educational work, and ultimately commenced author, his first book, a Life of George Buchanan, the Reformer, being published in 1890. Much of his work has appeared in Chambers' Encyclopædia and in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

It is rather a strong claim to make that one has written the first book ever published in "correct vernacular Scotch"; but the claim is made by Dr. Bruce Trotter, whose "Galloway Gossip" has just been issued by the *Herald* Press, Dumfries. Dr. Trotter declares that he knows six or seven languages in addition to his own, and "can curse fluently in a few others, besides knowing five dialects of vernacular English." He contends that all books hitherto professing to be in the general vernacular are hybrid mixtures of localisms and classic Scots. But what is classic Scots? Where and by whom is it or was it ever spoken? Dr. Trotter's book may perhaps be found to solve the problem, but it is disconcerting to find Mr. S. R. Crockett remarking, in an introduction which he has prepared for the work, that "not only is this Galloway which we have set before us, but it is Galloway of the Stewartry." In other words, Mr. Crockett thinks that Dr. Trotter has written in the Galloway dialect—and who should know better?

In support of literature, outside two northern county has a be published shortly in the Cambridge series Studies." The Aberdonians, we may add, are their University up to the *status* of Glasgow u the creation of additional Chairs, and among oth Lectureship in English will probably be raised t a Chair. Chairs and professorships are not th occupying the University mind, or, at any rate, students. The "Scottish Students' Song Book but it is to have a rival in "The Univers a volume of some 450 pages just about to be pu Grant Richards. The editor is the Rev. Miller I of the accompaniments have been composed by Lees, an Edinburgh musician. We hear also th and E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh, are adding a con their fine collection of miscellaneous songs publi title of "British Minstrelsie," and of which fo already appeared. The new volumes will each b an introduction by Mr. Cuthbert Hadden.

THE DRAMA.

"BEYOND HUMAN POWER

On my way out from the Royalty Theatre th I fell to discussing with two clever ladies the been witnessing—an English version of Bjornson' *Power, Part I.* It is a play about the Chris modification by a State Church, and the nature the question whether there are any contempor If not, why not—in short, about many subje aired in the playhouse—and we were all a lit by being confronted with them there. But one she had not spent the afternoon without edificat an obvious and salutary moral, she declared, in what is that"? I asked. "Why, don't you see? we ought to have faith without religion." The a more practical temper, declared that there wa ever in the play; it was all stark, staring nons my part, I think there is a moral in the p suggested, not remotely, in its title. It is a n dangerous in the spiritual as in the material wor edged tools, that mortals had better not t thunderbolts, that we must recognize some thing human power." At the same time, I fancy B less concerned with a moral than with the atten the psychology of miracle-working, the way in in the miraculous affects people's minds, and t miracles, given a certain atmosphere, are in a brought about. These questions, no doubt, a interest, whether we approach them from the p view, or merely as students of mental patholog stage of a theatre is an appropriate arena for th another matter. Before, however, offering any point, let me restate briefly what it is that Bjorn

The curtain rises upon a sick-bed, whose oc move from it throughout the first act. She can for her lower limbs are paralysed, she can only tos fro on her pillow, very wearily and half-hysteric she has had no sleep for six weeks. She is tellin returned from America, all about her husbar how he is all goodness, himself a man (the

"without a sense—the sense of reality," he sees the world not as it is, but as he wishes to see it. And so, but for the wife, the children's education would have been neglected in a household built, not on "deliberation," but on "inspiration." And, but for the wife, the household itself would have been ruined, through the extreme application of the text about taking no thought for the morrow. Thus the woman is distracted in mind and physically worn by the struggle between her love for her husband, her desire to see eye to eye with him, and, on the other hand, her common sense, her need to fight against his fanaticism. Pastor Sang enters, and we see that he is, indeed, of a beautiful character, of the stuff out of which saints are made. We see this in the touching faith by which he has convinced himself that at last he has found a way of curing his wife—by forming, with his children, a "prayer-chain" round her bed. We see it, too, in his behaviour when that experiment breaks down because his children have lost their faith. It is the heaviest blow that could have fallen on him, but he accepts it meekly, and forgives his children without one impatient word. He says he will pray alone in the church that his wife may find sleep. He goes out, the church bell begins to tinkle, and his wife does in fact fall into a deep slumber—so deep that she is not awakened by a landslip that suddenly makes a thunder in the air. There are shrieks, "alarums and excursions," but the church and its pastor are left unscathed.

In the second act the pastor is still in the church, round which, we hear, hundreds of people have gathered, attracted by the double miracle—the miraculous sleep and the miraculous escape. Drawn by the same attraction, all the travellers on board a "mission" ship in the fjord have landed, and, the clergymen with them—six pastors and a bishop—come to Sang's house to talk the wonders over. They discuss, from their half-dozen points of view, the right attitude of the Church towards supposed miracles; in fact they "preach at" one another for the greater part of the act. They are interrupted by what even the most sceptical of them accept as a genuine miracle at last—the entry of the sick woman from the next room, actually walking. (Remember—the student of mental pathology will say that she had fallen into a trance, with a strong "suggestion" from her husband that she should recover the use of her limbs). All the clergymen and the people outside welcome her with a chorus of Alleluias—it is a scene of great religious exaltation—and Sang, his face radiant with faith and love, takes his wife into his arms. She drops into them—dead. "This," he cries wildly, "is not what I meant"; and the shock stretches him dead by the side of his wife.

And what is one to say of it all? It seems to me that one act of monologue on a sick-couch, followed by another of pulpit oratory from a Church Congress, does not become a drama by the interpolation of two "sensation scenes." And yet the ideas of which the pseudo-drama is made the medium—the beauty of faith, the difficulty of the Church with miracles, and the curious pathological conditions underlying faith-cures—are so interesting in themselves, and are exhibited by Bjornson with so much poetic feeling and human sympathy, and at the same time scientific reserve, that one becomes almost indifferent to their unsuitability for dramatic treatment. Anyhow, one is bound to applaud Mrs. Patrick Campbell's enterprise in producing a play so far removed from the beaten theatrical track. And her performance of the sick woman is an entirely beautiful thing and an extraordinarily skilful thing. For it is no small feat to portray, as Mrs.

CURRENT LITERATUR

LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Reproduced from T
(*The Times* Office; Messrs. Sampson Low. £2 2

"The Life of Queen Victoria" is the first
and adequate biography of her Majesty to be giv
public. We do not, of course, forget Mr. Sidney Lee's
we recently reviewed. But that is embedded in the
the "Dictionary of National Biography" and is ava
by those who possess or can refer to that work. The
Queen's life as it appears in the fine volume now
in an edition of 1,000 numbered copies cannot but
prized as a worthy memorial of the greatest reign in
of England and of a period which has seen the most
developments in the social and political life of the Em
The Times life of Queen Victoria is very different in
that of Mr. Lee's. He had to bear in mind the requi
the Dictionary, to adhere closely to his subject,
succinct and exhaustive record of facts with such
dispassionate judgment on them as the scope of his
permitted. The life now before us takes a large
presents us not only with a vivid picture of th
personality, but with a graphic sketch of the social mov
the foreign history of the times. It is not written, as
in a biographical dictionary must necessarily be writt
for purposes of reference; it is essentially a book
It is, in fact, a reprint of the extensive life which appea
Times at the time of Queen Victoria's death. We do
we go too far in saying that, by common consent
recognized not only as the best life of the Queen
published at the time, but as a work which touc
seldom or never reached in journalism, whether on
its literary style, its singular completeness, or its di
interesting treatment of a remarkable epoch. Publi
moment of the Queen's death it does not, of course, a
judicial aloofness of the historical student, nor has th
arrived when the general reader will be disposed to de
an attitude. But it is a penetrating and weighty ap
of the great services rendered by Victoria to her Emp
well deserved to appear in book form permanently e
the sumptuous setting here given it. The volume
well-printed quarto in red leather binding, bearing a
tal design with the Royal arms in the centre.
divided into chapters, each beginning with an in
suitable to its subject very tastefully designed by
Capper. The most important embellishment of
however, we have yet to mention—viz., the extremely
of full-page photogravure portraits of her Majesty at
her life, in each case accompanied by an appropria
quotation. Of these there are twenty-one, reprodu
from paintings or drawings or from photographs. Som
especially the earlier ones, are but little familiar to t
and the whole series forms a most interesting collec
adds enormously to the value of the book. A geneal
of Queen Victoria's descendants forms a useful appen
handsome volume.

he constructs the Ideal State towards which he believes us to be tending and pictures the life in it. It is very cleverly done, and there is more scientific knowledge behind the bundle of prophecies than in those, for instance, of Jules Verne, Lord Lytton, and Edward Bellamy. At the same time it is hardly likely that any other intelligent man, whether of equal, of less, or of greater scientific knowledge, will see eye to eye with Mr. Wells all through his pages. The data are at once too doubtful and too complicated to admit of any uniformity of conclusion. The most that even a sympathetic reader can easily allow is that things might conceivably turn out pretty much as Mr. Wells predicts if nothing happened to prevent them from doing so. He certainly does not seem to us to take sufficient cognisance of probable lets and hindrances. The world which he foresees is a world in which the inventors will go on inventing indefinitely, and the inventions will be rationally applied to the simplification of life by intelligent scientific men, who will, if the vulgarism may be pardoned, "run the show," and arrange for the survival of the fittest by the forcible sterilization of the unfit. By ignoring certain forces, tendencies, and contingencies, these conclusions may certainly be given the colour of plausibility. They seem particularly plausible if we concentrate our attention upon English conditions. But they are the conclusions of a scientific student in the narrower sense of the word scientific. The political student—and more particularly the student of foreign politics—perceives lions in the path which may arrest progress as effectually as did the incursion of the Barbarians into the Roman Empire, and establish a new condition of things necessitating an entirely new set of prophecies.

In so far as Mr. Wells contents himself with foreshadowing mechanical inventions, and certain consequences which seem involved in them, he does not seriously outrage any probability. It is credible enough that the increased facilities of rapid locomotion which he contemplates will affect the distribution of the population as he anticipates, that the dirigible balloon will become a practical engine of war, that labour-saving appliances in the house will diminish the need for domestic servants, and so forth. But much of the argument in the book is vitiated by the assumption that the development will be orderly and unimpeded by convulsions; that the intelligent classes will be strong enough and numerous enough to have things their own way; and that inferior classes and inferior races will disappear as though waved out of existence by a magician's wand. To assume such things is really to assume the most important of the questions at issue. Will the proletariat be contented to take a patient part in gradual evolution, now that they have a list of grievances as well defined as a Newcastle programme and the means of procuring lethal weapons? Or will they rise and demand to be made happy all at once by Act of Parliament? Will soldiers taken from the proletariat, and presently to return to the proletariat, obey orders when commanded to fire on them? Doubts on this point are openly expressed in France, and unquestionably felt in Russia. The doubts do not diminish but increase as time goes on, and though the material condition of the proletariat may be improving, it does not improve as fast as their discontent and their opportunities of giving expression to that discontent increase. There are clear possibilities of a great cataclysm here, a cataclysm which amounts to an anticipatory revolution in Mr. Wells' Ideal State.

And then there is the problem of the inferior races, black and yellow. Unlike the late Mr. Charles Pearson, Mr. Wells assimilate with dogs; but they bide their Empress Tsu-Tsi "lies low" in the interi Senussi-el-Mahdi in an oasis of the Libyan de is known to be importing weapons and munit latest European patterns through the ports of every reason to suspect that the former is armi too. The Senussi, moreover, is sending out h the hundred, with the result that the Maho which is, be it noted, a fighting religion— Africa. His attitude towards "infidels" is t Dowager Empress towards "foreign devils." a moment when Continental Europe was co revolution or war—when the Eastern questio Instance, or France is trying to recover her l the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph Europe into the melting pot—China and Is negroes, simultaneously saw their chance, w well-drilled hordes, armed with the latest weap It would be a new invasion of the Huns com invasion of the Saracens. There is no certaint such conditions, would be able to repel the any better than the Western Empire was able t or the Eastern Empire to repel the Turks. Mr. Wells' Ideal State be then? And what suggested cataclysm more improbable than t tion, unmolested by any kind of cataclysm, anticipates?

Mr. Wells' anticipations, in short, strike than convincing. Perhaps it was necessary, hedging hypotheses, to construct them from a p *data* that were available, and to imagine scien field unhindered by the catastrophic interventio people animated by hunger or race-hatreds, and ble through their numbers and their fecundit that is how they have been constructed, wit though they are very interesting to read, they contingencies to be really instructive to those into the future.

ART.

Mr. Berenson's Essays.

The writings of Mr. Bernhard Berenso provocative of thought. There are art critics superior to questions of attribution; but, s enhanced, whether in books or in pictures, wh certain works round a given personality. W unwilling to credit Bacon with the Shakespeare we relinquish without extreme regret the c Gioconda" being the creation of perhaps the the world, Leonardo da Vinci. Mr. Berenson attribute works by Italian artists in various p collections—many of them, despite the labou others, still ridiculously catalogued—is valuabl side of scientific criticism. Not until the c National Gallery and of similar collections revised shall we gain the *maximum* of æsthet the pictures. Mr. Berenson's STUDY AND CRIT ART (Bell and Sons, 10s. 6d. n.) contain written at various times during the last dec on Correggio in particular he is conscious

now recognizes "how valueless . . . . in the life of the spirit" is the mere history of art. But if his use of the word "tactile" was open to misconstruction, the same may be urged against another word in the preface to the present volume. He asserts that "qualitative analysis" is essential—a truism incapable of challenge; but when it is implied that "quantitative analysis" means the systematic examination of types of ears, eyes, hands, &c., we must raise a protest. In chemistry, qualitative analysis discovers the ingredients of which a substance or fluid is composed, quantitative analysis measures and determines their relative proportion. Apart from this special use, however, the words do not seem to us to convey what we take to be his meaning. It is regrettable that the criticisms of Mr. Berenson are sometimes marred by reason of his not sufficiently scrupulous use of words. Thus in "Certain Copies after Lost Originals by Giorgione" the astounding statement is made that the work of "a real artist . . . . is of the same quality throughout"—as compared with that of the copyist who is interested in particular parts of a picture. Yet, surely, to achieve "the same quality throughout," if we are to take the phrase strictly, would be superhuman; and we have only to study Giorgione's exquisite "Fête Champêtre" of the Louvre—once credited to a follower of Sebastian del Piombo!—for an emphatic refutation. Mr. Berenson might with advantage, too, have brought his book up to date. The "Ecce Homo" (No. 1,310, National Gallery) has for long borne the name of Cima instead of Giovanni Bellini, and, at any rate in one case, catalogue numbers are wrongly given. We point out these shortcomings because we hold Mr. Berenson to be one of the most alert and able living exponents of Italian art. After due allowance is made for ill-considered assertions and slight inaccuracies, every thoughtful student will welcome this volume of essays. The paper on Giorgione—wherein Mr. Berenson remains loyal to the attribution of "The Shepherd Boy" at Hampton Court, despite rumours one had heard to the contrary—makes us the more eager for his promised monograph on the master whose Castelfranco Madonna haunts the memory as one of the supreme Venetian pictures. The "Lives" of Vasari, lessened in authority by modern destructive criticism, forms the theme of a delightful study; and many will follow with pleasure the footsteps of Mr. Berenson in his careful attempt to personify Amico di Sandro, who, it is suggested, may be no other than the Berto Linaiuolo of Vasari.

An Italian Romanticist.

There is such a timid voice amongst the critics that we cannot refrain from expressing an opinion that L. Villari's biography of GIOVANNI SEGANTINI (Fisher Unwin, 21s. n.) has come very much as a surprise. It is not because Segantini was a symbolist, that he painted the Alps in a new way, or that he was surprisingly clever at cattle that his work deserves to be recorded in the sumptuous volume issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Art has produced many symbolists, the Alps have attracted many painters as clever even if not so emotional as Segantini, and his cattle are not so good as those of Cuyp or Troyon; but the position of the Italian painter in contemporary art—for the day of his death is but as yesterday—is not to be accounted for by his proficiency in any one of these directions. It was because he came within the sphere of the influences that produced Millet, Corot, Mathew Maris, our own Millais of the "Chill October," La Thangue, and Henry Estall in art, and merely the beauty of the Alps in "Alpine Pas distinguish him above others. It is the unusual vision, the direct appeal to nature. He painted th was his own, the life of the peasantry. He made make pictures out of the superb natural effects whic him, but was content to paint simply what he saw then, into "the movement" from a country wh often triumphant at the expense of the merely beaut place. He was an elemental painter to whom clime provided all that was needful. And, in advance o painters of all nationalities, he not only saw simply sees, but he had a natural gift for composition, f seizing, that is, phases of nature at a moment and of view when they might be with some completen on canvas. His hills were large and spacious, but no his landscapes wide stretching but not interminal horizons distant without outdistancing conception. T ness of his composition is seen in such a picture as the Alps," the atmosphere crescent, the hills and th in tone, and the central figure-group well and fitt the picture. In the same way it is not the cow in t

"SPRING IN THE ALPS."
[From "Giovanni Segantini," by permission of Mr. Fisher Un

a Farmyard" so much as the farmyard that arres Free nature, the earth under his feet, the trees in th to their surroundings, the animals in relation to all th noble lines of mountain backgrounds, these, studied of light and form and colour, arrested him; his sol problems they presented raised Segantini into the the emotional painters of our time. It will be his if he is longer remembered by his flights into the symbolism than as a painter singularly gifted with

that had not been attempted before, but the snow and the mountains, the cattle and the sheep, the new way of presenting distant facts were fresh even to the veteran connoisseur. "What imparts to Segantini's Alps such an air of intense realism," says his biographer, "is the fact that they were painted from their own level. They were not painted from afar by a mere outsider, but by one who lived in their midst, and who lived there always." He soon perceived that if he painted objects just as they appear in the rarefied atmosphere of the Alps, the results would be intolerably crude. To overcome this difficulty he invented a new method.

> In the panoramas which form the background of his Alpine pictures the construction and the formation of the mountains are given with the minutest exactness, but everything is so perfectly blended together that the *ensemble* is an effect of perfect unity. This result was obtained in the following manner. The horizontal or pyramidal construction of the planes in Alpine scenery, if portrayed in a smooth flat style of painting, becomes harsh and crude. But Segantini made of that construction a quality by means of his shimmering, glistening painting. He painted in short rapid strokes and points of light and divided the colours on the canvas.

He had early discovered that the secret of real light lies in the laying of pure colours side by side on the canvas instead of mixing them on the palette.

This is the picture of a rarely gifted artist which we have formed from his works. We do not think that his biographer quite understands that his symbolism was his least attractive and least characteristic possession, but we are much indebted for a carefully planned biography of a remarkable and romantic naturalist whose death is so recent as to leave us unaware of the extent of our loss.

Conversations on Art and Artists.

James Northcote, who comes before us in CONVERSATIONS OF JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A., WITH JAMES WARD ON ART AND ARTISTS, edited from the notebooks of the younger painter by Edward Fletcher (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), was esteemed one of the best conversationalists of his time. He has not survived as a painter, but is sufficiently outspoken and observant to range with Horace Walpole as a chronicler of an interesting artistic period. For five years he was a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and those of his remarks upon the great President of the Royal Academy, remembered by James Ward, are among the most interesting portions of the book. He saw and spoke with Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke; he knew Cosway intimately, and yet lived to paint the portrait of John Ruskin, and he draws a homely and human picture of the second Pretender and his extravagant brother the Cardinal York, whom he saw while he was studying at Rome. His art criticisms are always of interest. He places the works of Titian before those of Raphael; remarks that Vandyck's "thinly painted and unsubstantial" portraits are like beautifully executed models "standing up in glass cases, such as are to be seen in Westminster Abbey," and is firm in his belief that Franz Hals "for truth of character was the greatest painter that ever existed." "I think Titian's power of giving his great effects arose from his seeing his object all at once, whereas Vandyck appears to me," says Northcote, "to have seen his object too much by piecemeal." He might have had the New English Art Club in mind when he says that there is a spurious breadth; "that

vice of careless finishing in the English school. again, he tells us, "is what Sir Joshua was alw yet he himself can't be acquitted of it, especia painting the eyebrows, nose, &c." But then Si used to say, "Don't look at an eye only, but l face!" The "Conversations of James Nort further illustration of how excellent a critic painter may be, and, on reading the present vo surprised to learn that Mr. Ruskin became Ward manuscripts and offered to superintend t

Four Great Venetians.

Mr. Stearns is an American writer of some n attentive and enthusiastic student of Renais His FOUR GREAT VENETIANS (Putnam, 5s.) is dev masters whose works "represent Venetian art and substance"—Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Mr. Stearns is familiar with his subject and write He knows his Ruskin and his Crowe and Cavalcas and his Berenson; he is acquainted with Prof scholarly interpretations of Giorgione's and Titia when, as in the case of the great Borghese pictu to accept them, and he does not follow Mr. C doubtful works wholesale to the master of Ca opinions are, on the whole, sufficiently orthodo difficult to understand how any critic can see Gio the Three Ages of the Pitti, or describe that w "a decided advance on any Venetian painting century." As a rule, Mr. Stearns' historical info ful and accurate, but a few mistakes here and the of correction. Giorgione, as we know from I letters, died in October, 1510, not, as we find here and his death, as Taddeo Albano informed his aug caused by a sudden visitation of the plague. Gonzaga, the beautiful Duchess of Urbino whose has immortalized in the Venus of the Uffizi and Pitti, was not the daughter (p. 109) but the sis Gonzaga, first Duke of Mantua, and her fath Giovanni Francesco, the hero of Fornovo, w Mantegna's well-known Madonna della Vitto before Titian visited Mantua. The glowing pag Stearns describes the wonders of Tintoretto's bru di San Rocco remind us how profoundly another Phillips Brooks, was impressed by the lofty sp the great Crucifixion, and make us tremble l works should be ruined by the summary restora they are threatened. We can only hope tha protest of Dr. Frattin, the guardian of the ancie of San Rocco, will obtain a hearing, and trust wiser counsels may prevail. Several of Tint works, including the lovely Three Graces from th are reproduced in the present volume, but the inferior in quality and cannot compare with thos series of art books published by Messrs. Bell and this country.

ORIENTAL BOOKS.

Letters of the Time of Abraham.

THE LETTERS AND INSCRIPTIONS OF HAMMU BABYLON, ABOUT B.C. 2200. By L. W.

Horites, and was in turn defeated by Abram with his three hundred and eighteen servants born in his own house. There is very little doubt that Amraphel was the same as the Khammurabi of the early Babylonian inscriptions, and the only wonder is how so considerable a personage as the King of Babylon (to say nothing of his allies) could have been chased and smitten and ravished of his prisoners by a mere sheikh, albeit the progenitor of the Hebrew race. Kings, however, in those days—say, 2200 or 2300 B.C.—were scarcely more than local chiefs or burgomasters of towns; and at the time when Abram fell upon his rear, Khammurabi had not yet defeated and driven the Elamites away or assumed the crown of Sumer and Akkad.

Dr. Rogers, in his "History of Babylonia," pays a glowing tribute to the statesmanship of this ancient Sovereign and quotes the "ringing words" of his famous inscription in the Louvre; and there is no doubt that he was the first King of Babylon who worked great deeds for his people, built granaries, dug canals, "the blessing of men," and notably increased the prosperity of the country. Nevertheless, these letters of his, which Mr. King has carefully edited in two volumes of text, and of which he now supplies translations, transliterations, and ample commentary, read more like the orders of a big landed gentleman to his steward and gamekeepers—leaves torn out of his memorandum-book—than the despatches of a King to his Viceroys. They deal with the minutest matters, and, as Mr. King observes, "nothing was too small to come under the Royal cognisance, and the great mind of Hammurabi was as well able to superintend the conduct of a campaign as to note that his woodcutters in the forest were sending him dead or decayed wood instead of sound trunks." The letters sometimes give orders to clear a canal, setting a time-limit, which shows that Khammurabi understood the ways of the working man; or they instruct the agent to make an inspection of the Royal flocks, order additional shearers, and are very particular about the wool. Evidently this was a good farmer-King, as we should judge him from his portrait, only that he looks more like a grocer. Nor did he leave too much to his lieutenants, but commanded the shepherds and overseers of the cattle to come to Babylon and show up their accounts in person. He was also his own First Lord, and gave instructions as to the repair of his ships and the details of their crews. Many letters show his rigid justice, and how he enforced the return of lands wrongfully seized by usurers and others. The letters of the succeeding Kings, also included in this volume, refer to similar domestic affairs, such as the tribute which was overdue, an escaped female slave, the harvesting of corn, and taxes; though King Ammizaduga seems to have confined himself to summonses to sheep-shearings—an important source of revenue in Babylonia. One letter of Khammurabi's is particularly interesting, since it deals with the regulation of the calendar by the insertion of an intercalary month. Another tells the viceroy to send the Elamite goddesses to Babylon in a state barge, with the temple women, and sheep for the goddesses' food, and sufficient towing-men and soldiers to bring the divinities safely to the capital.

The series supplies an interesting picture—sometimes remarkably detailed—of the life and administration of the remote period to which the letters belong, and Mr. King's comments and explanations are all that can be desired—though occasionally we think he slightly forces a fragmentary text to get a wide deduction. The whole collection of documents included in the volume—notably the emended "Chronicle of the Kings of Babylon"—is extremely valuable. But who would be a postman in the days of Khammurabi? These letters [illegible]

of history, and it seems almost incredible that the a of a King about the shearing of his sheep some four years ago should have been preserved on their tablets and be placed before the optics of any chuckle-headed who chooses to look into a glass case in Bloomsbury. K would have known exactly what to do with the pla make no doubt, and we should be sorry for the t crooked furrow in the kingdom of Babylon in B.C. 220

A Sanskrit Chronicle.

KALHANA'S RAJATARANGINI: A CHRONICLE OF THE KASMIR. Translated, with an Introduction, Co and Appendices, by M. A. STEIN. Two vols. (63s. n.)

History—if we except epic legends and princely containing fragments of fact—is the department of lit which the Brahmans gave least attention, and a Chronicle is among the rarest of Asiatic phenomena. special interest and importance of Kalhana's "River a metrical history of Cashmere from the misty ages o down to the date of composition in 1148-49. It is i not only by reason of its uniqueness, but on account of serious and independent attitude towards the hist country. He quotes his sources, most of which have disappeared, and he even uses the ancient inscri temples recording grants by former Kings. To find th antiquarian research in a twelfth-century Indian poet able; and if he is over-credulous and not by any mea in accepting the wild statements of his predecessors, employing inscriptions is some check upon his narr obviously aims at impartiality, and is singularly fr fulsome adulation of reigning Princes which is th Oriental Court poetry. Nevertheless, the Rajataranginī and Kalhana's conception of his work is influenced by sity he felt of treating it in the conventional for poetic tradition. Much less conventional, however, of its kind, comparatively free from tedious embel simple and direct in its narrative, the Chronicle is n a didactic poem, intended to illustrate the transitory earthly glory, the uncertainty of sovereign power punishment that follows sins against the moral law. also much more than this. It is a repertory of medi graphy and custom, religion and ritual, as existing in which though Indian was not of India, and the very and isolation of which form its peculiar claim upon our From very early times Cashmere maintained its inde and not only that, but deliberately excluded from its s valleys all intrusion of foreigners. If anywhere expect to find early Indian customs and traditions by time, it is in the Vale of Cashmere, and Dr. Ste this expectation by the minute local observations on whilst preparing his monumental work. As a c on ancient and mediæval India as represented in an exc unadulterated condition the work of Kalhana, now for time expounded by a fully competent scholar, is above

The Principal of the College at Lahore took up h task under the inspiration of the late Professor Bühl scholars had tried their hand on the Cashmere Chr hitherto no good text, still less translation, had been Bühler discovered at Srinagar in Cashmere the manuscript from which all other known (and generally

comprehensive essay on Cashmere topography, accompanied by admirable maps, which may frankly be admitted to be the most important additions to mediæval Indian geography that have been made for many a day. Without such local investigations and a complete study of existing materials in Cashmere any translation of the Rajataraṅgiṇī must be totally inadequate. We have only to point to Mr. Jogesh Chunder Dutt's well-intentioned version—made from a bad text and entirely deficient in topographical knowledge—to show how useless such a work may be if carried out in ignorance of the special information which Dr. Stein alone possesses.

From the antiquarian and scholarly point of view we have nothing but praise for the manner in which this important work has been produced. It is a credit at once to the translator, the map-makers, the printers, and the publishers. The notes abound in valuable indications; the appendices and topographical memoir are priceless. The translation itself, however, is insipid. Dr. Stein had no time to do more than aim at a perfectly literal translation, and the result is not attractive as literature. Some one, perhaps, may think it worth while to put it into poetic prose or even metre, but we doubt the expediency. It is as a picture of Cashmere in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, a record of its traditions, legends, cults, manners, morals (such as they were), and life, rather than as a work of literature, that Kalhaṇa's "River of Kings" will be prized by students, and on such Dr. Stein has conferred a boon which will be gratefully appreciated by those who have learning enough to understand it.

Ancient India, as described in Classical Literature, with Introduction, Notes, and Index, by J. W. M'Crindle (Constable, 7s. 6d. n.t), is the last of a series of six volumes giving annotated translations of ancient texts relating to India. Only one other, the "Invasion of India by Alexander," has been published in England; and it has already gone through two editions. Its merit was very generally recognized by the Press, and we have nothing but praise for the present volume. The authors here drawn from are Herodotus, Strabo, Diodorus, Pliny, Aelian, Philostratus, Dion Chrysostom, Porphyry, Stobæus, Nonnus, besides the Romance of Alexander, the Itinerary of Alexander, and the Periegesis of Dionysius. The translations are mostly by Mr. M'Crindle himself, and are quite good; the notes excellent, giving references to ancient and modern authorities. Mr. M'Crindle identifies the gold-digging ants with the Tibetan miners. We can cordially recommend this volume, which both the Orientalist and the general reader will find most useful.

The Tell el Amarna Period, by Carl Niebuhr (London: Nutt, 1901), is the second of the series of "short, popular, but thoroughly scientific studies" of the ancient East which a number of German scholars are writing and Miss Hutchison is translating for Mr. Nutt. It is written with a brightness and lucidity not universal in Teutonic essays of the kind, and gives an excellent summary of the main results and interest of the famous Tell-el-Amarna correspondence. Professor Niebuhr differs considerably from Professor Flinders Petrie in his estimate of Akhenaten (otherwise Amenophis IV.), to whom many of these letters were addressed, and it is hardly necessary to say that he spells nearly all the names that occur in the despatches differently. Plain people would be thankful if uniform augurs would agree to wink together even over wrong spellings, rather than introduce a perfectly different form every six months. Or, if they must reform the orthography as frequently as an Irish Land Act, they might tell us in parentheses what the new form corresponds to in the effete system to which we await the second part, in which we a
"introduction and commentary to the Arabic t
first part, along with a preface and bibliograp
series," as well as an explanation of the princi
editor has been guided in arranging his plan.
enough to say that the text of Ibn-Wallâd'
treatise, the "Kitâb al-Maqṣûr," has been ed
care from the MSS. at London, Paris, and
notice of variants, and sufficient vowel poi
valuable addition to the printed texts of A
treatises. The Prussian Academy of Sciences
Oriental Society contribute to the expenses o
it is unnecessary to add that with such printer
of Leiden, the mechanical part of the work is w
wish Dr. Brönnle all success in his spirited and

Orientalists owe a debt of gratitude to M
completing and editing the work which th
Wright had begun in A Catalogue of the Sy
Library of the University of Cambridge,
University Press). The acquisition of the
the seventeenth century was the foundation
and additions were received from time to tim
until an important voluntary gift was made i
1887, of MSS. collected for the Society some for
Mesopotamia and Kurdistan, that the work
seriously begun. The collection of Syriac MS
a whole, very remarkable, but it includes a
series of MSS. from Southern India relating
the Nestorian Church, and for Syriac scholars
and complete volumes, with their full indice
value.

OTHER NEW BOO

Chivalry.

Chivalry, being distinctly international
less closely connected with English life than
subjects of the "Social England Series";
Cornish's book Chivalry (Swan Sonnenschein
well stand by itself, apart from its com
In these days, chivalry means rather
generosity, and unselfishness. The chivalry of
Cornish writes means the whole system of id
the dominant military classes in the Middle A
denounces the spirit of chivalry as the spi
Freeman, and Green following him, have sligh
and un-English, and have censured as false
Hallam thought it a "great source of hum
and held that its principles "were not na
of many evils." Mr. Cornish agrees on the w
enforcing and amplifying almost all that Hall
subject, and practically adopting his argument
He is, however, much more elaborate than
copious in his quotations from Froissart, St.
authorities. From one source or another
great many facts, and has spared no pains to m
of the subject complete. In particular, he ha
of his way to write an excellent and sensible ch
which was by no means a "foolish business"
As he speaks, by the way, of Sir James A
squires, he might as well have described the
armour. But as regards the main questi
chivalric notions, artificial as they were, w
evil, the answer must be very much a matter of
modern critic cannot effectively place himself

Women of the Salons.

Most, if not all, of THE WOMEN OF THE SALONS AND OTHER FRENCH PORTRAITS, by S. G. Tallentyre (Longmans, 10s. 6d. n.), appeared in *Longman's Magazine*. The essays would have made a more satisfactory volume if they had been elaborated and revised. They are interesting and well written; but one notices some omissions which detract from their value, and some inaccuracies which might just as well have been avoided. Some of Mlle. Germaine Necker's eccentricities are explained on the ground that she "was a French child." She was as much German as French, and more Swiss than either, her only French ancestor being her maternal grandmother, Madeleine Albert, who came from Dauphiné. Mme. Necker's relations with Gibbon, when they met at Coppet in their old age, are left unnecessarily vague. "Did he or Suzanne," the author asks, "remember those old days when they first met?" It is an idle question, seeing that we have Mme. Necker's letters to Gibbon telling him that his "leisure ought always to belong to her who has been your first love and your last," and that she found him "as it were a solitary tree whose shade still covers the desert that separates me from the first years of my life." The chapter on Mme. de Staël is somewhat too reticent for perfect accuracy as to that lady's affairs, and one would gather from it that it is not certain even that she loved Benjamin Constant, a position which has no foundation in the face of the correspondence and the "Journal Intime." Justice, however, requires us to say that the book is interesting in spite of its faults. Perhaps the best essay is that on Dr. Tronchin. Such omissions as there are in his case do not affect the value of the study; and his forgotten reputation was well worth reviving. He popularized inoculation for smallpox; he anticipated Rousseau's views about foster mothers; and he was the real inventor of the fresh-air cure. Special praise must be accorded to the illustrations—photogravures of well-known portraits.

Claudius Clear.

LETTERS ON LIFE, by Claudius Clear (Hodder, 6s.), consist of prelections, mainly on the minor morals, though of course the distinction between these and the major morals is rather a fine one at times. What we particularly approve in Claudius Clear's philosophy is his refusal to suffer fools gladly. He speaks the language which they understand, and says that they ought to be "fired out." This contemptuous treatment of them may very well prove more salutary than any moral or religious exhortation. Claudius Clear is also rightly severe on those who limit their opportunities of enjoyment by refraining from the cultivation of their minds, and he does not allow that devotion to work or to a creed is an adequate excuse for such neglect. It would be easy to reproach him supercilliously with insisting upon the obvious, but it would not be fair, for he is addressing an audience which habitually ignores the obvious. Nor are his harangues likely to be the less effective for being gentle and paternal, and even a shade patronizing, in tone. He writes agreeably, and has plenty of allusions and illustrations at his command, so that he is able to give a platitude something of the air of an epigram. Claudius Clear's "Lay Sermons" may do the armchair reader as much good as the sermon preached from the pulpit.

Scientific Phrenology.

THE MENTAL FUNCTIONS OF THE BRAIN, by Dr. Bernard Holländer, M.D. (Freiburg) (Grant Richards, 21s.), is a bold attempt to clear up the mystery that still involves "the funda- goes further, and adduces evidence to show that the of particular specially developed faculties is unifor panied by the unusually great development of some co area on the surface of the brain. To the layman who appreciate the complexity of the issues involved, Dr. deductions may well appear convincing; but there doubt that in many cases the interpretations he places are unduly strained, while in others they fall short of mate conclusion. Perhaps the most generally interest in the book is that wherein the author vindicates the of Franz Gall, the Viennese doctor who is commonly have discovered the science of phrenology. Gall himse repudiated this notion, and Dr. Holländer is but tardy act of justice in referring that discovery to what discreditable pupil Spurzheim. Dr. Holländer great conviction, and has succeeded in bringing toge quantity of useful material in his book; the worst said of it is that it tries to prove too much.

Etymology.

In NOTES ON ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY, chiefly rep the transactions of the Philological Society by Dr. W (Clarendon Press, 8s. 6d. n.), we have, alphabeticall notes on a number of obscure words, followed by English words of Brazilian origin, and a long list of words used in Anglo-French, with their various form with the last, such a list has been long wanted, for no easy matter, given your English word, to know w look for in texts or dictionaries. As regards the firs Skeat here throws new light on many words not full in the "Oxford English Dictionary," which will doubt useful to Dr. Murray in his future issues. Professor S gives his authorities, and marshals his facts in such their strength or weakness can be tested; hence, ev does not attain finality, he is useful. He has found in Swedish dialect, from which comes English *boa* derives it from *basa*, which is one step further back) is collected to prove that *bronze* is derived from *aes* (Brindisi), which before this note was published had guess. New light is given on a number of other wo difficult word *martlet*, Professor Skeat suggests a co *merlet*, a blackbird, which is the figure of the he while the name means the house-martin. *Minx* is d Low German and Friesic *minsk*—i.e., *mensch*, "man, For *mug* he has an earlier quotation than any g "N. E. D." under *clay-mug*. There is interest on ev the book, and new matter on many.

Professor Skeat could not have found in literat motto for himself than that which he prefixes to the of A CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF TH LANGUAGE (Clarendon Press, 5s. 6d.)—

> Were man to live coeval with the sun,
> The patriarch-pupil would be learning still

His first attempt at a concise dictionary was good, b fulness was marred by its arrangement of conne together. Professor Skeat finds that this is not conv at once re-writes the whole, arranging the words alp Moreover, in twenty years he has learnt so much th or corrections are made in nearly every article. It fessor Skeat to be modest; so, as he never sings his we will say at once that this is an ideal concise e dictionary, and indispensable. It is also like Profes

that he was a revolutionist, and condemned to death in Austria, and lived in England because it was the only country in which he felt quite sure that he would never be surrendered to the Austrian Government.

COMMERCIAL KNOWLEDGE, by Algernon Warren (Murray, 2s. 6d.), is described as a "manual of business methods and transactions." It conveys much general information of the sort which every merchant ought to have at his finger ends in a fairly readable style. The elements of commercial law are given; the principles of banking are expounded; technical terms are explained; there is something about insurance and employer's liability; there is even a discourse on the department of commercial travellers. We hardly think that teachers will regard it as an ideal book for use in schools and colleges. It is a little too discursive for their purpose. But any lad entering a merchant's office might read it with advantage, and keep it by him for reference.

Messrs. T. and T. Clark are much to be congratulated on their TOPOGRAPHICAL AND PHYSICAL MAP OF PALESTINE, edited by Professor George Adam Smith, and prepared under the direction of Mr. J. G. Bartholomew. The scale is four miles to an inch; the physical relief is effectively shown by colouring in contours. About 3,180 names are printed and duly indexed. There are inset maps showing the environs of Jerusalem and the vegetation of Palestine. All the modern place names are given, while the accepted identified Biblical sites are added in bolder type. It is, in fact, the best map available, and may equally serve the purposes of the teacher and the tourist (10s. 6d. in case, 15s. on rollers).

To Black's "Sir Walter Scott Readers for Young People" (6d. n. per volume) THE STORY OF ROB ROY and THE STORY OF THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH and THE STORY OF THE PIRATE are added. To the uniform "Literature Series" (same publishers and price) there is added a selection from the "Poems of Longfellow," leading off with the inevitable "Psalm of Life," and including the no less inevitable "Excelsior," together with reasonably long excerpts from "Miles Standish," "Hiawatha," and "Evangeline."

FICTION.

Some Well-known Hands.

Mr. Norris, Mr. Weyman, and Mr. Crav written so much and on so consistent and approv criticism of their work bids fair to become super that the public cares to know lies in the stateme once again turn to these authors with a certaint qualities it has previously enjoyed in the EMBARRASSING ORPHAN (Methuen, 6s.), by Mr. ample, is one of those entertaining and ably put of modern social life that he so perfectly unde so often presented. The men and women are sne and often likes; there is the touch of humour scholarly feeling, the firmness and leisured a assured of a sympathetic hearing. The book end to end; graceful, amusing, and certain Of popularity, too, Mr. Weyman may be certai HANNIBAL (Smith, Elder, 6s.) is written in the and tells the same sort of story, or "historical is called, that the readers of "A Gentleman "Under the Red Robe" have acclaimed lo massacre of St. Bartholomew and the terrib days of 1572 are drawn with a vivid—almost a l interwoven "love interest" is sustained wit spirit, and the whole is effective, compelling story has already been put into stage form be produced. Mr. Francis Marion Crawford Venetian story in his latest book, MARIETTA with his usual cunning. The loves of Zorzi, the and the eponymous lady of the story take the p of true affection, but the end is such as novel to approve. The atmosphere of Venice in the fift admirably reproduced; the characters convinc cultural, and the *dénouement* delights. Mr. Cr once more (is it for the fortieth time?) succeed his admirers. What busy author need desire m

The humorous sincerity of Mr. Jacobs collection of short stories, LIGHT FREIGHTS (fascination difficult to resist. Most of the si of the quaint adventures of our old friends t river or coasting boats, and deal, in the wel with the wisdom of the foolish and the baffli uncultured. But Mr. Jacobs proves again th humorists, he can touch the sympathetic to t and light a hand as he can call up laughter. Jacobs' merit as a humorist is that he does not self to quotation. Such an amusing adventu Freak," for example, in which one of an extrem is persuaded to allow himself to be sold to East-end Barnum, as a wild man of Borneo, is as a whole, but ridiculously weak when seen in vein which the author of "Many Cargoes" h severely, but which has by no means petered o of the *Cavendish*," in which the wife of an A amusing part. Taken one at a time, these st the most dispirited.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason appears at his best that gives its name to ENSIGN KNIGHTLEY AN (Constable, 6s.). It is a really admirable examp

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH.

M. Marcel Prévost and "Feminism."

M. Marcel Prévost has, at least, this claim to be taken seriously—that he has divided public opinion ever since the publication of "Les Demi-Vierges" made his name widely known. Some held that M. Prévost had written that book to pander to morbid tastes, others that he merely desired to call attention to certain increasing social evils. Since then M. Prévost has specialized in "feminism," and other questions have arisen. Is he a great thinker? Is he a great novelist? Is he in earnest? Or is he merely a clever adaptable journalist who has seen and seized a chance of swimming philosophically with the tide? The appearance of Miss Ellen Marriage's translation of FRÉDÉRIQUE (Duckworth, 6s.) seems a fit occasion for trying to make up one's mind about this very popular French writer.

Our own impression is that M. Marcel Prévost is by nature more journalist than novelist, but that he has a certain qualified earnestness inspired by a purely intellectual sympathy with the wrongs, real or supposed, of women. He is not exactly eaten up with his zeal, like certain women writers on the subject who have known something of the bitterness of wrecked lives or cramped ambitions. It is absolutely inconceivable that he can have deduced his moral (or his message) from the story which he tells, for it is inconceivable that the story can have happened as he tells it. It is obviously a made story and not, as the French say, *vécu*. But M. Marcel Prévost does seem to have been convinced—we say "been convinced" advisedly, for he does not seem to have felt—that there was a great deal to be said for the views, claims, and aspirations of the feminists, that women—and more particularly French women—are apt to be "put upon," and that their *status* can only be raised by means of revolutionary changes in the method of their education. Convinced of these things he has got up his case very carefully, and stated it in a novel which leads up to an elaborate exposition of his views on educational reform. There are twenty-five pages of this exposition, given in the form of a speech delivered by a feminist at the opening of a new school for orphan girls. It makes a very fine essay, well thought out and well informed. It would have been admirable as a magazine article. But when it turns up as the summary of the moral of a story it confirms the impression that it was not the story, that suggested the moral but that the story was fabricated to enforce the moral. And that, of course, is both ethically and artistically bad—artistically bad because it introduces the ring of insincerity, and ethically bad because it makes a good moral depend upon the evidence of false witnesses. We should not, of course, have written of M. Marcel Prévost's novel at this length if it had not been a work marked by considerable ability. It contains much that is good besides the essay on education which we have referred to. The author may be congratulated on having described life in London at considerable length without making mistakes, and on having displayed an intimate knowledge of the intimate characteristics of the women of various nationalities. But he knows them in the lump and not as individuals. With all their eccentricities not one of them stands out of the canvas, or is likely to linger in the memory. We have only to compare M. Prévost's Christine Legay—the poor little girl whose rich lover betrays her—with Daudet's Désirée Delobelle, to see how the character-drawing of a journalist differs from that of an artist. Finally we may note that, though M. Prévost

cannot tell, even now, which of you is the fair
heart inclined little by little to Léa, no doubt
is nearer the primitive type.

And all this and much more to the same effect
given as though M. Marcel Prévost really thought
by means of such speeches in such circumstances tha
the world go round. Truly the French novel has t
since the gay days of Dumas the younger, and Marg
de Kock.

M. Paul Bourget.

M. Paul Bourget dedicates his book THE D
which Mr. Fisher Unwin publishes a fairly fluen
American, to his young countrymen—those between
eighteen and twenty-five—apparently in the expe
they will find in his work the answers to several
questions as to the conduct of life. "The Disciple,"
be new to many English readers, is undoubtedly
psychological study, but we cannot but be doubt
influence upon the youth of France. Briefly, the sto
a young man who at twenty-five has run through "th
all ideas," whose critical mind has precociously assi
most subtle philosophy of the age. The result is t
come to regard the human soul as a piece of mechan
he dissects as a matter of scientific interest. The
disciple is sudden and salutary, and we are not so
him. M. Bourget's book is designed to show the terrib
bilities of the teacher, especially of the literary craft
the careful analysis of so morbid a type as Robert
hardly make pleasant reading. It is a curiously
book, the main part of which is taken up with
disciple's explanatory dissection of his own chara
might be called the "Confession of a Young Man of th

M. René Bazin.

M. René Bazin is one of the few French nove
reckoned with who can be read without blushing eve
most prone to that vanishing habit. He is also one of
whom the boulevard is not the world. His task is the
tion of the provinces and the provincials, and he fulfils it
In AUTUMN GLORY (Jarrold, 6s.), now translated by
Waugh, his theme is the life of the farmers of La Vend
the few parts of France where the Feudal feelin
respect for religion linger. His story is as simple
ever was put into a book, but he tells it like a liter
Even in a translation it leaves that impression of
and not invented which is only found in work o
rank. The book is one to compare and contrast with
M. Bazin is not *documenté* like M. Zola, who appe
worked with a bundle of press cuttings from the *Pet*
and to have constructed a narrative into which every a
crime that he ever heard of could be worked. Bu
to know more than M. Zola, and his picture is proba
in spite of the sentimentalism which he permits him
dominating tragedy of the story is the drifting awa
land by the younger generation—a phenomenon e
supposed to be incompatible with peasant proprietors
translation is, on the whole, well done, though an
expression like "breeding-mare" is not the most
equivalent of the French that might have been found.

M. Zola.

M. Zola's books; he has never drawn a more complete household than that of the Chanteaus, their son Lazare, the old Norman servant Véronique, even the dog and the cat. It is a wonderful gallery of portraits, but it is very depressing.

Mr. Vizetelly has also translated a selection of short stories by M. Zola, which he calls THE HONOUR OF THE ARMY (Chatto, 3s. 6d). They display the novelist in various moods—one, "The Spree at Coqueville," in the very unusual mood of Rabelaisian joviality. The first story, which is a translation of "Le Capitaine Burle," is one of the strongest in the collection, and is interesting as having afforded a handle to certain of M. Zola's more unscrupulous enemies at the time of the Dreyfus affair. The translations are by different hands, but the editor has revised the work of his collaborators and has contrived to secure a certain uniformity of style throughout the volume.

M. Amédée Achard was, we believe, a contemporary of Dumas, and there is a similarity in the style of the two writers. "Le Trésor d'Or," is now issued in an English translation, THE GOLDEN FLEECE (Macqueen, 6s.), with some sufficiently remarkable illustrations by Mr. Victor Searles. It is a dashing romance, dealing with the adventures of a young Gascon gentleman fighting against the Turks in the reign of Louis XIV.

BOYS' BOOKS.

[BY ONE WHOM THEY CONCERN.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "LITERATURE."

Dear Mr. Editor,—My father being the important contributor of your valuable columns he says I can do it for him this week, it being only about boys' books which I know more about than he does having been stood on the form for reading them in prep. and he'll do my Latin exercises for me instead and put in some mistakes so as nobody shall know it was him but not too many so as not to make it hot for me.

I will now take up my pen and write the first book on my list and a rattling good book too being HELD TO RANSOME by F. B. Forester (Nelson 5s.). It is about brigands not in Italy like Jack Harkaway, but in Spain where I didn't know they had brigands but they do, and a price was put on the boy's head, but afterwards he got away being a public school boy like me only I've never been carried off with blood-curdling adventures to a brigand's cave but you never know your luck.

I will now turn to the next book it is ONE OF THE RED SHIRTS by Herbert Hayens (Nisbet 6s.) and it is about another brave English boy who got an Italian called Garibaldi to help him to overturn the government and make a bloody revolution that was badly wanted, and they were called red shirts because that was what they wore for uniforms, including trousers of course, the climate being too hot for coats. The story is full of blood-curdling adventures and people being thrown into the deepest dungeons and got out again in the very nick of time, and it is partly history but more exciting than the history you learn at school, and another book of the same author from which you can learn a lot of history is FOR THE CROWN (Nelson 6s.). The colours mean the good old Union Jack which braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, but in this book it only braves the battle and not the breeze because it is a book

get into the cavalry than into the infantry, b
good fighting at the end of the book, though the
thing about tearing a piece out of a will which d
if it would be possible.

We will now turn to FOR THE FAITH by E
(Nelson 3s. 6d.). This is about the Reformation w
had more wives than sense, and they used to b
just as my form master burns penny dreadfuls in
them so as to learn things they didn't know b
learn things you didn't know before out of this
good thing I suppose, as you don't get much fur
it there being too many religious arguments to
needn't believe everything the Pope tells you
he doesn't know himself. Having made the
will now make some more about another book
out of the pen of that truly great auth
Stables, the same one who rides about in car
saucepans but for a lark and has rows with fa
book is called WITH CUTLASS AND TORCH (Nisb
about the slave trade and the hero is a midshipm
terror who fights the dastardly slave-dealers, hand
first bearded them in their lairs. The next book i
being OUT ON THE LLANOS by Achilles Daunt (S.P.
the scene being now changed to a place called C
America. It takes you a lot of chapters to get t
a man overboard on the way, and a dastardly nig
out a razor instead of fighting fair, and then the
and shoot alligators with their trusty rifles an
blood curdle to read how the gallant hero was
the place by a big snake and took refuge in the
a tree where the snake couldn't follow him, and
close he prodded it with his trusty hunting knif

I must now pass on to FROM PLAYGROUND
by Frederick Harrison (S.P.C.K., 2s.6d.). The boy
away from school, and no wonder either as i
school he was at and the head was a caution and
and dripping for tea, so he took the Queen's shil
a King in those days and he was at Waterloo a
dastardly foe by throwing a bucket of water ove
though the Frenchman had a gun which would
afterwards he came back to England and w
school and cuned the head with his own cane w
been an awful lark.

I will next criticize the books about red Ind
being THE HERO OF THE HILLS by G. Waldo B
3s. 6d.). It happened a long time ago whe
Americans were French as well as English, and
the Indians at each other like you set a dog a
they took each other's scalps and made splendid
full of noble words and heroic deeds done by o
are also two other Redskin books by E. S. Ellis
ARROW AND THE CHIEFTAIN AND THE SCOUT
each), also about the cunning backwoodsman
savage and his dusky squaw, and I will copy out
exciting passages which makes your flesh creep
furious exclamations were yet trembling on the
the crack of a rifle broke the stillness. The mi
resounding shriek, leaped clear of the bridge and
like a meteor, the spray flying high in the
vanished from human sight." Another book w
now is SIR PHILIM'S TREASURES by H. A. Hi

want to pay back Robinson Secundus fourpence I borrowed off him on Saturday. So no more at present, with kind regards from,

I remain yours truly,

JOHNSON PRIMUS.

P.S.—I think writing for papers is much better than going up for the Army, especially there being no exam. and you keeping a man to put the spelling right, so I mean to be one when I grow up.

LIBRARY NOTES.

No less than four new public libraries have commenced work, each in a populous district, this month. Three are in London, the fourth is at Hull. At Poplar and Stepney the way has been smoothed by Mr. Passmore Edwards. The Woolwich library and the new central library at Hull were opened by Lord Avebury, whose text on both occasions was the imperfections of our educational system. These undoubted imperfections suggest the regretful reflection that the public library must be regarded more as an antidote to the education afforded by our School Boards than as its natural complement.

"Some Art Books in the Public Libraries" was the subject of a lecture delivered by Sir W. B. Richmond, on November 1, in the Town-hall, Hammersmith. In illustration of his lecture there was an exhibition of fine art and other illustrated books from the reference library. We wish there were more of such lectures. They cannot fail to be helpful to the public who desire to make the best use of the libraries.

The Bishopsgate Institute has abolished "open access" in favour of the indicator system.

The public libraries committee of Swansea are in want of a sub-librarian who must possess a thorough knowledge of the Welsh language and must also be sufficiently acquainted with Celtic literature to advise in the selection of books and to catalogue them. The salary originally proposed was £2 per week, but upon a protest this was altered. In most libraries the alteration would imply a higher figure, but in Swansea the sub-librarian, when found, will be allowed 38s. weekly.

Mr. Carnegie continues his Irish gifts with the offer of £7,000 to Limerick on condition of finding £350 per annum. Wales has begun to benefit by £1,500 to Treeynon, Aberdare, where the rate will produce less than £100. The gift of £37,000 to Dundee appears to be meeting with opposition, the argument being that a good central library, one branch, and the full rate is sufficient for the present needs of the town. A sum of £10,000 has been offered to Hawick on the usual conditions.

A gift of £100 has come to the Southwark Public Library, in Walworth-road, to be expended upon reference books. The donor is the widow of a tradesman of the locality, and the gift is in memory of her late husband. The Hampstead Public Library has received a fine collection of local pamphlets and broadsides dating back some sixty years, the gift of Mr. Henry Sharpe. A small similar collection of earlier date has just been purchased. The department of local literature, so far as the beginning of the nineteenth century is concerned, is now fairly complete.

The perilous question of discarding stock has been agitating the Twickenham Library Committee. It has come very near to adopting the rule of thumb method. Two members were appointed, and apparently the procedure was that one should note for removal as many works as he chose (about 250 in this case) and that the second member should follow and adopt a similar course. The librarian, we are told, should be able to tick off about a thousand. Such a method of solving the problem to librarians seems rather drastic.

We notice reports from Durban, the Imperial Library of Japan (Tokio), Leeds, and West Ham. Despite the war there has

MORE MAGAZINES.

The latest French magazine to establish definite relations is *La Grande Revue*, of which Messrs. Sam have taken charge. The editor, whose name is given a Labori, is no other than the Maître Labori whose clear to England by his plucky conduct of the Dreyfus contributes to the number before us an essay on polit sophy. Some documents about Fouché are examin Baron Albert Lombroso. There is the conclusion of story by M. Camille Lemonnier, and a presentation of th question by M. René Puaux.

The *Journal of the African Society* (Macmillan which the first number has reached us, begins well. T interesting tribute to the memory of Mary Kingsle J. R. Green, who knew her intimately, and the list butors also includes such eminent names as those of Johnston, Dr. C. T. Hagberg Wright, and Archdeacon who gives an account of the African Association of 178 his grandfather, Sir John Sinclair, took a leading part.

The current *National Review* is chiefly notabl "unauthorized version" of General Buller's hellog we must leave that matter to those whom it immedi cerns. Special attention is also invited by the ed anonymous article on "British Foreign Policy." however, proposes an *entente* with Russia—which may proposal, but certainly is not a novel one. Mr. G. S. an incisive and bitter attack on those modern Jews their backs upon their race, and Mr. Leslie Stephen ironical demonstration that Shakespeare wrote the Bacon. Bacon, it is argued, was too busy to write books himself, and was quite unscrupulous enough to "ghost." Shakespeare, who, as the author of *Ha* proved himself a poet as well as a philosopher, would have been introduced to him by Southampton, and sum of £1,000, which Southampton is believed to have to Shakespeare, may very well have been Bacon's *ho* Moreover, the books which Bacon published after Shak death are notoriously inferior to those published duri speare's lifetime. It is a clever argument, well elabo not too long drawn out. Sir Charles Warren cont Lessons from the South African War: and Mr. Ma gives a satisfactory account of President Roosevelt.

The *Empire Review* for November ranges from pap Monroe Doctrine and our position on the North-Wes of India to an article on "Overgrown County Crick most distinctively literary matter is to be found in " Literature," which contains two most appreciative " Kim," and "The Right of Way," the former from the William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I.

Mark Twain is always amusing, and he contribu Little Tales" (in his later manner) to the colum *Century*, which is, as usual, excellently illustrated. Trent has a paper called "A Retrospect of American and there is also a page or so of "Recollections o Ward." An authoritative account of the Santos-Dumon fully illustrated, is among the most interesting feat good number. In *Temple Bar*, Mr. Crockett's sto Firebrand," advances by four chapters; Mr. Arthur a rather smart little dialogue "On Egoism," and some "Babuisms" are collected by a lady signing hersel Sorabji. Perhaps the best specimen is this (from the La —"The witness . . . cannot be allowed to raise the air by beating upon a bush."

Correspondence.

THE ARTIST AS CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, You have recently discussed the question whether a critic should be an artist. It seems to me worth while to ask whether a good artist is likely to be a good critic?

A really good critic must essentially be broadminded and catholic in his tastes. He must make every effort to avoid the "personal fallacy," as Matthew Arnold terms it; to understand the aims of artists whose works do not happen to belong to the particular "genre" which most appeals to him. Can we expect an artist to do this? Genius is, as a rule, an abnormal power in a particular direction. Men who possess it are apt to lose in range what they gain in concentration. While the critic may and must worship many gods, the artist is building his own shrine. There are, of course, exceptions to this among giants like Shakespeare and Beethoven, and a few among lesser men, such as Matthew Arnold. But against the exceptions the failure of so many artists properly to appreciate the work of others must be reckoned. Some instances at once occur to the mind. In literature we have Byron's opinion of Wordsworth, Wordsworth's criticism of Burns' love lyrics, Ben Jonson's estimate of Shakespeare, Samuel Johnson's attack on Lycidas and disparagement of Gray. Coming to art we have a recent example in Ruskin's famous remark about Whistler and the paint pot. And looking back can it honestly be said that, with the single exception of Sir Joshua Reynolds, any one of the Presidents of the Royal Academy has shown himself to be a good critic? Are the artists who choose the majority of the canvases for the Academy remarkable for their gift of selection? The history of music also supplies plentiful instances to show that the great artists have often been anything but good judges of each other's work. Witness Spohr and Weber on Beethoven, Beethoven on Schubert, and Wagner's criticism of some of Mendelssohn's best work. Of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* overture he coldly remarks—"it must be taken into consideration that Mendelssohn wrote the overture at seventeen." Most of these criticisms were honest but injudicious. But artists are often consciously or unconsciously prejudiced against the work of contemporaries. To this fact we owe much of the slashing invective indulged in by Pope and Dryden at the expense of their brother poets, the publication of "Judaism in Music," and Sir Joshua Reynolds' opinion of Romney as an artist.

Finally, let us suppose that an artist is entirely unprejudiced and catholic in his tastes. He has trodden the path of the Muses, and surely he must be the best guide for others who wish to make the same journey? But the road to Parnassus is not similar to other paths. It is so full of enchantments, of bewildering mazes that the traveller is often unable to define, even to himself, the forces—human or magic—that help him to thread his way. And where the obstacles are greatest and his experiences would be most valuable as a basis for the critical guidance of others, the artist is often least conscious of the means which he employs. There are certain canons of art which are known to critics who are not artists as well as they are known to artists. Then there is the inexplicable something which lies beyond the canons of art and separates the artist from the mere worker according to rule. Can the artist himself explain it?

not resemble a modern chalice and paten, but I think that they do on the following grounds. itself does not depict any particular moment service. It gives us the King as the central t by those who take a leading part in the servi cases, the symbols of their office. This I ha explain in the book under review. The bowls which two bishops handle and are essential to the illumination two bishops figure most promi hold up the golden bowls. The two leading Coronation service are the Bishops of Durha Wells. These two attend the King, supp and left throughout the whole service. The the principal bishops next to the two arch figures of two bishops on either side of the the bowls in the illumination are doubtless in Now what do these bishops carry? They carry the paten and chalice for the celebration of the Is it not likely that the artist wished to re holding up that which they held for the King? not these, then what are they? They are not might at first be supposed, for no bishop handl oil; it is laid on the altar before the service, an received back from the archbishop by the Abbo It should further be remembered that no b these, takes any part in the Coronation serv his See.

Another point to be borne in mind is this. figures as the frontispiece of my book is illumination in the Norman-French version of At the period when this was executed the King successfully claiming a right of which they wer of being deprived—the right of Kings at th receive the Blessed Sacrament in both kinds. to suppose that the artist, knowing all this, wi the point that the King, being by virtue of longer an ordinary layman, receives the Ho both kinds?

JOSEPH H.

WAS AMY ROBSART KILL

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Sidney's last letter suggests controversy. But I think a very brief reply sidering that my original object in writing completely achieved. Mr. Sidney wrote a li title which prejudged a matter of fact by a que had to write letter after letter under the hea Robsart killed?"—a question which he ought of before inquiring who killed her. Charles succeed in the inquiry he proposed to the Roy fish out of water weighed heavier than the sam water; for experiment proved that it did not. question was a joke; he did not write a h himself.

Now, if Mr. Sidney, with all the evidences that Amy Robsart was really murdered, he is opinion; only he has not proved the case, a think the probabilities are exactly the other way he raises, they are exactly four in number, arisi letter.

1. He thinks Anthony Forster was in the

and a half after the death of Amy Robsart. But why should an attempted burglary have been "extraordinary" in those days? It would have been "extraordinary," I think, to call a successful murder an "attempt."

3. Mr. Sidney asks how I know that it was an "awkward corkscrew staircase" down which Amy fell. Mr. Bartlett, after very careful inquiry, found that it was "a circular newel stone staircase"; which is very much the same thing.

4. In contending that Cecil befriended Dudley after Amy's death, Mr. Sidney says I seem to forget that Cecil himself termed Dudley "infamed by his wife's death." No. I did not forget it; but out of consideration for your space I did not say everything that would have made my argument stronger. Cecil befriended Dudley though he knew that he was "infamed by his wife's death." He noted the scandal merely as an objection to Dudley's marrying the Queen; but he did not show by his conduct that he believed it.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,

West View, Pinner, Nov. 9. JAMES GAIRDNER.

"WHAT'S WHAT."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—While thanking you for a most generous and critical notice, will you kindly allow me to say two things?

First, that I cordially welcome your suggestion of inserting in my next edition a sketch (as "brightly written" as we can ensure) of the "Course of English Politics since 1875." Secondly, that I have not, as your critic implies, omitted to consider Mrs. Humphry Ward's claim to notice as a novelist of considerable reputation. Her work is mentioned on pages 944-5, in connexion with some others, of which I remark that they are "imaginative, witty, original, and interesting." I proceed to give my reasons for withholding from them only one special kind of merit, but to quote these would be to intrude unduly on your space. As a matter of fact I am, personally, an admirer, to a very considerable extent, of "Robert Elsmere," and I regret that more works of that character do not issue from the press. But to define my full position with regard to such writing was impossible within the limits of space assigned to this subject in "What's What." Lastly, that I must not claim, as your notice would appear to suggest, the authorship of "What's What." The book has been written by fifty-five contributors, in conjunction with the Editor, and my name only appears upon the title-page because these authors have preferred to be anonymous, and because I accept responsibility for all the opinions expressed in the work.

I am the more anxious that you should allow me to add this explanation as I find the same attribution of authorship has been made in another journal. I am, very truly yours,

HARRY QUILTER.

36, Great Russell-street, W.C., Nov. 9.

[We noticed the remarks about Mrs. Humphry Ward to which Mr. Quilter refers. She is there spoken of as the author of "Robert Elsmere" only, and as an instance of a writer whose fame has passed away, one of the novelists who "come, blaze, and go out." Among the popular writers of the present day, who are afterwards treated at some length, she finds no place.]

CRETAN SYMBOLS.

I do not think I am alone in the tendency to ref cruciform symbols to a common origin. If this be g question remains whether the double axe belongs to category. About this it may be remarked that sym get confused with some object to which they bear fanciful resemblance. So the Swastika became Thor and, as we all know, cross-hilted swords were taken t the Christian cross.

The theory I have proposed (in all diffidence, mere folklorist) would not interfere with the belie double axe was the sign of the Carian and Cretan Swastika belongs to times very long before Zeus wa It dies hard. Last year, at the Folklore Congress in Paul Sébillot gave me a brand new Breton button used by peasants, on which there was a beautiful Swa

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

EVELYN MARTINENGO-CESA

Nov. 1, 1901.

A NEW DICKENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir.—In your issue of the 9th inst., under th of "Notes of the Day," there appears a lengthy esting announcement concerning the publication of complete Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens, lished in England as well in America by Mr. G. D New York.

This announcement seems to us to be somewhat inasmuch as no arrangement has as yet been made with for granting him important and obviously very nec cessions, viz.:—

1. The supplying him with impressions from th steel plates and woodcuts, the drawings for which under Dickens' personal supervision.

2. The right to associate our name with th America, we being directly interested in the working of our own Editions in America, all of which bear our

3. Last, but not least, the right to sell complete England, as the copyrights of the complete works do for many years to come.

As proprietors, therefore, of the copyrights of th Works in their complete form, we trust you can se to amend Mr. G. D. Sproul's announcement in your

Yours faithfully,

CHAPMAN AND HA

GEORGE ETHERIDGE

11, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London, W.

Nov. 13.

WELTGESCHICHTE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir.—As there appears to be no translation of th lines on the writers of world's histories, the followi may possibly be acceptable.

Sits the little human creature
On the edge of Time's vast sea,
With his feeble hands distilling
Drops from out eternity.

Sits the little human creature,

Books to look out for at once.

"Napoleon's Letters to Josephine." Edited by H. F. Hall. Dent. 7s. 6d.

"In the Land of the Blue Gown." By Mrs. Archibald Little. Fisher Unwin. 21s. net. Illustrated.

"Schools at Home and Abroad." By R. E. Hughes, M.A., H.M. Inspector of Schools. Sonnenschein.

"The Son of Man." By Miss Fox. Elliot Stock.
[A new life of Christ, with special reference to the everyday habits and customs of the people among whom He lived.]

"A Christmas Greeting." By Marie Corelli. Methuen. 1s.
[Miss Corelli's Annual.]

"The Firebrand." By S. R. Crockett. Macmillan. 6s.

"The Mating of a Dove." By Mary E. Mann. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

"Poems Goodwood." By Maclan Conky. Fisher Unwin.
[A story of the merchant class of Eastern Russia.]

"The Apostle of the South-East." By Frank T. Bullen. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS,

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[*Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.*]

ART.

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI. By R. C. Strutt. 9¼×6¾, 191 pp. Bell. 12s. 6d. n.
[A well got-up illustrated life, with bibliography, genealogy, and documents referring to the painter, &c.]

MARINE PAINTING IN WATER-COLOUR. By W. L. Wyllie. 7¼×9¾, 56 pp. Cassell. 5s.
[Excellent coloured sketches with short instruction and notes on each drawing.]

SIR HENRY RAEBURN. By Sir Walter Armstrong. 16×12, 116 pp. Heinemann. 45 5s.
[An immense volume, with splendid reproductions of pictures (copperplate and photogravure), an Introduction by R. A. M. Stevenson, and a biographical and descriptive catalogue by J. L. Caw, Curator of the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Reproduced from *The Times*. 12½×10, 120 pp. *The Times* and Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.
[See Review, p. 465.]

THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER. By F. H. Skrine. 9×5½, 400 pp. Longmans. 16s. n.

RUSKIN AND THE ENGLISH LAKES. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. With photographs. 7¾×5, 228 pp. Maclehose. 5s. n.

THE LIFE OF JOHN HOWARD. By E. C. S. Gibson. 7×4½, 207 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
[Short life of the famous philanthropist and prison reformer (1726-1790), based on his own writings and Brown's "Memoirs." Illustrations from old prints, &c.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF ADVENTURE FOR BOYS. FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF COURAGE AND ENDEAVOUR FOR GIRLS. Ed. by A. H. Miles. 8×5½, 462 pp. Hutchinson. 5s. each.
[Collections of illustrated stories by various writers.]

FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF GREATER BRITAIN. Ed. by A. H. Miles. 8×5½, 464 pp. Hutchinson. 5s.
[Stories by various well-known authors (some of them from magazines). Written to familiarise the boys and girls of England with the life and manners of their fellow-subjects in lands beyond the seas.]

THE CHILD'S PICTORIAL NATURAL HISTORY. Pictured by C. M. Park, 10×8½, 74 pp. S.P.C.K. 1s.
[Accounts of twelve animals, with good half-tone pictures.]

NONSENSE, NONSENSE! By W. Jerrold. 10¾×8½. Blackie. 6s.
[Full-page coloured illustrations, with rhymes and illust. cover.]

SEA FIGHTS AND ADVENTURES. By J. Knox Laughton. 294 pp. THE OPEN AIR BOY. By G. M. A. Hewett. 267 pp. 7½×5. Allen. 6s. each.
[These are the first vols. of a promising series, "The Young England Library," intended for amusement, but with the least bit of ethical powder in the jam. Mr. Knox Laughton is a well-known

A HANDFUL OF REBELS. By R. Jacherns. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
["The escapades of five young pickles." Illust

QUEEN MAB'S FAIRY REALM. Illust. by H. Cole 310 pp. Nownes. 6s.
[Fairy stories very beautifully illustrated.]

THE PATTY POTS. By H. E. Inman. 7¾×5½. 321 2s. 6d.
[Adventures of the Patty Pots "with the Niddl in the land of Once upon a Time," &c.]

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. Trans. by Beatrice M 637 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
[Complete edition, with short Preface, and full

WONDERS IN MONSTERLAND. By E. D. Cuming Allen.
[How Walter and Jenny see and talk to the dea ago. Excellent Illustrations by A. Shepherd.]

DEAR. 7¾×5½, 312 pp. Ward, Lock. 2s. 6d.
[Quiet domestic stories.]

TOPSY'S FOUR HOMES. By Isabel Wartley. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
[Topsy is a dog, who tells the story.]

A POPULAR GIRL. By May Baldwin. 7¾×5½, 301 pp
[School life in Germany.]

OUT OF BOUNDS. By Andrew Home. 7¾×5½, 348 pp.
[Short stories of school life.]

LASSIE. By the Author of "Laddie." 7½×5, 122 pp.
[Lassie is a nurse, who has to look after a good-

THE KING'S "BLUE BOYS." By Sheila E. Brai Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
[A story of the Giant Grenadiers of Prussia. T

A NEST OF GIRLS. By Elizabeth W. Timlow Chambers. 6s.
[An American tale of boarding-school days.]

THE ARGONAUTS OF THE AMAZON. By C. R. Keny Chambers. 3s. 6d.
[Treasure seeking adventures in Brazil.]

OUR RULERS. By J. Alexander. 9×7, 144 pp. P
[An account with some portraits of Englis William I. to Edward VII.]

THE KOPJE GARRISON. By G. Manville Fen Chambers. 5s.
[The Boer war.]

JENNY DODDS, MILLIONAIRE. By H. Barrow 328 pp. Chambers. 3s. 6d.
["A school yarn of merriment and mystery."]

IN SEARCH OF MADEMOISELLE. By George Gi Hutchinson. 6s.
[The struggles between French and Spanish colo of Florida.]

THE SECRET OF MANSHELLING. By E. Everh 320 pp. Shaw. 5s.
[In the days of Queen Elizabeth.]

A LITTLE BROWN TEA-POT. By Brenda. 7½×5, 19
[The West Country in the days of George III.]

FATHER TIME TOY BOOK. OUR PETS' PICTURE HAPPY PLAYMATES. By J. D. SWEET BLOS
[Large children's picture books.]

LITTLE FOLKS (1901). Cassell.

WITH WELLINGTON TO WATERLOO. By H. Ave 128 pp. Wells Gardner. 1s.

LEO, A MUFF. By Julia Hack. 7¾×5, 152 pp. We
[A school story for boys. Illustrated.]

SIDNEY YORKE'S FRIEND. By E. A. Bennet Wells Gardner. 1s.
[A modern tale of how one boy helped a Library.]

FATHER'S STORY BOOK OF ANIMALS. 9½× Gardner. 1s.

FAIRY TALES FROM HANS ANDERSEN. Illus. by 8½×6, 420 pp. Wells Gardner. 6s.
[A pleasant book copiously and well illustrated, tion on Hans Andersen by Edward Clodd.]

THE YOUNG STANDARD-BEARER, 1901. 1s. 6d.

STRANGE ADVENTURES IN DICKY-BIRD LAND

DRAMA.

DOMESTIC EXPERIMENTS AND OTHER PLAYS. By J. E. M. AITKEN. 7×5, 133 pp. Lamley. 2s. 6d. n.

[For amateur theatricals; mostly from *Black and White*, *Hearth and Home*, and *The Minute*.]

THE TALE OF A TOWN and AN ENCHANTED SEA. By E. MARTYN. 8×5½, 211 pp. Unwin. 5s.

[*The Bending of the Bough*, by Mr. George Moore, performed at the Irish Literary Theatre in 1900, was adapted from "The Tale of a Town." Mr. Martyn was also the author of "The Heather Field."]

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY.

ANTICIPATIONS. By H. G. WELLS. 7¾×5¼, 318 pp. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

[See Review, p. 465.]

THE MIND OF A CHILD. By ESSIS RICHMOND. 8×5½, 176 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d. n.

[By the authoress of "Boyhood" and "Through Boyhood to Manhood."]

REPORT ON THE CENTRAL PUBLIC HOUSE TRUST ASSOCIATION. 9½×7, 70 pp. Central Public House Trust Association.

EDUCATIONAL.

ESSAYS ON THE TEACHING OF HISTORY. By F. W. MAITLAND, A. M. CUWATKIN, R. L. POOLE, and others. 7¾×5, 104 pp. Cambridge University Press.

[Eight Essays on the teaching of various sides of history and one on teaching in America. Owing to Lord Acton's illness Professor Maitland writes the introduction, sketching the history of the teaching of history in English Universities.]

A GUIDE TO ADVANCED GERMAN PROSE COMPOSITION. By E. EHRKE. 7×4½, 187 pp. Clarendon Press. 3s.

[Grammatical introduction, passages from English writers for translation, and notes.]

BELL'S LATIN COURSE. For the First Year. By E. C. MARCHANT and J. G. SPENCER. Part III. 7½×5, 148 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d.

CÆSAR'S GALLIC WAR. Book II. Ed. by J. BROWN. (Illustrated Latin Series.) 7×4¾, 116 pp. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

THE EUMENIDES OF ÆSCHYLUS. Ed. by L. D. BARNETT. (Illustrated Greek Series.) 7½×4¾, 151 pp. Blackie. 3s. 6d.

THE MATRICULATION FRENCH COURSE. (The University Tutorial Series.) By E. WEEKLEY. 7×5, 361 pp. Clive. 3s. 6d.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By W. H. LOW. (University Tutorial Series.) Sixth edition, revised. 7×5, 255 pp. Clive. 3s. 6d.

JUNIOR LATIN EXAMINATION PAPERS. By C. G. BOTTING. 6½×4, 80 pp. Methuen. 1s.

JUNIOR FRENCH EXAMINATION PAPERS. By F. JACOB. 6½×4, 75 pp. Methuen. 1s.

GEOMETRIC EXERCISES IN PAPER FOLDING. By T. S. ROW. Ed. and Revised by W. W. BEMAN and D. E. SMITH. 8×5¼, 148 pp. Kegan Paul. 4s. 6d.

[A Kindergarten method for teaching geometry.]

PRACTICAL SCIENCE. By J. H. LEONARD. (Home School Library.) 7×4½, 138 pp. Murray. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

ESTHER ALINGTON; or, A New Investment. By ROSE HARRISON. 8×5¾, 233 pp. Ideal Publishing Co. 1s. n.

[A plea for the suppression of the drink traffic.]

THE WOMAN OF ORCHIDS. By MARVIN DANA. 8¼×5½, 261 pp. Treherne. 3s. 6d.

[A sensational tale, largely in South America.]

THE CURSE OF EDEN. By the Author of "The Master Sinner." 8×5, 298 pp. John Long. 6s.

[Too love affairs of a country doctor's daughter.]

THE REDEMPTION OF NEIL MACLEAN. By DAVID LYALL. 7¾×5¼, 264 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[The story of an art student in Scotland and London.]

ST. NAZARIUS. By A. C. FARQUHARSON. 8×5½, 308 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[The scene is a castle in a German forest.]

FANCY FREE. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. 8×5, 302 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[Short fanciful and farcical stories, well illustrated.]

MEN v. DEVILS. By T. KINGSTON CLARKE. 7¾×5, 453 pp. Sands. 6s.

[A story of financial sharks.]

A SPORTSWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS. By —? 7½×5, 268 pp. Everett. 2s. 6d.

[This is a kind of parody, for sporting folk, of "The English-

THE BALLET DANCER. By MATILDE SERAO. 7¾×5, 266 mann. 6s.

[A realistic story of the Italian stage.]

THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS. By MABEL HOWARD. 7¾ Longmans. 6s.

[The story of a girl who is tempted to retain a fortune in Hamilton-place to which she was not really entitled.]

DUMB. By the Hon. MRS. W. R. D. FORBES. 7¾×5, 254 and Windus.

[Aristocratic Scotch society.]

HALIL THE PEDLAR. By MAURUS JOKAI. Trans. by R. N 7¾×5, 275 pp. Jarrold. 6s.

[Founded on the rebellion of Halil, a costermonger, in for six weeks governed the Ottoman Empire. First publish

MRS. PEDERSON'S NIECE. By ISABEL STUART ROSS 279 pp. Cassell.

[A modern story of a young girl, whose energy brings through all difficulties. Suitable for the older girls. Illus

IN OUR TOWN. By ROSALINE MASSON. 7¾×5, 306 pp. Stoughton. 6s.

[A quiet and very pleasantly told love story, full o sphere and legal life of modern Edinburgh.]

SWEETHEART MANETTE. By MAURICE THOMPSON. 7¾ Macqueen.

[Manette is the "Belle of New Orleans," and the b Bostonian famous for his wealth. Illustrated.]

CONCERNING SOME FOOLS AND THEIR FOLLY. SANDARS. 7¾×5¼, 307 pp. Sands. 6s.

[The theme is the ill-matched marriage of a clergyman.

THE KING'S GUIDE. By N. COVERTSIDE. 8×5¼, 352 pp Marshall. 6s.

[A thirteenth century story founded on the histor Llewelyn of Wales.]

FARDEN HA'. By JOANNA E. WOOD. 7¾×5, 336 pp. Blackett. 6s.

[The scene is a Scottish mining village.]

RICHARD HALPIN. By M. ROBERTSON. 7¾×5, 309 pp. Smith

[A story of the modern American navy.]

LIETTE. By A. DOURLIAC. 7¾×4½, 287 pp. Hachette. Fr.

[A French illustrated story in the "Petite Biblio Famille."]

CHRISTOPHER DEANE. By E. H. LACON WATSON. 8× Elkin Mathews. 6s.

[Life at Winchester, Cambridge, and afterwards.]

THE TORY LOVER. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. 7¾× Smith, Elder. 6s.

[A story of American revolutionary times in which figures.]

JACQUETTE ET ZOUZOU. By "GYP." 4¾×7½, 288 pp. 3f. 50c.

[Another volume of those malicious, but witty an sketches, frequently Anti-Semitic, which caricature the " of Paris, and which, while useless as documents, are the p the *esprit rosse*.]

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND LETTERS IN THE FOURTH CENTURY. GLOVER. 9×6, 386 pp. Cambridge University Press.

[A study of the age of the Gothic Invasions and Paganism in the life and writings of typical men.]

THE DAWN OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY. Part II. By C. BEAZLEY. 9×6, 642 pp. Murray. 18s.

[The first volume was published in 1897. This treats from the end of the ninth to the middle of the thirteenth c

ANNALS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. By E. H. PEARCE. 9 Methuen. 7s. 6d.

[An illustrated history of the school by a former "G Assistant Master.]

THE GREAT PERSIAN WAR AND ITS PRELIMINARIES. GRUNDY. 9×6, 591 pp. Murray. 21s. n.

["A study of the evidence, literary and topographic Mr. Grundy is University Lecturer in Classical Geography

LITERATURE AND BELLES-LETTRES.

MISCELLANIES. By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. 7×4½, 285 Stock. 5s.

[Some of these are reprinted from magazines. The ne on Christian evidences, the Ideal of a University, Ba Browning.]

MILITARY.

WORDS BY AN EYEWITNESS. By "Lynxman." 7¾×5¼, 343 pp. Blackwood.

[Sketches of the "human side" of the Boer War, reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*.]

FRENCH'S CAVALRY CAMPAIGN. By J. G. Maxson. With photographs. 7¾×5, 198 pp. Pearson. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LAW RELATING TO THE RECONSTRUCTION AND AMALGAMATION OF JOINT STOCK COMPANIES. With forms and precedents. By P. F. Simonson. 10×6, 174 pp. Effingham Wilson; Sweet and Maxwell.

STUDIES IN HETEROGENESIS. By H. C. Bastian. 10¼×7, 58 pp. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.

[Part I. of a work for scientific investigators, favouring the theory that the really different or heterogenetic products can result from the parent organism or germ. Photographs. Paper bound.]

STAG-HUNTING ON EXMOOR. By P. Everard. 9¼×7, 378 pp. Chatto and Windus.

[A fine book with an immense number of interesting photographs, and a popular account of the hunt from all points of view, with many hunting experiences and advice and information for sportsmen.]

PHILOSOPHY.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY. By Mary W. Calkins, Professor of Philosophy and Psychology in Wellesley College, U.S.A. 9×5¾. 500 pp. The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d. n.

LOGIC. By G. H. Smith. 7¾×5, 259 pp. Putnam. 5s.

[An American book founded on the theory that logic includes the matter as well as the form of thought.]

POETRY.

COLLECTED POEMS. By M. Bell. 7¾×5¼, 232 pp. Burleigh. 5s. 6d. n.

[Contains the poems in "Spring's Immortality," and "Pictures of Travel," with a few new ones.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE GREAT BOER WAR. By A. Conan Doyle. 8¼×5¼, 658 pp. 7s. 6d.

[Revised and brought up to date.]

LORENZO LOTTO. By B. Berenson. 9¼×6¾, 276 pp. Bell. 15s. n.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. Saavedra, Vol. VI. Don Quixote, Vol. IV. (The complete Library.) Ed. by J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly. Trans. by J. Ormsby. 7×4¾, 209 pp. Gowans and Gray. 1s. n.

[We have often alluded to this handy-sized scholarly edition.]

THE IDYLLS. Ed. by J. P. Briscoe. 5×2¾. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. 134 pp. The Essays of Sir Roger de Coverley. 152 pp. Gay and Bird.

[We have often mentioned these delightful little books, the note of which is strong paper and firm binding. Each has an introduction.]

UNDINE AND ASLAUGA'S KNIGHT. By La Motte Fouqué. 6¼×4, 172 pp. Nonnes. 3s. n.

[An elegant, leather-bound booklet, very suitably illustrated.]

PEG WOFFINGTON. By Charles Reade. (Temple Classics.) 6¼×4¼, 234 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

[With a short bibliographical note by the editor, Mr. J. Gollancz and a frontispiece from the picture of Peg Woffington at Kensington.]

DANIEL DERONDA. By George Eliot. Two vols. (The Warwick Edition, Vols. IX. and X.) 6¼×4, 601+627 pp. Blackwood. 2s. n. each.

[These handy and very clearly printed volumes are bound in red.]

MIDDLEMARCH. By George Eliot. (Library Edition.) 8¼×5¾, 667 pp. 10s. 6d. n.

[This is a fine series; and there is a capital frontispiece.]

TIPCAT. By the Author of "Laddie." 7¾×5¼, 336 pp. Ward, Lock. 2s. 6d.

THE HOUSE OF ATREUS. Being the Agamemnon, Libation-Bearers, and Furies of Æschylus. Trans. by G. H. A. Mordshead. 6¼×4¼, 185 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.

[First published 1881. Now included in the Golden Treasury Series.]

THE POEMS OF R. D. WILLIAMS. Ed. by P. A. Sillard. 2nd Ed. 6×4, 234 pp. Duffy.

[Richard D'Alton Williams was the poet of "Young Ireland" (1822-1862) and on the staff of the *Nation*, who went to America in 1861, where he practised as a doctor.]

EVERY MAN'S OWN LAWYER. By a Barrister. 7¼×5, 754 pp. Crosby Lockwood.

VANITY FAIR. By Thackeray. Ed. by Walter . 329 pp. Dent. Three vols. 3s. n. per vol.

[A preface and a bibliographical note by the edition with many good illustrations by C. G. B chapter headings.]

JACKSON'S BOOK-KEEPING. Revised by H. T. Effingham Wilson.

[A thorough revise of Jackson's book, of whic was published 75 years ago, when there were few, i existence.]

THE CALIPH VATHEK. By Beckford. Ed. by 149 pp. LIGHT VERSE. Ed. by A. C. Deane. Little Library.)

[Mr. Ross' introduction discusses the bibliogra Beckford's relations with Henley, who translated French. "Light Verse" is a chronologically arran Wither and Suckling to A. D. Godley and Owen Se maintains that the true light verse writer is of mo frontispiece is a portrait of Calverley.]

LECTURES AND ESSAYS. By the late W. K. Cliff Stephen and Sir Frederick Pollock. Two vols. 7 Macmillan. 10s. (The Eversley Series).

THEOLOGY.

THE AT-ONE-MENT, Or, the Gospel of Recon SPIRITUAL TEACHING OF BIBLE PLANTS ARGUMENT OF ADAPTATION. 64 pp. CHRIS OF EVOLUTION. Rev. George Henslow. 68 and Norgate.

[Three little shilling books by this well-k naturalist. The third explains briefly the chang place in the old "Argument of Design." The views of Huxley and Mr. Leslie Stephen on morality.]

A HISTORY OF THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN. By 8¼×5¼, 318 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[The author claims that this is the only hist Brethren. Partly reprinted from the *British Weekl*

THEOLOGY OLD AND NEW. By W. F. Cobb. 7 Stock. 2s. 6d. n.

[The first volume of a new series called "The for the Twentieth Century," treating present pro to unite Anglicans. This book is not for the s men who wish to keep abreast of the Theology of t

AN EDITOR'S SERMONS. By Sir Edward Russ Unwin. 6s. n.

[Papers on religious subjects by a layman an addressed to the clergy. Introduced by the Bishop

BIBLIA INNOCENTIUM. Part II. By J. W. Mack Longmans. 5s.

[Mr. Mackail has already "written anew fo of the chosen people before Christ." Here he ment narrative and early Christian stories. Th brief, with well-chosen headings and written in a style.]

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FROM WITHIN. 8×5¼. 6s. 6d. n.

[Written by a Roman Catholic layman, with and an introduction by Cardinal Vaughan.]

MONASTICISM AND THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. Adolf Harnack. Translated by E. G. Kellett 7¾×5¼.

[Two lectures delivered by Professor Harnack.

NOTES ON THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENC October, 1900, on the Doctrine of Holy Communio in Ritual. By the Rev. N. Dimock. 9×5¾, 140 pp.

REGNUM DEI. By A. Robertson. 9×5¾, 387 pp. [Bampton Lectures, 1901, by the Principal of K

HANDBOOKS TO THE BIBLE AND PRAYER B Edited by the Rev. M. Stevenson. 7¼×5, 259 pp.

[For teachers, especially in training colleges.]

THE SOUL IN THE UNSEEN WORLD. By R. 403 pp. Rivington. 6s. n.

[An historical inquiry into the doctrine of the by the Chaplain of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVE

JOHN CHINAMAN. By E. H. Parker. 8¼×5¼, 359

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 211. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1898.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen." By R. Barry O'Brien. (Smith, Elder.)

"Recollections of the Old Foreign Office." By Sir Edward Hertslet, K.C.B. (Murray.)

"Mediæval London." By Canon W. Benham and Charles Welsh. Illustrated. (Seeley.)

"The Firebrand." By S. R. Crockett. (Macmillan.)

"Love Like a Gipsy." By Bernard Capes. (Constable.)

"Christopher Deane." By E. H. Lacon Watson. (Elkin Mathews.)

"Dumb." By the Hon. Mrs. W. R. D. Forbes. (Chatto and Windus.)

* * * *

The name of Mr. Andrew Lang, of whose writings we give a full account this week, is by no means unfamiliar to the collector of *editiones principes*; indeed, at this moment he is one of the very few living writers any of whose works command a considerable premium at auction. The exceptions include Mr. George Meredith, whose "Poems" of 1861 has made as much as £25; Mr. Kipling, whose "Schoolboy

served as library. "Here is my collection," said his co
From floor to ceiling the double shelves held *editiones* p
of Mr. Lang's many works. Every copy of each book,
was here.

* * * *

But the dream does not accord with truth. Mr.
first volume, "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France, wi
Poems," a crown 8vo. of 164pp., issued by Messrs. Long
5s., fetched £3 10s. in April, 1898, the example being i
white parchment, uncut. A presentation copy fro
Dobson who contributed a chapter on modern
illustrated books—to the late Colonel Francis Grant o
Library," 1881, large paper, published at 10s. 6d. fetch
guineas in 1900. It is worth noting that whereas in gene
paper copies are worth only about twice as much as the
issues, in Mr. Lang's case the relative increase is
Seven years ago a book-expert stated that one of the six
examples on Japan paper, with the frontispiece in two
of "Aucassin and Nicolette," 1887 (New Ed. 1896) w
something under £4. In March, 1898, however, an u
unopened example in original pictorial wrapper made £
auction.

* * * *

Nor are these by any means the only instances in i
values that might be cited. One of 100 copies issued
paper of "Lost Leaders"—articles which appeared orig
the *Daily News*—fetched £1 10s. in May last; "T
Fairy Book," 1889, large paper, containing Mr.
introduction, not to be found in the small paper issu
£1 15s. four years after publication; "The Dead Le
Other Tales from the French," 1889, large paper, wa
in December, 1893, at three guineas; while similar
of "The Red Fairy Book," 1890, "The Blue Poetry
1891, and "The Green Fairy Book," 1892, have
changed hands respectively at two guineas, £1 11s.,
guineas.

* * * *

In the selection of sermons preached before the Un
published by Mr. George Allen there is, by way of p
history of the institution written by Mr. Ll. J. M. B
appears that there are references to sermons "preache
students as such" as early as the twelfth century, and
the fourteenth century, such sermons served a double
They not only exhorted to godliness, but also "offered
means of making known any matter of general interes
a long period the duty of preaching in turn was enforced b
ten shillings; but afterwards a tax was levied on all g
in holy orders in order that the preacher might be remu
The honorarium is now five guineas.

* * * *

Mr. Bebb also gives some interesting notes on the l
sermons:—

It had been found early necessary in some Univer
pass statutes *de quantitate sermonum*, and a time
fixed at Ingolstadt of an hour and a quarter, at Vie

A five-minutes' sermon, it may be conjectured, would be about two-thirds of a column of *Literature*; while a two-and-a-half hours' sermon would fill about twenty of our columns—always assuming that the preachers preached deliberately, without either gabbling or hesitating and hawing.

* * * *

"Matters of general interest," though not perhaps in quite a fourteenth-century sense, are attended to by American preachers of to-day much more than by English preachers. In New York City the subjects of the sermons preached on Sunday are always advertised in Saturday's paper, and some of those announced for Sunday, November 10 (the Sunday after the municipal election) are:—"New China and New York as Mission Fields," "The City of the Future," "Christianity and its Modern Substitutes," "The Public Schools," "Personal Liberty," "Brass or Gold—Which?" "Has Christ come to New York, or has this City been redeemed," "The Responsibility of the Victors—a post-election sermon," "Practical Social Remedies," "Moral aspects of the Modern Theatre," "How to make the moral victory of last Tuesday permanently and truly effective," "What can the Reformers do?"

* * * *

The chief items of Messrs. Sotheby's sale completed on Wednesday were:—Thackeray's "Comic Tales and Sketches," first edition, £11 5s.; Burton's "Arabian Nights" with the "Supplemental Nights," 16 vols., £34 10s.; "Archæologia Cantiana," 1843-1897, £20 10s.; Earl Coningsby's "Collections Concerning the Manor of Marden," 1813, £105; "Dover Press 'Tacitus,'" £75 (£4 10s. in May last); Author's presentation copy of Fogar's "Italy," 1836, £11; "Zoological Society's Transactions," 1833-1838, £41; Keat's "Endymion" and "Lamia," first edition, £8 and £6 10s.; Shelley, facsimile reprint on vellum of "Adonais," £5, "Rosalind and Helen," and "Prometheus Unbound," first edition, £3 10s. and £6 5s.; Apperley's "John Mytton," first edition, £10.

* * * *

The American *Critic* for November in referring to Mr. Fisher Unwin's purchase of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, expresses the opinion that "for some reason or other English magazines are weakest in the line of illustration." Undoubtedly American magazines spend more money and take more pains with their illustrations, though English magazines have certainly improved in this matter. The *Critic* itself is extremely well illustrated, and in the present number it presents photographs, lent by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, of the Du Barry Decorative Panels by Fragonard, which have never, we believe, been reproduced in their entirety.

* * * *

The present excavations in the Roman Forum aim for the first time at reaching the lowest depths, touching a point not reached by former operations. The endeavour of the excavators is to reach the early Imperial, the Republican, the Kingly, and even the prehistoric strata, wherever it was possible to do so without disturbing the higher structures. Hence one may look forward with interest to a new volume by Professor Lanciani, called "New Tales of Old Rome"—about to be published by Messrs. Macmillan—which should throw light on the controversies which have followed the important discoveries already made in the Forum and its neighbourhood. One of the most interesting chapters describes the discovery on January 10, 1899, of black marble slabs in the

A sumptuous volume on "Killarney's L will be published by Messrs. Downey next feature of which will be a series of mezzotint e F. S. Walker, from pictures painted by himself two summers. For the text, the editor, Mr. has relied upon the recorded impressions of the letters who have visited Killarney, and given, complete account of the scenery, legends and the lakes. Thackeray is represented by "(1842), and "Stag Hunting on the Lake" "Blow, Bugle Blow"; Tom Moore by "Sw "The Echoes," and "O'Donoghue's Mistres P. Graves by "The Killarney Hunt," and "Rock," and Mr. Alfred Austin by "Sprin (1890).

* * *

THE DEPARTURE.

He comes no more to plead with me in v
To vex me with the pity in His eyes;
No night shall fall nor any dawn arise,
And find him waiting at my door again.
Unburdened by the echo of His pain,
The summer winds in summer woods sha
His shadow shall not dim the April day,
His voice molest me in the autumn rain.
And since He went His way my days ha
Unmarred by doubt and dread; secure,
Henceforth I dwell at ease and all is we
"What better heaven could God Himse
I asked my soul exultant. Very low,
"If this be Heaven," she whispered, "

H. C.

The will has been proved of Sir Walt personal estate is of the net value of £6,58 value of the whole estate being £8,812 19s. 7d.

Among the literary birthdays of next wee Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett (November 21 Gardiner, Professor of Archæology at Oxfo 1846); Mr. Leslie Stephen (November 28, 18 Spencer Churchill (November 30, 1874) Mommsen, the distinguished historian (Nov Mark Twain (November 30, 1835).

A bust of Richardson, the novelist, Wednesday at the St. Bride Foundation Insti not far from his old printing-office, in Salish Goldsmith acted as his reader.

Lancashire is arranging for a memorial to whose dialect poems were a power in the land cotton famine. Mr. Hall Caine has writte scheme.

A handsome brass has been placed in Church to the memory of Miss Mary Kingsle

Last Thursday (November 21) the Elizabe produced Shakespeare's *Henry V.* in the Lect Old University Buildings, Burlington-gardens

A medal, bearing the portrait of George Charles Holroyd, is on view at the Dutch Gal

The house where Byron lived with his Broad-street, Aberdeen, is being pulled down the enlargement of the Marischal College.

with special reference to Mr. Graham Balfour's recently published Life.

During the twelve months ended September 30 more than 24,000 persons inscribed their names in the visitors' book at Burns' Cottage in Alloway, while quite half as many entered without signing.

It is said that letters have been discovered in the Vatican Library which tend to prove that Rizzio was not a professional musician, but a priest who had adopted that disguise in order to minister in safety to the Queen and her attendants.

A new portrait of Schiller has been discovered in an edition of the poet's works dated 1812, and it is said to be the work of Schiller's eldest sister, Christophine.

The *Bradford Observer*, founded in 1831, changed its name on Monday last to the *Yorkshire Daily Observer*.

Siam has passed a Copyright Law based on the English statute. Copies of all Siamese works have to be presented to the Royal Buddhist Library at Wat Benchamabopit.

The admirable Liberal-Catholic organ in France, *La Quinzaine*, has published the following statistics to show that the French language has more vitality than is believed in "Anglo-Saxon" countries. In Switzerland, according to the census of 1888, the number of persons speaking German has fallen from 714 to 697 per 1,000, while those speaking French have risen from 218 to 230, and those speaking Italian have risen from 53 to 67.

Mr. Balfour is said to be revising "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt." "The Foundations of Belief" is just appearing in its eighth edition, with a new preface.

The Committee of the Bible Society has engaged Mr. William Canton to write its official history, in view of its approaching centenary.

Oxford is responsible for a bit of Christmas humour to come from Messrs. Williams and Norgate. It is a skit upon the "Absolutism" just now fashionable in English philosophy. It is to be called "Mind," and is a sort of comic "double" of its namesake. It will contain parodies in the style of most of the famous philosophers written under transparent pseudonyms.

"The Kiss and its History," to come from Messrs. Sands, is the work of Dr. Christopher Nyrop, a philologist of high reputation, which has gone through two editions in Denmark, and has been translated into German, Swedish, and Russian. It is translated by W. F. Harvey, Lecturer in English at the University of Lund (Sweden).

Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, son of the novelist, has purchased *Household Words*, with a view to reviving its ancient glories.

Messrs. Treherne have purchased *Crampton's Magazine*, and the December number will be issued by them. Among the contributors are Mrs. Croker, E. Nesbit, George Paston, and Louis Wain. In January several new features will be introduced. The magazine will be edited by Mr. Harold Tremayne.

Messrs. Macmillan have a number of interesting books due this month, including "Poems from Victor Hugo," translated into English verse by Sir George Young; a life of Sir William Molesworth, formerly Secretary of State for the Colonies, who died in 1855, by Mrs. Fawcett; a life of the Emperor Charles V., by Edward Armstrong, in two volumes.

The British Resident at Selangor, in the Malay Peninsula, Mr. Hugh Clifford, is continuing his studies of brown humanity, and is to state his results in the form of a novel called "A Free-Lance of To-day," of which the scene is laid in Acheh, the little State on the north-west of Sumatra, commonly called Acheen by Europeans, which has a romantic history.

The third volume of Mr. Philip Hore's "History of the County of Wexford" containing the history of [illegible]

The Decay of Imagination and Other Matters.

The "lecture session" of the Edinburgh P[illegible] Institution has made an excellent start this year. M[illegible] with Lord Rosebery as his chairman, [illegible] cessings with a suggestive duet on t[illegible] of biographies and autobiographies, and [illegible] lecture of the course, given last Tues[illegible] Miss Marie Corelli in the novel *rôle* of [illegible] the title of her paper being "The Vanish[illegible] It is not surprising to learn that th[illegible] crowded. Miss Corelli, as a writer, has seldom been spok[illegible] than warmly—one might say hotly. She has been ext[illegible] lauded and virulently abused; she numbers many thous[illegible] voted admirers and many hundreds of bitter opponent[illegible] has very rarely alienated her friends or conciliated he[illegible] A personality of this kind was bound to attract he[illegible] will probably attract the attention of the gentl[illegible] "Eccentricities of Genius" to the appearance of a ne[illegible] who should prove a decided acquisition to his ranks. [illegible] lecturer, it seems that Miss Corelli possesses sev[illegible] qualifications not always to be found in writers of con[illegible] have essayed the art of speaking in public. She spoke [illegible] "in clear and pleasant tones, and with considerable el[illegible] ability," while she emphasized her points with suitabl[illegible] and displayed no trace of nervousness. It is possibl[illegible] author of "The Master-Christian" may have dis[illegible] last a method of appealing to the public that shall [illegible] venom of the critic. For in the spoken word the erro[illegible] the critic fastens do not count for so much as in th[illegible] book. They pass and are forgotten, before the critic [illegible] to commit them to memory for future comment. Nor [illegible] a lecture, the same temptation (so often fatal to the l[illegible] to introduce scraps of some other language with whi[illegible] not quite perfectly acquainted. In a lecture, too, [illegible] readiness of speech are always of more importanc[illegible] novelty or truth of the thesis—to the ears, that is, of t[illegible] public. The lecturer, we must admit, did not ov[illegible] difficulty of saying anything fresh on the subject of th[illegible] imagination. It is an ancient theme, that crops up [illegible] again with never failing regularity with every a[illegible] science. "Romance is dead, the Cave-man cried [illegible] Kipling's verse; the advent of the steam-engine was [illegible] hailed as the last and fatal blow to poetry. Yet there [illegible] poets at all events since the days of the cave-dwellers [illegible] few perhaps have lingered on since the discoveries o[illegible] Stephenson. It is not an uncommon complaint wit[illegible] sensibility that we live now in a world of ceaseless [illegible] unrest. Other people have echoed it before Mis[illegible] others will, not improbably, repeat it after she and [illegible] are alike forgotten, but it does not necessarily mean [illegible] faculty of imagination is dying out. It may mean [illegible] more likely—that many writers of the present day ca[illegible] the time to restrain their imagination within due bo[illegible] set out in artistic fashion the gifts with which t[illegible] faculty has presented them. Undisciplined imagination [illegible] enough in modern fiction. In her remarks, howe[illegible] Vandalism, personal journalism, impressionist paintin[illegible] many other subjects to which the lecturer passed as t[illegible] or less connected with the main theme, there was m[illegible] sense expressed in trenchant and forcible language. M[illegible] denounced the little men of literature who carped at th[illegible] with great gusto, and waxed merry over the attemp[illegible] Shakespeare of his fame by cryptogram theories. She [illegible] that we might have, one of these days, a Scott c[illegible] proving that George the Fourth wrote the Waverley N[illegible]

Literature Portraits.—XXIX.

MR. ANDREW LANG.

Mr. Andrew Lang is a mass of charming and triumphant contradictions. He is a Scotch dilettante, he is a reliable fisherman, he is a spiritualist who is truly spiritual. He was born at Selkirk in 1844, and he was educated at two great Universities, St. Andrews and Oxford, the contrast between which he has painted in a singularly perfect and moving poem called "Almae Matres."

> The strange enchantments from the past,
> And memories of the friends of old,
> And strong tradition binding fast,
> The flying terms with bands of gold.
> All these hath Oxford: all are dear,
> But dearer far the little town,
> The drifting surf, the wintry year,
> The college of the scarlet gown.

The beautiful lines are worth quoting, since with Mr. Andrew Lang as with all Scotchmen, the most that we can hope is that he finds our English order good. The best is a secret sealed in another land.

His first important work was "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," which was published in 1872. Some of these poems were republished in his "Grass of Parnassus," which appeared in 1888, and the two together form a sufficient test of Mr. Lang's poetical faculty. As a poet he belongs pre-eminently to what may be called "The Great School of the Refrain." The fascination which the old French ballade and rondeau had for so many of the most brilliant men of the nineteenth century was not a mere accident of metrical regularity. The neatness of the old French form undoubtedly satisfied Mr. Lang's highly epicurean literary taste; but a far deeper value lay in the very fact of the infinite recurrence. The refrain represented to such poets as he the fact that there are some conclusions to which we all come back. It represented a certain class of ancient and genial proverbs which are light at the same time that they are weighty.

Mr. Lang, however, was vastly too good a poet to confine himself to poetry; he felt that a poet should at least make some attempt to understand all the thousand things that may be made poetical. After adding to his poetical reputation with "Ballades in Blue China," "Helen of Troy," and "Rhymes à la Mode" he passed on to the study of religion and folk-lore in "Custom and Myth," "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," and "The Making of Religion." A third side of his literary activity is represented by his admirable cycle of books of light literary criticism such as "Books and Bookmen" and "Letters to Dead Authors;" a fourth side by his delightful editions of the fairy tales of all nations; and a fifth side by his researches into Scottish history, in which he has shown that he possesses, perhaps in a greater degree than any other living writer, the power of writing sound history in a bright and interesting manner. Upon the face of it a career like this is so brilliant as to amount to a chaos of light more confusing than the chaos of darkness. We feel as if we were reading of the lyric poems of Mr. Herbert Spencer or the ethnological researches of Mr. Norman Gale. In order to understand these things we must go further and endeavour to estimate the irrepressible personality of Mr. Andrew Lang, and the methods whereby he contrives with

critic and a great fisherman. But the rem
this, that he follows every one of these widely
for its own sake. He has covered more ac
than any other man, and yet he is not so muc
a specialist upon everything. We feel that
thing for itself, that he delights in each
because it is special, that he collects blue c
blue, and catches fish because they are fishy.
book appeared called "Soul Portraits." I hav
idea what it was about, but if its object wa
souls instead of their bodies it should have bee
ing volume. In such a volume Mr. Andrew
been depicted as a kind of Indian god with
one hand holding a golf-club, another a pot o
cricket bat, another a volume of Homer, and
another a pen. But the great truth about
may be expressed in the suggestion that the
not only a hundred hands but a hundred face
each face fixed with burning intensity upon
its peculiar hand. His portrait is indeed the
of all things, but it reaches this position by be
portrait of a hundred monomaniacs. This qu
of immeasurable addiction to certain specia
selves is in reality of considerable ethical in
great deal of difference between the universal
object in the universe is contemptible in c
whole, and the universalist to whom every obj
and sacred that it could if necessary become a
universe itself. We can imagine that Mr. Lan
intense that for one of them he might even sa
We can conceive him throwing a whole hoard of
dust bin because somebody was waiting to tell
about Homeric unity. We can conceive him
the last word about the principles of primeva
some one was waiting for him at the front do
blue china. His universalism is an overwhelm
specialities, just as true religion may well be
confluence of idolatries. Mr. Lang is indeed
tion of this latter truth. He has approached
should be approached, not only with enthusiasm
as a whole, but with an immeasurable enthus
scrap of its stone or weed that he happens to
true universalist would not be the man who sh
men as equal, so much as the man who should
as separate. The true universalist would se
as it is seen by its peculiar patriot and every
seen by her lover. Every man who diligent
pursues a hobby works in some degree for t
and the man who pursues many hobbies comes
It is easy enough to sneer at the bibliophile
blue china, but it is far more difficult to app
product of existence as it should be appreciat
Lang has not praised old books or blue china t
with his conscience whether he has even pra
Every material object has a value which we
long as we regard it as material. Mr. Andrew
chosen to collect blue bags instead of blue
have studied old boots instead of old books
written ballades of "shove halfpenny" inste
cricket, and the value of his work would still
is the great truth that justifies the collector, a
fies the lover—the truth that we draw nearest
things when we love some single object for its

out in the course of his insane researches something that we have missed. A man of such real culture may find anything, for there is no end to the riches of the world. To the ordinary observer all the great piles of books and china which men have lived and died to collect are so many rubbish heaps; but to a flash of the higher insight there is no such thing as a rubbish heap, and an excited antiquarian might cart away with gestures of indescribable triumph the dustbin from our own door. In order to criticize Mr. Lang with propriety we should have to be not only critics but eminent bibliophiles, brilliant cricketers, and distinguished anglers. In order to criticize him we should have to know more about fishing than Isaac Walton and more about Homer than Mr. Gladstone. We should have to be ourselves a fascinating compound of Mr. Edward Clodd and "W. G." It is not necessarily to be inferred that Mr. Andrew Lang has equalled all these gentlemen in their various departments. But the critic would have to equal them before he could discover what was the real vocation and what the most prominent speciality of Mr. Andrew Lang.

Upon the whole, however, we may be forgiven if we assume that Mr. Lang is most interesting in his literary aspect. Literature may or may not be more important to him than golf or spiritualism, but as the world is at present constituted it is at least more interesting to the world. In literary criticism Mr. Andrew Lang is a type of great importance. He is the emancipated conservative. He belongs to that great class of literary men of whom Aristophanes was the greatest. They are those who attack the despotism of novelty with the same breezy bitterness with which the great revolutionists have attacked the despotism of antiquity. It requires fully as much intellectual independence and spontaneity to fight for a forgotten king as to fight for an undiscovered republic. Aristophanes, Dr. Johnson, M. Brunetière, Mr. Andrew Lang are all examples of this kind of rebellious royalism. They are a sort of literary Jacobite. Perhaps the very best part of Mr. Lang's work is to be found in this reactionary luxuriousness, this happy and genial pessimism. Throughout all his admirable criticisms of contemporary productions we feel the presence of the general sentiment that Cervantes or Fielding could have done the thing so very much better. Sometimes, perhaps, this attitude is exaggerated. It may be scarcely more reasonable to ask a modern realist why he does not write like Fielding than to ask him why he does not write like Isaiah. In both cases no doubt one primary answer is, because he cannot; but another and perfectly valid reason is that he never intended to. But this concentration of Mr. Lang's attention upon the great existing achievements of literature is one of the most valuable tendencies which a critic or a school of criticism can show. For a great book, or a great man that is two hundred years old, is not dead—rather it, or he, has just begun to live. There is a certain quality in the very names of Homer, Job, Shakespeare, Dante, that shows that they have only lately come into their kingdom of life; their names are growing younger every day. Some day, perhaps, in far off ages there may be a mellow music in the name of Ibsen, and a rich roll in the word Huysmans. But Mr. Andrew Lang is no more living in advance of his time than he is living behind it. If he were really living behind his time he would not think so much of Fielding and Smollett. Mr. Lang's literary Toryism is his most striking and superficial characteristic, but it is not his deepest. As we have suggested, his conservatism springs largely, as the best conservatism and the best radicalism alike spring, from a capacity for enthusiasm. By a deep and noble paradox he loves old things because they are

problems so gloomy and bloody and full of an evil fear a very robust and genial race can really enjoy the only people with good appetites who sup upon bo Walter Scott, a typical Scotsman, was at once the mo and the most superstitious of men. But any one followed this characteristic side of Mr. Lang's work noticed how much he owes in treating of Scotch lore possession of a peculiarly Scotch mind.

Mr. Lang inherits from his Scotch ancestry tendency towards a peculiarly masculine type of criticism. It is remarkable that most Scotchmen ha for literature; it is even more remarkable that the Sc for literature has hardly ever been effeminate or perver have been great Scotch Puritans and great Scotch de but there has, as far as we know, never been in the hist world such a thing as a great Scotch decadent. Even of it is like speaking of an American troubadour or knight-errant. Mr. Andrew Lang is heir to the gre tradition of which Walter Scott was the most striking since he was the greatest of novelists and the most o men. We get the same sentiment in Professor "Noctes Ambrosianæ," where literature is conceived the obvious and primitive activities of a gentleman wh possession of good health. This is the great and v tradition which Mr. Lang, like Stevenson, and Mr. B all genuine Scotchmen, inherit. As a nation they have had something to teach to those whom Professor Wilson idiotically called "the cockneys." Literature does n their heads like brandy, it diffuses itself over all their li food. Scotchmen have done much to preserve in exist important and interesting person who is called "th letters." For other literary schools have too often ev disposition to pay overwhelming attention to the letter neglect to procure the man. What we preeminently some school or fashion which should reckon a defect i culture or refinement precisely as they would reckon in physical courage or reasonable physical accompl Scotland alone, perhaps, has really effected this inevita ciation between broad shoulders and broad views. M so thorough a Scotchman that he cannot help fulfil genuine tendency. Even when he is a dilettante he ca being a Puritan; even when he addresses himself to th being a literary dandy he cannot avoid being a man fathomable and essential manliness marks all his childis and investigations. Above all it marks his literary which is full of this impalpable and incontestable a of maturity. It is from this maturity that Mr. Lang's literary conservatism comes. He is a t of the old and admirable Scotch school of convivi ship. He realizes, as the heroes of the "Noctes Amb realized, that learning is not a theme for the qu pedants, but for the uproarious communion of frie more infinitely friendly man perhaps has appeared in for many years and centuries than he. In an admirable in his admirable volumes of light literary criticism list of the only authors of station and universal rep attraction he fails to understand, and if we remember ri whole list amounts to only two items. In all the curre versies of literature he is a moderate critic. But mode his type is not a frigid thing. It is a fire capable of e the world. He has achieved the great achievement moderation. He is so enthusiastic upon all sides of all that a genuine stigma and a patent perdition attac

such a state of affairs there is a primary peril and disadvantage that a man cannot be liberal-minded about literature without being liberal-minded about everything else. Mr. Andrew Lang, unless we are mistaken, is a man peculiarly impressed with that most profound and essential of sentiments, a sense of the richness of the world. Life has given him so much happiness, by means of aims and investigations which most men will call insane, that he naturally doubts whether any form of aim or investigation is necessarily worthless because it is accused of insanity. From the sum total of a thousand trifles he has learnt a philosophy that is far from trifling, the philosophy which teaches that more real facts are neglected in this practical world than we shall ever know. The trivial examples of men's credulity and collapse are small indeed in his eyes compared with the amount of truth which may have passed into darkness because it was incredible. He is fascinated by those dark treasures of truth which are buried for ever under the bitter seas of rationalism. From this arises his interest in folk-lore and even in spirit-rapping, and all those aspects of his philosophical personality which leave upon the public mind only a vague and general sense that he collects ghosts as he collects china. Undoubtedly he is what is vulgarly called a spiritualist; as a term of abuse the phrase is a queer one, since every one who thinks for himself must be a spiritualist, unless he prefers to be a materialist. Mr. Andrew Lang's contributions to folk-lore and the philosophy of religions have been entirely conceived in the spirit of a true spiritualist, a man who believes in the mysterious and inexhaustible character of the human mind. He has viewed the whole history of religions, if not always with the exactitude of a man of science, yet always with that far more exact inexactitude, that illimitable common sense, which is the peculiar prerogative of a literary man. In his dealings with folk-lore he has surprised one great truth which Mr. Herbert Spencer persistently eluded or ignored. He has realized the great fact that the early worships of the world should be approached in a literary spirit and not in a scientific one. The reason for this lies in the simple fact that savages are often literary, but savages are never scientific. The discussion of any creeds however ugly, of any gods however gross, from a purely scientific standpoint is like discussing a performance by Joachim in terms of wire and catgut. Nothing perhaps has been so strange and so fortunate in the whole of the nineteenth century than the chance which has led a great literary man into this corner of anthropology and permitted him to look upon the problems with his own eyes without scientific spectacles. In his views of fetish worship he may not have all the authority of an anthropologist, but he is more than an anthropologist, he is a fetish worshipper. He is attuned to the eternal human tendency which makes men worship blue china or black lumps of stone. Other men may be specialists and authorities and collectors of incontestable fact upon savage matters, but he is a savage, which is the first part of a poet.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

A chronological classification seems to be the simplest way of dealing, bibliographically, with the whole library of books for which Mr. Lang is responsible. But even the classification must necessarily be incomplete. The British Museum Reading-room can afford to give up ten pages of its general catalogue to the 100 odd entries under Mr. Lang's name, although this list is far from being exhaustive. The bibliography in Mr. C. M. Falconer's "Catalogue of a Library" (1898), privately printed at Dundee (only twenty-five copies were issued), giving a list of books written by Mr. Lang, or associated with his name, enumerated add, have long been out of print. His record
the Gadshill Dickens (Chapman and Hall)
edition of Scott's Poetical Works (Black), a
edition of Scott's "Lyrics and Ballads"; the
the Waverley Novels (Nimmo), first in forty-
afterwards in a large-type edition of twenty-
American edition of "The Rubáiyát of Omar K
volumes—Mr. Lang has since, by the way, wr
Khayyám as a Bore"—"A Collection of Ballad
Hall's "Diamond Library"); "Selected Poems
Paul); "Selections from Wordsworth and Coleric
"Æsop's Fables," two volumes (Nutt); "Gri
volumes (Bohn's Library); "The Arabian Nigh
other story-books and fairy tales—including t
which began with "The Blue Fairy Book" in 18
sented in the "Violet" volume noticed in our s
art critic Mr. Lang wrote the "Notes on a Coll
by Mr. J. E. Millais, exhibited 1881," f
Society; and he was joint author with Mr
of "Pictures at Play, or Dialogues of
illustrated by Harry Furniss, and published
1888. As a sportsman he has contributed to the B
on "Golf" and "Cricket," and writte
"Classical Allusions to Sport" in the Badm
"The Poetry of Sport," in addition to two
cricket and angling. No wonder we find h
clopædia Britannica" writing on subjects from
to "Zeus."

Poetry.

1872.—"Ballads and Lyrics of Old France."
1880.—"Ballades in Blue China." (Kegan Pa
1882. "Helen of Troy." (Bell and Sons.)
1884. "Rhymes à la Mode." (Kegan Paul.)
" "Ballads and Verses Vain." By Andrew by Austin Dobson. (Scribner, New Yo from "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France Blue China," and from other verses prev and uncollected.]
1886.—"Lines on the Inaugural Meeting Society." [Privately reprinted from the
" Selections in "Sonnets of the Century."
1888.—"Grass of Parnassus." (Longmans.)
1893.—Selections in "Scottish Contemporary
1894.—"Ban and Arrière Ban": a Rally of (Longmans.)

Critical and Miscellaneous

1881.—"The Library," with a chapter on M Books by Austin Dobson. (Macmillan.)
1885. "That Very Mab," with May Kendall.
1886.—"Letters to Dead Authors. (Longman
" "Politics of Aristotle." (Longmans.)
" "Books and Bookmen." (Longmans part of a series of "Books for the Biblioph New York.]
1889. "Letters on Literature." (Longmans.)
" "Lost Leaders. Reprinted from selected and arranged by Pett Ridge. (K
1890.—"How to Fail in Literature." (Leader
" "Old Friends: Essays in Epist (Longmans.)
1891.—"Essays in Little," with portrait (Longmans.)
" "Angling Sketches." (Longmans.)
1893.—"Homer and the Epic." (Longmans.)

History and Biography.

1882.—"Oxford: Brief Historical and Des Illustrated. Folio. (Seeley).
1890. "Life, Letters, and Diaries of Sir St First Earl of Iddesleigh." Two vols. (Bl
1896.—"Life of John Gibson Lockhart." Tw
1897.—"Pickle, the Spy." (Longmans.)
1898.—"The Companions of Pickle." (Longm

1897.—"Modern Mythology: A Reply to Professor Max Müller." (Longmans.)
1898.—"The Making of Religion." (Longmans.)
1901.—"Magic and Religion." (Longmans.)
,, "Psychical Research of the Century." Chapter by Andrew Lang in *The Nineteenth Century*. (Putnams.)

Novels, Fairy Tales, and Parodies.

1884.—"The Mark of Cain." (Arrowsmith's Library.)
,, "Much Darker Days." [A parody of Hugh Conway's "Dark Days," written under the pseudonym of A. Huge Longway. A new and revised edition appeared in the following year.] (Longmans.)
,, "The Princess Nobody. A tale of Fairy Land." (Longmans.)
1886.—"In the Wrong Paradise, and other Stories." (Kegan Paul.)
1887.—"He," by the authors of "It," &c. [A parody by Andrew Lang and W. H. Pollock on Rider Haggard's "She."] (Longmans.)
1888.—"The Gold of Fairnilee." (Arrowsmith.)
1889.—"Prince Prigio." (Arrowsmith.)
1893.—"Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia: Being the Adventures of Prince Prigio's Son." (Arrowsmith.)
1896.—"A Monk of Fife: A Story of the Days of Joan of Arc." (Longmans.)
1898.—"The World's Desire." (With Rider Haggard.) (Longmans.)
1900.—"Parson Kelly." (With A. E. W. Mason.) (Longmans.)

Translations.

1883.—"The Iliad." Into English prose. With Walter Leaf and Ernest Myers. (Macmillan.)
1889.—"The Odyssey." Into English prose. With Professor Butcher. (Macmillan.)
"The Dead Leman, and other Tales from the French." 8vo With Paul Sylvester. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
1896.—"Aucassin and Nicolete." (Nutt.)
1897.—"The Miracles of Madame St. Katherine of Fierbois." (Dent.)
1899.—"The Homeric Hymns: a New Prose Translation." With Essays literary and mythological. (George Allen.)

WORKS FOR THE YOUNG.

A "Personal View"

By G. A. HENTY.

Enormous as has been the increase in all the output in all branches of literature during the past half-century, it has in no department been so great as in that of books for the young. Sixty years ago it can hardly be said that it existed. "Peter Parley's Annual" was almost its only representative, for such heavy and pedantic volumes as "Sandford and Merton" bore no relation to the books now written for boys. On looking back upon that time I can remember only "Peter Parley," a volume brought out, I think, by the same publishers, called "Sergeant Bell and his Raree Show," the "Swiss Family Robinson," and a capital book, that I can still enjoy, named "Holiday House." There were, of course, other books read by boys, such as Captain Marryat's tales and Cooper's Indian stories, but these were not primarily written for the young. After a time publishers began to see that there was a new field open to them, and men and women began to devote themselves to the production of books for boys and girls. Kingston and Ballantyne were the pioneers of this new departure, while Edgar may be con-

amount of religion was indispensable, and that it was that the heroine, or at least some of her friends, s For years girls fed upon this depressing pabulum; it their natural buoyancy to counteract its tendency.

Up to the beginning of the 80's the number of who made juvenile literature a speciality was small; ranks received a large and sudden accession. The S Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Religious Tra may, with the house of Griffith and Farran, claim pioneers of the great movement, and so rapidly did th that whereas some half-dozen books for boys and a girls at 4s. and 5s. each were deemed sufficient in number had increased twenty fold in 1900. The differe pains bestowed upon the get-up of books increas equal ratio, while in point of printing, paper, in han tasteful covers, and, above all, in illustrations, the ad been extraordinary; indeed, in all these respect brought out for the young are at least abreast of any oth of literature. Among books for boys historical tales very much to the front, and as these are generally stri rate in their history and geography, however large may be filled with episodes of adventure, there can be that their educational value has been great. School at one time served as the theme of a considerable pro books for boys, has fallen into desuetude, and now fo small proportion of the season's issue. This perhaps for some extremely bad boys, cheats, thieves, and ra generally introduced as foils to the good ones, and h may believe that such characters and such doings indeed among British boys.

Among books for girls the change has been eve In the gradual emancipation of the sex during the l years girls have had a large share and publishers gradu that the sentimental, the mournful, and the semi-religio lay unsold upon their shelves and that girls had taken to healthy and lively books of their brothers. Naturally of things corrected itself, bright stories with an histor were turned out for them also, and this style speedil popular. But even now most girls prefer their brothers those written specially for themselves, and the result that the production of books for girls bears but a sma tion indeed to that of those for boys. But this improv not been effected in the class of books turned out as presentation volumes in primary schools. Here it is sidered necessary that there should be a very strong n out of the scores of books published this season for thi it is not too much to say that there are not half-a-do and cheerful stories. This is much to be regret children of the working classes need even more than d the rank above them lively and interesting reading, that would induce them to read, for it is notorious th proportion of them after once leaving school rarely op No doubt they may once, with much labour and w pleasure, read the prizes presented to them, but the p of such books that achieve a second perusal must

other sort of literature. But while boys avail themselves so largely of the privilege, girls, whose lives are much duller than those of their brothers, and who therefore need bright reading very much more, very rarely take out books, and it would be well indeed if every library were furnished with a class of book suitable to them, which would brighten their lives after the dull monotony of their school cramming and the absence of those sports and games in which their brothers indulge.

I cannot but think that boys' books of the last twenty years have had a large effect in producing the patriotic feeling that has of late exhibited itself so strongly. This has been shown in various directions; and it may be fairly claimed that the readiness of the Volunteers to go upon foreign service, and the ardour with which lads enter the two useful organizations the Boys' Brigade and the Church Lads' Brigade, which between them have eighty or a hundred thousand enrolled members, is due largely to the books now provided for them. Another proof of the general existence of patriotic feeling among boys is given in the fact that more than a dozen books of the season are devoted to stories of the war in South Africa and that not one among them is written on pro-Boer lines.

It cannot but be regarded as unfortunate that the greater portion of what may be called good books for boys are published at a price that places them beyond the reach of meagre purses and even beyond the amount at the disposal of managers of schools. Six shillings, even with the discount off, is a large sum to pay, and yet few publishers find it worth while to turn out cheaper editions. The get-up of the books is necessarily very expensive, they contain as many words as the old three-volume novels, the covers form an expensive item of the cost of bringing them out, the illustrations are numerous and costly, and although the fees to authors are for the most part very low in comparison to those paid for other literary work, it all adds up and the books cannot profitably be issued at a cheap edition for anything less than 3s. a volume. One great and unquestionable good has been effected by the issue of sound and interesting literature for boys—namely, the decrease that has taken place in the sale of the gutter boy-literature, the half-penny or penny serial tales of crime in all forms. These were unable to withstand the competition of such healthy and excellently get up periodicals as the *Boy's Own Paper*, although this was intended for a class considerably higher than that of the patrons of the penny dreadfuls, which seem to have been specially written to make crime attractive in boys' eyes, to hold up highwaymen and other criminals as heroes, and to present immorality in enticing forms.

Upon the whole, the alteration in literature for boys and girls during the last five-and-twenty years has been an unmixed good, and it would be difficult to suggest any changes that would improve that of the present day, at least as far as that intended for the boys and girls of the middle and upper classes. Good work sells readily, and young people have come to be very fair judges of what is good work. A very great improvement, however, will be made in the books intended for prizes for voluntary and

crown and under. For these anything appears to b
enough, and a few pounds are regarded as ample
authors. There is plenty of room for an enterpris
will bring out a series of prizes for primary s
authors capable of producing work that, in point
adventure, would equal those of greater bulk a
Such a series would give an impetus to reading
ls of the highest importance to boys and girls
The various matter now crammed into them
almost repulsive, and a book a hateful obj
Almost everything they have learnt is lost in t
after leaving school, and the power of reading al
power, if kept up, affords them a key to all othe
fourteen they certainly will not study scie
histories, but if they have bright and interestin
they will continue to read until they reach an
of reading becomes engrained in them, and they
and appreciate more solid and useful volumes.
seldom open a book until they come to man's
read little beyond a weekly or sporting paper.
be spared to put into the hands of young peo
would amuse them and, at the same time, teac
amount of history and geography. Books
already in the hands of boys and girls of the
classes, but there is at present a deplorable d
in the quarters where they are most needed.

THE DRAMA.

"THE SHADOW DANCE."

Theatres like little books have their destin
Princess's, famous in the fifties of the last cent
Kean, as the house of what was then called "
and at least notorious in the eighties as the sc
Barrett's exploits in the late Victorian roman
longer—as theatrical topography reckons situa
It is on the suburban list, and thus offers We
opportunities of learning what kinds of pl
outside the cab radius. Sometimes this repe
Pailleron's Duchess said of Englishw
"d'aimables surprises." It is, for example, sing
to come upon a great romantic classic like *Not*
even in the strange transmogrification of it
Ben Landeck—who is, if I mistake not, a me
popular with the East-end public—under the t
Dance. Probably, however, Mr. Landeck is
all the deviations from the original. His "h
take only one instance, wherein Esmeralda is
hangman by Phœbus, aided by the beggar-king
M. Paul Foucher (and authorized, it is said, b
in the original stage-version produced about
conversion of Phœbus from a handsome, tippli
eminently respectable young man "engaged
(changed in her turn, to a simpering miss who
ment at a "finishing" school) is no doubt a nec
to the ideals of the public to whom this p
addressed. If Gringoire ceases to be the
fantasy and becomes merely "Sir Harry Bum

Literature

(SUPPLEMENT).

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while the majority of the originals of the rest ha
accessible only through the medium of drawings
tained in books quite out of the reach of ordina
very rare exceptions, the illustrations in "S
have been

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of which they may therefore be regarded as
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FAIRYLAND, FABLE, AND FARCE.

This year the supply of fairy tales is remarkably good. Happy children to find so many clever people to provide the mystic wand which shall, as Ruskin said, animate for them the material world with inextinguishable life, and fortify them against the glacial cold of selfish science!

In the preface to THE VIOLET FAIRY BOOK (Longmans, 6s.) Mr. Lang tells us that he is often asked, by ladies, "Have you written anything else except the Fairy Books?" He is obliged to explain that he has not written the fairy books, but has written almost everything else. However, he edits them in the interests of his young friends, and this year produces as good a volume as any of its chromatic predecessors. The world is searched so that Mr. Lang's book may be filled. If the hieroglyphs of Egypt or the Babylonian cakes of clay are not drawn upon, many languages are translated and every treasure-house of legend scoured to suit his purpose. This year Miss Blackley translates five stories, Mr. W. A. Craigie one, and the rest, a large number, are from Mrs. Lang. Mr. H. J. Ford, an old friend of the readers of this series of books, presents us with eight of the most beautiful coloured pictures that even fairies could suggest to a gifted artist. Added to these are 25 full-page drawings and 33 pictures in the text in black and white. We hope the one we reproduce will send many to view the book.

From America, and the pen of Mr. Thomas Page,

"JOYCE."

[From "The Lily Princess" (Skeffington).]

work is as well known to the young as it is to the not quite young. The captain, the princess, and Tom in THE LILY PRINCESS (Skeffington and Son, 2s. 6d.) are likely to become great friends with children. They are the friends of the fairies, and Miss Marguerite Lloyd knows how to make Olive, Tom's sister, tell her story in a way that her readers will fully appreciate. Mrs. Farmiloe adds two interesting drawings. This lady, whose work we have often praised, writes, as well as illustrates, another book, LITTLE CITIZENS (S.P.C.K., 4s.), in which she gives fashions of her amusing and clever drawings of children, and some humorous stories such as "Kitty in the Country" and "Rosie's Cousin Beck." An artist who observes so closely as does Mrs. Farmiloe has a good deal worth saying about those denizens of the streets and courts whose humours and sorrows she has known so long. The story of "Horace," for example, is as good a sketch of child life in a slum as one need wish to see, and the characterization of "'Orris" is worthy of a far more ambitious work.

THE RAINBOW GARDEN AND OTHER STORIES (Brimley Johnson, 5s. n.), written and illustrated by Miss Gratiana Chester, contains many very pretty ideas, such as that, for

Hatter, Miss Muffet, and other charac
known books of the past. If there be
the one and only "Alice," who will
reminded of so pleasant an old friend?
there is a great deal that is new and
well. One of the charms of "Alice in
was the ever-welcome figure of the litt
Minor," too, walks through dozens of
Allan Wright, who, clever as he is,
Baker with any particular grace. Indee
surroundings he looks uncommonly lik
little boys that the wholesale clothier
thousand at a fairly modest price. B
full of fun and will provide many
FAIRY TALES FROM THE SWEDISH (Heine
by Baron G. Djurklou, with many
Mr. Th. Kittelsen and Mr. Erik W
bring the reader into a very different
world to that with which we have
Baron Djurklou has studied the folk-lor
peasantry, and the result is a very ch
lection of tales, many of which, while, n
children, will interest folk-lorists in ge
Norwegian artists provide some une
if not always pleasant pictures (see p.3).
appears to have been admirably done b
whose book adds some new things
English fairy stories. There is a touc
of bold humour, and imagination in the
which gives them no small distinc
HOLDA'S STORIES (Allen, 3s. 6d. n.), by
Scott, is a charming collection not
intent. Holda, or Bertha, is the nam
Mother who occasionally visits childre
them in another world. Miss Scott's
stamp of wide information and sho
sympathy with folk-lore and with chil
Alice M. Morton's drawings are excell

FANCY FAR-LAND (Chapman and Hall, 5s. n.) is an original, graceful collection of stories for young people by Miss Myra Hamilton. The long list of illustrations is by a number of famous artists, among whom Mr. Millar's excellent work stands first. His pictures, for example, to "The Rosy Palm" leave nothing to be desired.

When the children are tired of the fairies who live above ground they will find THE FISH CROWN IN DISPUTE (Skeffington, 3s. 6d.) shows them some of the extraordinary things that may happen in the sub-marine world. The ad-

MOTHER HOLDA.
[From "Mother Holda's Stories" (Allen). See p. 2.]

permission, to the lady who is now Princess of Wales.

Among all the gay and elaborately illustrated books that we have been through we must place very highly the true annals of fairyland which the editor, Mr. J. M. Gibbon, calls THE REIGN OF KING COLE (Dent, 4s. 6d. n.). These old stories redressed—from Grimm, Hans Andersen, Swift, and Keightley—are very welcome. Mr. Charles Robinson illustrates almost every page, and wherever there is a drawing of his there is freshness and beauty, laughter or grace. Children will be delighted with the originality and cleverness of the three books in the "Brownie" Series from the "Peartree Press" (Brimley Johnson, 2s. n. each). The first is JOHN GORITZA, by Miss Dolly Pentreath; the second, SNOWFLICK, OR THE LITTLE WHITE YEAR, a story for boys, by the same lady; and the third, GWYN, DEE, PERO, AND COMPANY, by Mrs. Williams. The second and third have each a very good drawing by Mr. James J. Guthrie.

One of the most successful servants of children is the Queen of Rumania, who, in her name of "Carmen Sylva," has written some dozen tales that are collected under the title of A REAL QUEEN'S FAIRY BOOK (Newnes, 6s.). They are instinct with the charm of faërie and are narrated after a fashion likely to hold the childish fancy

note in regard to her writing of fairy stories. The
the book are increased by the admirable drawings of
Nelson and Mr. A. Garth Jones. The Illustration
page 5 is by the former artist, and presents an exa
of the imaginary world to which the tales introduce

Among the best of the gay and original story-
season is ROUND THE WORLD TO WYMPLAND (John La
Miss Evelyn Sharp. She has invented the wymp an
knows all about him, but the children of her eight li
she has observed with uncommon acuteness. With
and a keen eye for effect Miss Sharp weaves tale
enthral her readers, while, in case some of the gue
feast of fun desire to see their mysterious friends,
Woodward translates them into convincing black and
lings (see page 4). There is a kindness and charm abo
the World to Wympland" that will make it a welcom

In a totally different manner is Mr. Cuming's W
MONSTERLAND (George Allen, 6s.). Here the autho
a hint from Mr. Hutchinson, the author of "Prehi
and Beast," and written a book introducing children
monsters of long ago. The idea has been happily
With the aid of that wonderful artist of animals-as-th
be, Mr. J. A. Shepherd, Mr. Cuming gives us one o
amusing and original books for young people that we
We have not quite finished laughing at "The Sea-co
parion" yet.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Those who like to have their nursery books bot
good are always on the look out for "The Dump
Children" (Grant Richards, 1s. 6d. each). Numbe
eleven are before us, and each in its different way i
able and amusing child's book. THE PINK KNIGH
comic coloured pictures, is as funny as need be, and M
Cobb's addition to the series, THE LITTLE CLOWN, is
monly good example of how to interest the young and
A HOUSE BOOK, by Miss Mary Tourtel, is made

"HE TOOK OFF THE RED SHOES THAT HUNG AT HER WAIST AND SLIPPED THEM OVER HER PINK TOES"

(In the Prince's Shoes)

[From "Round the World in Wymp'land" (Lane), see page 3.]

coloured pictures of equestrian incidents and merry verses which will delight all lovers of man's best friend. For younger people Mr. H. Mayer draws and Mr. Crosland sings an excellent LITTLE PEOPLE alphabet in which, for example, B stands for Beer :—

Here is your little brother Beer,
Of course, you've heard of him before ;
He has a naughty Uncle Paul,
Who used to want to eat us all.

Although he does not wear a tie,
He's just as white as you or I,
And just as fond of cake and fruit ;
The difference is that he can shoot.

From which it will be seen that the young idea may learn a good

Day" to "Boxing Day," and manages to m
of them interesting and, we fancy, rather in
Howard and Miss Gertrude Bradley prov
the series, PILLOW STORIES, which very e
some old friends with new faces and some
friends.

On a very small scale, too, is THE S
BLACK MUNGO (James Nisbet, 1s. 6d.), by the
on "Little Black Sambo" of last year. T
as good as its forerunner will recommen
read the "Sambo." The "Bairn-Books" (
series for the very little people. Those bef
THE FARM BOOK, by Mr. Walter Copeland,
DAYS, by Miss Clare Bridgman. Both of
give pleasure to the audience, large in numb
that they are intended to reach, more es
Charles Robinson illustrates them with doz
coloured drawings and quaint sketches.

"AROUND THE WORLD, AV

From Nelson and Sons comes an anonym
EXPLORERS (2s.), in which are told the historl
Ferdinand Magellan, Mungo Park, Sir John
Livingstone, Christopher Columbus, and so fo
a neat and comprehensive one ; an admiral
boy. In the same category, also, might be
Du Chaillu's work, the result of close
persistent study of animals, birds, reptiles
Africa, which he calls THE WORLD OF THE
(Murray, 7s. 6d. n.). Mr. Du Chaillu b
birds and beasts of the woods talk among the
we have not the ears to hear, and his relatio
incidents of forest life in the denizens' ow
convincing piece of work. There are ove
illustrations by Mr. C. R. Knight and M
who appear to have caught the spirit of
unusually interesting undertaking. We see
birds, reptiles, insects talk, think, work, a
Du Chaillu's book should be widely popular

Since Mr. Kipling gave us the "Jungle
certainly been an increase of reported conve
neighbours of the forest. In MOOSWA AN
BOUNDARIES (Pearson, 6s.) Mr. W. A. Frase
idea in the most agreeable spirit. He tells u
seasons on the Athabasca and Saskatchewan
North-West of Canada, and that "Long ever
pleasantly, swiftly, as sitting over a smoul
have listened to famous trappers as they spoke
vividness of the most fascinating life in the
winner's callings." These tales of the trapp
into the history of his hero, Rod MacGregor,
return for his kindness to some of the animals o
is helped by them when at death's door.
splendid book for boys ; humorous, kindly, w
of interesting natural history and admirable t
natures. New Zealand forest voices may be hea
agreeable stories of woods, and bush, and seas

Bright calls THREE XMAS GIFTS AND OTHER TALES (Simpkin, Marshall). They show us that elfin maidens, sprites, and gnomes are as much at home among the Kauri trees or flax bush as in our own familiar scenery. "Three Xmas Gifts" will make a very nice Christmas present and will help to teach the young folk at home to love the old folk in the colonies.

DREAMS AND DOMESTICITY.

Mr. Tom Gallon has long since caught the popular ear. His latest book, THE MAN WHO KNEW BETTER (Constable, 6s.), reminds us that its author has been likened before now to Charles Dickens. Certainly the present "Christmas Dream" contains some echoes of another dream published many years ago. Such names as Tolderoy, Bob Judkin, Saggers, and Mrs. Bleak are pleasantly reminiscent of our youthful reading. Even Mr. Gordon Browne, who illustrates "The Man," is inspired by the spirit of emulation and sets aside his own excellent style for that of the late Fred Barnard in the drawing which depicts how "Mr. Tolderoy's conduct is peculiar." Shortly the story is this, Mr. Andrew Judkin is a self-satisfied and unkind man who undergoes some remarkable experiences (a little like those of Mr. Hawtrey recently at the Avenue Theatre), and then becomes a much better person. There is a good deal of cheap sentiment and a good deal of clever observation in the book. When an able author puts these two together he may be sure of a wide and eager audience.

Mrs. Molesworth provides two books this year, THE BLUE BABY AND OTHER STORIES (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.), with some rather poor illustrations, and THE WOOD PIGEONS AND MARY (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.). Both of these volumes are in the well-known and effective manner of the author of "Carrots," and the latter is fortunate enough to have some eight pictures from the pen of Mr. Millar which would lend interest to an even less attractive prose by Miss Johnston (see p. 7). We are sorry to l at last, although, after all his domestic troubles, he l the birds and the bees in the old high-walled gar happy, too, as they, when the sunshine turns to oth all the gold of ophir roses."

"HANS' ADVENTURE WITH THE SHADOWS."
From "A Real Queen's Fairy Book" (Newnes). See p. 3

In Browning

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Gordon Bro

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Fenyre's
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Sydney C
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(Brimley
4s. 6d. n.)
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is depicted
and white by
as cleverly

PICTURES: PROSE AND VERSE.

When tiny hands are folded,
And tiny eyelids sleep,
Nursery friends come forth, dears,
Their welcome tryst to keep,
The pain of going to bed, dears,
Is soon lost in the joy
Of playing with these friends, dears,

"LAURA WOULD KNEEL BY THE BED AND READ TO HER."
(From "Laura Richmond" (Wells, Gardner). See p. 5.)

Mrs. Praeger makes a very comic book of BRYAN O'LINN (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), the Irish gentleman who had no breeches to wear until he secured a sheepskin to supply the deficiency.

Mr. Walter Jerrold writes and Mr. Charles Robinson draw a wildly laughable book which they call NONSENSE! NONSENSE! (Blackie, 6s.). The pictures may be too funny for words, but nevertheless, Mr. Jerrold fits some wonderfully inconsequent rhymes to them. For example—

There was an old fellow named White,
Tried to fly on the tail of a kite;
He rose with a bound,
A whole inch from the ground,
And fell in a terrible fright.

From the design on the first end paper to that on the last the drawings and verses are highly enjoyable.

Miss Florence and Miss Bertha Upton call their book THE GOLLIWOGG'S "AUTO-GO-CART" (Longmans, 6s.) this year. It is in the same style and quite as funny as their other Golliwog volumes. A thousand trumpeters could say no more than that.

THE ADVENTURES OF A JAPANESE DOLL (Grant Richards, 6s.) is told by Mr. Henry Mayer in many delightful coloured pictures. It is a toy-book that is

Mr. Walter Crane's volume this year is called GOODY TWO SHOES' PICTURE BOOK (John Lane, 4s. 6d.) and has eighteen coloured designs. Although Mr. Crane was the pioneer of children's gay and lively picture-books, his work appears rather crude and stiff among modern neighbours. Such a drawing, however, as those which illustrate the "Yellow Dwarf" show the master hand.

We look forward with great interest each year to the book of Mr. Carton Moore Parke, but, so far, we have only received the first part of THE CHILD'S PICTORIAL NATURAL HISTORY (S.P.C.K., 1s.). When finished this will be a valuable volume, for Mr. Parke's drawings of animals have all the power and grace we have already praised in his work. Such pictures must aid enormously the æsthetic taste of children.

"A BRISK LAD
IGNOR
(From "Stories from
(Sunday School

The most diverting Christmas book of
have seen is that by the late Mr. Cosmo Monkho
NONSENSE RHYMES (Brimley Johnson, 2s. 6d.), ar
equally amusing drawings by Mr. Gilbert C
"Greybeards at Play" we found particularly go
of the cleverest verses in this book is illustrate

"ALL WENT WELL UNTIL WE REACHED AN ALLEY CROSSING."
[From the "Story of Dago" (Jarrold), see page 5.]

we give. The characterization in the picture, which deals with the gentleman who gave his daughter in marriage to a man who could eat more porridge than he himself, is very quaint, and the picture to the lines:—

There once was a man in a boat,
Who drowned his papa in a moat,
He said, "Ere you sunk
You were frequently drunk,
But now you're my little teetote."

is quite convincing, although hardly more so than that which shows the wedding party of the following little history:—

There once was a lady named Lena
And certainly no one had seen a
More beautiful face,
Or more exquisite grace,
But she married a spotted hyæna.

TOY BOOKS.

Among the most gaily-coloured of this class of production are those published by Messrs. Dean and Son, whose long series includes an interesting and informing ADVANCE AUSTRALIA, SOLDIERS OF THE CENTURY, SAILORS OF THE CENTURY, and THE GREAT POWERS OF THE WORLD all by Mr. R. Simkin, who makes his subjects really live. Dean's BON-BONS' A.B.C. and ANIMAL A.B.C. are well-drawn and boldly coloured aids to learning, while their RULERS OF THE SEA and THE EXPRESS are the sort of picture-book of which children never tire. Among their books of stories and rhymes are JACK'S RETURN, THE TOP OF THE MORNING TO YOU,

taining many good designs to t
paints, and a palette and a book
with coloured drawings by Mr. Ing
who illustrates verses of this ch

Some knickers were ordered f
Who gorged till the tailor was
His waist grew so fat
They'd to iron him out fla
Even then they went on all as

The CHILD'S COMPANION and C
Days (R.T.S., 2s. 6d. each) are f
tures and pleasant reading for litt
as are the lighter TOPSY TURVY
the Annual TINY TOTS (Cass
each). Mr. Neilson's comic an
ried in "Topsy Turvy"; the dr
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The *Century Magazine* annual issued, in England, by Messrs. Macmi is well recognized over here, and the "Dri and I." From Messrs. Mac that admirable publication for the yo We also have annuals of *Home Words* (*Home* Office), the *Child's Own Magazine* (Sunday S *Dawn of Day* (S.P.C.K.), *Chums* and *Little* *Rosebud Annual* (J. Clarke), and the *Young* (Wells Gardner, Darton).

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Russell was an Irishman, and, in spite of his originally English name, with good reason asserted himself to be a Celt. Mr. O'Brien gives us the family pedigree in as extended a form as any one can desire, and proves that the Russells, by many successive marriages, had become purely Irish. But Russell himself was by no means a typical Irishman. He had something one, and he would have found it difficult to get als had no twists and turns in his composition. Ir not readily comprehend, he found other methods of readier to his hand. Badinage had to be pretty bla grasped what was intended." Nor was he a well-read he knew his Shakespeare. His knowledge of th Ireland, until the preparation of his speech before Commission, was as scanty as that of Mr. Parnell hi for all that, real and serious as are these defects, he advocate, and a man whose presence was felt, wheth or in private life. As a barrister is nothing without triumphs, Mr. O'Brien rightly lays stress on them, miss one of the most sensational of all Russell's probably, is too recent to be described without inju living. A good many pages are devoted to Russell's the Parnell Commission, and Mr. O'Brien prints at his book the report of the Judges, so that the reader Russell's success in the most dramatic incident against the more prosaic facts which he failed to disp is fairness itself, nor do we for a moment dissent from Hannen's opinion that Russell's was "a great speech a great occasion." All who heard that speech will the President of the Court. In making it, one of the of Irishmen spoke in what he deemed the inter country.

At the same time, Russell was not more suc other lawyers as a member of the House, and as law o Crown. Now and then, perhaps only once or twice in a law officer may show himself as great in statesmansh profession. These are rare instances; they are foun on the woolsack, and not in the House of Commons; a never reached the woolsack. The truth is that the absorbing and as exacting as the Bar. Only the genius can command preeminence in both. Russell' advocacy; he was never so great, either in the Hous Bench, as in fighting a difficult case against men himself. But after his elevation to the Bench he tained his reputation, and rendered, as in the Venezu tion, great services to his country. We can hardly justice within the narrow compass of a review. M has written of him generously and impartially, and, has omitted nothing of material importance.

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This monograph on Sandro Botticelli is the late to the excellent series of artists' lives, edited i by Herr Knackfuss, and translated into English Campbell Dodgson. Dr. Steinmann is well known a and brilliant writer on Renaissance art, and his Botticelli is the best life of the Florentine painter yet appeared. We may not always be able to accept sions or agree with his theories on many points the history of the artist and the chronology of his pai he has at least succeeded in giving us a clear and viv of this interesting master's life and works, and has skilfull

fine work had hitherto been commonly known as the "Temptation of Christ in the Wilderness." The incidents in the Temptation do indeed appear, on a small scale, in the background, but the chief subject of the fresco, as Dr. Steinmann shows, is the "Sacrifice offered by the cleansed Leper," according to the law of Moses, while in the grand Renaissance temple which occupies so prominent a position in the picture he recognizes the façade of the Hospital of San Spirito, which had been recently erected by Pope Sixtus himself. The monograph is adorned with a profusion of excellent illustrations; among them a full-page reproduction of the lovely early "Madonna," long in the possession of the Chigi family, and now in America. But we notice with regret that Dr. Steinmann includes several feeble and inferior works by scholars or imitators in his list of Botticelli's genuine productions. It is difficult to understand how so learned a critic can accept the very poor "Entombment" from the Poldi Pezzoli collection, or the Louvre "Madonna," while the well-known "Assumption" in the National Gallery, supposed to have been painted for Mattei Palmieri, has long been recognized as the work of a minor artist. On the other hand, we are glad to see that Dr. Steinmann's volume contains several reproductions of the Dante drawings, formerly in the library of Hamilton Palace, and now in the Gallery at Berlin. Our author considers that these illustrations of the *Divina Commedia* could not have been completed until the last years of Sandro's life. "It must," he writes, "have been his preoccupation with Dante that caused the master, as he grew old, to forget the outer world, and though we know nothing about a commentary on Dante by Sandro, Vasari's assertion at any rate bears witness to the diligent study which he gave to the greatest poetical genius of Italy. It seems more than probable that the artist fell into poverty and actual want while he gave himself up to the serious intellectual work which bore such splendid fruit in the illustrations to the *Divine Comedy*: and he made repeatedly unsuccessful attempts to have his designs, which won the highest admiration from his countrymen, engraved." None the less, Vasari's account of the misery in which the great painter ended his days was certainly exaggerated; and we know from documents published by Milanesi that at this period of his life Sandro owned both a home in Florence and a country house in the neighbourhood. The same writer's statement that Botticelli produced nothing after he became a follower of Savonarola is equally refuted by the "Adoration" of the National Gallery, a work which Dr. Steinmann justly pronounces to be as masterly in technique as it is true in expression and original in invention.

ABOUT THE WORLD.

Mexico as I Saw it (Hurst and Blackett, 21s. n.) is much the kind of book that one would expect from the author of "Through Finland in Carts," that is to say, it is superficial, but vivacious, full of information though devoid of learning. It is not to Mrs. Tweedie that we should go for suggestive criticism of Prescott's views of the Aztec civilization; but she tells us all that we want to know about cock-fights and bull-fights and the position of Mexican women and the manners and tone of Mexican society and the life of the cowboy in his lonely ranch. A certain amount of history, too, is woven into the narrative and is the more acceptable because good histories of events in Mexico subsequent to the Spanish conquest are few and difficult to [illegible]. The account of the rebellion against Maximilian is emergency, and Napoleon himself, if born a Me done no more. Mrs. Tweedie is not to be c but she "did" Mexico very thoroughly for a by rail from the United States, and proceeding the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. She saw the ru lately submerged, at one end of her journey Mitla at the other. The one important neglected to do was to climb Popocatapetl. W she describes agreeably and without any o wounding Mexican susceptibilities by her prediction that, owing to the incursion of fore the material resources, Mexico will presently b Uitlander question with the United State interesting political vista. Especial praise Tweedie's illustrations. The frontispiece is a colour drawing, and there are about a hundred admirably taken, developed, and printed. I Mexican tourist will require the book, and other will find pleasure in reading it.

The Sherbro and its Hinterland. B (Macmillan, 15s. n.). The Sherbro is proba name even to many people who imagine tha acquaintance with geography. It is, in fact West Coast of Africa, which forms a part of th Sierra Leone, and trades extensively with Alldridge has been District Commissioner of many years, and his book gives a full, t rambling, account of the life, the scenery, sport, and the products, together with a excursions into the interior, undertaken fo concluding treaties with chiefs, and a histo Rising of 1898. It should be placed on the sh standard works of reference. The student aboriginal manners and customs will be able t it. Much new information is given in the c Ordeals; though those who turn to the four c Societies will be disappointed. The ceremon societies is given in some detail, but there is the inner mysteries. Mr. Alldridge is "sati no one outside the societies who really knows are"; and he himself, he says, always tells me he comes in contact that he "has no wish t divulge anything that they have sworn to ke own suspicion is that secrets so well kept are secrets that really amount to anything; but not the view generally taken on the West Coa on which Mr. Alldridge's remarks seem to us is malaria. "My own belief is," he writes and mangroves go together. When you are o of the mangroves you are beyond the region o malaria, though certainly very prevalent in m is also found in some of the African highl miles away from the mangroves, and is nowhere Italy where no mangroves grow. The mosqui Mr. Alldridge, singularly enough, does not me a much more scientific application and evidence. In conclusion it should be noted—a lain, to whom the book is dedicated, will note satisfaction—that Mr. Alldridge does not attri Rising to the hut-tax, but to the prohibition of t of slaves through the country. The book con of Sherbro and the Hinterland on the scale of

and most of the departments of Chinese life are dealt with. Mr. Parker exhibits hostility to missionaries though he protests friendship for them; and he translates with evident gusto Dr. Hance's advice to Chinamen who complained of missionary activity:—

> Do what we do. Let the missionaries preach away any religion they like. No bones are broken, and no one is forced to believe.

The book contains some misquotations from the Latin—*pare bellum*, and *etiam dona ferentes*.

Many of the books nowadays published about North America, and especially those about the United States, tend to be wearisome to English readers. But Mr. Paul Fountain in THE DESERTS AND FORESTS OF NORTH AMERICA (Longmans, 9s. 6d. n.) has the seeing eye and the simple mind which give a rare value to his work. For it is as simple as the prairie itself, and has something of the very attraction of the great plains. Mr. Fountain has read little, and most of his natural history observations have already been discounted by other and more learned observers. But that matters nothing if the book has charm, and it has the charm of a discovery. Mr. Fountain writes as if he were a Columbus of the plains, as if he had discovered the new world between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains for himself, and his naive ignoring of the world of travellers since Lewis and Clark makes one forget that railroads now bind East and West together, and that even all Texas is fenced in at last. In truth there are no real deserts in North America; even the Mojave with its white glare and its monstrous cactus growths will some day blossom like the rose when irrigation waters it. Nor has Mr. Fountain ever visited the real forests of the continent. They are even yet to be found north and west of his main "stamping ground." But though the title be rather a misnomer and the date thirty years ago, these wanderings are still fresh and sweet, and if, as Mr. W. H. Hudson suggests in a preface, which is more properly a just appreciation, the author writes again and lets his book take a more human and autobiographical turn, his new volume will be as welcome as this.

As a literary equivalent of the kodak and its snapshots in the South Seas Mr. Edward Pallander's LOG OF AN ISLAND WANDERER (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., 6s.) is far from being badly done. It is written with a will, and has the merit of movement, and does not lack at times a certain picturesqueness of phrase, even if that picturesqueness verges at times on the most cheerful slang. And when the wanderer lands in beautiful and wicked Papeete he becomes very bright indeed. For the condition of Tahiti would wring striking phrases out of the dullest journalist. According to Mr. Pallander's calculations, and they, as likely as not, are more modest than his style, Tahiti is kept in order by five hundred officials. There is one road in the island, but every rut in it has a clerk to itself. Crime is rare (Mr. Pallander puts it at a burglary once a month and a murder every decade) yet seven Judges sit and smoke cigarettes perpetually. In the author's language, "there is barely enough capital in the entire island to float a liver pill, yet it takes a quarter of a mile of benches" to look after the budget.

> And the elaborateness, the complexity of it! The dovetailed, angle-ironed, water-logged, steel-faced, time-locked completeness of the whole thing. A German verb is nothing to it. It is the apotheosis of protocollardom.

If it belonged to England it would be run by "three men

awhile at the Navigator Islands, whose strikingly
women evidently pleased them as much as they did Ro
Stevenson and every other traveller; and then we
Fiji group. If the narrative which is the result o
casting of nets does not go very deep into the thousand
of politics and ethnology which belong to this sea of isl
any rate compares very favourably with a hundred o
of the same class. It is illustrated with some excell
graphs of the beauty and fashion of the South Seas.

A RIBBON OF IRON, by Annette M. B. Meakin t
6s.), is a relation of a journey by rail and steaml
Siberia. It hardly adds to the sum of readily available
on the subject, but it is pleasantly written; and the
account of the terrible massacre at Blagovestchen
Chinese, Miss Meakin says, had formed a plan to rus
"and each man had been provided with a rope to
Russian in his bed." A premature attack gave the
then the Cossacks, by order of General Gribsky, h
Chinese unceremoniously into the river. Miss Mea
passed through Blagovestchensk about three weeks
tragic occurrence. This criticism passed by a Sibe
English novel is interesting:—

> "I can't remember the name, but it is about a y
> who was very religious. He fell in love with a beau
> girl, and his love for her conflicted with his religion
> "Was the girl called 'Glory'?" I asked.
> "Yes," he replied. "It is a fine tale an
> written, but the abbot was not quite right in the he

The title of Mrs. Perrin's book EAST OF SUEZ
Treherne, 6s.), and the quotation on the cover from
known poem of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's, aptly indicate
source of the inspiration in this volume of short stories
were not sufficient the titles of the stories themselves
enough, but there resemblance to Mr. Kipling ceases.
his vigour and his dramatic instinct. She fails in he
tion of the way men think and talk; but she p
knowledge of Hindostan, and her "local colour" is th
ing feature.

WITH THE THIBETANS IN TENT AND TEMPLE, by Sus
Rijnhart, M.D. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier
frankly announced as a "missionary book." The aut
American widow of a Dutch propagandist who disappe
was presumably murdered, in Tibet. She travelled
and abode with him in Buddhist Lamaseries. Her bo
particularly well written, but it is an interesting stor
experiences in a region very difficult to explore.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Garnett's Essays.

Dr. Richard Garnett's new volume, ESSAYS O
LIBRARIAN (Heinemann), is substantially a reprint of p
have already appeared in magazines or as introducti
essays provide ample evidence of the width and judgm
author's critical taste. His sympathy with Shelley or
does not prevent him from appreciating Byron and M
the latter poet is at present in much want of Dr.
judicious advocacy. In the essay on "The Date an
of *The Tempest*," he supports a theory which we can

ers, the Island princess who has never left her home, the wise father who brings about the auspicious consummation by his policy—all found their counterparts among the splendid company that watched the performance on that February night.

The argument that the masques, especially the nuptial masque in the third act, are only excrescences if they were not designed to amuse the Royal pair is hardly convincing. Shakespeare was not averse to excrescences; and if we were bound to find a raison d'être for the nuptial masque, it is discoverable in its appropriateness to the betrothal of Ferdinand and Miranda. Why "drag in "Frederick and Elizabeth? But there is a serious objection to Dr. Garnett's theory in the suggested counterpart to the "wise father" (Prospero)—viz., James I. Even if we can bring ourselves to whitewash James I. sufficiently to make him a respectable Prospero—and Dr. Garnett makes an ingenious attempt to do so—would the tactful Shakespeare have put his Sovereign in the disagreeable political position in which we find Prospero at the opening of the play? Imagine a Stuart King seeing himself masquerading as a dethroned and exiled prince! Such a situation would have been humiliating, to say the least of it, to a monarch who had, we believe, some scruples about the divine right of kings.

Calvin.

THE REFORMER OF GENEVA, by Professor Charles Wesstruff Shields, of Princeton University (Putnams), is an historical drama in a blank verse and five acts, more suitable for the study than for the stage, but not particularly suitable for either. "As a mere dramatic figure," the author maintains, "Calvin is as impressive as Becket." We should say that he was even more impressive. But the Professor has not written a play about him that will bear comparison with Tennyson's "Becket"; and his history, to which he professes to attach importance, is far from unimpeachable. Take this passage, for example. Calvin is replying to Farel, who has asked him what is the news. He answers.

> A delicious bit.
> I hear last night at billiards with the Seigneurs
> Our Bonnivard has taken his fourth wife.
> The town is laughing at the dear old priest.
> But we forgive the prisoner of Chillon
> As many years as he had years of durance.

Now Bonnivard was not a priest and never had been one; he did not marry his fourth wife to please himself, but because the Consistory, with Calvin at the head of it, insisted that, as he had compromised her, he must do so, and his years of durance were not four but six. In a note the Professor tells us that, after his release, Bonnivard became "the benefactor of the city." It would be more correct to say that the city became his benefactor, seeing that it pensioned him and paid his debts. He did, it is true, bequeath his library to the city; but the truth is that he had pawned his books and undertook that they should become public property at his death if the city would redeem them and let him have the use of them during his lifetime. The notes dealing with Calvin's motives in getting Servetus burnt omit much that is essential to a true comprehension of the situation; and the note on Clément Marot and his Psalms is inaccurate.

The not very lengthy list of Royal authors has received an

FICTION.

Lady Mabel Howard's New Novel.

Nothing needs criticism in THE FAI (Longmans, 6s.) save the title. It suggests book, and as a suggestion of the main theme it i story itself is an extremely good one. Lady already written one novel, "The Undoing of Her present book is too slight to be called the beginning is a little overburdened with But the circumstances in which Rhoda Wel temptation to enjoy an immense fortune reall friend are very carefully and consistently e *denoûment* is not the least commonplace yet Lady Mabel Howard has a real insight into for the expression of strong emotions; he description or dialogue is unpretentious and immense "fictional output" of the last month best novels we have had to read.

Peasant Romance.

KITTY FAIRHALL (Hodder and Stoughton, has its faults, but it certainly stands apar novels which line our shelves. It tells on annals of the poor," of the hopes and loves o but the atmosphere is wonderfully felt—the village life set in an English landscape; t ready kindness, no less than the pettiness and the villagers—all this is realized with an intim the pathetic charm of Kitty's love story i thankful to say, not broken by the slightest hi in the rustic sense. It is certainly none the le because it has no touch of coarseness. O are that the insistence on "atmosphere" found by some readers a little prolix, and tha Rectory, meant, no doubt, as a relief, have interest enough to serve the purpose; the Re to be an interesting character not sufficiently wise, as a quiet and sympathetic study of hu cannot praise the book too highly.

Scotch Realism.

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS 6s.), by George Douglas, suggests in its title of the conventional type. But the love in lacking, and we have, instead of passion and m study of the struggles of a strong-minded, fighting with adversity. The scene is a Scott thanks to its proximity to the coalfields, to Isorough. Mr. Douglas does not emulate the tive manner of Mr. Barrie and his disciples older method of Galt, and describes life as it i interprets itself to the fanciful mind of the s have rarely read a story which has so happily humour of the Scots tradesman, his petty jeal provincialism, and his shrewd commonsense are the sketches of student life in Edinburgh tions and its little triumphs. Mr. Douglas is t on an admirable piece of work.

"A Modern Antæus."

The writer of "An Englishwoman's Love

analysis and affectation. Tristram was, among other things, fond of finding sitting hens and taking their eggs. To say this, simply, is not sufficient for an author to whom even love-making is mainly a literary exercise.

> Before long the child became familiar with the queer habits of broody hens, and found zest in tracking these cenotaphs of maternity to their shadowy nesting places. Every day gave chance of discovering lyings-in illicitly conducted; and to pry out some nest richly lined with accumulated deposits was a delight to the boy's marauding instinct.

We fail to find in this sort any advantage, merit, or virtue. But if not the reader, at least the critic, must be patient under the mass of prolixities—the over-weighting literary self-consciousness—which runs through the book, for there is much to be said in its favour. Tristram is not so interesting as the author would have us think, but he is lovable, and his mother and his sister and his friend Lady Petwyn, a lady of much individuality, are well realized. So is Lizzie Haycraft, the poacher's daughter, of whose betrayal at the hands of his friend Tristram bears the dishonour. This is the central incident in Tristram's life, and there is much in the telling of it which shows a fine imagination and a real dramatic and descriptive power. Rigorously pruned and simply and sincerely told, the story would take a high place; there is plenty of sound work in it, but it suffers sadly from the writer's determination to be as clever as Mr. Meredith.

Mr. Bernard Capes.

Mr. Bernard Capes' LOVE LIKE A GIPSY (Constable, 6s.) is, we think, his best novel. We have often criticized his style, but he is discarding many of his most pronounced mannerisms. We have here a powerful plot, a graceful heroine, some of the studies of abnormal humanity in which the author delights, and in Antony St. John a singularly attractive hero. One is a little frightened at starting off with the American War of Independence. But the real centre of interest is a Hampshire mansion at the close of the eighteenth century. The domestic scenes which reproduce the life of the period are wonderfully vivid, and we are introduced to many a "muddy rascal," handled very divertingly. The liberty, however, which the author has taken with the young Earl of Borradaile is unpardonable, and not justified by the requirements of the plot.

Mr. R. S. Hichens.

Readers versed in Mr. Hichens' method will naturally anticipate novelty on opening a fresh volume from his pen, and if novelty be all that is wanted THE PROPHET OF BERKELEY SQUARE (Methuen, 6s.) supplies it in full measure. It will very likely please many people, and it should be read as the latest work of a writer who has achieved well-deserved fame. For ourselves, we confess the book is a disappointment. It is called a tragic extravaganza. Of tragedy there is none, nor of comedy either, though there is extravagance galore. Mr. Hichens once wrote a novel, "The Londoners," which was pure farce, and farce of the best. Nature therein was so skilfully distorted that the extravagance of the characters excited no surprise. In his latest book Mr. Hichens may have designed to "go one better." It is hard to determine the quality of laughter-moving humour; there were people who saw no fun in the "Londoners," and there may likewise be others who will laugh at "The Prophet," but Mr. Hichens' admirers will read this volume with sincere regret. The *raison d'être* of burlesque or extravaganza is a good laugh. If we are to laugh at the impossible antics of the *dramatis personæ* we must be able to contrast these antics with the demeanour of their originals in real life. It is because we and they might just as well have turned to the left. no more amusement in reading of the Prophet's perpl the threats and incursions of Mr. Sagittarius and and of Sir Tiglath's fury, than in the announcemen Robinson has gone to Cannes for the winter. Exce not necessarily strength, and, were it not for the mem Hichens' former work, we should be reminded of th treatment affected by advanced members of the Imp school of painting—treatment which, according to so is designed to conceal inefficiency as much as to meaning. Through wearisome chapters of over-strained Mr. Hichens' figures gyrate ineffectually until th begins to wonder why gunpowder does not run out of of their boots. This book will be a disappointment to readers who appreciate Mr. Hichens' brilliant ta have been waiting for another volume as farcically witt Londoners," or as fascinating and delightful as "Fl "Byeways."

In Westmorland.

T'BACCA QUEEN, by Theodora Wilson Wilson (Arn the not very felicitous title for a story of considerable The authoress has not mastered the craft of story-tel tale is loosely put together and too spun out with dia does not help it. But she gives a wonderfully true realized picture of Westmorland life—the rough fa towns, and the local gentry, to both of which classes th Nell Carradus, belongs, to the former by her station in latter by her birth. She is a fine and picturesque fig of the people, with a strong and independent character rest of the Carraduses, both in high and low life, a conceived and combine to furnish a varied picture of we provincial life.

Some Short Stories.

Mr. Howells' book belongs to an agreeably bou (Harpers, 5s. n.) to be called a "Portrait Collection Stories," and is, therefore, graced by an excellent photograph of the author. A PAIR OF PATIENT LO once the title of the book and the name of the first tales here brought together. The external metho Howells is used with excellent effect in these pictures he knows it. It is not a faultless method, but it has

We are glad to welcome one whom we suppose is a into the difficult paths of the short story teller. "Brown of WIDOW WILEY AND SOME OTHER OLD FOLK (Seeley something of the spirit that has informed several lad past—a quiet observation, an unobtrusive sympath delicate humour. Of such was the author of "Cranf Mrs. Horatia Ewing. "Brown Linnet" is, as a quietist among story tellers. These sketches of th adventures of old village people read like artistical transcripts from life, though here and there the sent little overdone, as in "Sarah Ann's Little Girl." Bu this we have the highly-amusing "Social Agonies," an tale, humorous, but sometimes founded upon the silent which underlies the humdrum village life. The author of Wiley" adds twenty photographs, arranged with an to that of the literary sketches themselves.

In Two MOODS OF A MAN (Nimmo, 6s.) the well-kn who writes as "Violet Fane" hints that her stories a are—"mere wind-strewn foam, which though disp spray is churned from depths of the eternal sea." T be no doubt that light and bright as are, say, "A Ro

Unfortunately it has been arranged that some shall weep, and the woman who, at last, understands two moods of a man is an exception. "Violet Fane's" latest book follows "The Edwin and Angelina Papers" very effectively and will be enjoyed by the sensitive and acute.

In the volume entitled TESSA (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.), that story and another called "The Trader's Wife" are given. These both show Mr. Louis Becke in a familiar and welcome manner as the narrator of Pacific romance and, in the second story, as the chronicler of events, to some extent in civilized and less simple surroundings. The author of "Wild Life in Southern Seas" and "By Reef and Palm" always holds our interest. His knowledge of the countries he sketches is only equalled by his insight into the characters and intentions of the men and women he draws. "Tessa" is picturesque and romantic in the best sense of the phrase.

Here are three volumes, bound alike in green with white lettering, priced at three and sixpence apiece, and published by Mr. H. J. Drane. Each of the three contains a collection of short stories. AN OLD WOMAN'S TRAGEDY gives its name to the first of these, by E. S. Thompson. We have no information as to the sex of the writer, but the style has a feminine touch, and some of the stories are pretty. Perhaps "Nero" is the best. PUFFS OF WIND is a collection of a rather different type. Miss Helen Dickens has an inclination towards tragedy, and coquets with spiritualism. Pretty is certainly not the adjective to apply to her stories, which are sometimes rather forcible and not always pleasant. THE SEPARATION OF THE BERESFORDS, by Catherine Adams, completes the trio. This lady's tales, reprinted from several magazines, are undistinguished but rather amusing. She has a gaiety of manner which takes the place of humour. But it cannot be said that any one of these three volumes called aloud for covers and a title. The short story, of mediocre ability, is hardly wanted just now in book form. Still, the books are not expensive; they are pleasantly got up, and readable enough. There is little to choose between them, but we found Miss (or Mrs.) Adams slightly easier reading than the other two.

TOM FLAHERTY'S GHOST (Simpkin, Marshall) is the title of a collection of barrack yarns by Major John Shore. A book of this kind cannot but suffer from unconscious comparison with Mr. Kipling's work in the same field. Major Shore makes no pretensions to literary graces, but he has the enviable knack of telling a good story crisply and well. "Tapson's Thorough-bred," a tale of a practical joke, and "An Unrehearsed Tragedy," the description of amateur theatricals on a troopship with a somewhat melodramatic curtain, are particularly neat and effective.

We have before us the prospectus of a "Literary Club," conducted by Mr. Francis Bourne, at 9, Trafalgar-buildings, W.C. The club is really a literary agency; and, as we have lately been balancing the good and evil of literary agencies, it seems worth while to examine the conditions which this particular agency proposes to its clients. They are as follows:—

1. Every client must pay a subscription of 5s. per annum.

2. With every manuscript sent to the agency twelve penny stamps must be enclosed.

3. All MSS. to be sent to the agency to be typed. Every client wishing to type his own MSS. must pay 5s. per annum to the agency.

4. The commission of the agency is 25 per cent.

5. Every client must further agree to pay the agency its commission, for the next ten years, on all articles or stories which appear in any magazine or paper to which the agency has first introduced his work.

For the guidance of young authors we propose to make a few comments.

1. Agents of proved competence only charge 10 per cent. for doing the work for which this agency charges 25 per cent.

2. No other existing agency charges authors for the privilege of employing their own typewriters or using their own machines.

3. To illustrate [illegible]

Correspondenc

MR. HENDERSON AND THE CASK

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am a little surprised by Mr. He
Literature, November 2. He says, "Mr. La
suggestions of mine," and that I have "mad
use of" his "communication." Might not yo
that I named Mr. Henderson? I did not. I
known student of the problem of the Casket L
Henderson think that he must be recognized
known student of the Letters? That never
informed him privately, having heard from
alter the phrase in my second edition, and ha
be recognized. The correction is "a frien
problem of the Casket Letters." I have
But, alas! not having seen Mr. Henderson'
to-day (November 15), my account of the "fri
remains unaltered, and it appears to be incor
him, as—to the best of my memory—I did priv
term "well-known student." I thought it mig
of many persons, at home and abroad. Appa
son thinks otherwise. My wish was to state o
hypothesis. I had already stated those of m
I, for one, think "a well-known student."
that Mr. Henderson acquits me of worse tha

As to points in dispute, Moray *may* have to
false tale about a letter of Mary's in August,
have written down what Moray said, and repe
September, 1568. It may be so. But, bef
June 11—Lennox was working in the society
in his possession at the time the Scots transl
Is Wood likely to have let Lennox quote
letter which did not exist? So I argue in
Mr. Henderson does not allude to this difficu
in August, 1567, Moray was in touch with
could not "trust heretics") the difficulty ab
I had not remarked, I admit, that Moray vi
in 1567, or that she "can never trust here
She was right.

The danger of the Scots Lords, if they
a letter differing from that which they gav
did not, as Mr. Henderson thinks, esc
"Conceivably, even if the letters differ
differences, though proof of tampering, di
Mary's glory" (p. 199). Therefore, it might
show up the differences.

As to Robert Melville's rapid ride to
impossible," says Mr. Henderson—how lo
brother James take over the ride when he
birth of James VI.? Mr. Henderson is other
Melville was *not*, as I said, the bearer of the
rider was George Douglas. I was misled
omission of a "&") in "Bain," II., 336. A
told de Silva, who talked to her about the lett
it was not true, although Lethington had a
matter." Mr. Henderson says that Elizabeth
ton had "'acted badly' in joining the oppone
I leave this interpretation to your readers.

Lethington had much more than "hardly
with the letters in the Casket. He had June

draft will be printed, I doubt not, by Father Pollen. As to my differences from Mr. Henderson (on all these points) my mind is quite open. I only advance provisional hypotheses, professedly "without much confidence," and I am ready to abandon them if disproved. Yours faithfully,

A. LANG.

Littlegreen, Petersfield, Nov. 15.

LIONS IN THE PATH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, Your Reviewer of my "Anticipations" raises a point so interesting that I am tempted out of a worthy custom of silence to answer his chief objection to my conclusions.

He declares that I am "a scientific student in the narrower sense"—shall I never cease to be "damned" in this way because I took my degree in science?—and that "the political student" will "perceive lions in the path" to the attainment of my New Republic that I have altogether ignored—and he raises up again into a semblance of life two lions that I respectfully submit I have already in my book carefully and effectually shown to be lions of straw.

The first lion he would have to be still alive he calls Convulsion or Cataclysm. The backbone of that resuscitation is his question: "Will soldiers taken from the proletariat, and presently to return to the proletariat, obey orders when commanded to fire on them?" Your readers could hardly imagine from his question that in my chapter on War I have done everything in my power to demonstrate, and I believe I have demonstrated, that the epoch of proletariat armies is drawing to its end, and that in my discussion of the future of Russia, and throughout my chapter on Democracy, I have laid the utmost stress on the passing of power out of the hands of the multitude. And these are not matters of forecast altogether. If the political student will make a comparative revision of the social insurrections of the period 1750-1900 he will find that the *maximum* insurrectionary power of the proletariat was attained long before 1850, and, indeed, that since 1850 (with the quite exceptional case of the Commune) popular insurrection has been a dying force.

Similar considerations destroy your reviewer's dramatic little fancy in which "China and Islam, an Islam of negroes, simultaneously see their chance, and pour their well-drilled hordes, armed with the latest weapons, into Europe." "Well-drilled hordes" is neither clever nor convincing—it is a contradiction in terms, and the suggestion altogether ignores my most carefully and elaborately constructed proof that unintelligent armies *must* give way, must inevitably be beaten and abolished by the organized and educated community of the coming time fighting as one organic whole. This second "lion in the path," this Black and Tan version of Pearson's "Yellow Peril," just like that first lion, Cataclysm, I will confess I believed in profoundly, in the days when I wrote "When the Sleeper Wakes"—a book presenting a phase of opinion that I should imagine would fall in with your Reviewer's views very completely. Since then I have gone up to these lions in the path—and like most of the lions in the path of the New Republic they are straw and indigestion! And I submit it is more than a little unfair to the work I have done in this book, that because I have thrust these misconceptions that now loom so largely in the popular mind into their proper place again out of the way, your reviewer—failing to encounter their terrible eyes on his first plunge into what is, you know, quite unavoidably a crowded book, should—evidently without any search for their remains—accuse me of "ignoring

Books to look out for at once.

"The Life of William Ewart Gladstone." By Herbert W. M. Elder. 7s. 6d.
[Enlarged from the biography in the "Dictionary of Biography." Frontispiece portrait.]

"The Foundations of Belief." By A. J. Balfour. Longmans.
[Eighth edition, with a summary and a new introduction. work.]

"Wales." By O. M. Edwards. ("Story of the Nations" series.) and Illustrations. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

"Winifred Vida." By William Canton. Dent.

"Prosperous British India." By William Digby, C.I.E. P. 12s. 6d.
[The author claims that the people of India are not people in the world, but are continually growing poorer.]

"Killarney's Lakes and Falls." Edited by Edmund Downey. mezzotint engravings by F. S. Walker, and legends, descriptions by famous authors. Downey and Co. 5 guineas net, and 2 guineas net.

"Afoot through the Kashmir Valleys." By Marion Doughty. Sands. 7s. 6d.

"The Kiss and its History." By Dr. Christopher Nyrop, Romance Philology at Copenhagen University. Sands.
[See Note p. 183.]

"Gabriele Rossetti." A versified Autobiography. Translated mented by William Michael Rossetti. Containing several and much hitherto unpublished information about the Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Christina Rossetti. Sands.

"Poverty: a Study of Town Life." By B. S. Rowntree. 10s. 6d. net.

"Oxford Studies." By John Richard Green. Macmillan.
[The majority of these papers first appeared in the *Ch* many years ago, and are now republished under the super Green.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRI

With notes where required to guide the reader contents.

[*Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subseq*

ART.

BRITISH SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS OF TO-DA Spielmann. 12½×9½, 172 pp. Cassell. 7s. n.
[Critical and descriptive accounts of the work of " living sculptor of repute in Great Britain," with pict work. Paper bound. Also to be had in cloth for 7s. 6d.

THE PAVEMENT MASTERS OF SIENA, 1369-1562. By R. (Handbook of the Great Craftsmen.) 7½×5¼, 155 pp. Be
[A detailed description, with admirable illustrations ment of Siena Cathedral, with accounts of the pavement materials, and workmanship.]

LES DÉBUTS DE L'ART. By Prof. E. Grosse. Tra German by E. Dirr. Intro. by Prof. Léon Marillier. 239 pp. Alcan. Fr.6.
[A remarkable and suggestive work of art criticism have rejoiced Taine.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE CHILDREN'S LONDON. By Charlotte Thorpe Luker, Jnr. 10½×7½, 229 pp. Leadenhall Press. 1s. 6d.
[A handsome book describing the chief sights Copiously and happily illustrated.]

CRUSOES OF THE FROZEN NORTH. By Gordon Stan 112 pp. BEARS AND DACOITS. By G. A. Henty. 7 (1s. each). TOMMY'S TREK. By Bessie Marchant. (9d.) Blackie.
[New volumes of adventure and travel in Messrs. B of graduated story-books for children: the ninepen children of seven and upwards, the shilling books for elev year-olds. Illustrated.]

COSEY CORNER, or, How They Kept a Farm. By L. T. M 282 pp. Chambers. 3s. 6d.
[A story of country life.]

COURAGE AND CONFLICT. By G. A. Henty, G. M. Bullen, and others. 7½×6, 416 pp. Chambers. 5s.
[Historical and adventurous stories for boys.]

A VERY NAUGHTY GIRL. By L. T. Meade. 7½× Chambers. 5s.
[The adventures of a high-spirited, untrained Asc

MORE ANIMAL STORIES. Ed. by Robert Cochrane. 7½×5½, 282 pp. Chambers. 3s. 6d.

[This follows on "Four Hundred Animal Stories" and is mainly reprinted from *Chambers's Journal*, but contains other stories from various sources, among them "Rab and his Friends." Illustrated.]

OUR LITTLE ONES' OBJECT BOOK. 13½×9½. Warne. 4s.

[Coloured pictures of countless objects. On indestructible boards.]

THE LITTLE FOLKS' BOOK OF BIRDS. BABY'S ANIMAL PICTURE BOOK. By Aunt Louisa. 13×10½. Warne. 2s. 6d. each.

[Fine pictures of birds and animals, with descriptive letterpress.]

"ST. NICHOLAS" BOOK OF PLAYS AND OPERETTAS. 7¾×5½, 291 pp. Warne. 3s. 6d.

[Reprinted from "St. Nicholas," with directions for shadow-pantomimes, acting ballads, &c.]

PATER'S BOOK OF RHYMES. By Jessie Parry. Illus. by A. Rysum. 10×7½, 65 pp. Sherratt and Hughes. 3s. 6d. n.

[Amusing rhymes with funny line pictures.]

THE DOCTOR'S NIECE. By Eliza F. Pollard. 7½×5½, 287 pp. Blackie. 3s. 6d.

[A pleasant story of Brittany at the end of the eighteenth century and a peasants' rebellion. The heroine becomes companion to a girl at a chateau, until she discovers her mother, who proves to be the true owner of the chateau.]

FAITHFUL FRIENDS. 10½×7½. Blackie. 2s.

[Stories and rhymes about animals, with large well-drawn pictures, some coloured.]

TERRIE'S TRAVELS. By Jessie Chatfeild. 7½×5½, 207 pp. Blackie. 2s.

[A pleasant enough story for small boys and girls. Terrie, a little boy, gets lost at the seaside, is taken care of by a curate in London, and has other adventures. Illustrated.]

THE NIDDING NOD OF ONCE-UPON-A-TIME. By H. Escott-Inman. 7½×5½, 209 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

[A companion volume to the "Patty Pats," which appeared a week or two ago.]

GIRLS OF THE TRUE BLUE. By L. T. Meade. 8×5¾, 406 pp. Chambers. 6s.

[A domestic story for girls.]

MY PRETTY PICTURE-BOOK. 7½×5½. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

[A dim quartet of stories and rhymes with pictures.]

THE WORLD OF ANIMAL LIFE. Edited by Fred Smith. 8½×6½, 414 pp. Blackie. 5s.

[An attractive book well illustrated; by the author of "The Boyhood of a Naturalist."]

AN ANIMAL A-B-C. Drawn by H. B. Neilson. 11½×9. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

[A children's book with rhymes and comic pictures.]

OUR LITTLE DOTS. THE CHILD'S COMPANION. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d. each.

HEY DIDDLE-DIDDLE, COME DANCE TO MY FIDDLE. BABY'S BIRTHDAY A-B-C. BABY'S BOOK OF BIRDS. (1s. each). ONE AND ONE ARE TWO. NURSERY RHYMES. NURSERY NUMBERS. OUR FAVOURITE ANIMAL BOOK. OUR FAVOURITE TALES. OUR FAVOURITE NURSERY RHYMES. OUR FAVOURITE NURSERY TALES. OUR FAVOURITE NURSERY SONGS. OUR FAVOURITE FIRST NURSERY BOOK. 7½×5½. Warne. (6d. each.)

CHILDREN'S TREASURY OF PICTURES AND STORIES. No. II. (1s.). PUSS IN BOOTS. FOR THE FLAG, a painting book of flags. (1s.). LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. NURSERY JINGLES. PUSSIES AND PETS. A DONKEY RIDE. ROMPS UP TO LONDON TO SEE THE KING. A DAY AT THE ZOO. CHILDREN OF THE EMPIRE. SAND CASTLES. Nelson.

[Large paper picture books. The colouring shows a great improvement on older books.]

HELENE CORIANIS. By Mme. C. Colomb. 10½×6¾, 301 pp. Hachette. 3s. 6d.

[Domestic story for young people. Illustrated.]

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

THE ENGLISH CATALOGUE. Comprising the London and the British Catalogues, 1898-1900. 10×6¾, 482 pp. Sampson Low. 30s. n.

[We have often praised this unique and invaluable list of publications which, by its arrangements, approaches a Subject Index.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN. By R. Harry Davies. 9½×6½, 300 pp. Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d.

[Reviewed on p. 490.]

THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF LEO TOLSTOY. By G. H. Perris. 8½×5½, 272 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[This is a book of extracts from Tolstoy's writings, autobio-

HENRY DRUMMOND. By J. Y. Simpson. (F 7½×6½, 160 pp. Oliphant. 1s. 6d. n.

[A short biographical and critical skete "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."]

CLASSICAL.

A FEW NOTES ON JULIAN and a Translation of hi E. J. Chinnock. 7½×5, 82 pp. Nutt. 1s. 6d. n.

[With notes on passages in Julian's Oratio page references to Hertlein. Paper bound.]

FICTION.

STORIES IN THE DARK. By Barry Pain. 6 Richards. 1s.

[These are short studies, well written, i supernatural.]

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. By H. G. We Newnes. 6s.

[A story of a journey to the moon. Excellen

FOMA GORDYEEF. By Maxim Gorky. Tra Hapgood. 7¾×5, 448pp. Unwin. 6s.

[On the Volga. A pessimistic story by thi novelist.]

PAPA (LIMITED). By W. Carter Platts. 8×5½, 2

[Stories farcical and humorous.]

AN ISLAND INTERLUDE. By J. Amity. 7½×5½, 2

[The love-story of a politician on his ho chatelaine of the Island where he is staying.]

FORBIDDEN PATHS. By Marcus Reay. 7¾×5½, 1

[A slight story of love entanglements.]

A MODERN ANTÆUS. By The Writer of an Esu Letters. 8×5¾, 518 pp. Murray. 6s.

[See Review, p. 492.]

CAPTAIN BLUTT. A Tale of Old Turley. By Adeler). 7¾×5, 163 pp. Coates (Philadelphia).

[An amusing novel of modern American provi

THE DROPPING OF AN H. By Isa Garvey. 7¾×

[A story of "smart" life and of a " missed marrying the old Duke of Land's End.]

SHROUDED IN MYSTERY. By the Misses Stre Drane. 3s. 6d.

[Four ghost stories.]

THE PROVING OF PRISCILLA. By Louie Be Harpers. 6s.

[A story of husband and wife: the se Cathedral town.]

THE FALL OF LORD PADDOCKSLEA. By Lio 231 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

[A tale of modern political society. L Liberal Premier. "Caps" may be fitted upon o

SONS OF THE SWORD. By Margaret L. W Heinemann.

[A Romance of the Peninsular War.]

THE END OF AN EPOCH. By A. Lincoln G Blackwood. 6s.

[A well-written, rather gruesome, and sombr destruction of the English nation through the a virulent bacillus. The survivors are only the hero and his bride, who find an antidote.]

THE FIREBRAND. By S. R. Crockett. 8×5½. 5

[Spain and the Carlists.]

LORD DUNCHESTER, or, The End of Dr. Theru Edited by Lieut.-General Phelps. 7¾×5, 159 pp.

[" Dr. Therne " was a novel by Mr. Rid support vaccination. This purports to be a se the person of Mr. Rider Haggard's anti-vaccinat vaccination side.]

THE IDEALIST. By Grove Johnson. 8×5½, 216

[The struggle of an artistic young Oxford m a black country town; ends with a tragedy.]

THE NEW MRS. LASCELLES. By L. T. Mea James Clarke. 5s.

[Tells how a young second wife of a London misunderstandings, wins over her stepchildren.]

MATER DOLOROSA. Par L'Auteur de "A Maurice de Walleyre. 6¾×7½, 401 pp. Paris

[A novel of much merit.]

HISTORY.

BRITISH HISTORY MADE INTERESTING. By C. Villiers Hartley. 7½×5, 178 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 2s.

[An attempt to sketch the history attractively for grown-up people who have forgotten it. It may do something to achieve this object (which Collier tried not without success), but it would be more likely to do so if the print were larger and more open.]

LITERATURE AND BELLES-LETTRES.

THE BEGINNINGS OF POETRY. By F. B. Gummere. 9×6, 473 pp. The Macmillan Co. 12s. 6d. n.

[The author is an American professor.]

BARDELL v. PICKWICK. Ed. by Percy FitzGerald. 9×5¾, 116 pp. Elliot Stock. 6s.

[Giving the trial with full commentary, with true names of the characters introduced, the state of the law at the time, &c., with contemporary illustrations.]

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS TO CRASHAW'S ENGLISH POEMS. By J. R. Tutin. 7½×1¾, 20 pp. (Gratis on application to J. R. Tutin, Gt. Fencote, near Bedale, Yorks.)

[This erudite little paper pamphlet goes into the poems with much detail, alluding, for example, to the similarity between passages in the "Sospetto d'Herode" and lines in Milton, Young, and Shelley, and gives a number of leading critical estimates of Crashaw's poetry. Mr. Tutin's edition of the English poems was reviewed by us last year.]

THE LORE OF CATHAY, or, The Intellect of China. By W. A. P. Martin. 9×6, 472 pp. Oliphant. 10s. 6d.

[A substantial volume by the President of the Chinese Imperial University. Photos.]

SHAKESPEARE AS A DRAMATIC ARTIST. By T. R. Lounsbury. 418 pp. LECTURES ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE. By Hanns Oertel. 329 pp., 9×6½. Arnold. 12s. 6d. n. each.

[These are Yale bicentennial publications. The first is one of a series called "Shakespearian wars" dealing with controversies about Shakespeare. The second gives the history of linguistic science in the nineteenth century and fully discusses language-changes and semantic.]

NELLE LETTERATURE STRANIERE (Quarta Serie). Pessimisti, by Andrea Laforte-Randi. 7½×1¾, 338 pp. Alberto Reber.

[Studies of Swift, La Rochefoucault, and Schopenhauer.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A DOCTOR IN KHAKI. By F. E. Fremantle. 8½×5¾, 540 pp. Murray. 10s. 6d. n.

[Mr. Fremantle was Civil Surgeon to the Forces in South Africa. Illustrated.]

OMNIBUSES AND CABS. Their Origin and History. By H. C. Moore. 8½×5½, 282 pp. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

[An attractive volume, printed in large type with a variety of illustrations, tracing in a popular vein the history of omnibuses, from the "Carrosses à Cinq Sous" (Paris, 1662) and of cabs, from the hackney coach (1623).]

WHAT A YOUNG WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW. (Self and Sex Series.) By Emma F. A. Drake, M.D. 6¾×4½, 288 pp. The Vir Publishing Co. 6s. n.

[Written from a medical and ethical point of view.]

MODERN BUSINESS METHODS: THE HOME TRADE, 243 pp., 2s. 6d. MODERN BUSINESS METHODS: IMPORT AND EXPORT TRADE, 268 pp., 3s. 6d. 8½×5½. By F. Hooper and J. Graham. MODERN BOOK-KEEPING AND ACCOUNTS. By W. Adgie. Part I.: Elementary. 7¾×4¾, 102 pp. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

[These belong to a useful series, edited by Messrs. Hooper and Graham, who are competent authorities. They are not intended for examinations, but as reference books for business men and text-books for commercial students. The first two have proved their value and are in second editions. Mr. Adgie's book, a smaller work, is very well suited both for teachers and for intelligent private students.]

THE TENNYSON RECITER. Ed. by A. H. Miles. 8¾×5½, 224 pp. Hutchinson. 2s.

[Selections. Neatly bound and good type.]

MODERN BILLIARDS. By John Roberts, Jun., and Others. Ed. by F. M. Hotine. 8¾×5½, 316 pp. Pearson. 6s.

[Mr. Roberts' portion of the book—"The Game of Billiards and How to Play It"—occupies with diagrams nearly half the volume. The rest contains a sketch of Roberts' career, accounts of breaks by Mitchell and others, and records of important matches.]

CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, 1901. 10×7, 667 pp. 8s.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE. Vol. for 1901. Isbister. 7s. 6d.

GOOD WORDS. Vol. for 1901. Isbister. 7s. 6d.

POETRY.

HAWTHORN AND LAVENDER. With Other Verses. By Ernest Hedley. 8½×5½, 113 pp. Nutt. 6s.

DAIRINE AND OTHER POEMS. By the Hon. Katherine [illegible] 7¾×5½. Jarrold. 10s. 6d.

[Poems founded on Irish history and legend. The fr[illegible] a portrait of the authoress.]

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET. By H. J. Jennings. 7[illegible] Harrison. 1s.

[A collection of Humorous Poems rather in the style of Gilbert.]

SONGS OF THE MORNING. Lyrics for Music. By E. Tre[illegible] 7¾×5½, 105 pp. Leadenhall Press.

THE THRUSH (1901). Simpkin, Marshall.

[The annual volume of this periodical which exists for [illegible]tion of original verse.]

A PALACE OF DREAMS, and other Verse. By Ada B. Ra[illegible] 256 pp. Blackwood. 5s.

POLITICAL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD FOREIGN OFFICE. By Edward Hertslet, K.C.B. 9×6, 265 pp. 12s. n. Murray.

[Lewis Hertslet was in the Foreign Office as Sub-L[illegible] Librarian from 1801 to 1857. Sir Edward, his son, succeed[illegible] retired in 1896. Portraits and other illustrations.]

THREE OCTOBERS. By Ronald Howe. 8¾×5½, 95 pp. T[illegible]

[A pamphlet vivaciously criticizing politicians on both [illegible] calling on Lord Rosebery to take the lead.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

CHAUCER'S COMPLETE WORKS. Ed. by the Rev. W. [illegible] (The Oxford Poets.) 7¾×5½, 732 pp. Frowde. 3s. 6d.

[A reprint of Prof. Skeat's "Student Chaucer," publi[illegible] (introduction on Chaucer's life, grammar, metre, &c., an[illegible] with text; as a frontispiece, the portrait of Chaucer drawn [illegible] of the MS. of Occleve's "De Regimine Principum."

ACTS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF ENGLAND. N[illegible] Vol. XXIV., 1592-3. Edited by Lord Roche Da[illegible] 10½×6½, 489 pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

[Deals with the Spanish war and difficulties of the En[illegible] in France, the plague in London, Irish troubles, actions ta[illegible] Recusants, Spanish intrigues in Great Britain, and variou[illegible] Admiralty and domestic administration. On May 18, 1593, [illegible] to arrest "Christofer Marlow" on an unstated charge.]

THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN WILLIAM LAUD AND M[illegible] THE JESUIT. Edited by C. H. Simpkinson (The English [illegible] Library). 9×6, 456 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

[This library is to contain the principal English Theolo[illegible] Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, with Introductions [illegible] Law, Wilson, and Butler have been dealt with. We ha[illegible] report of the famous conference between Laud and the J[illegible] conducted by command of James I. for the special edific[illegible] favourite, Buckingham, with notes and a brief, well-w[illegible] duction by the Editor, and a full Index.]

THE WAY OF PERFECTION. By Saint Teresa. Edite[illegible] Waller. (The Cloister Library). 6½×4½, 225 pp. Dent. [illegible]

["The Perfection," says Mrs. Cunninghame Graham i[illegible] of Teresa," "represents the finished and magnificent fa[illegible] spiritual life." "She is the geographer and hydrogra[illegible] sinful soul," says M. J. K. Huysmans. A valuable addi[illegible] elegant little series. Text, and with very brief notes at th[illegible] translation is Abraham Woodhead's (1671-1675), with spell[illegible] altered.]

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM. Trans. by Edward F[illegible] Illus. by Blanche McManus. 9×7½, 19 pp. 5s. OMAR [illegible] CALENDAR FOR 1902. 10½×6. 2s. 6d. n. De la More [illegible]

[The Rubáiyát (a slim quarto) is a reprint of Fitzg[illegible] version. The print is large and clear, and the illustrations [illegible] tive designs in black, red, and green; the Calendar a [illegible] quatrains with same illustrations.]

CHRISTMAS BOOKS, MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOC[illegible] DROOD. By Charles Dickens. (The Oxford India Pap[illegible] 7×4½, 287 pp. Frowde. 2s. 6d. n.

[The ninth of the seventeen volumes of this handy seri[illegible] original illustrations by Leech and others.]

LALLA ROOKH. By Thomas Moore. 8×6, 296 pp. Warne [illegible]

[Well printed on glazed paper with good half-tone [illegible]

THE UNIVERSE, or the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little. By F. A. Porretti, Ed. by J. R. A. Davis, 9×6, 326 pp. Blackie. 7s. 6d.

[This is one of the best and best-known popular books on Natural Science, copiously illustrated. It is now brought up to date by the Professor of Geology and Geology at Cirencester College, Aberystwyth.]

HAMMONDS HARD LINES. By S. Kitchend. 7½×5, 326 pp. New Edition. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

[An amusing tale of a schoolboy who got a fairy to grant his wishes.]

THE PIRATE ISLAND. By R. Collingwood. 7½×5, 320 pp. Blackie. 3s.

[A story of the South Pacific.]

SOMERLEY, Scholarship and Undergraduate. By Gilbert Swift. 7½×5, 416 pp. Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d. n.

A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE ON THE COMPARATIVE METHOD. By Prof. B. Fletcher and B. F. Fletcher. Fourth Edition. 8½×5, 800 pp. Batsford. 21s. n.

[Much of this book has been rewritten. The largest addition is 70 pages on the "non-historical styles," Indian, Chinese, Japanese, and Saracenic. There is also new matter on pre-historic architecture, medieval religious orders, Gothic architecture in Europe, &c. There are now also 250 plates, partly photographs, partly line drawings. The work is a comprehensive, summarised review of architectural history, useful for reference.]

MIXED METALS or Metallic Alloys. By A. H. Hiorns. 7×4½, 430 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[Published in 1893 and now revised and enlarged.]

"WAR TO THE KNIFE," or Tangiaf Maori. By Rolf Boldrewood. 7½×5, 420 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

[A story of the Maori war.]

ON THE CURE OF THE MORPHIA HABIT. By Oscar Jennings. Second Edition. 7½×5, 211 pp. Baillière, Tindall. 3s. 6d. n.

[The words "without suffering" are added to the title of this little work, first published ten years ago.]

VERSES. By Elizabeth Fox Howard. 7½×6½, 63 pp. J. W. Phelp, Essex. 1s. 6d.

[A slightly enlarged edition of a book we praised on April 11, 1900.]

THE WONDERFUL CENTURY READER. By Alfred Russel Wallace. 8×5½, 254 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s.

[Abridged form of the same author's "The Wonderful Century," now in its fourth edition. Summarises the nineteenth-century advances in science, art, and invention (with illustrations) in the form of lessons divided into short paragraphs.]

SONNETS. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 5×4, 87 pp. Brimley Johnson. 3s.

[A small neatly-bound volume, with one sonnet on each page, and a photogravure of Watts' "Love and Life" as a frontispiece.]

THEOLOGY.

COLLECTED WORKS OF F. MAX MÜLLER, XVIII. LAST ESSAYS. II. Essays on the Science of Religion. 7½×5½, 368 pp. Longmans. 5s.

[Deals with ancient religions, the religions of China, Mohamedanism, Immortality, &c., with some notes and replies by other writers.]

"ONLY A PRAYER-MEETING"? By C. H. Spurgeon. 7½×5, 366 pp. Passmore and Alabaster. 3s. 6d.

[Forty addresses delivered by Mr. Spurgeon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle and other prayer meetings.]

THE SHINING HOUR. By J. R. Miller, D.D. 7½×6, 20 pp. Sunday School Union. Illustrated.

[A paper booklet.]

THE MINISTRY OF COMFORT. By J. R. Miller. 7×4½, 279 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

[Dr. Miller's "Silent Times Series."]

STUDIES IN HOLY SCRIPTURE. By A. G. Mortimer. 8×5, 418 pp. Rivington. 5s. n.

[Sermons by the Rector of St. Mark's, Philadelphia.]

BEHOLD A SOWER. 8½×5½, 100 pp. The British and Foreign Bible Society.

[A popular Illustrated Report of the Society.]

HANDBOOK TO THE TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Frederick G. Kenyon. 9×6, 312 pp. Macmillan. 10s. n.

[A full account with facsimiles of the MSS. and ancient versions, and of the history and present position of the Textual problem, by the Assistant Keeper of MSS., British Museum.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

DUTCH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By P. M. Heath. 7½×4½, 320 pp. Newnes. 3s. 6d. n.

[Popular sketches of present-day life in the Netherlands with numerous illustrations.]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House

PROBLEM No. 265, by H. von BERNARD.

BLACK. 10 pieces.

WHITE. 10 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 267, by J. JUCHLY.

BLACK. 6 pieces.

WHITE. 12 pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 266, by A. NOBLE.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and

DIFFICULT P of our correspo of stiff proble set printed three or fo which cannot tricky play Loyd's, 269, champion cate about No. 268 says:—"This ceiving prob numerous w almost do it a up many." the set within falling into a

PROBLEM No. 268, by Joseph Ney Babson. (9 pieces)—K at K B 8; Q at Q R 7; roo Q Kt 4; B at K Kt 8; Kt at K 7; pawns Q 6. Black (4 pieces)—K at K R sq; B at K R 5, Q B 7. Three moves.

PROBLEM No. 269, by S. Loyd, U.S.A.— —K at Q Kt 8; Q at Q 8; R at K B sq; B at Q 5 and Q B 8; pawns at K Kt 4, K 5, Q B Black (10 pieces) K at K B 2; rooks at B at K B 7; pawns at K Kt 2, K Kt 3, K Kt Q B 4. Three moves.

TO SOLVERS.—In End-game No. 260, Gold, place White paw and in No. 261, Heywood, place White king at Q Kt 6. We have above correct, as they appeared to be of much interest. We need state. Solvers will greatly assist by writing Chess Editor prompt posed error. No. 255, Marin, is printed correctly from author, but in two. We will allow a few days extra in the case of 260, 261.

GAME No. CXI. Played at Moscow in con

EVANS GAMBIT.

White. Allies.	Black. M. I. Tschigorin.	White. Allies.
1. P–K 4	P–K 4	16. K R–K sq
2. Kt–K B 3	Kt–Q B 3	17. B–K 4
3. B–B 4	B–B 4	18. Kt–R 4
4. P–Q Kt 4	B–P	19. Q–Kt 5
5. P–B 3	B–B 4	20. Kt–B 3
6. P–Q 4	P×P	21. B–B sq
7. Castles	P×P	22. Q–K R 5
8. Q–Kt 3	Q–B 3	23. Kt×Kt
9. P–K 5	Q–Kt 3	24. R×R ch
10. Kt–P	K Kt–K 2	25. B–K 3
11. B–B 3	Castles	26. P–Kt 4
12. Kt–Q 5	Kt–Kt	27. B×B
13. B–Kt	P–Q 3	28. P–K R 4
14. P×P	P–P	29. B–B 5
15. Q R–Q sq	B–B 2	30. R×P

GAME No. CXII. Played in Paris.

White. A. Allin.	Black. B. Rittenfeld.	White. A. Allin.

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Next week we shall issue a fully Illustrated Christmas Supplement dealing with books for boys and girls, illustrated books, &c.; and containing an article on Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and its various illustrators.

* * * *

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be

Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN.

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"The Life of William Ewart Gladstone," by H. W. Paul. Smith, Elder.

"The Life of Sir W. Molesworth," by Mrs. Fawcett. Macmillan.

"Jane Austen: Her Home and Friends." By Constance Hall. Lane.

"London Afternoons," by the Rev. W. J. Loftie. Cassell.

of enlightenment. "Greek students," he says, "do
that any one should write as every one talks. They want
should write as in reality one never talks, for what is c
learned tongue is not at all old Greek . . . but a m
Greek, capable of making even an average Hellenist
He doubts, however, whether it was prudent to under
translation at the present moment. M. Jean Psichari
a Greek who has a right to speak, and has been one of
promoters of the movement for what may be ca
"standardization" of the corrupt forms of the modern

* * * *

The two volumes of Bismarck's "Memoirs" ar
continued. The German publisher Cotta is to bring
new volumes of the ex-Chancellor's letters—the first
to the letters from Bismarck to William I.—the second c
a series of letters to various Princes and Sovereigns.

* * * *

Seldom have there been so many new departures on
the English book trade as at the present moment. M
American origin, they are regarded with suspicion
leading publishers here, who hold that they are looking
dignity of English literature, as well as their own inte
standing true to the old traditions. And it is worth no
Messrs. Isbister's new manager, as stated in *L*
recently, has returned from America, after many years'
ence there, with similar views. Some of the new ideas,
are entirely home-made. We understand, for instance,
well-known firm of publishers runs a good deal of its
on the following lines:—It secures a popular novelist
him so much for his next book, and then forms a little s
in the City to share the expense. A new book by a
author is a considerably safer investment than ma
discovered gold mines.

* * * *

This practice of "under-writing," of course, is not
precedent. There was a time when publishers made a
of sharing the cost of expensive works. This was the c
Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," of which we note, by
Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill is preparing a new edition, to be re
next year. The author of the "Lives," at any rate, w
fled with his share in the financial arrangements. "Si
Dr. Johnson to a friend, "I have always said the bo
were a generous set of men. Nor in the present insta
I reason to complain. The fact is, not that they pai
little, but that I have written too much." The Doctor
two hundred guineas for his "Lives of the Poets" in
instance; then a present of another hundred; and
hundred with a new edition.

* * * *

Maxim Gorki (or the Bitter One), whose "Foma Go
is reviewed in another column, is the pseudonym of a
writer whose real name is Alexey Maximovich Pieshk

a scrambled who lent him books, from which he got his passion for literature. "Till the cask appeared," he has written, "I could not endure books, or indeed any scrap of printed paper." At the age of fifteen he proceeded to the University of Kazan, "kindly imagining that learning was there given gratis to every one who wanted it. This it appeared was not the case, so I entered a biscuit factory at three roubles a month." The work was too hard. He gave it up and sold apples in the streets. His next employment was as watchman on a railway. Then he hawked kvass, and then became secretary to a lawyer, Mr. A. T. Lanin, but left Nijni Novgorod to live a wandering life. He wandered through the Don region, and the Ukraine, and into Bessarabia, and thence along the southern coast of the Crimea to Kaban, and along the Black Sea, ultimately reaching Tiflis. Here his first story was printed in a local paper. Getting back to Nijni he wrote for the local papers there, made the acquaintance of Korolenko, who helped him with his influence and advice, and rapidly rose to the eminent position in Russian literature which he now occupies. His first book was published as recently as 1898. Mr. Heinemann announces two more stories by Gorki in an English version—"The Orloff Couple" and "Malva."

* * * *

The association of Rossetti's name with that of Tennyson would in itself have sufficed to give interest to a little drawing, in pen-and-ink and wash, sold at Christie's on Monday as part of the property of the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. But inasmuch as the sketch represents the late Poet Laureate on that "night of the Gods," as it has been called, September 27, 1855, when, at Mr. and Mrs. Browning's house, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, he read "Maud" to a small circle of friends, its attraction from a literary point of view is extraordinary. We have several accounts of that memorable evening. In his journal for the following day, Tennyson made this entry:—"I dined yesterday with the Brownings and had a very pleasant evening. Both of them are admirers of poor little 'Maud.' The two Rossettis came in in the evening." William Allingham, who as well as Miss Arabella Barrett was present, says "he (Tennyson) is quite as glorious in his way as Browning in his, perhaps of the two even more impressive on the whole personality." Finally, in a letter written by Browning from St. Pierre de Chartreuse to Mr. William Sharp about 1883, we have record of the actual sketch, or at any rate of that which served as its basis. "On another of my returns to London he (Rossetti) painted my portrait, not, I fancy, in oils, but water-colours. . . . This must have been in the year when Tennyson published 'Maud,' for I remember Tennyson reading the poem one evening while Rossetti made a rapid pen-and-ink sketch of him, very good, from one obscure corner of vantage, which I still possess and duly value." That same evening Browning read to the little circle his masterly word-picture of "pace tenebrae Lippi," the allusion wherein to Masaccio as a "pounder" who "comes to our convent" was defended by Browning in a most interesting letter published some months ago in these columns. The little sketch at Christie's—showing Tennyson seated sideways in the corner of a sofa, left hand hugging his knee, the face in profile—was bought by Messrs. Agnew for thirty guineas. It is inscribed "Maud, 1855," and at the back of the frame—for it, too, is of glass—is in MS., signed by Rossetti, his sonnet, "Hero's Lamp," from the House of Life series. In line 9, it is interesting to note, the word "shadowy" [illegible]

1807, "Poems on Various Occasions" was dist
S. and J. Ridge, of Newark. It contains
"Fugitive Pieces" and twelve hitherto unp
this volume, which the author describes as "
miraculously chaste," 100 copies only were st
to Moore. To-day it stands high among the ra
teenth century in the esteem of the book-colle
annotated copy in the British Museum;
possesses one of the finest known, Mr. McGeo
as long ago as 1892 an example, uncut, with th
the original boards, brought £68 at auction.

* * *

The copy which comes up for sale next we
similar condition; but this constitutes a
attraction. On the title is the inscription, "
Coldm. Gds., from the author"; on the fly
autograph, three "Stanzas by Ld. B.," th
runs:—

Ah! Mem'ry torture me no m
The present's all o'ercast,
My hopes of future bliss are o'
In mercy veil the past!

Edward Noel Long, to whom a poem in
ness" is addressed, and who is the "Clo
Recollections," was an intimate school fri
Harrow, and, going up to Cambridge togethe
for feats of swimming and diving. On three
at Harrow, July 5, 1801, June 6 and
names of Byron and Long appear on the pu
Long entered the Guards, served honourably in
Copenhagen, but early in the year 1809 wa
passage with his regiment to Lisbon, when
George ran foul, in the night, of another. T
says of him: "His friendship and a violent,
and passion, which held me at the same period
of the most romantic period of my life. . .
wrote to me to write his son's epitaph. I pr
not the heart to complete it." It will
presentation copy of "Poems on Various Occa
on Monday, has unique interest.

* * *

On Monday afternoon Hogarth House
offered for sale at the Mart. Little remains
of the garden, "laid out in good style," of
and we can find no trace of the filbert avenu
played ninepins, the tomb of the dog Pompey,
the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies," or of tha
finch, whose little grave the artist himself dug
the overhanging bay window is there; and the
braced and girdled by Hogarth, still in good s
Curiously enough the bidding, which started
exactly the sum, £1,500, named by the commit
formed to purchase and preserve the property

* * *

A monument was unveiled on Sunday
Cemetery in Paris to Henri Heine. The
occasion of an outburst of Anti-Semitic fan
prove that Heine, the cosmopolitan Jew,
remained there under false pretences, bei
authentic political refugee which he claimed t

a French citizen. These are the statements made in an apparently seriously documented article on the Paris *Liberté*, and they are not without interest.

* * * *

In a volume of lithographs devoted to the old Royal Palaces of London—to be published in a limited edition by Mr. Lane early next month—Mr. Thomas R. Way fulfils a promise made in one of his former volumes. The new era in our national history has brought with it great changes in some of the Royal Palaces, and the time is ripe to bring together some slight record of them. The subject, however, as Mr. Way says in his preface, is a very large one, and each building has been treated in at least one important volume. The artist claims to show that in these thirteen palaces or remains of palaces near London the nation possesses a more splendid collection of buildings of the kind than any other country can boast of. Buckingham Palace has not been included, because its use as a Royal Palace dates from a more recent time. The volume, which contains notes by Mr. Frederic Chapman, will be uniform with "Architectural Remains of Old Richmond, Petersham, Twickenham, Mortlake, and Kew," and "Reliques of Old London."

* * * *

During the first three days of this week there came under Messrs. Sotheby's hammer the following interesting books:—"The XII. Bukes of Eneados of the Famose Poete Virgil," London, 1553, and a Thomas Berthelet piece, 1530, £31; "Machasor seu Judaicarum Precum Breviarum," first edition, 1485-86, on vellum, £30; "Missale Glagolitico Romanum," Venice, 1528, in original vellum, £28 10s.; "Petrarch, Incominciа il libro degli Homini Famosi," first edition, 1476, £24, the first and only book printed at Pogliano; "St. Augustine di Civitate Dei," Jensen, Venice, 1475, original binding, £13 5s.; "Shelley, St. Irvyne," first edition, 1822, with a new title, £10. It may be noted that the "Century Dictionary," 1899, 8 vols., in half morocco, brought £7 15s.

* * * *

Among the books to be disposed of at Messrs. Sotheby's sale next week will be some examples from the presses of Caxton, de Worde, and Letton or Pynson. The sale also includes such English rarities as the first editions of Bunyan's "Discourse upon the Pharisee and the Publicane," Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," Law's "Serious Call," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Waverley." But the great attractions will doubtless be the original proof sheets of Voltaire's "Bataille de Fontenoy" with numerous interesting manuscript corrections by the author, Byron's "Poems on Various Occasions," and Stevenson's "An Object of Pity" and "Father Damien," the latter with manuscript corrections by the author. The Byron is one of the scarcest of modern books, and to it we allude in another paragraph. In February last a copy of Stevenson's "An Object of Pity"—with its reply—sold for £59, while at the same sale the "Father Damien" with only two slight corrections by the author brought as much as £27 5s.

* * * *

MOON AND MIST.

Mounting moon in a trailing mist.
And two in one.
Where the sobbing sea and the sands have kissed
Like those who meet and must soon be gone.

Messrs. F. E. Robinson announce a new series of rest. It will consist of books, some never before prin hardly to be got at, illustrating Stuart times. Each the "Stuart Series" will have a special cover, rep binding of the Stuart times, with a note on the bind Cyril Davenport. The copies of each volume will and numbered. The first volume will be Dr. Bates' motuum imperorum in Anglia, 1649," a hitherto English version of this "History of the late troub land." It will be edited by Mr. E. Almack, who is th editor of the series.

Mr. W. H. Wilkins is to write a full biograph Edward and Queen Alexandra, which will appear in numerous illustrations.

The literary birthdays of next week include those Professor David Masson (December 2, 1822), Dr. Hen of the Dictionary (December 3, 1845), Mr. H. W. Lon ber 5, 1845), Dean Hole (December 5, 1819), and Mr. S (December 5, 1859).

In a convocation held at Oxford on November 26th, of D.Litt. *honoris causa* was conferred upon Mr. Lesli Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The "Tale of Two Cities," published forty-two is the latest of Charles Dickens' works to become non-c

Chancellor Evans, who has been engaged for forty Welsh Dictionary on the same scale as Dr. Murray Dictionary, has received the degree of D.L. from th sity of Wales.

The French Academy has awarded a prize to the of Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book."

Odes on the forthcoming Coronation are invite *Words*, which offers a prize of £50 for the best with le to be awarded by a committee of literary men.

The *Sunday at Home* is to change its form with ning of the new year, and to become something less of and more of a religious review.

Leighton House, Kensington-gardens, is now see community as an art museum by the action of the K Council.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has become a part proprie *Birmingham Argus*.

Mr. Aylmer Maude lectures on Tolstoy as a " Humanitarianism," next Tuesday, at the Essex Hall,

Mr. Hall Caine has promised to preside at a gathe Maccabeans on Sunday next, when Mr. Zangwill paper on "The Return to Palestine."

It is said that Mr. Hall Caine's "Eternal City" next year as a serial in *Household Words*, now the his son.

One result of the *loi sur les congrégations* in F been to distribute the library of the Carmelites second-hand bookshops of Paris.

The Comédie Française associates have threatened unless M. Claretie is removed from the position of the theatre.

A Russian paper reports that Tolstoy is at w play, bearing the cheerful title of *The Corpse*.

The Teatro Costanzi in Rome is producing Gabri nunzio's *Francesca da Rimini*. Signora Duse and Sign play the leading parts.

Poland has been thrown into agitation by the make Polish children recite the Catechism in the language. Sienkiewicz has protested.

Prince Kropotkin is seriously ill and has had to engagements.

Messrs. Dent will shortly publish "Napoleon's

School, Newcastle-on-Tyne. It will be based upon, and largely illustrated by quotations from, original sources. The first instalment will deal with the lives of the Popes during the Lombard rule (from Gregory I. the Great, 590-604, to Leo III., 795); the second with those of the Popes under the Carlovingian Emperors (from Leo III. to Formosus, 891). Other volumes may, it is hoped, follow.

Another headmaster of a well-known preparatory school—whose present withholds his name—has collected and edited all the scholarship papers set in classics, mathematics, English, and modern languages at some twenty of the greater public schools for a period of about ten years. His idea is to provide a book of papers complete and free from any individual bias, and most teachers will agree that there is room for such a book. It is announced by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., who are also publishing a new book on "Schools at Home and Abroad," by R. E. Hughes, M.A., of Swansea, dealing with foreign systems of education and with the work of our own schools and teachers—kindergarten, primary and secondary.

The Dean of Ely has written a causerie entitled "In a Minster Garden," in which he discourses on many subjects connected with the old days and the new. The book is fully illustrated with scenes from nooks and corners of Ely Cathedral buildings and the surrounding garden. It will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has a volume in preparation entitled "English Public Opinion after the Restoration," by Mr. G. B. Hertz, scholar of Wadham College and Arnold Essay prizeman. One aim of the author is to show how the roots of British Imperialism lie in the beliefs of that day and how continuous in its history. Incidentally, the social life of the age is discussed, and the story of Charles II.'s Dutch wars.

"In Sicily"—the elaborate work on which Mr. Douglas Sladen has been engaged for five years—will be published by Messrs. Sands directly. It will be in two quarto volumes of 500 pages each, with over 300 illustrations. Messrs. Baedeker have prepared for it a map of Sicily, with both the ancient and modern names inserted.

The first number of a new illustrated monthly penny magazine suitable for girls will appear on December 10—*Friendly Hours for Friendly Workers*. It is published by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co., and it is hoped that it may to some extent take the place of the *Monthly Packet*.

Not long ago a little book of poems entitled "Through Human Eyes," by Miss A. Beckton, was privately printed at the Daniel Press, Oxford. It is already being sought after by collectors, one copy this week being sold for a guinea. The poems are to be reprinted in a threepenny-sixpenny volume, with additions, by Mr. Elkin Mathews. There is an introductory poem by Dr. Robert Bridges.

Among Messrs. Macmillan's announcements in theology are "Addresses on the Acts of the Apostles," by the late Archbishop Benson, with an introduction by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford; "Sermons of Court Sermons," by the Rev. H. C. Beeching; and "The Credibility of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles"—Dr. Chase's Hulsean Lectures for 1900-1.

"The Mystic Rose," to come from the same house, is a study of primitive marriage by Mr. E. A. Crawley. In philosophy they have a course of introductory lectures by the late professor Henry Sidgwick entitled "Philosophy: Its Scope and Method," and a study of "Mind in Evolution," by Mr. L. T. Hobhouse. The latter volume traces the stages in mental development from the more or less successful response to a stimulus among the lowest animal types. It aims at establishing the distinction in kind between animal and human intelligence.

Lady Florence Dixie asks us to state, in reply to the many inquiries about her book "Songs of a Child" (The Leadenhall Press), that the first edition of the book is exhausted. A second edition will be ready in about a fortnight. She would ask her numerous correspondents kindly to accept this as a reply to their letters to her.

Messrs. Dent ask us to say that the price of the Temple edition of the works of the Brontës, recently issued, should have

nothing to be said. We are as opposed as our c
Nicklin is to the biography which is a catalo
the practice of presenting a personality of unm
instead of a really human and living pictu
Balfour's "Life" may conceivably have gone to
tion. But if any qualification of it was requi
supplied by the right person, and in the rig
complaint has, not unjustly, been made that
not the right person, and that he has not d
way. The same number of the *Pall Mall Ma*
Christmas number) contains a paper by Mr
entitled "A Literary Friendship." We d
discourse at length on friendship in general
handled by essayists enough since the dawn o
—but if we may judge from Mr. Henley's lucu
clear that a literary friendship must be r
distinct from the ordinary kind. He compel
new definition for it. Here are a few of its
racteristics, as far as can be gathered from
The friendship of literary men is tempered by a
justice. It cools, one might say, in direct
enthusiasm of others. The epitaphs comp
influence are characterized by a degree of
worthy of the Roman consul in judgment on hi
possible, no doubt, as we have suggested, to fi
disinterested desire to arrive at the truth, but w
say that this strikes us as the attitude adopte
He wishes to correct the world's idea of St
life. R. L. S. was an egotist, "incessantly
interested" in himself. "He could not be
with a mirror but he must invite its confidence
passed it." "No better histrion ever lived"
so on, with hints innumerable of smaller failin
did much for Stevenson. That was a merit o
does not become more meritorious when he be
that what he did has not been sufficiently a
portrait presented in Mr. Balfour's "Life"
refuses to recognize. We remember that "
Shorter Catechist" which concludes Mr. Henl
friend, and we learn now that it was an afte
old days that something lay in abeyance; late
in all its naked self-righteousness, and the sonn
The "Shorter Catechist" itself would seem
regulated admiration, or rather to a desire to "
admiration. Well, this may all be very true,
smallest consequence. Stevenson's character
his "Life" and in the later Vailima letters
plaster saint, but this really does not concer
importance to the final estimate of the man is l
revealed in his books, and we may add that l
his books that so little, comparatively spea
sonality is there visible. Through the artific
sedulously imitative style—a cloak no less heav
than that of Mr. Henley himself—you may cate
glimpses of a very attractive man, and it is
that posterity (if posterity concerns itself wit
all) will judge of R. L. Stevenson. There are n
unreservedly believe in all the exaggerated pr
as a novelist which was in fashion some litt
matters of this kind right themselves in time,
his literary reputation will find its own level, a

Literature Portraits.—XXX.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

It is not a very far cry to the other side of Queen Victoria's first jubilee. But since then, or more strictly, perhaps, since the Third Reform Act of 1884, the future moralist will trace the decline of earnestness in England. It may be that the breaking down of barriers, and the diffusion of powers and rights over wider and ever wider circles of the community, account partly for the social change. The age has been prodigal of the symbols of emancipation. It has rattled the keys of liberty with a childish joy in their possession, and the sound has been music in its ears. But experience has brought disillusion. Free thought and dissent have not unlocked the doors guarded by St. Peter. The ballot has not opened any gate save the floodgate of talk. The Elementary Education Act has not taught the nation how to learn. Trade unionism leaves unsolved the problem of the freedom of labour. And, temporarily, at least, this multiplication of the symbols, this busy imitation of liberty, has exhausted the energy of thought. The nation, as the catchword goes, has entered on its democratic inheritance, but in taking over its property from the trustees it has converted it into a limited company. The directors have lost their sense of responsibility to the country, and as yet there is but little indication that the shareholders are capable of supplying it.

The fact of this social change—this loss of earnest personal conviction, and the consequent paralysis of the brain-power of the nation—may be approached from several points of view. But from the literary standard, which alone is admissible here, the transition has a direct bearing on the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward. At the time when she was pondering "Robert Elsmere," the thoughtful few were concerned for the welfare of the uninstructed many. Reform was a kind of religion. To Mr. Gladstone, indeed, in the various phases of his enthusiasm, it assumed the sanction of a crusade. The disintegration of the Liberal party for an idea corresponded in actual politics to the wreckage of happy marriages and betrothals with which Mrs. Ward's fiction is strewn. To reformers of Mrs. Ward's type life is real and earnest in a sense hardly conceivable to-day. We are all reformers nowadays. Save for a handful of pro-Boers, there is not a sound Tory in the land. But the mere diffusion of the spirit has weakened the spirit. The old distinction between "classes" and "masses" has disappeared—it is no longer the voice of enlightenment crying out in a wilderness of ignorance, no longer the reform-crusader armed against the hosts of darkness, no longer the national trustees inspired to help the nation against itself. It is rather a Babel of shareholders shouting at a general meeting. Nothing is done because no one is responsible, and in the mirror of literature, instead of the serious purpose of Mrs. Ward, we see the vapourings of Miss Corelli and Mr. Caine, or Mr. Kipling's verses about our "jolly good lesson," which reflect with such pathetic fidelity the meagre substance of modern reform. The difference is that the reformers of the Home Rule period in our history, however mistaken their wishes may have been, were at least able to formulate them definitely. There were ideas enough to go round, and each idea had its witness, or martyr. To-day the newspapers prate about the great heart of the democracy, and the inviolable sanction of its demands, but meanwhile the ideas grow thin. They flit from

chief characters are drawn, were deprived of their
"caste," and abandoned their responsible position
invading democracy, the standard of emotion was lower
years ago, in October, 1888, the *Quarterly* review
following moral from "Robert Elsmere":—

> It is time English parents should thoroughly
> that this is the condition to which the Universitie
> brought, and that if they send their sons to a col
> Anselm's—to any college which does not practica
> a test for itself, like Keble—they expose them
> maturity and excitability of their early manh
> their Christian faith deliberately undermined by
> intellectual force of a philosophical deist like Mr
> hopeless sceptic like Mr. Langham. Mrs. Ward k
> well. We have not observed that any protest has
> against her representation of a college in the Univ
> its vivid portraiture of more than one well-know
> This must be taken as an Oxford picture of Oxfor
> in a great college, and we must needs say tha
> legislation which has placed such men as Mr. G
> Langham in the position of tutors and guides of un
> is a scandalous diversion of endowments left f
> purposes.

It is not precisely the lesson which Mrs. War
convey, but it is an instructive proof of the vital q
writing, and of the clear truth that underlies her re
cism of life. Thought has become attenuated since
individual conscience has been put into commission,
for problems of sex, the earnest novelist is out of
fact is that the battle of scepticism and belief, wh
had to fight out for himself, and which entailed,
always entails, acute suffering on innocent non-co
now decided by plebiscite, or arbitration, or by the
of indifference. The Elsmere throes are out of
present generation feels less, because the franchise
been universalized. When the law of averages is a
is no room for a monopolist like Robert Elsmere.

Take Laura Fountain, again, and the ruin of Al
love story. An *Edinburgh* reviewer of October,
that Laura's suicide in "Helbeck of Bannisdale"
strike him as "convincingly inevitable, or even pro
this, he declares, "is due either to want of natura
plot, or want of dramatic power in the autho
reviewer may be right, but I am rather inclined to
alleged failure in inevitableness to an emotional
reader. Certainly, in "Eleanor," whose dramatic
be tested by the final proof of dramatization, Mr
Ward has found her way to the hearts of unnumbe
In both novels, "Helbeck" and "Eleanor," sh
Roman Catholicism—in the later story with a restra
of narration and a fine vividness in presentation
the advance of her powers. The subject is one
suited to her talents, because the Church of R
modern institutions, is the most conspicuous in r
disintegrating forces of anarchy and indifference.
cratic in the midst of democracy, and emotional in
reason. Mrs. Ward herself, in her one and only pre
ninth edition of "David Grieve"), says a word in su
point:—"If we, in our zeal to include ideas among
of imaginative presentation, make the mistake of su
the ideas are the whole of life, our work will come t

disillusion. To-day one inclines to agree with Rachurn's maiden aunt—one of the writer's many successful minor characters—that "Marcella ought to be absorbed in her marriage; that is the natural thing." Yesterday, when a few great women were leading the feminine movement to intermediate goals which they did not foresee, the following scene was touched with real passion and truth. The dramatis personæ are Marcella, her lover, and his grandfather; the topic of discussion is a petition for the convicted murderer of a gamekeeper:—

Marcella did not believe him. Every nerve was beginning to throb anew with that passionate recoil against tyranny and prejudice, which was in itself an agony.

"And you say the same?" she said, turning to Aldous.

"I cannot sign that petition," he said sadly. "Won't you try and believe what it costs me to refuse?"

It was a heavy blow to her. Amply as she had been prepared for it, there had always been at the bottom of her mind a persuasion that in the end she would get her way. She had been used to feel barriers go down before that ultimate power of personality of which she was abundantly conscious. Yet it had had availed her here—not even with the man who loved her.

Lord Maxwell looked at the two—the man's face of suffering, the girl's struggling breath.

"There, there, Aldous!" he said, rising. "I will leave you a minute. Do make Marcella rest—get her, for all our sakes, to forget this a little. Bring her in presently to us for some coffee. Above all, persuade her that we love her and admire her with all our hearts, but that in a matter of this kind she must leave us to do—as before God!—what we think right."

He stood before her an instant, gazing down upon her with dignity—nay, a certain severity. Then he turned away and left the room.

Marcella sprang up.

"Will you order the carriage?" she said in a strangled voice. "I will go upstairs."

"Marcella!" cried Aldous; "can you not be just to me, if it is impossible for you to be generous?"

"Just!" she repeated, with a tone and gesture of repulsion, pushing him back from her. "You can talk of justice!"

He tried to speak, stammered, and failed. That strange paralysis of the will-forces which dogs the man of reflection at the moments when he must either take his world by storm or lose it was upon him now. He had never loved her more passionately—but as he stood there looking at her, something broke within him, the first prescience of the inevitable dawned.

Mrs. Ward, at least, is not afraid of the tremendous word "inevitable," withheld by the *Edinburgh* reviewer from the effect on her characters of their circumstances.

Lastly, as a study of emotions, take the fifth chapter of "Sir George Tressady," Mrs. Ward's sequel to "Marcella," in which Rachurn has become Lord Maxwell:—

Maxwell's *heart* (we are told) "was much less concerned with this belief, tenaciously as he held it, than with its relative—the limitation of private possession by the authority of the common conscience. . . . If you could have moved this quiet Englishman to speak, he would have said—child from the fierce claims of capital, in fo after trade the axiom that no man may l wealth upon the exhaustion and degradatio *these things stirred in him the far deeper c moral nature.* Nay more! Together with al parts which mark the long travail of man's c life, they were among the only "*evidences* critical mind allowed itself—the most striki thing "greater than we know" working amo ugliness of our common day.

Maxwell's "heart" is italicized by the au ventured thus to draw attention to certain othe extract, because surely such emotions belong period in our history when the philosophers w belong to the dream of reform which was s experiments of reformers, to the fabric whic threw. Lord Maxwell is the sponsor of a Fact London, "touching the grown man for the firs lately prohibiting home-work in certain speci and Mrs. Ward speaks of this situation in "charged with dramatic elements." It is con modern reader, suffering from legislative *cunut*, to the thrill. But Mrs. Ward, true Arnold as s seeks "our *best self*," without too much def tunities, and cherishes a passion for "sweet Outside her novels as well she is an ardent so quite recently she has testified in her preface Webb's book on women and the Factory Acts she shares Lord Maxwell's moral enthusiasm. political world of Mrs. Ward's fiction is a reflec of suspense, when the few cherished noble idea the lot of the many, and when the ideas impo unrecognized by statesmen of to-day. The development tend to replace personal respon conditions of modern existence demand an eco Elsmere, Helbeck, Maxwell, Eleanor have surrender.

But Mrs. Humphry Ward is more than novelist. There is a curious likeness betwee most of her books. "It was a brilliant after end of May," or "To-day after the snow a April," or "A damp March afternoon," or "evening," and then follows a description, some elaborate, of the scenery in which the plot is District and the Midlands are her favourite sees them at once with the artist's eye and with instinct for their relation to the human action.

This care for an effective background is gift, and in another respect, too, Mrs. Ward' Her novels, being psychological and introspec sarily long, but neither her enthusiasm for lit of detailed analysis ever betrays her into inep The *Edinburgh* reviewer, from whom I have qu pares her fiction with that of Zola, and "The Costrell" may be cited in support of his conten have added, however, that though she is as su veying her meaning as the Nestor of realism, finer law of reticence. Or we may take an exam When "The History of David Grieve" was first hostile criticism was directed at the bold de temptations of Paris on the part of a woman wri

Readers who prefer the happy ending in fiction will resent the untimely deaths of Lucy Grieve and George Tressady, but they cannot deny the pathos and skill with which Mrs. Ward has unfolded the tragedy of the two marriages. To both husbands there came too late that revelation of a readjustment of ideals, which would have enabled them to take up their duty, hoping more because expecting less—to David Grieve, when his wife's fatal illness was to be discovered on the morrow, to Tressady on the eve of his fatal accident in the mine.

> His whole heart melted to her. As he held her to his breast, the hour they had just passed through took for both of them a sacred meaning and importance. Youth was going—their talk had not been the talk of youth. Was true love just beginning?—"David Grieve," Bk. IV., ch. vii.
>
> There was a sore, sad spot in each heart, and neither dared to look forward. But to-night there was a sense of belonging to each other in a new and sacred way, of being drawn apart, separated from the world, husband and wife together.—"Sir George Tressady," ch. xxiii.

The writer who can make us feel the truth of these human stories is worth a score of novelists who ring down the curtain on the wedding bells.

LAURIE MAGNUS.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's first literary work was done under the influences of the Bodleian Library. She was admitted to the great library at sixteen—the rules were more elastic then—and she once told an audience of young scholars that she was in the habit of climbing on steps and ladders and poking into all the corners of the rooms in which the most treasured books were kept. Her first literary payment was earned by some months of copying Wyclif's sermons from the Vernon MS. in the Bodleian for her father Mr. Thomas Arnold's edition of Wyclif's select works. Her first published tale was "A Westmoreland Story" which appeared in the *Churchman's Magazine*, and the first piece of writing that excited any notice was an article on the "Poema del Cid" for *Macmillan's Magazine*, published in 1872. It was Mark Pattison, we believe, who advised her to specialize her studies, and she took up Spanish history and literature to such good purpose that Dr. Wace asked her for articles on the Spanish kings and bishops for the Dictionary of Christian Biography, which he was editing in conjunction with Sir Wm. Smith. Mrs. Humphry Ward's first book was the simple children's tale entitled "Milly and Olly," illustrated by her friend Mrs. Alma Tadema, and published by Messrs. Macmillan just twenty years ago—the year in which the authoress came to live in London, her husband having accepted work on the staff of *The Times*. Her literary work for the next year or two consisted mainly of critical essays in *Macmillan's Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then under Mr. Morley's editorship. In 1881 came her first novel "Miss Bretherton," which Messrs. Macmillan issued, and in the following year the same publishers brought out her translation of Amiel's "Journal Intime" in two volumes—now in its second edition.

The next two and a-half years were spent by Mrs. Humphry Ward in writing "Robert Elsmere," and the book took the world by storm through Messrs. Smith, Elder in 1888. Its success was remarkable from the first, and it has been selling steadily ever since. In the six-shilling form alone the novel has gone through twenty-seven editions. Messrs. Smith, Elder also issue it in a two-volume cabinet edition and a popular edition at half-a-crown. In addition to these it has been published in a large sixpenny edition by Messrs. Newnes. Something like half a million copies have been sold in America, and it has been translated into German, Dutch, and Danish. "Robert Elsmere" has quite a literature of its own in the [illegible]

only published in the two-shilling form. It w[illegible] that Mrs. Humphry Ward delivered her address a[illegible] tion of University-hall, the settlement which has [illegible] into the Passmore Edwards Settlement in Tavis[illegible] copies of the address (Smith, Elder) may still be [illegible] Ward's "Essex Hall Lecture" for 1891 on "Ideal[illegible] Future" was also printed and published (P. Gre[illegible]

"Sir George Tressady" (Smith, Elder) appe[illegible] and is in its third edition; "Helbeck of Bann[illegible] followed two years later, has reached its fifth. The [illegible] "Joubert's Thoughts" (Duckworth), translated b[illegible] Lyttelton, which also appeared in 1898, contained [illegible] Mrs. Humphry Ward, and in the following year [illegible] Brontë began to appear, with Mrs. Ward's introd[illegible] works. This year she has written a preface t[illegible] Webb's "The Case for the Factory Acts." [illegible] "Eleanor," published by Messrs. Smith, Elder [illegible] present in its fourth edition. Even before its pub[illegible] was an immense demand for it in America, where [illegible] Ward's novels are exceedingly popular. A play f[illegible] novel has been prepared by the authoress, which [illegible] to see shortly produced.

ENGLISH AND GERMAN UNIVE[illegible]

A "Personal View."

The ideal University should be the embo[illegible] highest intellectual national life. It was so, to a[illegible] in the Middle Ages, when Aristotle reigned [illegible] civilization did not bear the complex character wh[illegible] in modern days. Taking Oxford and Cambridge [illegible] English Universities, it may safely be said [illegible] of the twelfth century, "the place where t[illegible] England chiefly flourished in clerkly law," an[illegible] where the Dominicans and Franciscans held sway [illegible] representative of the nation as the German [illegible] schools of learning over whose portals was written, [illegible] excluditur, omnis est abiectus; Qui non Aristotel[illegible] tectus." The divorce between the school and th[illegible] from the downfall of scholasticism, and although at e[illegible] of our history our Universities partly regained [illegible] they formerly exercised over the national min[illegible] never recovered the ground they once occupied. [illegible] to democratize our ancient seats of learning in 18[illegible] the introduction of local examinations and the i[illegible] the "University Extension Movement," though [illegible] the most praiseworthy of motives, has not reall[illegible] our Universities. Even less successful would be [illegible] reform of our Universities by the introducti[illegible] foreign features unsuited to our national tempera[illegible] goes without saying that the culture of a peo[illegible] period is largely the outcome of national char[illegible] even idiosyncrasies. A purely academic bod[illegible] inadequately represent the nation. A truly natio[illegible] should ever give expression to the *Zeitgeist*.

The most striking difference between Germa[illegible] Universities is undoubtedly that, whilst the tw[illegible] German Universities are national institutions, o[illegible] intent and purpose confined to a small section o[illegible] Germany, the Universities at the Reformation [illegible] ecclesiastical yoke and became State establishment[illegible] and Universities are establishments of State, b[illegible]

State control, our Universities have retained in a great measure their mediæval character. The Church which has played so prominent a part in our national life still remains a paramount factor in our Universities. The atmosphere is still largely, from a social point of view, an ecclesiastical one. The collegiate system further strengthens and develops the spirit of caste. The position of unattached students is due to a social distinction, and not only to the fact that they are supposed to be unable to afford the cost of college residence. They represent, in fact, democracy knocking at the door of an exclusive aristocratic oligarchy.

The practical results of the two differing conceptions of the nature of a University may easily be imagined. The number of matriculated students at Oxford, according to the latest statistics, amounted to 3,446; the number at Cambridge is given at 3,016. There are more students at Berlin than at our two Universities. Professor Bryce stated in his introduction to Conrad's work in 1885 that Germany, with a population of 45,000,000, had 24,187 students, whilst England, with 26,000,000, had less than 5,500. The students in Germany are drawn from all classes of society. Business men and the lower middle classes, as in the Scotch institutions, are not satisfied unless their sons have had a college education. Our undergraduates belong almost exclusively to the aristocracy, the upper middle classes, and the higher professional orders.

The course and object of a University training consequently vary considerably in both countries. Our Universities have been reproached for making it their main object to turn out "gentlemen." Oxford and Cambridge, like Thackeray's *Pall-Mall Gazette*, are conducted by gentlemen for gentlemen. The general education provided in the course of arts, the stress laid on physical development, the cultivation of the social element in life all tend to produce that admirable type, an English gentleman. *Que voulez-vous de plus?* In Germany, where the object of the State Universities is to turn out capable and useful citizens, the curriculum is shaped accordingly. The Cambridge medical schools, among other things, of course, remind us that something has been done in this direction in England. But whilst with us a comparatively small number of students who become doctors or barristers in later life obtain their special training at the University, the German youths, as a body, receive their professional education at college. Concomitantly with the philosophical course, they attend lectures in the special faculty to which they belong. They cannot enter a public profession or hope to obtain any public office without having passed through the prescribed University course and submitting themselves in the end to a public examination. The moral training on the part of the State consists in allowing the undergraduate an amount of freedom which appears to us to be licence. The German student wears no special dress, is not bound by any regulations, and no proctor dogs his footsteps, as with our boys of larger growth. It is felt, rightly or wrongly, that manliness is best developed in an atmosphere of complete freedom. It serves, at death, a somewhat risky experiment, but it results in the survival of the fittest, and, after all, a compulsory morality is in danger of being no morality at all.

There remains another point to notice. Notwithstanding the intensely practical character of the German people, the German University is the home of scientific research. Science is cultivated for its own sake, and encouraged without any ulterior views. The most illustrious German scientists are

A MODERN GREEK ILIA

The political disturbances which have risen the translation of the Gospels into modern Gr puzzling to the foreigner. They are an incide the great struggle between ancient and mode has lately grown in importance, and which is interest to the student of literary history worth while to examine its bearing somewha

English readers who pick up a modern Gr are usually surprised at the resemblance it bear language. At first this tickles their fancy, a themselves by picking out all the words and p understand; but when it dawns upon them tha grotesque resemblance, they lay the paper down that the modern Greek language is a very poo Few go so far as to test their impressions by rea of traditional poetry; or, if they do, finding understand and less like the ancient in grammar they are quite ready to believe those who tell popular speech is corrupt. When perchance takes them as far as Athens, and they find t fessors or Parliament men whom they meet c style which more resembles the newspapers th and when these also tell them that the languag is corrupt and their own pure, the travellers are

Yet nothing could be more false. The facts The Greek pride of race was kept alive durin oppression by dwelling on past glories. When people succeeded in achieving their independenc in all things possible, to revive the past. A ancient authors were studied, ancient names their children, and the literary men set them whether the ancient language could not be gr modern. Hence, in the very first newspapers w that artificial process was begun whose results to-day. Inflections which had died out were which had changed were altered to their original words were used in place of those which had take Thus, there is no dative in modern Greek, but it newspapers. All over the Greek area the wor water are κρασί and νερό; but the archaists prefer and ὕδωρ, which no peasant could understand at a these things became the marks of the formal offic style; but in familiar intercourse they were n thus it comes about that the wine-seller will put his signboard, but if you go in and ask him for οἶν at you. By a curious inconsistency the would-be p not only words and accidence from ancient Gre from modern French. Thus the Greek language plural in addressing a single person, having its polite address; but the "educated" Greek t if you address him in the singular. Add to misunderstanding of the ancient syntax, and "literary" dialect which has not its like in barbarous and vulgar thing without character, turn suggests servile and ignorant mimicry. And ous jargon has the effrontery to call itself "pure" The corruption has gone far, and is fast sprea of the Government schools; for the teachers a

should arise, may be imagined from the influence of Dante upon the Italian language. A Greek Dante would find a language impoverished, it is true, but still rich in possibilities. He would not attempt to oust any word of the popular speech, except, perhaps, some which have been borrowed from foreign languages. If a word has died because the thing meant by it has ceased to be thought about, such words he might fairly revive, but in a form suited to the modern type. Syntax, however, and accidence he must leave alone; those are not things which the reformer can meddle with, save within very narrow limits. In these it is no more possible to go back to ancient Greek than it would be to revive the Latin declensions in Italian, or to adorn the columns of *The Times* with Anglo-Saxon inflections. But judiciously used the ancient vocabulary would be an inexhaustible mine; and the modern Greek still retains a power of composition almost unlimited. How much might be done with these means may be seen, when we remember that the scientific vocabulary of Europe is Greek; and that words which look in English garb hideous and meaningless would explain themselves to the merest peasant of Greece. Do but speak the word φωτογραφία, for instance, and the peasant knows that you mean a picture made by means of light, although the method of making it may be strange to him.

Not yet has the Greek Dante appeared; but although most modern Greek writers are wallowing in the slough of insincerity, a few there have been who have shown true instinct for the use of language. Valaoritis of Corcyra is the most notable of these. He is not only a true poet, but an artist, and his thoughts are expressed in the language of the peasantry, refined and uplifted. There is grace and melody in his verse, which is rarely marred by anything unnatural in the language. Another such poet, but of less power, is Solomos; and much may be said in praise of many of the modern poets. Prose is less fortunate, as is apt to be the case when there is any tendency to artificiality; we see the same thing in Germany. There are, however, a few writers of tales and stories whose style is the simplest colloquial. If some of them carry their protest rather too far, that is to be expected; but, on the whole, they are singularly lucid and charming. Chief of them are Palamas, Karkavitsa, and Eftaliotis. These have preserved for us not only the pure dialect of the people, and their vivid and dramatic style, but pictures of modern peasant life which are invaluable. Many more could write thus if they chose. Axiotes, for example, and the Cretan Damverges are racy enough where their characters converse, but in their own persons they use a stilted and conventional style. But the historians, scholars, lawyers, and parliamentarians, from the literary standpoint, are a monstrous crew. Some of these have lately united into a Society for the Distribution of Useful Books, which are to be specially written, they claim, in a style neither vulgar nor leaning too much to the affectation of archaism. These books are to be distributed broadcast, with a view to improving the people's minds and of fixing at last a standard of style. The prospectus of this series, addressed to humble folk, proposes to open to them "the colossal pancosmic gate of the infinite"; and in the preface to a little book on astronomy (the translation, by the way, of a second-rate French work), we read that they hope to "give entrance to the mysteries of the Altogether." In English, the separate words of these phrases at least mean something; but to the Greek peasant even the words used are often absolutely unintelligible. The effect of this kind of thing upon simple lads from some place such as Cos or Mytilene is to intoxicate their intellects. I have received from such persons after

Iliad,* which deserves more than a passing note, briefly to discuss it.

The national measure of modern Greek verse is the "political," having been invented in Constan "Polis" or capital of the Greek world. This lambic tetrameter catalectic, without rhyme. The been attempted in modern Greek by Antonia in b with disastrous results, and M. Pallis did wisely, as sistently, to take the popular measure instead. It necent, vowels when together being treated in Dante. Although the form of the modern sentence from the ancient, yet owing to the simplicity of M. Pallis keeps surprisingly close to his model words, as I have said, are as easily made new as eve and the stock epithet is a familiar device in Greek makes it all the easier for M. Pallis to translate success. Many of the proper names can be used forth change; Athena and Hera sound quite natural to to-day. Others are changed in accordance with mode Thus Agamemnon becomes Agamémnos, just as Cha Charos in popular ballads. So we have Apéllos and Lyssséas for Ulysses, Achilléas for Achilles; but unchanged. As βασιλεύς has become in modern Gr here Idomeneus changes into Idomenéas. It is re call Chryses and Chryseis Παναχρέσαι and Χρυσο again, some of the compounds need hardly a touch t intelligible: χερνιψάντο becomes χερονίφτηκαν, πολυή πολέτιχνος, ἀργυρότοξος becomes ἀργυροῦ ξυρος. The less skill in hitting upon these so close equival remoulding the whole word, which M. Pallis do conspicuous success. Sandy Pylos is now ἀμμοβόλτη Scaean Gate is Χερσοπόρτι; seven-gated Thebes is ἑπτάπη far-shooting Apollo, μακροβέλεχης Ἀπόλλων. For κε the modern πεντοσούγλα; ἔπεσε ἀμφὶ κίλλον appro καφκί, and ἑκατόμβη as ἑκατοβοδιά. Other happy tra λογαχρονισμένος for μυνυθάδιος, φτερωτὸ ζαρὸ for π βαρυοστεναγμοὺς for βαρὺ στενάχων, θεμοκτιρικαλοῦν κτιρικαλοῦσι for πολλὰ λίσσετο; all these words, be it perfectly intelligible to the unlettered peasant. If space, these might be multiplied manifold. Let us t or two familiar lines, as the "winged words" καὶ τῆς λαλεῖ ἐνὸ φτερωμένα λόγια; or "rosy-fingered dawn ῥοδοδάχτυλη κουρνοθριμένη Ἀβγοῦλα; or "Zeus the cloud- ὁ Δίος ὁ ἀστραπιφτὴς ὁ συγνεφοσυνάχτης. It must be n these are thoroughly idiomatic renderings, and yet the original. M. Pallis is no less effective in his n description. Here is his version of the famous de Ulysses' manner of speech:

> μὰ κι ὄρθιος σὰν τινάζουνταν ὁ γνωστικὸς Λυγάρας,
> ἔστεκε χάμου σλέκοντας, μὶ μάτια στηλωμένα
> στὴ γῆς, καὶ τὸ βαστεῖ μακρυστὰ γιὰ κίσω ἔν κοντο
> μὶν' τὸ βαστοῦσι ἀσάλεφτο σὰν ἄπραχτος κανονιάς
> λὶς εἶναν ἄθρωποι ζαβὴ, ξεκουτιασμένοι ἔτσι.
> μὰ τὴ μεγάλη τοῦ φωνὴ σὰν ἔχενε ἀπ' τὰ στήθια,
> κι οἱ λόγοι του βγαίναν κυκνοὶ σὰ χιόνια τὸ χειμῶν
> θεηρὸ ἔν εἶχε κουβένὰ νὰ φανεῖ τὸν Λυγάρα.

Throughout the work M. Pallis has been quick how best to appeal to the heart of the people, by echo ballads or popular custom. The fair woman, διὰ γυναι as usual in ballads, ἡ λεγερή; the heroes are πολλιάρ vows to enrich Apollo's "fine chapel" Σμύρνα, ἂν

is not yet vulgarized, and if books like this could be used in the schools, a wholesome pride in their language might make the Greeks respect themselves more, and ape less the manners of other men.

The literary controversy which I have sketched above has within the last fortnight taken a new turn. The scorn and antagonism aroused by M. Pallis' version of the "Iliad" is as nothing to the effect of his last attempt, a version of the Gospel of St. Matthew in colloquial Greek. The enemies of the new movement saw their chance to enlist religious prejudices on their side. Consequently, the University students, who have spent so many laborious hours in unlearning their mother tongue, and felt it a point of honour, persuaded the theological faculty to make a protest to the Government, and the Patriarch of Constantinople has followed suit. The young Mohocks besieged the offices of the *Acropolis* newspaper, which had published the Gospel, and were hardly kept from sacking the whole place. Political quidnuncs also have seen their chance; and one M. Levidis, who was in ill odour because of his action in the late war, accused M. Pallis of being at the head of a Russian intrigue. There was talk of lynching M. Pallis for his "Iliad"; they must him to be cursed and excommunicated for his Gospel. The Metropolitan dare not curse him, because the Queen had a translation of the Bible made for the army a few years since, and on he has resigned; the Ministry has changed, and thus, though quiet has been restored for the moment, a literary quarrel has become a matter of high politics.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

ACROSS THE BORDER.

EDINBURGH, NOVEMBER 25, 1901.

An inquiry was made some time ago as to the number of persons still living who remember Sir Walter Scott. It would be almost as interesting to learn how many people remember De Quincey, whose remains lie in an apparently forgotten and uncared-for grave in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard, at the west end of Edinburgh. One who as a little girl had met the Opium Eater passed away the other day in Glasgow. Mrs. Jack, the wife of one of the Glasgow University professors, was a daughter of Professor J. P. Nichol, the well-known astronomer, and a nidus of the late Professor John Nichol. When, in 1841, De Quincey had conceived a strong interest in astronomical researches, he went to Glasgow in order specially to profit by concerns with Professor J. P. Nichol at the Observatory. He was housed with the Professor for three months in the Old College, and wrote some years later of Nichol as "always to me a most interesting man, who and whose wife were at Glasgow most kind to me." The late Mrs. Jack was only five years old at the time of De Quincey's visit, but she remembered him perfectly. She had also many interesting reminiscences of Emerson, Marsan, Kossuth, and other celebrities who had found their way to her father's house. She was herself a devoted student of literature, and wrote three novels, two of which were published in London and one in the columns of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*.

Another death which must find a record here is that of Mr. George Johnston, who had been for the last two years London manager for Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons. Mr. Johnston entered the "trade" as an apprentice with the old Edinburgh firm of W. P. Nimmo in 1861. While there his literary tastes found an outlet in the editing of such works as "The Literary Bouquet," a volume of choice selections in prose and verse, and "Cupid's Birthday Book" (the quotations in which were entirely drawn from Shakespeare), and in translating from the French a number

whose second-hand book shop in George-street is to the local book hunters of to-day as Mr. James S little further east was to the bibliomaniacs of time. The society has just had a piece of good fort into possession of "A Bibliography of Andrew Saltoun," compiled by Mr. R. A. Scott Macfi merchant, who has given eight years' leisure to the "pompous ass," the Earl of Buchan (the desig Henley's), declared that Fletcher was "the las whose religion was a divine philosophy in the so up Marcus Brutus for his pattern." He survives famous saying that, "if a man were permitted t ballads, he need not care who should make the law —a saying which he would really seem to have be Macfie's bibliography does not show that Fletcher great deal, but the list of his works will doubtless And the mention of ballads reminds us of "Annie its authorship. Most people, if asked who wrote t lyric, would probably reply that the author was a minstrel of old times. The original version was cer long enough ago—one hundred and eighty years the song which everybody sings now was written Scott, who died last year at a ripe old age. It w she had written other verses, but these were sec part only by her friends. They have now been will be published in a volume (with a memoir) und ship of Miss Warrender. Sir George Douglas wr Lady John Scott for the *Scotsman*, which wil volume of "Countryside Papers" to be publishe is perhaps worth noting that the Maxwelton estat the heroine of the song was born, is still held by a who are curious in the matter should see the Wallace's edition of Chambers' "Burns," Vol. III

The Scottish Universities promise to becom even Oxford and Cambridge. Mr. Carnegie bequest has stimulated the generosity of othe several important additions to the equipment Universities may be expected. One such additi been made in the case of Edinburgh. The w library of German literature has long handicappe in German, Dr. Otto Schlapp, and his student latter, Miss Joanna S. S. Gibson, has give £500 t required collection, and the library was formal week. The room in which the books are bestowed furnished in other respects, and busts of Molière of Goethe and Schiller, are among its adornmen hoped that some one will now do for the French Miss Gibson has done for the German. Anot bequest has fallen to Dundee. This is the superl pamphlets, paintings, engravings, and other works the history of Dundee which belonged to the Lamb. Mr. Lamb was an ardent bibliophile, w first editions, and it was his Kilmarnock "Burns knocked down to an American for the record sum The bequest will now form part of the P Collections.

ART.

With the International Society housed in su mity, it is much to the credit of the New English Art present exhibition—the twenty-seventh which the should show so little falling off in general interest includes so few men whose work sells before it vitality is the more remarkable. It speaks v liberality of the members, moreover, that nearly pictures at present shown are contributed by invi if these do not include the most interesting c they add much to the general interest. D. S. Rothenstein, W. T. Strang, Herbert Goodal attractiveness of the collection without being m is probable that the "Emmaus" is the most disc

days. It is a testimony of some value to the breadth of view of the society that this picture should hang so close to figure work of such essentially differing intention as "The Oyster Beds," "The Bathers," and "The Plage (morning)," by Charles Conder. It is not that the treatment is so entirely different in the two cases, for it is no more diverse than the methods of Mr. Steer and of Mr. Orpen, but whereas the inspiring quality in the one is a solemn seriousness which is commendable and desirable, the force which appears to direct the delicate and poetic art of the other is of a most trivial and generally unworthy kind. All is idleness and indulgence, expressed with a charm which, now that Mr. Whistler paints so little and William Stott, of Oldham, has passed away, is but seldom seen, and presents the distressing spectacle of a poet's eye and hand wasting their power over what is worthless and meretricious. Mr. Wilson Steer, on the other hand, takes himself and his art much more seriously, and would do admirably if he had more of Mr. Conder's grace and nebulous quality. His "Mirror," for example, is unusually well painted, and is more artistically real than Albert Moore's or Alma Tadema's treatment of a very similar idea, but it has not the suavity of "A Summer Night," nor the well-arranged composition never absent from the work of Sir Alma Tadema. Mr. Orpen is very personal in both "A Window in London Street," and "The Window Seat," but he is not quite happy—in fact, he appears to be uncommonly sad—with either subject. A lack of luminosity is the chief fault, the greens are bottle-greens, and the windows appear to be open without letting either air or light into the pictures; but the touch is so sure, the draughtsmanship so skilful that Mr. Orpen has only to forget his peculiarities to be able to give us some very noteworthy work. For the rest, Mr. D. S. MacColl's "Belfry and Watch Tower of Calais," the "Knight Errant" of Mr. Arthur Tomson, the "Landscape Study" of Mr. W. Y. Macgregor, the work of Mr. George Thomson and of Mr. Hartrick and Mr. Moffat Lindner help materially towards the creation of a most interesting exhibition.

It would be a task of some pleasure to be able to demonstrate that the Royal Society of British Artists had succeeded, in their present exhibition, in maintaining the improvement shown in the collection which was opened in the spring of the present year. But the society has succumbed to the artless wiles of the picture maker, and its very existence is threatened. The older members paint a little worse than usual and the new men are not seen at all at their best. It is a painter's exhibition, and the artist, the man who has something new to say, is unaccountably absent. Mr. Cayley Robinson has succumbed to the influence. Sir Wyke Bayliss paints with the same old unemotional dexterity, Mr. Graham Robertson is by no means real, Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Macintosh, and even Mr. Giffard Lenfestey are commonplace, and only Mr. Christie appears to have made an effort to rouse himself from the well-tried convention. His "Echo" is vigorous in execution and cunning in conception. It provokes comparison with a host of earlier painters, but on the whole so well carried out is the bold scheme that the picture redeems a very dull collection from the hopelessly commonplace. We wish we could say as much for the exhibits of most of the members.

The successes obtained in years past by painters of religious subjects account for the frequent efforts made to attract their particular public. But a Doré, a Tissot, or a Munkacsy cannot appear every year, and the large "Christ's Prayer after the Last Supper," by M. Eugène Burnand, now at the Dowdeswell Galleries, does not appear to have the elements of a popular success. It is painted too much in the manner of the Primitives to appeal directly to the artistically uneducated, and it is too merely painstaking to attract the art student. It has interest as a scheme of white upon white—the white table, the white wall, and the white draperies—but this is hardly sufficient to arouse the critical interest of the artist.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, in his somewhat new *rôle* of patron of the fine arts, is to open an exhibition of pictures by Scottish Artists at the Whitechapel Art Gallery on December 12.

an examiner in design under the Board of Edu connexion with the Royal School of Art Needlework publish a quarterly portfolio of designs for the which should fill a gap which has long existed in ar The designs are mainly original, but certain examples of the best historical and contemporar work will be included. The designs will be ac explanatory text. Such a quarterly should be of value, not only to students, but to the enthusiast who are doing so much good work in connexion wi Arts and Industries Association.

"Scottish Architectural Details" (25s. n.) is th interesting collection of sketches and measured good examples of old Scottish work which Mr. Jo has issued through Mr. Aeneas Mackay, of St. Examples are given of both ecclesiastical and do stone, wood, and metal work, and Mr. Small has b pains to omit the obvious subjects generally illustrated in such works. Thus, for example, Holyrood is only drawn upon for part of the nave piers of the Abbey Church and for a few examples of metal work in the Palace, and a very poor monument "in the Adams style" is chosen from Melrose Churchyard. The fine chancel arch from Duddingstone Church well deserves its place in this collection. If a further edition is called for Mr. Small would confer a service by giving some indication of the scale of his drawings.

THE COBBLER, WELLS CAT
(From the Illustrated Edition of "Sco permission of Messrs Cassell. Se

CURRENT LITERATUR

SPAIN.

THE SPANISH PEOPLE: THEIR ORIGIN, GROWTH, AN By MARTIN A. S. HUME. (W. Heinemann,

GLORIES OF SPAIN. By CHARLES W. WOOD. (Macmil

Mr. Hume, as the editor of a "Spanish State P the author of "Modern Spain," "Philip II. of Spain its Greatness and Decay," and other works bea Iberian peninsula, brings to bear upon the subjec the new volume of the series of "The Great People ledge as full as it is varied. The chronicler of the Spain, tracing its long chequered career with its m tudes, from prehistoric ages, through the Roman, Moslem periods to its culminating point of gre glory in the sixteenth century, and its subsequent r and fall down to the present day, with the poss future which is full of uncertainty, has, indeed, a mos task before him. For Spain is the land of romanc lence; there is an atmosphere of poetry about it the single exception of Italy, is to be found in no oth country. On the other hand, the story in its telli considerable difficulties to the narrator owing a

lens, which at one time commanded the commerce of the world, and that of Castile and the Christian States in the interior, which, absorbed in municipal affairs and the development of their civic life, demurred to the idea of forming relationship with the outer world. Other reasons for the lack of assimilation were racial characteristics and idiosyncracies which continued to assert themselves notwithstanding the attempts made to keep them within bounds. The autochthonous Iberians refused to be suppressed. Roman civilization cast its spell over them, but it was only an evanescent influence; the Gothic sway, based on the recognition of individuality and political freedom, left but few traces behind, except in Northern and Central Spain. Among the invaders, the only one who made a lasting impression on the people of the land appears to have been the Semite. It was not until the accession of the "Catholic Kings," with which the chapter of Modern Spain opens, that the nation was firmly welded together. Prospects of national aggrandisement, opened up by conquests abroad and the discovery of America, as well as the unification promoted by the Inquisition, which became a most powerful political instrument in the hands of the Sovereign, rivetted the bonds which held the nation together. But the most potent factor in the process of transformation was the great Queen whose daring genius effected in a lifetime what long centuries had failed to accomplish.

Mr. Hume throws no fresh light on the question of the origin of the Spanish people. That the Iberians were related to their namesakes in the regions of the Caucasus, as the Phœnicians seemed to have believed, is extremely doubtful. They were probably of African origin. What is certain is that when invaded they were the masters of two-thirds of Spain and that at one time their empire extended over the South of France, Italy, and, probably, parts of Great Britain. The Phœnicians, Greeks, and Celts succeeded in dislodging them from the greater number of the territories held by them, but they maintained themselves in the region designated by the Romans as "Aquitania," and the Celt-Iberian towns (of which Diodorus Siculus gives an interesting account) became possessed of a high degree of civilization at an early period of their history.

A somewhat meagre account is furnished of the Phœnician and Carthaginian settlements. Phœnicia established several colonies in the fifth century before Christ, but commercial relations between them and Iberia dated probably from the fifteenth century before our era. Carthage, likewise, although its sway over the peninsula commenced with the conquest of Cadiz, had at least a century before cast longing eyes on a country which was reported to contain fabulous riches. The Roman occupation was memorable because of its share in the political organization of the country. In return the vanquished people enriched the silver age of Latin literature with several products of literary genius. An additional page or two might well have been devoted to some of their achievements. The Gothic domination, although it left no permanent work on Spanish history, was instrumental in developing the material resources of the land. Mr. Hume offers an ingenious explanation for the non-amalgamation of the two races. The truth is that racial and religious traditions kept them apart and that Recceswinth's attempts at fusion came too late. The account of the history of Orosius is not very lucid: its object was to vindicate Christianity against the charge that it had broken down the Roman Empire. The author has an excellent chapter on Arabic culture. But surely some mention ought to have been made of such men as

inevitable decay. Mr. Hume brings out eloquen
Philip's religious crusade. But the personal c
ruler, his short-sighted internal policy and the
tions engendered thereby, led in no small degr
which developed later on.

Although we have briefly indicated one or t
strike us after a perusal of Mr. Hume's vo
susceptible of improvement, we strongly comm
the attention of our readers. It is full of int
presented in a very readable form. It is never v
particularly eloquent, but it maintains the l
mediocrity" from beginning to end. There is a
end of each chapter giving a bird's-eye view o
period which students will find very useful. Th
good deal to desire.

In the "Glories of Spain" Mr. Charles
is known to the public as the author of several en
of travel, takes us on a tour through that pict
He shows us Barcelona, ancient in years and m
Montserrat, with its lofty range of mountains;
old-world streets and gateways. We roam wi
wide plains of Aragon; see Zaragoza, with
towers, and turrets, and domes, and palaces, and
by him to romantic little towns far off the
extremely beautiful. The best chapters in the b
those which describe Tarragona, "the garden
Wood is an ideal guide. A keen observer, not
practised eye, whilst his highly-cultivated artist
tastes revel in the atmosphere of romance and
the country is steeped, and his "enthusiasm
makes him feel an interest in every human bein
is brought into contact, from the Spanish woman
plicity of charms and graces he is fully alive, do
the boot-cleaner, with his touching idyll of do
There are some delightful talks with all sorts a
men and women in the book. The illustrations

MARY RICH.

Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, 1625-167
and Friends. By Charlotte Fell Smit
18s. n.)

Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick. By Mar
(Dent. 4s. 6d. n.)

The daughter of the great Earl of Cork, the
of the famous Lord High Admiral, second Earl o
many other famous women, lays claim to immort
strength of a remarkable career, perhaps not ev
a remarkable personality, but for the sole and si
she perseveringly wrote up a "Journal Intime."
a century ago a few extracts from the diary and
well as the whole of an autobiographical man
Mary, Countess of Warwick, were given to the
were sufficiently interesting to arouse curio
author, especially as the extract from the diary
public through a "medium unlikely to inspire
adequate attention had been paid to its historic
ever might have been the case in regard to its re
It was, consequently, with considerable eagerne
Smith some years ago devoted herself to the exam

Miss Fell Smith, who has had the useful experience of editing the *Essex Review*. The meditations and diary are, perhaps, too "savoury" to appeal to a lay public, and Miss Fell Smith very wisely reinforces them with interesting illustrations of the social life of the period. It seems a pity that Miss Fell Smith's book—announced by the publishers some time back—has not been allowed to keep the field alone. We have no quarrel with Miss Palgrave's brightly-written book, except that it occasionally exhibits a lack of sympathy with un-Puritanical personalities that appear in her heroine's life-story. But Miss Fell Smith, by her article in the "Dictionary of National Biography," had acquired a prior right in the subject, and, moreover, had spent laborious years in amassing her materials.

The father of our heroine was one of the brilliant adventurers of the Elizabethan age, though he carved out his fortunes not by buccaneering expeditions on the Spanish Main, but by the speculative acquisition of encumbered estates in Ireland, which he developed so successfully that he became one of the richest subjects of the Crown. Miss Fell Smith has extracted from his papers very interesting details of his patriarchal life and vast establishment at Lismore. Among his innumerable anxieties not one of the least was the arrangement of matrimonial alliance for his large family. Most of Richard Boyle's children, who grew to maturity, were characterized by a certain distinction. Roger Boyle, of whom, as Earl of Orrery, Miss Fell Smith has a fine portrait, was created Lord Broghill at six years old—for the services he had done King Charles! As a young man he made a gallant defence of Lismore against the Irish rebels. He was won over to the Parliamentary service by the tact of Cromwell, but was raised to an earldom at the Restoration. Not content with the reputation as soldier and man of action which he earned in his command in Ireland and his Presidency of the Council in Scotland, he aspired to literary renown. His romance of "Parthenissa," which is interesting as a forerunner of the English novel, ran into six volumes, though it was never completed. Dorothy Osborne's criticism of it was, "'Tis handsome language," but "the ladies are all so kind, they make no sport." Robert Boyle, Roger's better-known brother, was not fitted for action. His fragile health, which prompted Evelyn to compare him to "a crystal or Venice glass," debarred him from any but a literary career. He does not seem to have derived any remarkable benefit from "the usefullest cordial" which he had met—dried flesh of vipers. He is, of course, best known as the founder of the Royal Society and of the Boyle lectures. The literary *virtuoso* will be more interested in him as the author of "Seraphic Love," which he composed at our heroine's seat—"Delicious Leez"—to indoctrinate a friend, disappointed in love, "with his own view of the inferiority of earthly passion." The most charming of all the Boyles, Lewis, Lord Kinalmeakie, whose face looks out from the portrait at Marston with something of the fascination that it exercised on his friends, met an untimely but not inglorious death at Liscarrol. "He died as a gallant officer does, riding at the head of his troop, shot through the heart by a musket-shot." In the November issue, by the way, of the *Beacon*, a good local journal published at Bath, Mr. J. F. Meehan, the editor, gives an account of Richard Boyle, and of the family seat, Marston House.

But we are losing sight of the central figure. Mary Boyle showed a spirit unusual in young ladies of her day by refusing—in spite of the withdrawal of all pocket-money and allowances—the match which her father proposed, and persisting in her resolve to marry a mere younger son. Her own account of the

together with as many promises as any person in th
could make of his endeavouring to make up to me the
of his fortune by the kindness he would have still to
consented to be his wife; that though I can truly
when he knelt down by me I was far from having re
own I would have him, yet his discourse so far preva
I contented to give him, as he desired, leave to let h
mention it to mine. And I promised him that, let h
his father say what he pleased, I would own it.

The ineligible Charles Rich became unexpectedly
Warwick, and Mary's life ran on in outward seeming,
smoothly at "Delicious Leez." She escaped from the
the Civil War, which fell so heavily on the rest of her fa
nearest approach of the war-cloud was when Lord O
Sir Charles Lucas descended upon Lees in search of ar
ill-omened occasion when Sir Charles fell, with his be
him, as he rode out of the courtyard on his way to Col
We quote from Miss Fell Smith's brief relation of th
close to that siege, because Miss Palgrave has treat
unsympathetic manner the gallant and ill-fated cavalier

On August 28, at 2 in the afternoon, sentence wa
but time was to be granted to the condemned for
minister and partaking of the communion. Shortly be
down that night they were brought out by the little po
the southern grassy slope of the castle bailey.
Ireton, Whalley, and Rainsborough had been appointe
the sentence carried out and stood there awaiting the
leaders. The two soldiers embraced each other, ex
a parting word, and then shots were fired on Lu
Lisle stooped and kissed his dead comrade's face, then
the firing party to come nearer. "I'll warrant, Sir," s
the men, "we'll hit you." "Friends," replied Lisle,
been nearer you when you have missed me." But
they did not miss.

Mary's devotional life was the result of an appre
that whatever misfortune befell her or hers was a Divi
ment. She has recorded the occasion of what she reg
a change of heart.

At last it pleased God to send a sudden sickness
only son, who I then doted upon with a great fondness
beyond expression struck at it, not only because of t
ness for him, but because my conscience told me it wa
backsliding. Upon this conviction, I presently retired
and by earnest prayer begged of him to restore my ch
did then solemnly promise if he would hear my p
would become a new creature. This prayer of mine G
so gracious as to grant, and of a sudden began to res
child, which made the doctor himself wonder at the
amendment he saw in him, and filled me then with
thoughts.

This bargain with Providence turned out someth
disappointment. The young Lord Rich died shortly a
marriage, and Mary was left childless. Nor was he
married life very happy. The Earl of Warwick was for
invalid racked by the torments of gout, which wrung
a good deal of bad language. Mary was in constan
thinking of the fate which would be her husband's in
life. She was wonderfully submissive to the Puritan divi
swarmed about the mansion of Lees, but she was not th
and austere person that these divines would have liked
her. Miss Fell Smith remarks:

We have seen by some of her writings that she
observant, wise, tender, scornful, and even slightly s
She could flame into a passion when her sense of dece
right was offended. Once she penitently records being s
into saying under her breath "the divel is in you," wh
one was indulging in conversation she thought unfit

"SOCIAL ENGLAND."

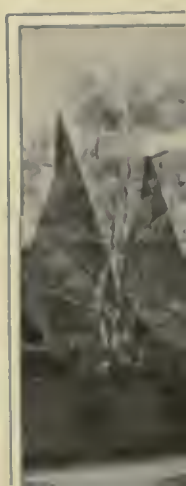
Since its first publication eight years ago SOCIAL ENGLAND has become an indispensable adjunct to the study of English history. There is no other book quite like it; no book which presents so comprehensively and with so much erudition that side of the story which is not concerned with individuals and events, with kings and battles and treaties, but with the multitudinous life of the people which lay behind, and which it is so much more difficult to revive. The late Mr. J. R. Green saw the value of such a study, and "Social England" was the outcome of the revived interest in the life of the past which he represented. The book, too, was a singular instance of successful co-operation, and, under the judicious editorship of Mr. Traill, a

HOW THE PRE-NORMAN ENGLISH DINED AND SLEPT.

Dinner Party at a Round Table (MS. Tib. C. vi.), Beds with Curtains (MS. Claud. B. iv.).
[From the Illustrated Edition of "Social England," by permission of Messrs. Cassell.]

real unity was achieved by the many contributors. We are glad, then, to have another new edition such as that of which the first volume is now published by Messrs. Cassell (12s. n.).

But the new edition differs from all the former ones and assumes a new and much more valuable character. It is an illustrated edition. The new interest attaching to the volume is much greater than may appear from this simple statement. In our armchair at home, and we have retu
or regret to the mediæval method of tea
pictures. We feel more and more that
themselves *sequius irritant*. The publ
"Short History" saw that they must yie
but we doubt whether any book invited t
imperatively as "Social England." There is
pictorial information about the early life o
not been turned to any comprehensive prac
course, not nearly exhausted in the pres
editor, Mr. J. S. Mann, claims with some j
treasures are here revealed, and a large
the first time. The students and workers
England had a keen interest in the life arou
bound by no forms or conventions. Th
realities; they did not understand an a
from themselves and the life around them
a column for a cathedral and slips and
capital a little study of the village c
page 509); the monk illuminating his
known Luttrell Psalter is the best inst
covers his page with little pictures o
which he knows. All this and more
us. We have photographs of all kin t
stores of available MSS.; photogra
armour, boats, coins, pottery; facsi
documents; abundant views of histo
appear to-day, of architectural detai
esting ruins; maps, plans, and other
features, while over thirty pages a
beginning of the volume to notes on the
of the illustrations. The whole sel
great judgment, and the size of the
pictures to be inserted, we think, in a
with the letterpress which they illust
changes in the new edition are no
Jacobs writes a new section on "Th
and the sections on the military history
Britain, as also those on social life, hav
while here and there a slight rearrang
tion has been made. The list of auth
each period has, we notice, also been rev
some later published works. The list
be adequate though not exhaustive; such important recent works, for instance, as "The Welsh People" and "The Celtic Church in Wales," which are not mentioned at the end of the first period, can hardly be ignored by the student of Celtic Britain. The present volume goes down to 1273 and has an index to itself. There are to be six volumes in all, and the whole will be a work of great value. If



NATURAL SCIENCE.

THE CAMBRIDGE NATURAL HISTORY. Vol. VIII.—AMPHIBIA AND REPTILES. By HANS GADOW, Ph.D., M.A., F.R.S. (Macmillan. 17s. n.)

The appearance of this excellent and beautifully illustrated work is a distinct event in zoological literature. Hitherto books on these animals have been either incomplete in their treatment of the subject or marred by inaccuracy and want of first-hand knowledge. Birds, mammals, and, to a less extent, fish have found their historians, and one can point to several standard works to which the lay and the professional naturalist can refer for information of the life and structure of these animals with the certainty of finding it. With reptiles (using the term in the old sense to include amphibia and reptilia) it is otherwise. The ordinary natural histories deal in a very cursory way with the curiously persistent and widespread accounts of the supposed poisonous nature of these animals; of their living in blocks of stone; of their raining down over the roads and fields of a whole country-side. The intelligent layman who has time to indulge his inclinations in natural history, and to whom the war in South Africa, the state of education, and the agricultural problems are not the boundaries of his thought, must often agree with Gilbert White that our reptiles, "few as they are, I am not so well acquainted with as well as I could wish, with regard to their natural history."

Perhaps the chief merit of Dr. Gadow's book—difficult though it is to particularize where all is good—lies in this, that it converts animals whose names connote all that is most vile and loathsome into creatures of singular beauty, complexity, and attractiveness, and that it invests them with a most unexpected importance. First helped by Miss Durham's admirable drawings and the vivid accounts in the text, we gain a clear idea of the living frog, salamander, or lizard. We learn how they pass the winter or the dry season; how during this period they overcome the difficulties of breathing and of starvation; and how they are prevented from drying up. And then when the spring or wet season comes, we see how the winter sleep and the long fast are broken, and how a new and intensely coloured livery is assumed with the advent of the reproductive period. Of all the quaint devices for protecting the young, we have met with none so grotesque and yet effective as those described by Dr. Gadow. He tells how the males of some frogs swallow the eggs and store them in their vocal sacs; how others carry them on their back or on their belly, or tucked away in pits in the skin. Then the strange differences between the tadpoles and their parents afford ample scope for a writer of Dr. Gadow's stamp. He shows how in the swift mountain streams the tadpoles have big effective suckers to give them a grip of the rocks; how others possess a great funnel into which they draw floating fry of all kinds and presently engulf them; how in all tadpoles the structure of every part of the body is adapted for a fish-like existence; and how the rapid and far-reaching changes which ensue when they turn into frogs or toads, convert the individual into what is practically a new animal.

All this is but a preliminary to Dr. Gadow's more important sections. After familiarizing us with the main facts of reptilian life and anatomy, he proceeds to show how we may picture the present state of these animals to have come about. Between fishes and amphibia in spite of the fish-like habits of tadpoles—there is, according to our present know-

interest and importance which attaches to them would justified him in describing them at greater length than done. Many were giants, one of whose footprints would, with water, be large enough for their modern pigmy de to disport in. They flowered out into armoured type covered Europe, America, and South Africa, and then d as unaccountably as many of their descendants, the Di Icthyosaurs, and all that mighty host of reptiles of the Se period. Their origin is lost in obscurity. Probably the from fishes of which the Polypterus of the Nile is al sole survivor, but, however they arose, these primitive a form one of the most interesting groups of animals, sin them, in a way which Dr. Gadow makes as plain as the e will allow, have arisen forms which have branched o extinct reptiles, modern lizards, tortoises, and snakes. F of these extinct groups (probably the Theromorph mammalia have been descended, and to another—at unknown—birds owe their origin.

The study of reptiles viewed in this light assume importance, and, in whatever light Dr. Gadow's w estimated, it will be welcomed as a brilliant exposition present state of our knowledge of two groups of animals history has a direct bearing on the origin of mankin congratulate the author, the editors, and the publishers new volume of the "Cambridge Natural History." It is valuable education in itself, and adds greatly to the imp of a series already distinguished by its attractiveness, ship, and originality.

ZOOLOGY. An Elementary Text-book. By A. E. SHIPLEY and E. W. McBRIDE, M.A., D.Sc. "Cambridge Science Manuals." (University Press. 10s. 6d. n.)

The teacher of zoology is constantly asked by prof and lay students who are beginning his subject, "Wh book of zoology do you recommend?" and as constantly it impossible to recommend a book that shall suggest the and attractiveness of the difficult problems of animal life the same time stimulate the interest and reasoning faculty than temporarily fill the mind with disconnected facts. C animals (certain insects, the crayfish, and birds), it is true are books which deal with the subject in this spirit, bu is no recent attempt, as far as we know, to show, withou than a necessary *minimum* amount of detailed anato nomenclature, what are the general phenomena of ani what are the problems which these phenomena prese how far they have been solved.

The fact is, the plan upon which text-books of zool written was adopted long ago, and has been steadily adh though its value has now diminished—an example o curious faithfulness to tradition which is such a marked of natural scientists. This plan consists in describi anatomy of each of the chief groups of animals in great with a few words on the habits, life-histories, and distrib each group. The main thing, however, is anatomy, result, even in the best hands, is that the text-book wri these lines becomes a list of detailed specifications of el and delicate machines, built up after a number of patt the most part unrelated to each other, though a specio ness is often suggested (perhaps inadvertently) by th the same names for parts of different machines. If we acc doctrine of descent, it is clear that some connexion b

of animals—the Echinoderms—to which star-fishes, sea-urchins, feather-stars, and their allies belong, Messrs. Shipley and McBride conclude:—"Whilst the structure of the adult is utterly unlike that of other Coelomata, the structure of the young is reconcilable with the fundamental structure of Annelida, Mollusca, etc."; or, to translate out of the jargon of zoologists, a star-fish is utterly unlike a worm or a mollusc, but the young star-fish has an organization fundamentally comparable with that of a worm or a whelk. What the fundamental structure of "etc." may be, and how structures are to be "reconciled," the authors leave vaguely to the imagination of their readers.

One would think that such a remarkable conclusion—important and far-reaching if true—would require a little evidence in its support and a little expansion to render it intelligible. But we are vouchsafed none. A very imperfect figure and an incomplete description of the young of one of the least-known divisions of the Echinoderms is all that we are given. We are not told whether it has a nervous system or muscles or sense organs. We are not told how it gives rise to the adult whose structure is so surprisingly different. We are not able to compare it with the young of Annelids or Molluscs, for the authors omit any descriptions or figures of these. We are left with an unintelligible statement at the very point where students find the greatest difficulty and require the most assistance.

The intentions of the authors as set forth in the preface are excellent. Their book does contain a well-arranged account of the facts of adult anatomy and habits which, considered within the limits of any one group, would prove a useful guide to that group. But such treatises exist already; and the present volume, which perpetuates the old mischievous distinction between knowledge of form and of function (as though the one could be studied intelligently without the other); which neglects the phenomena of colour and change of colour; in which the relationships of groups are dealt with without any separate consideration of the principle of homology; which, while telling us at the beginning that nearly all the problems of zoology centre round the origin of species, ends by leaving us without any definite idea of what a species or a variety may be; such a work cannot be said to carry out the intentions of the authors or to satisfy the pressing requirements of teachers or students.

PRACTICAL HISTOLOGY, by Professor J. N. Langley (Macmillan, 6s.), is a summary of the best methods of demonstrating the microscopical structure of the tissues of vertebrate animals, and is largely based on the personal experience of the author. Such a book, the outcome of twenty years' teaching, cannot fail to be of great assistance to medical students and their teachers. In two directions its usefulness might be increased. It deals perhaps too exclusively with the organs of vertebrates. Certain of these—the liver and the retina of the eye, for example—offer great difficulties to the beginner, whereas the corresponding structures of certain invertebrates have a far simpler structure and are composed of fewer and larger elements. The other suggestion refers to the absence of any directions for ascertaining the acid-reaction of the stomach and generally the acid, basic, or neutral properties of tissues. It is because the same serious omission occurs in other text-books of histology and even of chemical physiology that we venture to suggest that directions on this subject may be inserted in a future edition such as a standard work of this kind cannot fail to reach.

ITALIAN HISTORY.

The book unfolds the life-history of two l and Alexander VI.; of the remarkable famil which he made such ample provision; of a Ge (subsequently canonized), and of an eighteen who was both virtuous and a virtuoso. One of the work is the author's weakness for al personages with all the formality of a Mas a task which becomes increasingly difficult, descendant of the "family-Pope" died under the weight of forty-seven surnames marriage in the course of centuries) and of orders and peerages—all given at full length

In spite of this defect (from the reader' book is anything but a dry pedigree of ar The story of this "famous-infamous" Hous the author, "of the healing of the Grea Renascence of letters and the arts; of the in of the Muslim invasion of Europe; of the Pontifical sovereignty, which endured till 18 of a World; of the discovery, by man, of M pretty large claim, but Baron Corvo is not on a later page he adds to these high matter nation in the Tridentine decrees, which " owes to the House of Borgia." Indirectly, for the judgment of most historians (but has credited "the Lord Alexander P.P. things to such a pass that some reform Hardly a charge has ever been levelled a utterly unscrupulous pontiff which the Bar either to discredit or to palliate. In his he tells us that his object is not simply House of Borgia, because he holds that "all words to tell." With a fine contempt for th history, he asks why "good hours of sunlight the judgment-seat by those who will present turn in the dock." Certainly he wastes n Borgia is in question; his own position i naive, and occasionally maladroit, counsel fo said, for instance, that Alexander secured acally by promising gifts and benefices to return for their support. To this Baron C Conclave being secret (he describes it minut no proof that these gifts were the price of reminds us that simony was only legally p Julius II., who was *the disappointed can* Conclave! Again it is alleged that Alexan spiritual power to build up temporalities counsel retorts that to avoid this would hav "it was the imperious necessity of the situ ing of all, perhaps, is the process by which this Pope to have been "a very faithful Pas his eleven years' pontificate (which are co to the Epistles of St. Peter) were more than how then, asks the author triumphantly, c had the time to accomplish the turpitudes been charged? A simple computation will him twelve hours' work in the day (Su would have had just three minutes for eac clear proof that his own share in their small!

We cannot say seriously that this wo upon an exceedingly dark period. In spite

faculty. And yet though occasionally inaccurate and always hopelessly injudicial, Baron Corvo writes in a vigorous, picturesque fashion, with some of that "flippant heartless versatility" which belonged to the era that he has chosen to illustrate.

Savonarola.

It is singular that two such excellent lives of the great Florentine preacher as THE LIFE OF SAVONAROLA, by E. L. S. Horsburgh (Little Biographies) (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), and SAVONAROLA, by the Rev. G. McHardy, D.D. (the World's Epoch-makers), (T'lark, 3s.), should appear almost simultaneously. Both bear evident traces of patient study and sympathetic interpretation; and the point of view which the authors take is nearly the same. Each makes it plain that Savonarola was no charlatan, but a prophet of righteousness, and that his failure and death were due to his unfortunate, but perhaps inevitable, combination of the *rôles* of preacher and politician. Dr. McHardy, with more space at his disposal, contrives to be fuller and more graphic, while Mr. Horsburgh is more judicious and discriminating; but both books are written in a style of distinction, and show a firm grasp of the subject and its bearing upon the history of the time. It was once the fashion to label Savonarola as "a fanatic"; but such a description does not advance us one step towards the comprehension of his large and lofty nature. In claiming for him a place among the World's Epoch-makers Dr. McHardy is perhaps inclined to exaggerate his true position. We think rather, with Mr. Horsburgh, "that he was neither much behind his age nor much in advance of it," and that little would have been known to-day of his revivalist successes if he had not mixed in politics and paid for his interference with his life. Still he has the merit of having demonstrated in a small but prominent arena how short-lived a reformation of morals must have been, while the abuses of the mediæval Papacy, from a political and constitutional standpoint, remained unchallenged. It has been well said that his independent reform of his own convent was a first step towards a national church; and his attitude towards the Pope, however illogical, was, like that of Grosseteste in earlier times, an anticipation of "an ampler day." Circumstances made him, as a moral reformer, the champion also of the liberties of Florence; but his zeal for freedom did not pass beyond the bounds of the city; as Mr. Horsburgh points out, he hated Pisa like a genuine Florentine. And he did not always rise superior to party passion; his refusal to insist on the right of appeal when claimed by his enemies, though he had himself boasted of having secured it for Florence, will remain (in spite of Villari's defence which Dr. McHardy echoes) a serious blot upon his character. Mr. Horsburgh discusses with great judgment the nature of his prophetic claims, and finds them to have been entirely sincere; yet the danger of so narrow a platform for his influence over a fickle populace is illustrated by his tragic end. Both these books would perhaps have been more complete if space could have been found for a critical estimate of Savonarola's sermons with some extracts. We must not forget, however, to give our meed of praise to the dainty binding and excellent photographs which adorn Mr. Horsburgh's work.

Professor Villari's admirable work, THE TWO FIRST CENTURIES OF FLORENTINE HISTORY, translated by Linda Villari, has lately appeared in a new edition (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.). The book ends with the death of the Emperor Henry VII.; and it is much to be wished that the learned author would undertake the continuation of it, on the second, or decadent, period of the Republic, at which he hints in his preface to the English version. The present edition is well illustrated, chiefly from views of Etruscan and Roman antiquities discovered in different parts of Florence. It is not clear, however, why the two bas-reliefs by Rovezzano in the Bargello, which are promised in the list of illustrations, do not appear in the text.

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noticeable that, in this new efflorescence of the old lang the Troubadours, those who began the movement did not a any more complex motive than a kindly desire to giv country-folk a simple and homely literature in the langua they spoke and understood. Provençal has never ceass spoken on its native soil; it had never quite died o written language; but very few of those who employ various dialects of Southern France were men of any p talent. Before Joseph Roumanille, the father of the p movement, the name of Jasmin (some of whose works Lon has rendered familiar to us in translation) stands nearly and Jasmin's dialect was different from that of the Fé It was Roumanille's idea to raise his native patois of Saint out of the mire into which it had sunk; he preached assid the gospel of his home speech; and one day he discovere —"l'enfant sublime" who has since carried his dre realization. The boy was Frédéric Mistral. Under his the Saint-Rémy patois has been developed and expanded beautiful literary language, and a new intellectual li been awakened in the valley of the Rhône. He was once the founder of the Félibrige, and the inventor name—a name which has puzzled not a little those wh tried to explain its origin and etymology. Accord Professor Downer. Mistral came upon it in an old hymn, the expression is used that the Virgin met Jesus in the among "the seven Félibres of the law." Seven poe present at the first meeting, on May 21, 1854, when the was formed, and the number seven seems to have almost a meaning in the eyes of a Félibre, who will speak of the chief churches of Avignon, its seven gates, seven colleges hospitals, seven Popes who were there for seventy years, forth.

Frédéric Mistral was born on September 8, 1830, at Ma a small village near Saint-Rémy, situated in the centr broad plain at the foot of the Alpilles. The poet live still, and with the exception of one or two visits to Pa lived there almost uninterruptedly. He was the only chil father's second marriage, and his father's first meeting w mother was, like that of Boaz with Ruth, among the glea his harvest. Mistral's education was for the most pa boarding-school in Avignon, where he is stated t attempted a translation, in Provençal, of the first ecl Virgil. Here he first met with Roumanille, who had c take up a post as teacher. "It is not too much to say," Mr. Downer, "that the revival of the Provençal languag out of that meeting." Master and pupil became firm f Through Roumanille he came to know Aubanel, Crousti several other enthusiasts, afterwards to assist in the fo of the Félibrige.

At seventeen Mistral was sent to Aix to study law, 1851, on his returning home a *licencié en droit*, his fath him choose his own career. The poet tells us how "he his lawyer's gown to the winds and gave himself up contemplation of what he so loved—the splendour of his Provence." He set to work almost immediately upon "M which is now generally acknowledged to be his greatest It was completed in 1859, and Lamartine devoted to it article in his *Cours familier de littérature*, in which he s the writer as a great epic poet, "a true Homeric poet own time." Lamartine's good opinion did much to h young poet forward. He went to Paris for a short vis became the lion of the literary world. The Academy c his epic, and Gounod composed an opera, called *Mireille* adaptation of the poem. Perhaps none of Mistral's late has quite repeated the success of "Mirèio." "Cal his second epic, was completed after another seven years' in 1866; "Lis Iselo d'Or" (The Golden Islands), a coll shorter poems, was published in 1875; a third poem, "N was again crowned by the Academy nine years later. appeared his only dramatic work, "La Rèino Jano" Joanna), and his last long poem, another epic, appeare years ago. At present he is engaged upon his "Memoirs

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Balfour's Philosophy.

The position which Mr. Balfour occupies in philosophy is something analogous to that of the late Mr. Gladstone in classical scholarship. He is an amateur, and shows an amateur's limitations. All the same, he has deserved right well of philosophy. He leads to a great study, which is not as popular as it should be, the prestige of an honoured name; he has put many truths in a fresh and vigorous way; and, best of all, he is on the right side. He is conservative, but always with the higher conservatism which is only anxious that the moral and religious heritage of our forefathers should descend unimpaired to our children. A statesman's leisure could not be better spent than in writing a book like the FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF; and we are heartily glad that it still enjoys a popularity which enables it to be republished at a popular price.

The eighth edition (Longmans, 6s. n.) is rendered noteworthy by a preface in which Mr. Balfour seeks to clear away some of the misunderstandings by which the work has so far been beset. The chief of them is certainly one under which a good many of his readers laboured. It seemed as though Mr. Balfour, to use his own words, "endeavoured to find in doubt the foundation of belief." It seemed as though he argued that, since naturalism and transcendental idealism are equally untenable when criticized, we must fall back on accepting the moral and theological dogmas delivered to us by constituted authority. Mr. Balfour admits that there are features in the construction of his book which made this misinterpretation excusable, and it is well that he has taken steps to obviate it in the future. He points out that the emphasis should rather have been laid upon a very different point, which is that "science, ethics, and (in its degree) æsthetics are severally and collectively more intelligible, better fitted to form parts of a rational and coherent whole when they are framed in a theological setting, than when they are framed in one which is purely naturalistic." The main argument adduced to prove this is that we cannot account for the value in which we hold virtue, truth, and beauty if we adopt the theory that they spring from a merely natural source which is neither good nor true nor beautiful. In a word, the concept of intrinsic value is the key to the theological view of the world.

Viewed under this new light Mr. Balfour's book gains greatly in philosophic significance, and is cleared from a charge of obscurantism to which his frequent depreciation of reason and insistence on authority have somewhat laid him open. The concept of value is undoubtedly the most important one in philosophy just now. There are some experiences which are useful as tending to self-preservation or race-prolongation and may be called externally or extrinsically valuable. There are other experiences, moral experiences more especially, which are valuable in quite a different way. They may be useful or they may not; they are certainly felt to be intrinsically valuable; valuable in themselves and not for the material advantage they bring. The sense of intrinsic value cannot be plausibly accounted for by any naturalistic process of evolution; it points directly to a theological interpretation of the world. This is a mere outline of a doctrine of value which it would need more than one volume to fill in adequately. Mr. Balfour has done good service not only in clearing away much baseless prejudice in favour of naturalism, but also in pointing out the true direction in which the deeper and more comprehensive researches of

fortable feeling that we are very far behin
and the United States in the matter
This feeling will be in no way diminished
INDIVIDUALITY AND THE MORAL AIM IN
(Longmans, 6s.), being the Gilchrist Repo
the Victoria University by Mr. H. Thise
on Method at Owens College. Of this m
the pages which deal with classification, se
child-study appeal rather to the professed
the account of the theories and methods wh
education as a whole will be found equally
think with the old Western farmer that
thing." It is, indeed, the belief that educati
thing but *the* great thing which explains th
between the English and American systems
in the words of one of our chief authorities,
nations of the world seem to regard educ
Americans believe in it as they believe i
them it is a national interest, pervading a
munity. The American mother is not con
child to school. She does her utmost to help
it learn. She receives weekly reports on
self attends classes to qualify herself to for
The closest relationship between home and
and the teacher ranks not less highly th
public esteem. The reason why we in Eng
to imagine this widespread educational ent
us, the Americans have before them a perfe
of the object of education. Their national
stances call for the creation of a certain ty
to make a "good American," they aim co
development of the individual, the encou
initiative and energy, the production of a
man.* With their methods, often astonishi
Mr. Thiselton Mark deals at length. In r
in the case of so many others, a certain al
for the infectiousness of enthusiasm. Th
accustomed to our haphazard methods, is a
away by the sight of the scientific orga
States. We must never forget that, exc
differ from the Americans in almost eve
differ especially in this, that while they
want, see that they get it, we do not ev
not know what we want. Until we have
this point, we may imitate their methods, b
their results.

Although A MANUAL OF SCHOOL HYG
versity Press, 3s. 6d.) is far from bein
composition, it reflects great credit upon
of Dr. Edward W. Hope and of Mr. Edg
happen to know that its teaching about th
already affected the rules of more than
says much about the need of ventilatio
planations of what ventilation with pure ai
disagree with the authors in what we gath
about the relative importance to a chil
warmth in a schoolroom. Has Dr. Hop
specialists have to say on cold as a bra
injury to the nervous system of a highl
the result of its worrying itself with sm
"about 56deg. to 60deg. Fahr." We h
columns before that 60deg. Fahr. is a dang
recommend, because only really good
trusted to register quickly a change fr

A child should gain from his schooldays not only an immensely improved capacity for interpreting and estimating what he sees, but a greater power of seeing. A badly-lighted private school—and there are too many such—is a source of incalculable mischief. "The excessive power of accommodation" possessed by the eyes of children must be understood, our authors rightly say, to be "a source of danger, as it enables improper work to be undertaken." On many other points the rules of Dr. Hope and Mr. Browne are worthy of their reputation. That all forms of tracing, and of drawing by means of squares or dots, should be prohibited is unknown to many teachers; and we are heartily with the authors in their shrewd verdict that short lessons "at bad desks" (? badly-constructed desks) are likely to be less injurious than long spells of application at well-designed desks. Evidently Mr. Browne is a kind of guardian angel where Liverpool children's eyes are concerned; he returns to the charge in the chapter upon school furniture, and deals a severe blow to the teachers who ignore such troubles as those caused by flickering gas. Mr. Browne points out that "too bright a light" is a delusive phrase; when properly shaded the brighter the light is the better. We like the chapter upon "site and soil," though we could wish that even more might have been written against a clay soil. To say that "clays and alluvial soils are frequently wet and damp" is too mild a statement for what is chiefly valuable as a "fighting book." No teacher should neglect "A Manual of School Hygiene." The profession of schoolmastering is so wearing and wearying a one that too often the very headmasters, who ought to spend hours over such a book as this, remain ignorant of its existence. The specialist in all English occupations, indeed, suffers from a disbelief in the importance of practical bibliography.

Book Prices.

The new volume of Book Prices Current (Elliot Stock, £1 7s. 6d. n.) is no whit less valuable than its fourteen predecessors. Indeed, as annually it grows in bulk—the number of pages respectively for 1892, 1899, and the current year are 529, 745, and 788—so does it increase in utility. Mr. Slater's introduction is brief. We learn from it, however, that the 38,377 lots sold by auction between October, 1900, and July, 1901, yielded a total of £130,275 9s., or an average of £3 7s. 10d. per lot. This is the highest average on record, one which, save in the case of 1900, when the relapse was attributable to general stagnation, has been steadily increased since 1893, when £1 6s. 7d. was the corresponding figure. The conclusion is irresistible; printed books, notably, of course, monuments of the early presses and important works like the First Folio Shakespeare, are increasing in money-value year by year. Only after a volume such as this has been consulted many times is it possible to discover, one by one, errors or omissions, if such there be—in the case of the recently issued ten years' index, for example, there are several mistakes and numerous omissions under "Kelmscott Press Publications." But attention may be directed to one or two points of interest. On December 5 probably the first uncut copy to occur at auction in this country of Robert Browning's "Pauline," first edition, 1833, fetched £120. Mr. Slater makes no mention of the fact that a small hole and a tear, robbing the text of several letters, was discovered on pp. 21-22, although thereby bidding was doubtless influenced considerably. A letter from Mr. R. Barrett Browning, giving reasons for the rarity of this booklet, appeared in *Literature*, April 6, 1901. Again, apropos of the Hamilton Bruce set of Waverley novels in first edition, uncut save at the top, which fetched £205, it might have been pointed out that the late owner paid all but that sum for the elaborate morocco bindings; whereas, in pristine condition, "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering" have by themselves realized £220. In the exhaustive index there are entries under "Kelmscott Press" and "Vale Press," but we look in vain for the Essex House and the Doves, both of sufficient importance to include. Owing to its fluctuations in market value, we might reasonably expect to find record at least of the limits between which the Kipling *edition de luxe* has moved during the twelve months.

FICTION.

Carlist and Cristino.

Scouring Europe in search of local colour, Mr. Cro[illegible] decided upon Spain for the scene of his latest novel. Spain Carlist war; and in these unfamiliar surroundings figure Blair, of Castle Blair, in the good shire of Fife" (we had a character of Mr. Crockett's creation would have kingdom), and John Mortimer, a chancesuet English m of Chorley in Lancashire (a somewhat shadowy gentlem the usual crowd of Carlists, Cristinos, monks, pretty girl forth. The Fugitives (Macmillan, 6s.) is a bustlin for Mr. Crockett writes with an exuberance of spirits and careless joviality of phrase warranted to keep things It would seem that he cared little for the meaning of a so long as it were forcible and had a good ring. Ramon the outlaw, waits in his cave "till the mist was at its rising in hissing spume-clouds out of the deeps." W believe that those spume-clouds would hiss even in Sp reading this book we are impressed chiefly with the gallan made by Mr. Crockett to get his effects. Local colour (ca muleteers, and the rest) is shovelled in with reckless pr every situation is, so to speak, italicized; and the struggles nobly to make us laugh with his patches of com The construction of the novel is ingenious, and there is fighting. But as for character—well! we can only assu Mr. Crockett has given up attempting to draw his ch They are, to take the chief of them, a swashbuckling vivacious French gentleman turned monk (tempor mercantile Englishman, and an outlawed Spaniard. Cardono has more claim to our esteem than most of the an ingeniously constructed marionette with an interesti Cabrera and the Queen-Regent, and her *entourage*, fail us. But Mr. Crockett writes with a will, and as th believed in himself—sometimes really eloquently; and so is always happening in his books—generally something and unexpected. Not many writers can spin the web o better.

Gorki.

Maxim Gorki, whose Foma Gordyeff (Unwin, been translated by Isabel F. Hapgood, comes before the public with a Russian reputation second only to that of No doubt he is important as a sign of the times; novelist he is more puzzling than pleasing. He has no of telling a story. Strictly speaking he has no story He is long winded and he is coarse. As a rule, when say all these things about a book, it is not worth while more about it. But, though it is impossible to read without being frequently disgusted and continuously there is power in it. It leaves an impression, definite disagreeable, of the purposelessness and futility of lif lingers like the recollection of a nightmare. It takes th quite a time to restore himself to optimism with the that pessimism at Nijni Novgorod need not interfe optimism in more civilized places. A writer who c impress those whom he bores obviously has some of the of genius, even if he is not a great novelist. Gorki, m strikes us as the most characteristically Russian of Russian novelists whose works we know. All of them ideas and emotions which the Western European cannot stand without a special effort. The ideas and emotions int

contempt for the prosperous merchants. The pessimism transcends any pessimism that we have ever met in any novel. It is violent, aggressive, unredeemed by any sense of humour. As cheerfulness gradually returned to us after the gloom which it had caused, the vision which emerged from the nightmare was a vision of Maxim Gorki leading an army of star philosophers against the West, and offering Gaul and Teuton and Anglo-Saxon the grim alternative of pessimism or the sword.

"The Fiery Dawn."

"I wonder," remarks the hero on page 87 of THE FIERY DAWN (Arnold, 6s.), "I wonder who I am and what I am doing." The reader of Miss M. E. Coleridge's tale of the Duchesse de Berry and the rising in La Vendée on behalf of her son Henri V. will frequently find himself in a state of almost equal perplexity. The truth is that, in her desire to suggest the confusion and mystery belonging to this romantic episode, Miss Coleridge has lost sight of the necessity for an intelligible plot. The judicious reader will not attempt to form a clear idea of what it is all about. He will abandon himself rather to the enjoyment of a series of stirring incidents, described with admirable power and abundant imagination. Such, for example, are the heroic defence of La Pénissière and the "smoking-out" of the Duchesse and her friends from their hiding-place. Throughout the book, indeed, the Regent's spirited adventures in boy's attire are so brightly told that we almost overlook her amazing folly and selfishness. On the other hand, such chapters as that headed "Maison Botherel," professedly borrowed from Lamartine, Feydeau, and Théophile Gautier, seem to us unnecessary as well as tedious.

"Wealth of Mallerstang."

Something of the austerity of the country in which he has laid his scene seems to have laid its grip upon Mr. Algernon Gissing in THE WEALTH OF MALLERSTANG (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). He tells his story with a stern leisureliness that is interesting in itself, and only once does it break out into an intensity of passion, all the more striking because unexpected. Humphrey Garrett is a man who weaves a tragedy around himself by mistaking violence for manhood, and tries to establish a kingdom of freedom and brotherhood by fire and sword, until he is redeemed by a woman's love. The book is not one for the many, but the smaller public whose applause is worth winning will appreciate it. Its merit lies in the nature pictures, which are singularly well done, and in the subordination of the details to the central interest. It is a story well imagined and well wrought, and enhances the reputation Mr. Algernon Gissing has already made with "A Secret of the North Sea."

Studies of Women.

Mr. Maarten Maartens is a pleasant writer, and his style has just that touch of the foreign that gives piquancy. SOME WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN (Heinemann, 6s.) contains a dozen short stories, of which all are readable and some few very good indeed. There is something of De Maupassant about Mr. Maartens' handling of the *conte*: some of these tales, as "Madame de Lissecourt" and "Diane de Bragade," might almost have been written by the master. Perhaps "John" is the best of these stories from our point of view; it is simple, and Dutch, and eminently business-like, and it has nothing whatever to do with illicit love. In a collection of stories entirely about women it is something to come across a few that fail to introduce the jealous husband. "Annette de Viroflay" is another story of this kind, pretty, simple, and sufficiently ingenious. Altogether a good collection.

Lord Salisbury after an interview not calcu
agreeable to the President of the Frenc
attention attracted by a mysterious strange
he follows to the hall of an old City Guild.
accepts the stranger's invitation to enter. I
himself in the company of twelve gentlemen
European Thrones of which they have all bee
are banded together to take a divine reveng
subjects who have discarded them in a vain
by freeing them from a terror from which th
deliver themselves. It is, in short, nothing les
of discrowned Kings pledged to a war of e
Anarchists. Of the particular adventure w
the present novel we give no details,
mend the story in its entirety to the reader
of the persons of the drama with perso
moment is managed with propriety and
actuality enough to give a distinct topic
from its merits as an interesting excursu
historical fantastics, Mr. Upward's latest
and well-written novel.

The Unspeakable Turk.

THE PASHA, by Daisy Hugh Price (Geo
a new and engaging view of the unspeakabl
to be on occasion a polished and kindly gen
husband, even for an English girl whose
Ahmed Ilderim Pasha has a prejudice
English wife to mix, unveiled, with her kin
civilization itself, monogamous and defe
knows something of Turkish life from the in
Hânem," a tale of a Cairo harem, was cl
will not discredit it. She is entirely withe
the subject of Armenia and its atrocities.

YESTÈRE: THE ROMANCE OF A LIFE, by
Unwin, 6s.), is a profoundly depressing ta
massacres by a writer who evidently takes
to heart. The ghastly tragedy of the en
whole book. There are very vivid pictures
customs. With a less serious purpose in v
give us most readable fiction. As it is, she
as sombre as she could make it. Her objec
to people who say, as she quotes in her pre
yes, didn't something happen there severa
she will certainly succeed.

Alcohol.

A THOUSAND PITIES (T. Fisher Unwi
Taylor, is thin and amateurish. It has, h
brevity, and occasional touches suggest t
neyed theme than hereditary dipsomania M
better.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE'S RESOLVE, by W
Unwin, 6s.), has a good deal of the Temper
Misfortune after misfortune happens to all
allow themselves to look upon the wine wh
last the "young squire" takes the lau
turning his brewery into a factory of non

FLOWER AND THORN, by Beatrice
Blackett, 6s.), is the best work its autho
"The Awakening of Mary Fenwick."
Valerie, is very charming, and her foil,
most sympathetic character. Many of the
talk between the two women which clears n
ing, are full of humanity.

In spite of its improbable plot an
characters, THE ARBITER (Arnold, 6s.)
novel. We doubt whether many girls a
Rachel Rendel of realizing that a wi

"I have little fascination for the morbid," says a character in THE MAGNETISM OF SIN (Greening, 3s. 6d.), by "Æsculapius." The context shows that he means he has little taste for the morbid. Such trifling mistakes occur on almost every page. We cannot forbear giving a taste of the style of "Æsculapius":—

> At night, under the genial sway of the cheering cup, when tinsel and glamour, crimson and gilt, seemed what they were not; when the soothing power of one of Telson's heavily drugged cigars lulled to inactivity his higher brain centres, switching off his true reasoning faculties, paralysing inhibition, and leaving the lower passions predominant; when his only capable interests were centred on a card, a die, the turn of a disc, how optimistic he was.

Telson, we may add, is one of the most nonsensical and dullest villains fiction has ever produced.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The proceedings of the International Congress of Librarians, held last year in Paris, have been published. The secretary, M. Henry Martin, pleaded for a library for periodical publications in every town, and a resolution in support of the proposal was passed. Mr. Andreas Steenberg dealt with the efforts made in Denmark to provide libraries among small communities. The Danes admire English institutions and strive to model their own upon the same lines.

Hitherto poverty and apathy have proved too strong in Ireland for progressive ideas. The promotion of the Public Libraries Acts should meet with general approval. Dublin takes the lead in establishing a system of libraries in its suburbs, and a branch is to be erected on the south side of the city, adjoining the technical schools. The Irish newspapers support the movement, one journal containing this admirable sentence:—"A free library situated as this one will be is a veritable oasis—a Persian (*sic*) Spring."

In a former note upon the increasing congestion of space in public libraries, we instanced Bournemouth, where work was practically at a standstill for want of room. A new building has now been opened; the reference department is to profit by a full proportion of the library income, and books "necessary to the student" will be provided. Perhaps this decision is partly traceable to the papers upon reference libraries read at the Library Association. At any rate we congratulate the Bournemouth authorities.

Nowhere has the Public Library question been more keenly contested than in Wales. The smaller towns have, some of them, fought for years over the matter. Once the Acts are adopted both sides usually rally in support of the library. But at Festiniog two of the branch libraries have been closed owing to lack of funds. Three branches were established—to be maintained upon an income of £50—an effort which outside assistance might have made possible. On the other hand, in the same county of Merioneth, the public support given to the little library at Bala has led a local landowner to present the town with a site and a building.

The best article in the *Library* for October, now completing the second volume, is by Mr. H. R. Plomer, who describes the King's Printing House under the Stuarts. The story is largely bound up with the lives of the Barkers. Robert Barker printed the "authorized version" of the Bible at his own expense, and probably ruined himself in doing so. Another good paper, entitled "A Famous Printer: Samuel Richardson," by W. B. Thorne, deals with the author of "Pamela" upon a side little known to the world at large.

Mr. Frederick J. Crowest, who has recently undertaken the management of Mr. Walter Scott's publishing business at London and Newcastle, is a man who has spent his whole life among books. Mr. Crowest comes from a family connected for some two hundred years with ministerial and educational work in Essex. He began life in Messrs. Cassell's

Correspondence.

MR. HENLEY AND R.L.S.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I should be grateful for your indulgence to a few ideas which seem to have a bearing on the unfo controversy now raging round the names of Henl Stevenson. The controversy is sustained, on the one h those who believe that Mr. Henley has been guilty of a almost sacrilegious disrespect to the dead; on the oth critics who say, "Stevenson has been so ridiculously over we don't wonder that Henley should try to put him proper place." Now, to a lover of Stevenson, who is admirer of Mr. Henley, the article in the *Pall Mall M* certainly gave a rude shock. But I do not th should be quite so ready to deem the worst of *pa triste humeurté* as those critics have shown the who accuse Mr. Henley of having sacrificed the of his friend on the altar of an insatiate vanit who is conscious of no guilt is not over-scrupulous t against suspicious appearance. Mr. Henley did not that he would be suspected of advertising his own imp and of charging Stevenson with ingratitude, when he p credentials to show that his own masculine and m representation of Stevenson was truer to life than the tional, emasculate substitute for a portrait offered by inj friends. It is not difficult to imagine the scandal Boswell would have offered to fanatical Johnsonians if found his life-like portraiture displaced by the colour flattering adumbration of, say, Sir John Hawkins. Mr. has wisely refused to defend himself to the officious inter His real and effectual defence will be the life-like port which he can and must give us, of the "Lewis" whom and loved.

The only serious injury which has been done to Stev memory is the work of those who have exaggerated the of his style until they have produced the impression was a mere academic practician of style on indifferent The high-water mark of this enthusiam for "word words" was reached in the paradoxical essay of a brillian writer, who exhausted all the resources of preciosity, and stock of ideas involved in the confusion of a medium end-in-itself, to produce a highly artificial discours "style." Immediately a reaction set in against sty stylists. The stylist can have no interest for a livin unless his style is merely the medium to give express view of life. Stevenson had a definite and precis of life. Just as Mr. Henley gives adequate exp for the first time, to the comparatively inarticulate of a Walt Whitman, Stevenson found the right m utterance for the inarticulate emotions of the artists of B Mr. Henley, taking a wider and more masculine view o naturally inclined to grant little sympathy to Stev outlook. But he is in error to think that Stevenson's w not live. Stevenson has given the most perfect expressio artist's temperament, which sees things only from the but sees them with the freshness and the vividness of t greatest. The perfect expression of a view of life, limited, is bound to be immortal.

Yours faithfully,

to the same kind of criticism. When Velasquez turned aside from making the portraits of stiff Castilians and painted a ragged man with a glass bowl, or a cook preparing an omelette, his aristocratic sitters turned their noses up. We admire Velasquez in one mood as much as in the other. The whole book of life is open to the artist's choice, whether his art be expressed in forms and colours or in words and sounds. To set up fences and landmarks which he may not overstep is futile.

The painter and the novelist have proved the futility of such attempts by refusing to be limited in their choice of subject. The dramatist has still to show his mettle. Abroad he is vindicating his independence day by day; celebrating his escape from the trammels of convention; floating the puny efforts of prejudice to crib, cabin, and confine his soaring spirit. In France we may take M. Brieux as an example of this pioneer determination. In Germany Hauptmann has broken with tradition; Sudermann, to some extent, as well, and several followers in Hauptmann's steps. Norway was in the van with the plays of Ibsen and Björnson. Even here in England we see spasmodic struggles to get away from the trivial round of hackneyed dramatic permutations, and to attract intelligent persons to the theatre by intelligent means.

But we have still in our way a solid mass of unintelligence, which finds expression in parrot-cries and outworn shibboleths bearing upon the questions, What are and what are not fit subjects for plays? If we are to wear down these cries, it must be by the united effort of all who wish our English theatre well as a channel for the communication of ideas, as a medium for the discussion of those things which interest active minds and for the stimulating of emotion and of thought. It is disheartening to find a critic of Mr. A. B. Walkley's acumen calmly writing down the subject of *Beyond Human Power* as a subject "unsuitable for dramatic treatment." If he had said that Bjernson had not made the most of it, or that the treatment was unconvincing, or that he personally preferred a lighter-hearted form of drama, no one could object. He sets his name to his opinions; there they are, to agree with or to dissent from, as you please. But to pronounce *ex cathedra* and without support of argument that the problem of miracles is "unsuitable for dramatic treatment" seems to me to be without the province of a critic.

Suppose you, Sir, had invited Mr. Walkley to give you his opinion upon M. Zola's "Lourdes," and suppose that Mr. Walkley had laid it down that the matter of the book was unsuitable for treatment in a novel, I think, Sir, you would have exercised your own judgment and used your blue pencil. And why, if M. Zola may write a novel about the supposed miracles of Lourdes, may not Mr. Björnson write a play about the marvellous cures of Pastor Sang? To me, and, as I know, to a great many people, Björnson's play was excessingly interesting and suggestive. The almost universal belief in the possibility of superhuman interference in human affairs is specially worthy of attention in these days when few of us are without friends who pin their faith in Catholic doctrine to reports of marvellous occurrences, or who have embraced Christian science, or who in some way look to agencies beyond human power. The effects that are produced upon different minds by stories of the miraculous give the dramatist ample scope for study of character and dramatic contrast. I do not know whether Mr. Walkley has ever visited Lourdes. If he has, I am sure his keen analytical mind must have sought to penetrate the emotions and the intellectual processes which lead to the Grotto by the Gave thousands and

THE CASKET LETTE

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—No. I do not think I must "b
only well-known student of the Letters. T
to me," no more than to Mr. Lang; bu
kindly flattering as to state that the last wo
this country has been said by me (some ten
besides he thinks it necessary—not always,
flattering terms to refer throughout his
statements of mine, while in strict connex
problem he makes no mention of any other
living writer in this country, it almost necess
veil of anonymity formed by the words "well-k
ceases to serve Mr. Lang's charitable purp
his readers capable of putting two and two to
no doubt as to the person alluded to; and,
know one reader, other than myself, who at
missing name. Mr. Lang's private communi
me till after I had sent my letter to *Literatu*

In regard to more important matters
admits that the Lennox *précis* may have
Moray or De Silva, but now asks was "W
1568) to have let Lennox quote at some le
did not exist?" My view, of course, is
merely a somewhat erroneous summary of
exist; but until the publication of the L
opinion regarding the character of Wood
Lennox may be reserved, although there is no
as yet, that Wood was empowered to show
to the English commissioners. But suppo
been entrusted with a letter, suddenly supp
afterwards, and that he showed the Lette
likely that Lennox, in summarizing the ca
Letters, would by mere chance construct
resembling the meagre one of Moray?

(2) As to the danger of the Scots L
Letters, my point was their conception of the
however, directs attention to a statement
"Even if the Letters differed, the differen
tampering, did not redound to Mary's g
"proof of tampering" would discredit th
the Letters, and redound not merely to Mar
complete discomfiture of her accusers.

(3) Mr. Lang is apparently still persu
ride," though he has now discovered the r
Sir Robert Melville but George Douglas. "
"did Melville's brother James take over the
took four and a-half days, whereas Mr. La
Robert as taking only two or two and
three and a-half (though facts known to M
debarred him from the latter alternative
Lang thinks that Sir James took three
careful consideration of his statement—
show that he took four and a-half, and
borated by De Silva. He set out at noo
reached London late on the night of the 23rd
Mr. Lang's latest "rapid rider," took six
time! Mr. Lang's quotation of De Silva in refe
opinion of Maitland is hardly full enough
properly to interpret the meaning. As matter
even state or imply that the Letters were

story is in itself of little account, and is of absolutely no account in regard to the fixing of dates. Moreover, Mr. Lang must know that there are other equally credible stories about that particular coffer. But since Mr. Lang says his mind is open in regard to Maitland's connexion with the forgery, may I suggest to him a more thorough consideration of the available evidence in regard to Maitland's attitude towards the Queen? How one who had read Sir James Melville's Diary or perused Sir Robert Melville's correspondence could ever have imagined that Sir Robert "split" to Elizabeth on Maitland *ce donne*, &c. Both of the Melvilles were absolutely convinced that Maitland was a secret favourer of Mary.

(4) The fact that the draft of Crawford's Declaration is among the Lennox papers seems to indicate that it was corrected at the instance of Lennox, with the aid of the English version of Letter II.; and this was plainly Mr. Lang's unsophisticated opinion, until attention was directed to the consequences of holding it. But there may be, as Mr. Lang suggests, more conclusive evidence in the Lennox papers, the publication of which by Father Pollen is now (it appears) happily decided on.

Your obedient servant,

T. F. HENDERSON.

THE CHINESE SPOILS AT POTSDAM.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The antique astronomical instruments of which the Chinese were so proud have now been definitively set up at Potsdam, and the German general concerned has defended their acquisition. What a far more famous Prussian leader would have thought of such a thing may be gathered from the following account, written at Paris in 1815 by Sir Walter Scott ("Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," no. XIII.):—

> The museum, when I first arrived in Paris, was still entire, but Blucher, who was not, it seems, to be foiled a second time, has since made several visits, attended by a German artist, for the purpose of ascertaining and removing the pictures which belong to Prussia, or the German States now united with her. The French guardians of the museum also attended, no longer to decide upon the point of view in which the spoils of nations should be disposed, but to plead, occasionally and timidly, that such a picture formed no part of the Cabinet of Potsdam, but had been stolen from some other collection. These demurrers were generally silenced by a "Tais-toi" or "Halt Maul" from the veteran of Laon and Waterloo, who is no friend to prolonged discussions.

Now, Sir, if the "Yellow Peril" should ever unhappily become imminent, will not the Mongolian generals cast about for precedents justifying a reclamation of their lost instruments? And will not the foregoing extract serve?

Yours obediently,

E. CANT-WALL.

MR. ANDREW LANG.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—As you have done me the honour of referring to and using my catalogue of Mr. Lang's books, will you permit me to correct and supplement your bibliography in one or two cases. This in the interest of your bibliography, which will probably be used by collectors and others.

Poetry. The entries—"1886. Selections in 'Sonnets of the Century' (Scott)" and "1893. Selections in Scottish Contemporary Verse (Scott)" comprise only reprints of some of Mr. Lang's verse and are hardly entitled to a place in the list. Critical. The "Politics of Aristotle" appeared first in 1877, a separate reprint in 1886. "Essays in Little," though now published by Longmans, was first published by Henry and Co. History.—The date of "Oxford: Brief Historical and Descriptive America. The American edition reprints some verse Except as general editor of "Bibliothèque de Caralan" in which they appear, Mr. Lang did not edit "Æsop's but he contributed verses to the work.

I append a list of works edited or "introduced" Lang, but even this does not exhaust his work in th ment:—

1881.—E. A. Poe's Poetical Works (Kegan Paul).
1884.—Molière's Les Précieuses Ridicules (C Press).
1887.—Cupid and Psyche (Nutt).
1887.—Johnny Nutt (free translation) (Longmans).
1887.—Beauty and the Beast (Tuer).
1888.—Perrault's Popular Tales (Clarendon Press).
1888.—Ballads of Books (Longmans).
1888.—Euterpe (Nutt).
1890.—Adventures of Ulysses (Arnold).
1890.—Longinus on the Sublime (Macmillan).
1890.—Hypnerotomachia (Nutt).
1891.—Elizabethan Songs (Osgood)?
1893.—Kirk's Secret Commonwealth (Nutt).
1894.—Border Ballads (Lawrence and Bullen).
1894.—Little Johannes (Heinemann).
1895.—Hogg's Death Wake (Lane).
1896.—Poems and Songs of Burns (Methuen).
1896.—Compleat Angler (Dent).
1897.—Animal Land (Duckworth)?
1897.—Lady of the Lake (Longmans).
1898.—Holmes' Autocrat (Ward).
1899.—Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare (Freemantle

There are also a book of "Nursery Rhymes," "Malory," and a host of other books too numerous to

Since issuing my catalogue (1897) I have entered ov items, some of which are omissions.

C. M. FALC

Dundee, Nov. 25.

*** We are much obliged to Mr. Falconer for his this voluminous bibliography. We did not attempt a record of Mr. Lang's work as editor. But the list give Falconer will no doubt be acceptable.

Books to look out for at once.

"The Autobiography of Lt.-General Sir Harry Smith, Bart., G.C.B." Murray.
"The Victorian Anthology." By Sir M. E. Grant Duff. Sc 7s. 6d.
"Later Poems." By Mrs. Meynell. John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.
"With Rimington." By L. March Phillipps, lately Captain in R Guides. Arnold. 7s. 6d.
"In Sicily." By Douglas Sladen. Sands. 63s. net. 2 vols.
"Great Religions of the World." Harper. 7s. 6d.
[A Volume of Articles on the Religions and Belie Universe. By well-known writers, including Sir A. C. Lyel Professor Rhys Davids, Cardinal Gibbons, and Mr. Frederic
"The Confessions of a Caricaturist." By Harry Furniss. Unw 32s.
"Japan: a Record in Colour." By Mortimer Menpes. A. and 20s. net.
"The Life of Napoleon I." By John H. Rose, M.A. 2 vols. [Largely compiled from new materials taken from t official records. Illustrated.]
"Cecil Rhodes: a Study of a Career." By H. Hensman.
"The Velvet Glove." By Henry Seton Merriman. Smith, El
"The Portion of Labour." By Miss Mary Wilkins. Harper.
"The House Divided." By H. B. Marriott Watson. Harper.
"The Mission of Margaret." By Adeline Sergeant. John Lon

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRIN

With notes where required to guide the reader as contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent

A MASQUE OF DAYS. From the Last Essays of Elia. Newly Dressed and Decorated by WALTER CRANE. 11½×8½. Cassell. 6s.

[Illustrating, in fine coloured designs and round large hand written type, Lamb's fancy of a feast given to all the days of the year by the New Year. A pretty book.]

STORIES OF THE TUSCAN ARTISTS. By ALBESIA WHERRY. 8½×6½. 186 pp. Dent. 10s. 6d.

[A finely printed and bound volume telling the story of the Tuscan artists in a popular manner for those who have not been to Italy, with excellent reproductions of sculpture and pictures.]

THE ART JOURNAL (1901). Virtue.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. By H. W. PAUL. 8½×5½, 320 pp. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.

[Expansion of Mr. Paul's article in "The Dictionary of National Biography." "An unadorned narrative of facts," laying no claim "to be a formal life."]

LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR W. MOLESWORTH, Bt., M.P., F.R.S. By MRS. FAWCETT, LL.D. 8½×5½, 352 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.

[An elaborate life showing what we owe to Molesworth (1810-1855) as an early adherent of colonial self government.]

ROBESPIERRE. A Study. By HILAIRE BELLOC. 9×5½, 380 pp. Nisbet. 16s.

[An extensive study (by the author of "Danton") explaining Robespierre's career, disclaiming any addition to known facts.]

JANE AUSTEN: HER HOME AND FRIENDS. By CONSTANCE HILL. 9×6, 366 pp. Lane. 21s. n.

[Follows Jane Austen to all her different places of abode, with topographical illustrations in line and portraits, and information from MS. sources.]

ALEXANDRE DUMAS PÈRE. By HIPPOLYTE PARIGOT. (Les Grands Ecrivains Français.) 6½×7½, 185 pp. Hachette. Paris. Fr.2.50.

[The latest addition to this famous series edited by M. Jusserand.]

SOUVENIRS DE M. DELAUNAY DE LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE. Recueillis par LE COMTE FLEURY. Preface de M. Jules Claretie. 7½×4½, 287 pp. Calmann Lévy. Fr.3.50.

[Delightful anecdotal memoirs of the great epoch of the Comédie Française.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

CLEAN PETER AND THE CHILDREN OF GRUBBYLEA. By OTTILIA ADELBORG. Trans. by Ada Wallas. 11×8, 24 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d. n.

[An impressive little German story translated into English rhyme, with excellent water-colour illustrations.]

FLOWER LEGENDS FOR CHILDREN. By HILDA MURRAY. 11½×8½, 64 pp. Longmans. 6s.

[Stories of flowers and trees, told in prose. Admirably illustrated in colour.]

THE BOGEY BOOK. By E. S. Pictured by H. J. S. 15×10. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

[Large, fantastic, coloured illustrations of bogeys, with rhymes.]

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF DUNDER VAN HALDEN AND HIS SEVEN LITTLE DAUGHTERS. By E. CHESTERTON. 10×7½. Finely Johnson. 2s. 6d. n.

[A quaint story in rhyme, with fantastic illustrations in line.]

ROUND THE WAINSCOT. By CICELY FULCHER. 8½×5½, 160 pp. Treherne. 2s. 6d.

[A little girl, afraid of the dark, a cruel nurse, and a sympathetic [illegible] Good Illustrations.]

DICK VAUGHAN'S FIRST TERM. By R. W. K. EDWARDS. 7½×5½, 256 pp. Wells Gardner. 2s. 6d.

PRIVATE BOBS AND THE NEW RECRUIT. By MABEL C. BIRCHMORE. Illus. by H. M. Brock. 7½×5½, 246 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

[A story of children and soldiers, bringing in the Diamond Jubilee procession.]

LILY POLLIE. By H. HICKMAN. 7½×5, 226 pp. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.

[The story of a dog, published at the suggestion of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.]

GOLDEN SUNBEAMS. Vol. for 1901. 9½×6½, 192 pp. S.P.C.K. 1s. 4d.

EDUCATIONAL.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND PUBLIC NEEDS. By G. G. COULTON. 7½×5, 175 pp. Simpkin, Marshall.

[Suggestions on the teaching of English and modern languages.]

ANSON'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. Ed. by H. W. HOUSEHOLD. (English Classics for Schools. Grade II.) 6½×4½, 164 pp. 10d. n.

[Reduced text, with introduction, notes, and glossary.]

THE DESIRED HAVEN. 7½×5, 223 pp. J. Long

[A quiet study of the life in England, G delicate girl who leaves a hard-hearted step-m father to act for herself, and finds the "desired captain. The story is well told, but the comm high flown.]

THE CHILDREN OF THE SPHINX. By G. C. W Bristol: The Cosmopolitan Publishing Company

[An historical novel of adventure in Egypt hero is a son of Rameses, King of Egypt.]

TWINT DOG AND WOLF. By C. F. KEARY. 7 Johnson. 3s. 6d.

[Short stories of a romantic and mystic char

THE CASE OF A MAN WITH HIS WIFE. B 171 pp. Treherne. 3s. 6d.

[Story of a matrimonial complication in clergyman both marry the same lady. Eighteen

THE PRINCESS CYNTHIA. By MARGUERITE B Cassell. 6s.

[Social and political romance in a mythical period, in the "Buritanian" style.]

CALUMET K. By MERWYN-WEBSTER. 7×5, 3 Co. 6s.

[American. Calumet K is a two million round the construction of which the story centr

PETER THE PARASITE. By E. MARIA ALBANESI.

[A story of modern society.]

LES AMIES DE NOËL TRÉMONT. By AND 305 pp. Paris: Ollendorff. Fr.3.50.

[The latest novel of this charming writer, wh

HISTORY.

WALES. By O. M. EDWARDS. (The Story of 404 pp. Unwin. 5s.

[The first continuous popular history—by a is the 56th volume of this series.]

THE GREAT PERSIAN WAR. By G. B. G Murray. 21s. n.

[The author, the Oxford University Geography, has visited the fields of the great b causes of the war, he studies closely. Maps, pho

LA JEUNESSE DE LA GRANDE MADEMOISE ARVÈDE BARINE. 7½×4½, 326 pp. Hachette.

[A brilliant portrait, by the lady to wh has just awarded a prize of 8,000f. of Anne- Duchess of Montpensier,

LITERARY.

MILTON'S PROSODY, by ROBERT BRIDGES, and IN ENGLISH VERSE, by W. J. STONE. 8× Press. 5s. n.

[Mr. Bridges now adds an analysis of stress on the English hexameter. Mr. Stone's part, introduction of classical metres (privately print before his death recast as a history and gram the present book.]

THE DEFENDANT. By G. K. CHESTERTON. 7 Johnson. 5s. n.

[Clever essays defending many things usual the *Speaker*.]

ARTHURIAN ROMANCES. IV. THE ROM Rendered into English prose from the Mediev WESTON. 5½×4½, 152 pp. Nutt. 2s. n.

[The fourth in Messrs. Nutt's series of Ar presented in Malory.]

MARIE DE FRANCE. Seven of Her Lays done i RICKERT. 5½×4½, 199 pp. Nutt. 3s. n.

[These "lais" of a popular writer of shor century are translated into English for the first on Marie's life. Uniform with "Arthurian R

GOD THE BEAUTIFUL. An Artist's Creed. By Wellby. 1s. 6d. n.

[Letters (so the preface states) on the be written on his death-bed by a young Dani culture whom E. P. B. found dying in a Leith

WALT WHITMAN'S POETRY. A Study and a S HOLMES. 8×6½, 132 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d.]

POETRY.

THE SONGS OF A CHILD AND OTHER POEMS. By "Darling" (Lady Florence Douglas, now Lady Florence Dixie.) 7½×4½, 312 pp. *Leadenhall Press.* 2s. 6d.

[These were all written between the age of 10 and 17 years and are left untouched.]

KING STEPHEN AND OTHER POEMS. By Anna J. T. Salter. 7¾×5½, 180 pp. Routledge. 5s.

THE MOON OF LEAVES, and other Poems. By Aristo. 8×5½, 292 pp. Watts. 5s.

[The title poem is an idyll of the prairie, and some of the others are mostly based on North American legends.]

PASITELES THE ELDER and other Poems. By Cosmo Monkhouse. With a Prefatory Note by Austin Dobson. 7½×5½, 92 pp. Brimley Johnson. 5s. n.

[A melancholy interest attaches to these poems owing to the recent death of the author. "Pasiteles the Elder," the story of a Grecian sculptor, written in Chaucer's seven-line stanza, and "Christ Upon the Hill" (printed in a limited edition, 1895), a legendary tale in ballad metre, are finished examples of suggestive narrative verse.]

POLITICAL.

"PROSPEROUS" BRITISH INDIA. By W. Digby, C.I.E. 9×6, 613 pp. Unwin. 12s. 6d.

[A substantial work to prove that "the country is in a bad way, and the people in a worse way."]

THE IRISH LAND PROBLEM AND HOW TO SOLVE IT. By D. S. A. Cosby. 7½×5, 117 pp. Brimley Johnson. 1s. 6d. n.

[A pamphlet reprinted from the *Westminster Review*, and in defence of the landlords.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF. By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour. 8×5½, 399 pp. Longmans. 6s. n.

[See Review, p. 516]

SOCIAL ENGLAND. Ed. by H. D. Traill and J. S. Mann. 10½×7¾, 602 pp. Cassell. 12s. n.

[See review, p. 512]

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. By Charles Lamb. Illus. by Garth Jones. 9×6, 310 pp. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

[The illustrations are most interesting, and Mr. E. V. Lucas contributes a good introduction.]

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. New Ed. by D. Patrick, LL.D. Vol. I. 11×7½, 832 pp. Chambers. 10s. 6d. n.

THE LATIN QUARTER. ("Scènes de la Vie de Bohème.") By Henry Murger. Translated by Ellen Marriage and J. Selwyn. (French Novels of the Nineteenth Century.) 7¼×5½, 402 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

[The second in this interesting new series.]

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. By Izaak Walton. (The Little Library.) Ed. by J. Buchan. 6×4, 310 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d.

[A reprint of the fifth edition—the last which Walton corrected with modernized spelling, notes, and a bibliographical and critical introduction.]

MILTON'S POEMS. 6¾×4½, 526 pp. Newnes. 3s. n.

[A handy reprint clearly printed on thin paper, and bound in a limp cover of brown and gold; with portrait.]

CHRISTMAS AT THE MERMAID. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. (Flowers of Parnassus XI.) 5¾×4½, 65 pp. Lane. 1s.

[A little quarto with good illustrations by Herbert Cole.]

THE WARDEN. By Anthony Trollope. Ed. by A. Thorold. 6×3¾, 360 pp. Lane. 1s. 6d.

["The Pocket Library." A brief prefatory note by the editor.]

THE ENGLISH POEMS OF RICHARD CRASHAW. (The Little Library.) Ed. by E. Hutton. 6×4, 218 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d. n.

[We are glad to see a reprint of this rather neglected poet. Mr. Hutton writes a critical and biographical preface.]

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. THE HOLY WAR. GRACE ABOUNDING. (Thin paper Ed.) 6½×4½, 128 pp. Nelson. 2s. 6d. n.

[A handy pocket edition in the New Century Library.]

THE PURGATORIO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. (The Temple Classics.) 6×4, 442 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d.

[With notes and a prefatory [illegible]]

THE BATH COMEDY. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 7½×[illegible] Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

[A third edition of this capital novel of Bath in the 18th[illegible]]

LA FRANCE AU MILIEU DU XVIIe. SIÈCLE (1649-1661) Correspondance de Gui Patin. Extraits publiés avec Notice biographique par Armand Brette et précédés d'une Introduction par Edme Champion. 7½×4¾, 69 pp. Paris: Colin. Fr. 4.

[These invaluable letters of this distinguished physician [illegible] parcel of his long medical digressions. The complete [illegible] hardly obtainable. This contains all that is essential.]

SCIENCE.

THE EARTH'S BEGINNING. By Sir R. S. Ball. 7½×[illegible] Cassell. 7s. 6d.

[Based on Royal Institution lectures to a "juvenile [illegible] on the origin of the sun and planets, &c. Illustrations, some [illegible]]

OFFICIAL YEAR-BOOK OF THE SCIENTIFIC AND [illegible] SOCIETIES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. [illegible] issue. 8¾×5½, 347 pp. Griffin. 7s. 6d.

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON THE CALCULUS. Gibson. 7½×5, 459 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

THE CHURCH AND THE NATION. By Mandell Creighton [illegible] Louise Creighton. 7¾×5½, 336 pp. Longmans. 5s. n.

[These papers have all appeared in pamphlet form or [illegible] But they present a valuable conspectus of Dr. Creighton's [illegible] Church History and present problems.]

ORDINATION ADDRESSES. By the Right Rev. William [illegible] D.D. Ed. by E. E. Holmes. 8½×5½, 367 pp. Longmans. [illegible]

[Among MSS. entrusted to the editor shortly before th[illegible] death. To be followed shortly by "Visitation Charges."]

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER. By John Watson, D.D. 11½×[illegible] Hodder and Stoughton. 25s. n.

[A sumptuous work with exceedingly beautiful colours [illegible] by Mr. Corwin Knapp Linsom.]

THE AGAPÈ AND THE EUCHARIST IN THE EARLY CHU[illegible] J. F. Keating, D.D. 7¾×5½, 207 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

[An attempt to elucidate the history of the early Chr[illegible] feasts by putting together the references to them in be[illegible] Jewish literature.]

A HISTORIC VIEW OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By P. [illegible] 8½×5½, 274 pp. A. and C. Black. 6s.

[The Jowett Lectures; by the author of "[illegible] Evangelica," (1890).]

"A BASKET OF SUMMER FRUIT." With In "Memoriam." of Sighs." By Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon. 7×3½, 132 pp. Pass[illegible] Alabaster. 1s. 6d.

[A little book of devotional thoughts.]

COMFORT FOR ALL. By F. Marshall. 7½×5½. 183 pp. 2s. 6d. n.

[Scripture passages for every form of trouble.]

THE MORNING WATCH FOR SOLDIERS OF THE KING. by Rev. G. Coates. 7¾×5½, 397 pp. Stockwell. 5s.

[Devotional extracts for every morning of the year, in [illegible] poetry, from many writers.]

NOTES INTRODUCTORY TO THE STUDY OF THE CLEM[illegible] RECOGNITIONS. By F. J. A. Hort, D.D. 7¾×5½, 143. M[illegible] 4s. 6d.

[Notes made by the late Dr. Hort for his lectures as Hu[illegible] fessor at Cambridge on the origin and history of the C[illegible] literature.]

A VINDICATION OF THE PULPIT. An Address by Dea[illegible] 7×5, 19 pp.

[A pamphlet giving practical advice to young clergy.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

THE TOWER OF LONDON. By Lord Ronald Sutherland [illegible] Vol. I. 9½×6¾, 231 pp. Bell. 21s. n.

[An elaborately illustrated and sumptuous work.]

LONDON AFTERNOONS. Chapters on the Social Life, Arc[illegible] and Records of the Great City and Its Neighbourhood. W. J. Loftie. 8½×5½, 292 pp. Cassell. 10s. 6d. n.

[A popular book, with interesting illustrations of Lo[illegible] and present.]

A PEEP INTO THE IMPERIAL DIADEM. By H. S. Foster. 87 pp. Simpkin Marshall. 1s.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 272, by H. JOANNIN, Geneva.

BLACK. 7 pieces.

WHITE. 11 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 273, by Jan Smutny, Vienna.

BLACK. 7 pieces.

WHITE. 7 pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 272, by Jan Smutny, Bohemia.—White (8 pieces)—K at K R sq; Q at Q Kt sq; B at K Kt 8; Kt at K B 3; pawns at K Kt 5, K 4, Q Kt 2, Q R 5. Black (4 pieces)—K at K R sq; pawns at K R 6, K B 3, Q 2. Three moves.

PROBLEM No. 273, by Jan Smutny.—White (6 pieces)—K at Q Kt sq; Q at K R sq; R at K 5; Kts at K B 4 and K Kt 5; pawn at K R 4. Black (9 pieces)—K at Q 5; bishops at K B 7 and K Kt 5; pawns at K B 3, K B 4, K 6, Q B 4, Q B 5, Q Kt 6. Three moves.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 251, Gold (2), K–B 2. No. 252, Gold (3), Q–Kt 2. If Kt–Q; 2. R–Q 6 ch, or if B–Q; 2. Kt–B 7 ch, &c. No. 253, Ending by Troitzky:—1. P–B 6 ch, K–P; 2. Kt–B 4, B–K 7; 3. B–R 4 ch and wins. Variations. No. 254, Shinkman (2), Q–R 2. No. 255, Marin (2), P–Q 3. No. 256, Fricder (3), 1. P–Kt 8–R, K–R 7; 2. R–Kt 3, B–Kt sq; 3. P–Kt 4 mate. No. 257, Brennander (2), R–B 4. No. 258, Kohtz (3), key Q–B 4. Then if Kt–Q; 2. Kt–Kt 8, &c., or if Q–Q; 2. Kt–K 8, &c. No. 25[illegible] Q–B 2, P–Q; 2. R (Kt 2)–K 2, &c. ("Such in a three-mover is rare."—A. C. W.) No. [illegible] Kt–B 8. No. 263, Schrufer (3), key R–K 8. 264. End-games will be given later.

Correct Solutions received as follows:—(Biarritz), 254, 257; A. C. H. (Reform Cl[illegible] Sellman (Uxbridge), 247, 257; W. P. B. (W[illegible] Stanley J. Gibbons (Sidcup), 247, 251, 257; A[illegible] field), 245, 251 to 256; J. D. Tucker (Ilkle[illegible] 258; Otto Würzburg (Grand Rapids), 250 to 250 to 252; G. H. E. Russell, 254, 257.

PROBLEM TOURNAMENTS. The *British Che*[illegible] nounces a new tournament, towards which Sir [illegible] has given £10 10s. for prizes, of which there [illegible] The German Chess Association also announce [illegible] connexion with the meeting next year at Han[illegible] Windmühlenstrasse 21B, Hanover, by 20th [illegible] *Stratégie* (Paris) has finished, in the current is[illegible] tion of its entries for the mammoth tournam[illegible] positions were sent in. Dr. Tolosa y Carrer[illegible] chief judges. The award will be awaited with [illegible]

GAME No. CXIII.—One of the Russian [illegible] games in which the champion was engaged:—

RUY LOPEZ.

White. J. Sybin.	Black. M. I. Tschigorin.	White. J. Sybin.
1. P–K 4	P–K 4	21. B–Q 2
2. Kt–K R 3	Kt–Q B 3	22. R–K 3
3. B–Kt 5	Kt–B 3	23. B–B 3
4. Castles	P–Q 3	24. Kt–K sq
5. P–Q 4	Kt–Q 2	25. P–R 3
6. Kt–B 3	B–K 2	26. Q–Q 2
7. B×Kt	P×B	27. R–Q 3
8. P×P	P×P	28. R–K 3
9. Kt–K 2	Castles	29. Q–Q B 2
10. Kt–Kt 3	B–Q 3	30. Q×P
11. B–Kt 5	P–B 3	31. Q–Kt 2
12. B–K 3	Kt–Kt 3	32. Kt–B 2
13. P–Kt 3	Q–K 2	33. R×R
14. Kt–R 4	P–Kt 3	34. R×R
15. Q–Q 2	B–R 3	35. Q×R
16. P–Q B 4	B–Kt 5	36. Q–Kt 3
17. Q–R 2	B–B 6	37. Kt–K 3
18. K R–Q sq	P–Q B 4	38. Kt (Kt 3)–B sq
19. Kt–B 3	R–Kt 2	39. Kt–Q 5
20. B–B 6	K R–K sq	40. Kt (B sq)–K 3
21. B–Q 3	Kt–B sq	41. P×P
		42. K–R sq

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POEMS. BY JOHN CLARE.

Selected and Introduced by NORMAN GALE (Author of "A Country Muse," &c.). With a Bibliography. By C. ERNEST SMITH.

RUGBY: GEORGE E. OVER, 1901.

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No. 1034—DECEMBER, [illegible]

DAY. By "LINESMAN." C[illegible] WINNIPEG. By C. HANBURY-[illegible] MARRIED.—HER SISTER. By [illegible] JONES OF PANNMAEN. BYRO[illegible] STREET.—THE WESTCOTES. [illegible] COUCH. CHAPS. VII.-IX. REC[illegible] STATE OF INDIA. THE CONQU[illegible] CHAP. XIII.—LI HUNG-CHANG [illegible] MICHIE. MUSINGS WITHOU[illegible] YEARS OF EMOTION.—GREAT D[illegible] PAGEANTRY. THE RETURN OF THE [illegible] COLONIAL EMPIRE.—THE COST [illegible] OLD RADICAL AND THE NEW.—AN [illegible] HIS POLITICAL PREJUDICES.—HIS [illegible] LETTERS.—WILLIAM HAZLITT AND [illegible] THE MINISTRY AND THE WA[illegible]

WILLIAM BLACKWO[illegible] EDINBURGH AND L[illegible]

THE NINETEENTH [illegible] AND AFTE[illegible]

No. 298. DECEMB[illegible]

A MESSAGE FROM AMERICA [illegible] By Charles Copland Perry.
OUR UNDISCIPLINED BRAIN[illegible]
MARRIAGE AND MODERN [illegible] W. S. Lilly.
A NEW LIGHT ON THE BA[illegible] CYPHER. By W. H. Mallock.
THE FIELD OF THE PRINT[illegible] Frederick Wedmore.
HOW TO PUT AN END TO PRO[illegible] By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B.
A PLEA FOR THE CIRCUIT S[illegible] Mr. Justice Grantham.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 216. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

* * * *

Books to read just published :—

"Caroline the Illustrious, Queen Consort of George II." By W. H. Wilkins. Longmans.

"Oxford Studies." By J. R. Green. Macmillan.

"New Tales of Old Rome." By R. Lanciani. Macmillan.

"More Letters of Edward FitzGerald." Ed. by W. Aldis Wright. Macmillan.

"The Usurper." By W. J. Locke. Lane.

"The Man from Glengarry." By R. Connor. Hodder, Stoughton.

"The Portion of Labour." By Mary E. Wilkins. Harper.

* * * *

The publishing year is all but over. The bitter cry of the over-stocked bookseller—always heard at this season of the year—grows louder every day, and many books are being held back by the publishers until next year. This will help the booksellers to ease their groaning shelves, and perhaps make up for what, speaking generally, seems to have been anything but a prosperous season for the trade.

* * * *

which, as stated in last week's *Literature*, is to be wr
Mr. W. H. Wilkins. The publishers, Messrs. Hut
have obtained permission to reproduce two recently-
portraits of the King and Queen, which will appear as c
plates with the first part. The biography, having run its
as a serial, will be published in volume form. Anoth
Illustrated work which Messrs. Hutchinson are prepa
publication in parts early in the coming year is a histor
British Parliament.

* * * *

Far the most noteworthy volume in its kind to com
Messrs. Sotheby's hammer during the first three day
week was the copy of Byron's "Poems on Various Occa
1807, alluded to at some length in the last number of *Lit*
Although, as it turned out, the 8vo., in original green
lacks its backs, and as a consequence the paper label, it
not only a record sum for this particular piece, but
tens of pounds than, before, has any example of Byronia at
in this country. The pages measured about 7¾ in.
Bidding started at £50, and at £84 the volume won
gone into an English collection. Messrs. Denham, the A
agents, were the buyers, however, at £120. Th
"Stanzas by Ld. B." are not deemed to be in th
autograph, but no doubt whatever is cast on the inscri
"Edwd. Noel Long, Coldm. Gds., from the author."
years ago an example, with the original label on the bac
£68 under the hammer; and for a higher price than
must turn to the first edition of "The Waltz," which in w
has sold for £86. As to the "Chronicle of St. Albans," no
copy is known, the defective Ashburnham having mad
and one with 51l. in facsimile, 22 wanting, was priced
ago at £300. The first edition of the Polychronicon in
is not among the very rarest productions of Caxton's
but as long ago as 1873 the perfect Perkins example—from
library, 1827, 100gns.—made £365; while in the
Museum is the White Knight's copy, valued in 1819 at
The Charlemont example, wanting 2ll., fetched £477 10s.

"The Polychronicon." Caxton, c. 1482. 1st edt. in English. Wanting many folios. Sold with all faults ... ... £
Byron. "Poems on Various Occasions," 1807. Original green boards, uncut. Presentation copy 1
"Chronicle of St. Albans." 1483-4. 1981l. of the rare 1st edt. 7
Barclay. "Stultifera Navis," 1570. Original sheepskin binding. Inscription... 6
Aiken. "National Sports of Great Britain," 1825. Large paper 3
"Heures a Lusaige de Contances." By Simon Vostre ... 3
Boccaccio. "Amorous Fiametta," 1587. Englished by Bartholomew Young, of the Middle Temple. The Roxburghe copy 3
"Heures a Lusaige de Romme." Printed on vellum, by Gilles Hardouyn. Two leaves slightly mended ... 3
Bergomensis. "De Plurimis Claris Scelestisque Mulieribus." Ferrara, 1497 2
"The Sixtine Bible, Rome," 1590 2
W. Baldwin. "The Canticles, or Balades of Salomon," 1549. With the Baldwin imprint, and the autograph, "Tho. Hearne." (In 1892 this copy brought £19 5s.) ... 2
"Biblia Sacra Polyglotta," 1517 2
John Hardyng. "Chronicle," 1543. 1st edt., printed by Grafton 1
George Rickham. "The Musical Entertainer," 1737-38 ... 1
MS. relating to the Washington Family, America, and documents connected with the Principio iron mines in Maryland and Virginia 1

"Cat. of Birds in the British Museum," 1874-95. 27 vols. Cold. Plates	29 0
Smith, R. T. "Rough Notes on Birds," 1881-7. 3 vols. Cold. Plates	26 0
"The Canterbury Tales," Pynson, 1526. Defective ...	19 15
Smith, J. Chalmer. "British Mezzotint Portraits," 1879-83. 125 Portraits. A few years ago this work was valued at about £5.	19 10
Perse, John. "The Bloom of Gentrie," 1586	17 0
Davenant, Sir W. "Entertainment at Rutland House," 1657, first edition	10 15

The 752 lots sold during the three days show a total of £3,312 15s. 6d.

Mr. Sidney Lee publishes a letter he has received from the King complimenting him on the completion of the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is engaged in writing her reminiscences.

M. Loubet has founded a £20 prize for the "Société des Gens de Lettres," to be called *Le Prix du Président de la République*.

Men of letters who celebrate their birthdays next week are Björnstjerne Björnson and Mr. G. A. Henty (Dec. 8, 1832), Prince Kropotkin (Dec. 9, 1842), Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, the American humourist (Dec. 9, 1848), and Sir Frederick Pollock (Dec. 10, 1845).

To-day Mr. Maurice Hewlett will lecture at the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society's house, 20, Hanover-square, on "History as Saga and Small Things in History."

Gerhart Hauptmann, Gorky, and Kipling are to be invited to attend as representatives respectively of German, Russian, and English literature at the centenary of Victor Hugo's birth.

A copy of the famous Psalterum, printed by Fust and Schoeffer in 1459, has been sold to Mr. Pierpont Morgan for £5,250 by the son of the late Mr. Bernard Quaritch.

The French Academy has awarded a prize to M. Jacques Bardoux for a study of "John Ruskin and the Idealist and Social Movement in the Nineteenth Century." M. Bardoux was for some time an undergraduate at Balliol.

Professor Albrecht Weber died last Saturday in Berlin. "Indian Studies" and an edition of the "White Yagurveda" were among his most important works.

M. Marcel Prévost is writing a novel on the seamy side of Viennese life.

Some interesting reprints are about to be issued by several publishers, as may be seen from our list of "Books to look out for at once." In addition to these Messrs. Chatto and Windus are bringing out immediately an *édition de luxe* of Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth"—with photogravures and other illustrations by Matt. B. Hewerdine—and a pocket edition of Mr. Hall Caine's "The Deemster" in their "St. Martin's Library"; while Messrs. Dent have two new volumes almost ready of the Temple Bible—"Matthew and Mark," edited by Dean Stubbs, and "Leviticus," by Professor Paterson.

The bookbinding discussion at the Society of Arts the other day seemed to point to the conclusion that the decay in the leather of modern bindings was largely due to the speed at which people nowadays live. With the increased output of books, the manufacturers, as one speaker pointed out, were forced to face the problem of how to supply a cheap leather binding. "Men bought a book for a few shillings, read it, put it on the shelf, and thought no more about it." The huge presses of modern times, with pressures amounting to two or three tons, robbed the skins of the very nourishment they required. The trade, it was said, had two classes to consider, one represented by the British Museum and large libraries which were willing to pay for a satisfactory article, and the other by the British public, which apparently loved to be deceived. Sheep skin could be made to masquerade in almost any leather disguise, from crocodile skin to levant morocco, and it was often difficult

Messrs. Greening and Co. ask us to st
of "Back to Lilac Land" is not, as has be
Clement Scott.

We live in an age of pessimists and pro
all the civilized countries in the world
reasons of their own for "

Books, Newspapers, the Country, and the Dogs.

An American professor la
the United States was de
most intellectual of the cit
selves to inventing new me
instead of philosophizing
things. In a recent issue
read that France is progressing in the same
to the ever-increasing number of divorce c
moral and religious principles." In Ru
novelists are philosophers and all the philoso
the pious Tolstoy and the iconoclastic G
remarking a similar retrograde tendency. I
indeed, if England were not also *dans le m*
George Macaulay Trevelyan in an article
Century comes to prove that the charac
books and newspapers constitutes a "Whit
lead to our undoing. We are perfectly aw
great deal of rubbish printed; we regret it,
to defend it for a moment. But prophets of e
all the facts before delivering their prop
that Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan has
investigation. There are two propositions w
to his attention. The first is that the cond
Press at any given moment is the reflection
of the condition of popular tastes. Were i
the society paragraphs and futile serials p
penny dailies were sending the country to t
be able to console ourselves with the cheer
the publication and wide distribution of a s
articles like his own might be relied
back again. If we have no particular
remedy, it is because we doubt wheth
the disease have been rightly diagnosed.
tion is that a comparison of the newspaper
with the newspapers of the days of our f
wholly warrant a pessimistic view, which
founded on a comparison of the worst
present with the best journalism of the past.
scurrilities of contemporary newspapers
from; the futilities and scurrilities of the
hidden away in places like the newspaper
Museum. Any one who will take the trou
there will soon discover that the allegel d
of the old journalism is largely a figment
He will find that the old comic papers, like *T*
printed jokes of a vulgarity and coarseness w
has long ceased to tolerate. He will fin
paragraphs are in far worse taste than the w
—not in our days would a society journalist
things that the old journalists said when it
Coutts, the banker, was to marry Harriet
If he confine his attention to the great
that there, too, the improvement has been s
and continuous. The great dailies are be

Literature Portraits.—XXXI.

MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

The writer of historical romance has one or two advantages on his side in the friendly struggle with his brother, the novelist of modern life. For one thing, he has a more picturesque period to deal with; he can give his descriptive talent fuller play; and he can also enlist our attention by the simple device of introducing, now and again, real historical characters with whom his readers are not sorry to renew a slight acquaintance, dating from the happy days of their youth. A more important point in his favour is, perhaps, the natural craving for easily-acquired information common to most of us. We want an excuse for novel-reading, and we can silence the reproaches of conscience by the comfortable reflection that in sitting down to works like those of Mr. Stanley Weyman we are not wholly wasting our time; that in reading "Sophia" we may inform ourselves of English manners and customs in the middle of the eighteenth century; in "My Lady Rotha," of the state of Germany during the Thirty Years' War; and in quite a group of spirited tales, of the condition of France in the days of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and of Henry of Navarre.

Still, there is something to be said on the other side, and something which concerns Mr. Weyman rather closely. The writer of historical novels finds it difficult to import much humanity into his work. Unless he chance to be a Thackeray—and there are not many Thackerays to be found in the world of fiction—he seldom brings his characters home to us. Even Scott himself made, at all events of his principal personages, little more than lay figures—glorified puppets if you will, but inanimate, for all their fine clothes and noble sentiments. It was Carlyle, I believe, who first pointed out the vital difference in this respect between a Scott and a Shakespeare, between the man who draws his characters from the clothes inwards and that other who fashions them from the heart outwards. It is not easy to create a living characters in a story of modern life; it is very difficult indeed when the period is one as remote as that of Mary I. of England or of the Thirty Years' War. The men are obscured by their trappings, and there is the temptation, to the conscientious worker, of paying too much attention to the clothes they wore, the language they affected, and the manners and customs of the time. For these things insist on being recognized. The habits of what we conveniently call the Middle Ages were most emphatically not as the habits of the present day; the whole thought of the time was totally different from our own, and it would be absurd to pass over these differences lightly, as though they were of small importance. But it is also important to remember that the men and women of those days were equally human with the men and women of to-day. The gentlemen who ruffled it in the train of M. de Rosny, the heroines who had, to be rescued or abducted from the enemy's castle, all had characters of their own no less worthy of elaboration than those of the modern curate or the young American girl. But the historians seldom have time to attend to these matters. They are commonly too much occupied with their tavern brawls, with their endless succession of incident, with their commendable anxiety to preserve a due archæological effect. These things have also their value, but they are not everything.

Initial chapters) contain some of the most excellent wor
yet done. The book is slight enough, and it is no d
unwise in an author, experimenting for the first time in
manner, to err on this side rather than on the other.
also that the lady is kept very much in the background,
because the writer rather mistrusted his powers of deali
the capricious sex. But in other respects the book fore
pretty clearly the sort of work that Mr. Weyman has be
ever since. The time selected is his favourite period, t
his favourite district of his favourite country; the Vi
Bezers is the prototype of half-a-dozen other ruffians, r
by immense valour and a suspicion of gentlemanly
I hasten to give all credit to Mr. Weyman for having m
early the important discovery that there are general
good points even in the most thorough-paced villains.
wrote his first book this subtlety of psychological truth
fully appreciated by writers of fiction. It does not seem
matter of general knowledge even now.

Mr. Weyman is good in the handling of crowds, eve
crowds have something more than a family likeness. Wh
collected together, in the Middle Ages or later, the
brawls; and it is in brawls that the hero of historical fic
plays his mettle. "The House of the Wolf" begins wit
de Caylus spitting a brawler; it goes on to a spirited des
of the Paris mob on the night of the massacre. "M
Rotha" contains an excellent fight with the good p
Heritzburg; "The Red Cockade" is filled with des
of revolutionary crowds, at first half-cowed and sullen, aft
uproarious and triumphant. They are generally quite w
they inspire the proper thrill of apprehension, and they
hero plenty to do whenever they appear upon the s
confess, too, that I have a weakness for the tavern braw
has ever been one of the most useful weapons in the arm
the romantic writer. Mr. Weyman has some excellen
of sword-play in this kind—notably, I think, that one
Gentleman of France" where Crillon intervenes. It wa
thought, too, introducing Turenne at that same crisis.

In fiction of this sort style is of no very great conse
It is the fighting that sells your historic novel, when all is
we do not want our fighting spoiled by the tricks of the c
Mr. Weyman's manner in writing is not unpleasing. It
and straightforward, with a touch of carefulness (as
using a language not wholly familiar to him) which s
enough with the times of which he treats. There are o
when he rises to a grim sort of eloquence. But he is no
of neat phrases. Action is his strong point—action
ingenious contriving of adventure that shall lead on t
ture and keep the reader always neatly balanced betwe
and fear for the hero's safety and good name. I have
critics abuse him for repeating his incidents, and it is true
that we find characters escaping out of a window on one si
street into a similar casement on the other more than
several of his books, while many of the personal conflicts
singular resemblance to each other. But these critics,
to me, have not sufficiently considered the difficulties
game. After all, in the days when men carried long sw
fight must have been very like another, and there are not
many different ways of getting out of a window. Let us
that Mr. Weyman is not a Dumas, but he exhibits a cre
variety of incident, and it is always well and briskly de
He is not one of our most bloodthirsty writers, but he

voice is like the grating of steel on steel. "'Tis a cock of a fine hackle" cry a round dozen of tavern ruffiers on different occasions. The dull roar of the crowd is likened to that of breakers falling on the beach. "A slow blush, gradually deepening, crept over her face, as dawn creeps over a grey sky." It is only necessary to look through any one of his novels to find a hundred such battered expressions, which the irreverent call *cliches*. They are not without their use. They give, indeed, a picturesque air to the whole, and a touch of the archaic, but in time they begin to arouse the critic's impatience.

It is very much the same with Mr. Weyman's men and women, for the most part. They too, are reproduced from old moulds, sometimes from a mould of Mr. Weyman's own manufacture, occasionally from one bearing the signature of another author. He has not many types of character at his disposal, and so it need not surprise us to find him using them with a certain economy. Gil de Berault, the Vidame de Bezers, Count Hannibal—these three, to name no others, are all examples of the same type—one that the author may claim, perhaps, to have struck for himself. The other mould he employs for his protagonists is less individual, though it is only just to note as an exception Mr. Richard Price, in "Shrewsbury." His ladies also run much alike the same pattern—high-couraged, noble damsels, with more than a sesquiche of the shrew in their composition. Sometimes the shrew is very prominent, as in Mademoiselle de la Vire; sometimes it is barely visible, as in Rotha, Countess of Heritzburg; occasionally—let the heroine of "The Red Cockade" stand for my example—it remains an undeveloped possibility. His tales, to tell the honest truth, are not particularly fascinating. The reader never falls in love with them: he is sometimes inclined to wonder at the warmth with which they are regarded by their inadequately rapid suitors.

In these days an author can very seldom write what he will. There are two strong forces at work upon him, tending to restrain any original departure, any step in a direction that he has not previously trodden and found remunerative. The first is that timorousness, that fear of "letting oneself go," which, according to Mr. Frederic Harrison, is at the bottom of our decline in fiction-writing. The author of to-day is critic-ridden: he writes with the fear of the reviewer before him, and the result is a cramped and pitiful self-consciousness. I do not lay so very much stress upon this point, although undoubtedly it goes for something. The agent, or the publisher, is really at the root of the matter. Let a man make a success in one particular sort of fiction, and he is still beset with entreaties to repeat himself: to do another and yet another work in the same kind. Does some unhappy writer make a hit with a tale of China or Japan, it must be China or Japan with him until he can rouse himself to find solution—which is not always so easy a matter as it sounds. And it is so, in all appearance, with Mr. Stanley Weyman. He has put into a groove from which he will in all probability never extricate himself: he has his period and his scenery, and his short characters, and with these useful properties he can turn out quite creditable work, safe for the sale of a certain number of copies, remunerative and pleasing to all parties concerned. Only once, to my knowledge (if we except one or two short stories), has he made a serious attempt to emancipate himself, and that was some little time ago, before the wheels of his imagination had worn so deep a rut as they now contentedly travel in. It was in 1891, I believe, that he published "The New Rector," and it was not exactly a success. The book is rather dull, it is true, but it contains more humanity than most

any fighting to be done—a not uncommon occa
is a considerable talent. His novels are in
constructed. They may not live for any gr
but they make entertaining and not unprofit
best of them are as good as any work of the
turned out on either side of the Atlantic. Th
creditable books, but they lack something. Po
may some day cut himself loose from his t
swashbucklers and their Wardour-street furn
and produce a great novel. I doubt whether
not certain that it is an impossibility.

E. H. LA

Mr. Stanley Weyman took to writing in o
insufficent income at the Bar. His career as a
in writing an account, which was not printed,
Prince Leopold for the *St. James's Gazette*. So
short stories, and, after repeated failures, wrot
Sweet Clive," which made James Payn urg
novel. The result was a novel of mode
Weyman called "The New Rector" and af
though the title was used again. But the tide
a paper on "Oliver Cromwell's Kinsfolk"
Review, and Mr. Frederic Harrison asked h
with a paper on the actual descendants o
chance study, at his club, of Professor Baird'
Huguenots" set him thinking that he might s
the stir of arms in an historical period, and he t
of "The House of the Wolf." It appeared
so successful that a few years later the p
Longmans) sent the author a complimentary
"The Story of Francis Cludde" appear
Leisure Hour, and Messrs. Cassell subseq
book form in 1891. In four years it brought
£700 and £800. "A Gentleman of France," I
Weyman's first great success. It first appea
form in 1893 and in one volume in 1894 thro
mans. "My Lady Rotha," which Messrs.
1894, appeared in a paper-cover edition limit
—priced at ten guineas each. This was
purposes in America. "Count Hannibal"
reprinted, although published only a few
chronological list of Mr. Weyman's books is
"The House of the Wolf," Longmans; 189
Francis Cludde," Cassell; 1891.—"The Ne
Elder; 1893.—"A Gentleman of France," I
"Under the Red Robe," Methuen; 1894.—"
Innes, now Ward, Lock; 1894.—"The Man
1895.—"From the Memoirs of a Minister of
1895.—"The Red Cockade," Longmans;
Cause" [With four other tales "King
Clive," "The Deanery Ball," "The
Harpy," and "Archdeacon Holden's Tri
and Co., Chicago; 1898.—"Shrewsbury:
mans; 1898.—"The Castle Inn," Smith, Elder
Longmans; 1901.—"Count Hannibal," Smi

A REVIEW OF REVIEW

A "Personal View

By HARRY QUILTER

Appreciation, Depreciation, Notice, C
the four strings of the critical fiddle, an i
play too many Paganinis, each working his si
la lyre. Popularity of such articles, at least
by the number inserted, varies in inverse ra

desirable that this last should not disappear from contemporary journalism, and the present writer would attempt to define a few of its obligations and limits, or rather to suggest concerning them the personal view of one who for six and twenty years has been working in this department of journalism. During this period reviewing has considerably altered in character, not entirely for the better; the signed review, for instance, has relieved the editor of much responsibility and permitted the expression of personal opinion to an extent formerly impossible. No doubt this has its advantages, also its drawbacks, not the least of the latter being that the critic is no longer conditioned by the importance of his periodical, by the necessity of not committing it to partial or indefensible statements. The unity of the paper, too, suffers; its columns become to some extent budgets of opinion; the verdict is not *ex cathedra*. This was not so when I first went on the staff of the——at the beginning of 1876. Said the editor to me, "Remember, we do not allow any articles to appear which are inconsistent with our personal views. We wish the paper to possess a definite unity," and it did. With the increased demand for lightness, interest, news, compression, and sensation that nowadays distinguishes journalism, editorial responsibility is chiefly limited to the literary-plus-journalistic value of the contribution, and save in special departments the personality of the journal is allowed to disappear. Hence divergent views are infinitely more common; and the responsibility for inadequate treatment is removed from the newspaper to the shoulders of the critic. These shoulders bear it lightly, for several reasons, of which the chief is, that the writer commonly declines to attempt serious criticism; he starts, as often as not, by declaring, in set or implied terms, his intention of giving a personal view only of the portion of the work under review which interests him. Or, if he be less candid, he adopts a thesis concerning his author, either optimistic or pessimistic, and selects bits here and there to prove his contention. Or, in the last case, he avoids the expression of opinion altogether, by the repetition, in more or less accurate phrase, of the author's own views and opinions. This last is achieved by copious quotation, joined up with insignificant and colourless commonplace. None of these things is criticism; are they desirable substitutes?

Is it impossible to render journalistically interesting a paper of the truly critical kind? And, in that case, are not the public and the authors very great losers by the omission of such reviews? Now I maintain, with all deference to my contemporaries, that there is not the least reason why a true criticism should be dull. There is the very strongest proof that this is not the case from the existence of a large body of work which proves the opposite. How about Hazlitt, Swift, Coleridge, and Byron's criticism? How about Taine, Sainte-Beuve, the Goncourts, and, coming down to our own day, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Stevenson, Morley, and Frederic Harrison? It were easy to multiply instances, but the fact is hardly to be denied, even by the most uninstructed reader. We may fancy, however, the argument would run thus:—"The times have changed, leisure and patience are to seek, and in the press of more vital interests critical considerations have little place. Besides which, books are here to-day and gone to-morrow; and it is better for the author that a glimpse of the character and contents of his work should be given than that he should be assigned an accurate place in the very ephemeral roll of fame." To which answer may be made that there is no reason why criticism should not be brief, trenchant, and to the point, in as great a degree as

before an incompetent or partial judge. Moreover, in t general form of eulogium now dubbed "Appreciation," may be a pleasure to an author that some popular writ express his personal admiration, it should be nothing to th unless that writer shows his admiration to be found adequate knowledge of good work of similar character is competent and daring enough to assign a definite val new performance, to place it in the proper rank, and g cient reasons for so doing. That this can only be done by a certain acquirement and experience, joined (in all pro to a certain natural capacity, is undoubtedly true, always limit the number of real critics. But that all up critical writing may work in this manner, and tow end, is quite certain; *if they do not do so, it is no the proceeding is impossible, but because the person is or incompetent.* Journalistically speaking, a single pl frequently supply the comparative criticism most ne most illuminating; or swift suggestion thereof may be an epigram, or hinted in an adjective. When the master college remarked of a brilliantly clever, good-looking, lazy young Don, that the "small amount of time he co from the adornment of his person he devoted to the r his duties," he gave an instance of such criticism none vital for its sarcasm and unpleasantness. When a certa on art suggested that the painter under consideration wo in inverse ratio to the value of the substance he was r ing, and consequently, worst of all when he was dealing human face, he may have been mistaken, but he was ce genuine critic. When a lesser writer, who shall be name of an equally nameless author that he went delicately, li amongst adjectives and adverbs, he gave an impressi writer's style equivalent to a page of description—a No, there is no reason why criticism should be dull. As of fact, the better the criticism the less dull it will pro For good criticism is the acute perception of differe the expression of them in terse and vigorous form.

There is another chief consideration relating to cri periodicals, though one upon which I do not wish t which is that, in the absence of criticism, notice can h to become interested and partial—once depart from critical method, and there is no guarantee against the sentation of an author's purpose, or the value of his We see that in departments of thought and action, where rules and canons of reasoning and conduct are accept is no place and no pity for those dealing with such mat show themselves ignorant of the prescribed course, o potent to carry out its obligations and prescriptions. B the "Go-as-you-please" system is the ruling one, t scarcely be a limit to latitude, or any punishment for e is necessary that those who produce from their brain safeguarded to as great an extent as those who produce hands, or those who sell what others have so produce safeguards cannot be afforded them by law; they should the more certainly be given them by literary custom. It no more allowable to depreciate unduly the quality of than that of a pound of tea, and to that end criticism sh only exist, but be governed by accepted canons, against which should receive at least an equal cond with that bestowed upon any other incompetent writer.

This question of competence can only be dealt discussing the difficulties inseparable from any worthy of the name, which may rightly be divi

productions which are or are not at the moment in special favour. It will be observed that I have left out of consideration any hindrance arising from insufficient training in literary expression, any ignorance of critical method, any incompetence to reason soundly, and draw logical conclusions from a given premise. I have assumed the critic to be a capable writer.

Now with regard to (1) it is to be noted that the books which present most obstacle to a competent reviewer are not those, as might have been expected, which deal with a technical subject. And for this reason. On such subjects, special information—*i.e.*, that of specialists—is always to be obtained by those who know where to look for it. And, as part of any literary man's training is to be able to suck the heart out of a book at short notice, such an one has but little difficulty in finding out what has been said, or what is known on the given subject, and dealing with the new book thereon in the comparative method. Given an ordinary amount of brains, a British Museum reading-ticket, a fair share of industry, and two or three days' notice, a reviewer should be able to write not only a readable but an informing criticism of any subject which is in the least likely to be given him to deal with. But all subjects are not those of specialists, and cannot be approached in this manner. Large classes, for instance, are connected with "affairs," others with abstruse departments of thought, in which the estimation of argumentative value is a necessary part of the reviewer's criticism; and others deal with literary or æsthetic topics, and can only be criticized by those who have trained their perceptions in such manner as to distinguish minute differences of style, technique, and comparative achievement. The appreciation, for instance, of an absolutely right adjective cannot be taught in any school; the sense of what is superlative in colour or form is the result of natural capacity *plus* long and arduous training. If we think, again, of such classes of work as biography and travel we find the critic presented with another set of difficulties equally dangerous; for here he requires to weigh comparatively excellences and defects which are often of an opposing character. He has to determine, for instance, between the accuracy of Freeman and the picturesqueness of Froude, he must weigh the personal equation of "Eothen" against the careful thought and detailed information of Professor Bryce's "America," or Mr. Wallace's "Russia." Nor is this all. For in such subjects he will require a tolerably wide knowledge of "affairs"; not only of what has been written and done previously, but of the pressing problems with which the near future is likely to be concerned. Such a work, for instance, as Lord Curzon's "Problems of the Far East" was, when it was written, more important from the practical connexion of its author with future administration than would have been the case if it had been written by almost any academic writer. All such considerations, personal, political, and literary, have to be given their due weight, in addition to the appreciation of the author's accuracy in detail, the novelty of his information, and the freshness of the manner in which it is presented. It would not be sufficient in such books to give an abbreviated summary of contents or a few interesting extracts.

THE DRAMA.

THE LIMITATION OF DRAMATIC THEMES.

It comes as a shock to me to find that I have disheartened my friend Mr. Hamilton Fyfe by some recent observations of

upbraiding the cause of his grief. "We have
he cries, "a solid mass of unintelligence, whi
in parrot-cries and outworn shibboleths
questions, What are and what are not fit su
Shall I remind him that "liberty" and "uni
parrot-cries and outworn shibboleths just as o
"limitation"? Shall I hint that the you
the theatre (of which he is a distinguished orn
cant just as the old stick-in-the-muds (whom
to represent on this occasion) have theirs?
shall profit neither ourselves nor our subjec
that fashion. It will be better to consider
positions—for he advances two, one particula
—and accordingly I propose to take them in o

Mr. Fyfe's particular proposition is that
suitable for dramatic treatment. He complai
the direct negative, I talked "*ex cathedra* a
of argument" and so went beyond "the pro
And then he proceeds to do exactly the s
For in support of his assertion he merely off
and (2) a fact. The dogma is that "The e
duced upon different minds by stories of the
dramatist ample scope for study of chara
contrast." But that is the point at issue.
is the proof? Name the dramatists. Pre
must answer (for I know of no other play o
any rate, he mentions none other), the autho
Power. But that, obviously, would be to be
now is the time for Mr. Fyfe to serve up his
to him and "to a great many people, Björnson
ingly interesting and suggestive." Well, wh
Betsy? Not I, for one; on the contrary, I en
it. I said that "The ideas of which the *pseud*
medium—the beauty of faith, the difficulty
miracles, and the curious pathological con
faith-cures—are so interesting in themselves,
by Björnson with so much poetic feeling an
and at the same time scientific reserve, that
indifferent to their unsuitability for dramati
that I, too, like Mr. Fyfe and his friend
exceedingly interesting and suggestive. The
us is that I did not conclude, as he does
chosen a theme suitable for drama. I cont
contend, that "one act of monologue on a sick
another of pulpit oratory from a Church
become a drama by the interpolation of two '
If so great a dramatist as Björnson, while ge
of ideas out of his theme, could get only a
mittent interest of drama, it was a reasonable
theme was essentially undramatic. The pr
is in the eating. Mr. Fyfe says he
argument; but there it is staring him in the
his heart-trouble has impaired his sight.

And it has also predisposed him to reason
"Suppose you, Sir," he says to the Editor of
Invited Mr. Walkley to give you his op
'Lourdes,' and suppose that Mr. Walkley had
the matter of the book was unsuitable for tre
I think, Sir, you would have exercised y
and used your blue pencil." (Let me say, pa
these airy hypotheses put the unhappy Editor
If he took the trouble to invite my opinion, w

of the *genus* literature. As though the gradual method of description and analysis had a field of subjects conterminous with that of the now-or-never method of action and synthesis! As though this were not the very reason why, as a general rule, there is only one more unsatisfactory hybrid than a dramatized novel, and that is a novel manufactured out of a play! As though the subject of *L'Éducation Sentimentale* or of *The Portrait of a Lady* could by any possibility be made dramatic! And as though the subject of *The Comedy of Errors* or of *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* could ever serve for a readable novel! As though we did not know, what M. Brunetière has been dinning into our ears for so long, that the essence of play-people is that they *agissent*, while the essence of novel-people is that they *sont agis!* So that when Mr. Fyfe asks, "Why, if M. Zola may write a novel about the supposed miracles of Lourdes, may not Mr. Björnson write a play about the marvellous cures of Pastor Sang"? he might just as sensibly ask, "Why, if jam is good to eat, is it not a good pomatum for the hair?"

The truth, of course, is that in arguing from the novel to the drama Mr. Fyfe has overlooked the simple fact that every art has its own range of appropriate subjects, conditioned by the medium in which the art works. And this same oversight has betrayed him into that general proposition of his to which I referred at the outset—the astounding proposition that there are no limitations of subject in any art. "The whole book of life is open to the artist's choice, whether his art be expressed in forms and colours or in words and sounds. To set up fences and landmarks which he may not overstep is futile." I really feel inclined to apologize for taking this statement solemnly; but I put a few questions. May a serious epic poet choose a medical subject—such a theme, for instance, as that for which Coleridge suggested the opening, "Inoculation! Heavenly Maid!"? May a musical composer choose Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding as the subject for a sonata or a symphony? Or can a painter make a picture or a sculptor a statue out of that subject? Or does the good painter ever take an "anecdote" for a subject? We know that the bad painter does; hence some of the most inartistic eyesores of the Royal Academy. Could you make a novel out of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, or Whitaker's Almanack, or the Army and Navy Stores catalogue? As to the dramatist, he is, and always will be, hemmed in on all sides by "fences and landmarks." The most tragic of tragedians, for instance, may not go beyond subjects of pity and terror to subjects of sheer horror and disgust. (Has Mr. Fyfe forgotten the famous passage in the *Poetics*—οὐ γὰρ φοβερὸν οὐδὲ ἐλεεινὸν τοῦτο ἀλλὰ μιαρὸν ἐστιν?) And that is why the subject of *Titus Andronicus*, for instance, is "unsuitable for dramatic treatment." The most comic of comedy-writers dare not go beyond the marriage of his young lovers to the period when they "live happy ever afterwards." And that is because the essence of drama is conflict of wills. To speak as the mathematicians, subjects showing force in action are "dramatic," subjects showing nothing but forces in equilibrium are absolutely "unsuitable for dramatic treatment." And in like manner many characters—*e.g.*, philosophers, scientific investigators, pure contemplators of life—are excluded from drama because the qualities which make them what they are cannot be shown by the methods of the stage. The stage can only show the philosopher in love or in a rage, the investigator buried in despair or shouting with triumph, and so on—*i.e.*, can only show the qualities which do *not* make these characters what they are. This is already a fair

abound, as we poor mortals all know too well, on every pag
"book of life"; and there art is compelled to leave the
I know, after all, that I shall not have convinced Mr. F
his fellow-theorists whose cry is, "No subjects barred to
I lack the ability and the authority for that. I will
usual weakling's refuge, then, in a "big brother." L
read a little treatise, written a century and a half
object of which was to show that there are general
limitations for all art and particular subject-limitations
art. It is called *Laocoon*.

A. B. WALK

"REMAINDERS."

The Remainder Trade.

There is something pathetic about a "remainder
logue. It is the last refuge of the failures; the grav
books that have had their days of success and died; t
for works of reference that are growing out of date. Pe
is cruel to speak of the bogey of the book trade when th
of author and publisher alike should be at their highest,
we have a shrewd suspicion that more than one publisher
remainder man in his mind as well as the ordinary publi
he sent some of his new books to press. Suppose he ca
to sell 4,000 copies of a work; an extra thousand copies,
not a great deal more to produce, would make what he wo
a "good remainder." Of course there is always the po
that the whole edition might be taken up in the first pl
the feeling is spreading among booksellers that the re
market is developing far too rapidly for the good of the t
a whole. "Half the business seems to be in remainder
days," grumbled one old bookseller to us not long ago;
clung to the opinion that remainders were not only a
the character of the publishing trade, but a fraud on the
No reasonable man will agree with him, however. The re
market is indispensable, but there is a danger that its
may mean a proportionately larger output of rubbish, es
in fiction. There was a time when all publishers looked as
the remainder man, and made bonfires of unsaleable book
than let them go his way. Now every publisher bows
custom so systematically that in most cases he sells his rem
through his own travellers.

We believe it was James Lackington who first reali
possibilities of a remainder trade, and he retired with
fortune from his "Temple of the Muses"—as he called his b
at the corner of Finsbury-square—over a hundred years a
he had a hard fight to live down the trade prejudices of h
"I was very much surprised," he wrote in his curious "M
and Confessions," "to learn that it was common for
purchased remainders to destroy or burn one-half o
fourths of such books, and to charge the full price, o
that, for such as they kept in hand." Lackington chan
this, but it was some time before he forced the trade t
And he made many enemies in this way, "some of whom
by a variety of pitiful insinuations and dark innuendos
every nerve to injure the reputation I had already acqui
the public, determined to effect my ruin, which indeed th
prognosticated, with a demon-like spirit, must inevital
speedily follow." Perhaps it was the recollection of this
tion which made poor Lackington so boastful in his
triumph. He built a chariot, on the doors of which he
motto inscribed:—"Small profits do great things," and
chariot, attended by his servants, he drove round the
in state.

The Vicissitudes of Books.

The romantic side of the remainder trade would m
interesting chapter in literary history. Some of th

of "Murray's Family Library" in 1834—100,000 volumes at a shilling each, which he cleared out at a profit of more than a hundred per cent. But his most famous haul was in connexion with "Valpy's Delphin Classics" in 162 large octavo volumes, the whole stock of which, amounting to nearly 50,000 copies, he sold off in about two years. Similar things happen nowadays, though generally on a smaller scale. Lord Avebury's "Seedlings," if we remember aright, was at one time sold as a remainder at six shillings for the set, but you cannot buy it in the auction room in the same form now under fifteen shillings. Even "Omar" has been among the remainders, the first edition of FitzGerald's translation being sold off at any figure. The Illustrated edition of Challoner Smith's invaluable work on "British Mezzotinto Portraits Described" was originally published at eight guineas a copy, but ten years ago the remainder was offered at £5 each. Last year one of these examples realized twenty-three guineas. Remainders, indeed, have proved to be the mak'ng of many a good book. Only the other day we heard of such a work which, after being abandoned by its publisher as a failure a few years ago, was sold under the hammer to the trade, and becoming known simply through being distributed broadcast among publishers, has had a steady sale ever since. As it turned out, the remainder market was the cheapest form of advertisement the book could have had. Another case was that of an excellent volume of Greek history, sold off after a time as a comparative failure; yet a few weeks later it was adopted as a text-book at Cambridge and the publisher had to re-set it. There must be hundreds of similar instances. Sometimes the author himself is responsible for a remainder—especially with a book that has a regular sale. Something has happened to put his work a little out of date; he insists on a new edition; and the old stock has to go by the board. It is usually worth while making inquiries before buying a remainder of this description; the new edition may make it dear at almost any price.

Some Modern Remainders.

We have just been looking through a new list issued by the well-known Holborn firm which makes a speciality of this class of books—130 closely printed pages. One of the surprises is to find Madame Sarah Grand's "Beth Book" among the six-shilling remainder novels—offered at 2s. 6d.—while a little lower down in the list is Miss Corelli's "Cameos," offered at the same price. "The Daughters of Babylon," by Wilson Barrett and Robert Hichens has dropped to eighteenpence, while the price of Miss Dickens' "Cross Currents" has fallen as low as a shilling. Even Bret Harte does not escape, "In a Hollow of the Hills," originally published at 3s. 6d., being offered at 9d. The books that have the strangest vicissitudes, however, are found in the general list, a selection from which we give below:—

Titles and Authors	Original Price £	s.	d.	Offered at £	s.	d.
"Cruise of H.M.S. Bacchante, 1879-1882." From the Diaries of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales. With additions by Canon Dalton. Two vols.	2	12	6	0	6	6
"The Study of English Literature." By J. Churton Collins	0	4	6	0	1	9
"The Pamirs." By the Earl of Dunmore. Two vols.	1	4	0	0	10	0
"Words of Truth and Wisdom." By Dean Farrar ...	0	5	0	0	1	6
"Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster." By Sir T. Wemyss Reid	0	10	6	0	2	6
"Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, with Letters and Leaves from their Journals." Translated by M. A. Bettany and M. Shedlock. Two vols.	1	12	0	0	3	9
"Life of General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley." By Alexander James Shand. Two vols....	1	1	0	0	3	0
"Gaiety Chronicles." By John Hollingshead... ...	1	1	0	0	5	0
"The Early Diary of Frances Burney (Madame d'Arblay)." Edited by Annie Raine Ellis. Two vols.	1	12	0	0	6	0
"Life of Sir Robert Christison." Edited by his Sons. Two vols.	1	12	0	0	4	0
"The Queen of Naples and Lord Nelson." By John Cordy Jeaffreson. Two vols....	1	1	0	0	2	0
"History of the County Palatine of Cheshire." By G. Ormerod. Large paper edition, three vols. ...	30	0	0	4	4	0
"Memoirs of the Empress Marie Louise." By Imbert						

Books of travel seem to find their way market as soon as anything—largely becau subject than most books to the external influ Public interest shifts rapidly from one qua another, and a book of travel, brought out sudden emergency, soon finds itself stranded nate candidate for the remainder man's catal

CURRENT LITERA

IMPERIAL POLICY.

Imperium et Libertas: A Study in Hi By Bernard Holland. (Edward Arnold. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Bernard Holland has chosen an adm has, on the whole, worthily treated it. "Impe is not only a study of the past, a review of colonial policy since the American Revol examination of the forces at present in opera or foreshadowing of the future. It condense floating loosely in the air. It will reveal to are his convictions as to matters of vital drawn towards Liberal Imperialism, but i difficulties surrounding it, the book will reason for it. To the solution of the comple which Mr. Holland discusses he brings one or is fairminded; he does not dogmatize; he changed his mind as to some matters; he personalities. To speak of the book as p either in style or reflections, or to say that it reader, would be nonsensical; parts of it are scrappy; but it is an honest and useful discussion of a question which must be solved subsist. The argument is always straightfo it is a striking testimony to the earnestnes argument that it leaves the reader with a for action is fast slipping away.

It is not a reproach to Mr. Holland that not very precise. He does not see his w scheme under which the colonies would h in the Parliament of the United Kingdom; a if not for ever, a Federal Parliament for the remain impossible. Mr. Holland's favourit Imperial Council, not empowered to legislat consult, advise, and recommend. He likens this supposed Federal Council to the Bund distinct legislative powers and other attribu those with which Mr. Holland would invest h Unfortunately the proposal is left in the a realized—how obvious difficulties which do no growth of colonial self-government are to are not told; we are even left unconvinced gradually opening. More promising and Holland's suggestions growing out of the rem be, and visibly is, a rise in importance of the T is the real bond of unity; and, if its po become fainter, its influence has gained in

We miss in the volume a sense of proportion. About one hundred and sixty pages are occupied with the American Revolution, and about sixty with the Union of 1801 and Home Rule; and then comes the summing up. We learn nothing as to local government in other colonies than Canada, or much as to the latest theses of the political life of the Dominion. We find no appreciation of the difficulties which must arise when several federated States all belong to the Empire. The conciliation of "Imperium" with "libertas" is more and more difficult, as their number increases, and Mr. Holland does not aid us as much as he might in finding the way out of these difficulties. One part of the book is distinctly impressive. When Mr. Holland speaks of the decleusion of the House of Commons he is interesting, when he dilates on the political paralysis in the United Kingdom and the vigorous local life discernible elsewhere he is eloquent:—

> If in the United Kingdom we are sensible of a certain political malady, and compare our constitution with that of other countries, we find that the federal system in various forms prevails in the most flourishing and advancing States of the present and the future. The United States of America are so constituted, and so is the German Empire, and Canada, and now Australia. The rise and advance in every direction of the German Empire has been the most striking phenomenon of the second half of the nineteenth century. This Empire is far less centralized than is the United Kingdom, and life, strong at the heart, is strong also in every member. There is no dull monotony of system; the German Empire, though ballasted by the great Kingdom of Prussia, much larger than any other, includes every kind of minor State flying its own flag beneath the Imperial eagles; small republics like Hamburg or Bremen, good-sized constitutional monarchies like Bavaria or Saxony. If the Dutch liked to enter the Empire, the Kingdom of Holland could come in without any change in its domestic constitution. There are States dominantly Protestant and States dominantly Catholic; industrial States and agricultural; each with its own government and varying constitution, and each stimulated by a beneficial rivalry in good works with its neighbours. Every State has the power itself to make itself healthy, prosperous, and beautiful. In cities like Munich or Dresden the traveller feels that mysterious something, wider and higher and nobler than the life even of a large and wealthy provincial town, which marks the existence of a real State capital, the heart of a country living a life of its own. His thoughts may turn with melancholy to those fine old streets and squares and public buildings which in Dublin are now but memorials of a political life which did, though imperfect, exist.

Mr. Holland does not write in a sanguine spirit. He is satisfied neither with the men nor the measures of our day. "I am not at all sure but that the time is approaching when foresight will be a positive disqualification in statesmen." Affairs are drifting, and he is able to point to no uninterrupted course of policy leading to the end which he believes the best for England and the colonies. He thinks that we are entering upon a new phase of development in which both will be members of a real partnership. "Nothing in progression can rest on its original plan," said Burke; and in the spirit of that maxim Mr. Holland bids us advance; bids us try to solve the question, "yet unsolved, whether it would not be possible to form a distinct federal Legislature and Administration above the heads of the local Legislatures, both British and colonial, to deal with a specified class of affairs common to the whole Empire, such as foreign and commercial policy, naval and military affairs, and Imperial finance." He does not, we repeat, write hopefully as to the possibility of this being realized. In the controversies which

LADY SARAH LENNOX.

The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 17
Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stav
2 vols. (Murray. 32s.)

The letters of Lady Sarah Lennox have for some t
looked for with no little expectation by the increasing n
readers who are interested in the eighteenth century. The
will be somewhat disappointed, for though we can apprecia
perusal of her correspondence the causes of her charm,
singularly little in this life-long correspondence of ne
personal interest. Nearly 100 pages of the first volume a
with a memoir kept by the first Lord Holland during
three years of the reign of George III. which has no h
importance, and would have been better published in
separate volume.

By far the best part of the book consists of the early
of Lady Sarah up to the end of the year 1768. The se
from her husband in the following year caused her le
some time to be too personal for preservation, and a
marriage with Captain Napier, in 1781, she cared nothin
for society or politics, and except for a pleasant since
mellowness of view by which they are characterized, her
would have no more than family interest. George II
Lady Sarah famous; she was a mere child on his ac
having been born on February 14, 1745, the fourth dau
Charles, second Duke of Richmond; she was very pre
and very attractive, and the young King fell completely
with her; that his suit was encouraged, probably for p
reasons, by Lord Holland is now obvious, and it was dis
to Lord Bute, to whom nothing could have been m
welcome than that Lord Holland's sister-in-law should be
It is quite clear—and it could not be otherwise—that
Lady Sarah was pleased by the King's preference for h
piqued when his engagement to a German princes
announced, she had no love for him, and was more distu
the death of her pet squirrel than by the news of the
engagement. But the affair was the talk of the Court
every drawing-room in London, and it gave this charmin
kind of reputation that made her from that moment
personage. Young as she was, she regarded the certainty
early marriage with amusing *sang froid*, and carried
expectations by marrying Mr. Charles Bunbury in 176
became a typical sporting young lady, and seemed at
have really liked her husband, though, as we know from
Selwyn's letters, she and Lord Carlisle had some kind of
tion which made the prudent Selwyn send his young friend
to get Lady Sarah out of his head. All through her life
frank, brave, and rather heedless, and this recklessness
her to elope with her cousin, Lord William Gordon, i
though her friends presently induced her to separate
from him. The seclusion in which she lived for some ti
subsequent happy marriage to Captain Napier, and her
the mother of the Napiers—a life of some anxiety an
poverty, but one of contentment and good-humoured a
cence with fortune—sum up her remaining years.

It may very well be asked where in all this rather o
existence is the attraction of Lady Sarah. It lies in p
qualities which cannot be depicted by mere extracts
correspondence nearly a century old, though they are fe
as a whole. It is easy to understand through it the inde

to both at a time. I told him he was too young for such schemes and would fail in both, but he trusted to the ladies' characters and I believe he may succeed.

Sir and Charles are, of course, Stephen and Charles James Fox. Twenty years later, when Charles Fox was in office as the colleague of Lord North, and when he might very well have helped Captain Napier, Lady Sarah could write of his neglect of her interests with perfect serenity :—

> I had a great mind to be in a rage, but I have overcome my anger upon the reflection that Charles has good qualities enough to attone for a thousand faults, and I have no right to expect from him an attention which no relation of his ever yet acquired. I am determined not to grow unreasonable and think him ungratefull because he is partiall ; the first is a crime, the latter is only a weakness. So much for Mr. Charles.

In the tone of her letters are revealed those attractive qualities which made her liked throughout her long life. To watch the growth of a personality such as this through a series of years by means of a correspondence written to a single friend—for nearly all these letters were addressed to Lady Susan O'Brien—is a pleasant study which is not always to be obtained.

There is yet another thing to be said of these letters, they give us another picture of the social life of the eighteenth century. Lady Sarah was one of quite a different set to Fanny Burney, but, just as the diary and correspondence of that lively young lady enable us to understand the feelings and the mode of life of the girl of the upper middle class with literary leanings, so do these letters of Lady Sarah regenerate for us the girl who was one of the aristocratic Court set in the first years of the reign of George III. We know what the men were like from Walpole and Selwyn, and we know a good deal about the ways of the older women from Lady Mary Coke and other diarists. But we have never yet had quite the same thing as we find in Lady Sarah's letters—the sincere and unaffected tale of a girl of eighteen in the Holland House set. There is another word to be said, it is much to be regretted that the possessors of old-world letters and diaries do not take example from Lady Rchester and publish them in the same delightful form—they are an admirable kind of family memorial.

LIVES OF CHRIST.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER. By JOHN WATSON, D.D. (Ian Maclaren). (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.)

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS. By W. J. DAWSON. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.)

THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REDEEMER. By Various Writers. (Cassell. 6s.)

These three volumes, taken together, are a noteworthy and encouraging sign of the times. Dr. Fairbairn, than whom no writer could speak on such a subject with greater authority, has said that "the most distinctive element in modern theology is a new feeling for Christ. . . . We feel Him more in our theology because we know Him better in history. His historical reality and significance have broken upon us with something of the surprise of a discovery." Whatever significance is to be attached to the phrase "the recovery of the historical Christ," there has certainly been of late years a wholesome tendency to lay stress upon the personality of the Redeemer rather than upon his mediatorial office. The aim of modern "Lives" of Christ has been to bring this personality into direct contact with the needs of men. Hence has arisen a juster estimate of the difficulties of the Gospel records. When the last word of

The most striking in every respect of th
of Christ" is the magnificently got-up wo
Watson (Ian Maclaren). "The Life of the Ma
that this book deserves a very high plac
literature to which it belongs. Ian Maclare
wisely to a careful study of certain aspects
disclaims any attempt to discuss chronologica
points. "We do not," he says, "dare to p
he (the reader) has read the last page . . .
a site or a date, but we dare to hope that he
vision of the august Figure who invites the
man's conscience, who lays His hand on each
style of the book is worthy of the subject. It i
poetical and yet unstrained ; Ian Macla
as a stylist are obvious enough in his other p
here they are modified to a great extent by
theme. For instance, the tendency to ove
kept in due restraint ; on the other hand, e
a deep and genuine feeling, which produces i
on the mind. The beautiful illustrations,
for the work by Mr. Linson, heighten the
and tender beauty produced by the book itse
the Master" will deservedly crown Ian M
reputation ; but beyond this we believe tha
render a signal service to the cause of religio

Of the three volumes now published Mr. D
Christ Jesus" is in some ways the most
least satisfactory. It has undeniable merits ;
an accurate sense both of the impossibili
biography of Jesus, and of the inevitable
critical faculty in dealing with the Gospel
faults of the book are obvious. In spite of
descriptive passages, the style is much too
are signs of undue haste in the production of
it was only in the spring of 1901 that "the
took that outline, and its general principles
the main defect of Mr. Dawson's treatm
familiarity of tone, a want of reserve, and oc
good taste, in describing the character, aims
Christ and His forerunner. Mr. Dawson ver
Baptist that "his mind is commonplace" ;
"Ecce Agnus Dei" as "an immortal encom
the retirement of Christ into the wilderness
"Jesus saw in John a truly great man, wh
been bred in the school of austerity, and He
make a trial of asceticism, &c." ; he tells us
well of Sychar Jesus drafted the working pla
In one passage he even says that Christ "s
two thousand years," when He taught t
womanhood, and the principles of justice in t
sexes. Further, in some passages where rest
duty, Mr. Dawson gives a loose rein to hi
unfortunate results. The few photogravure
book (reproduced from certain pictures by o
us singularly unsuited to a life of Christ whi
frankly realistic.

Of a very different type is "The L
Redeemer," to which many well known
denominations have contributed. There is
chronological or critical sketch of Christ's li
present "a spiritual portrait" of the Rede
and devotional use, and its value may be re

GLADSTONE.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. By H. W. PAUL. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

This biography is the original draft of the life written for the "Dictionary of National Biography," which was afterwards reduced to fulfil the conditions of that complete but concise work of reference. Even the unabbreviated version (three times the length, we are told, of the other) reads somewhat like a "blue pencilled" composition, owing to the number and variety of the subjects which it was necessary to touch if not to treat. Indeed, we are not satisfied that the chronological method was, except for the special purposes of the dictionary, the best that could have been adopted for the biography of so great a man written on so small a scale. Separate chapters relating his achievements in separate spheres of activity—in foreign politics, in finance, in theology, in classical criticism, &c.—would probably have produced a more definite as well as a more picturesque impression upon the reader's mind; while a chronological table might have furnished the connecting link between them. As it is, though we gladly acknowledge that Mr. Paul has done his work as well as anybody could reasonably be expected to do it, and has been singularly successful in avoiding the danger of dulness, he necessarily bewilders us by the rapidity of his transitions from Budgets to points of scholarship, and from speeches about jam to pamphlets about Church government. Occasionally, too, probably as the result of the strict chronological method, we find an episode of some importance inadequately presented. The reasons, for example, of the retrocession after the Majuba defeat are only imperfectly stated. The apprehensions of attack from the Orange Free State, which are nowadays generally believed to have been the determining motive, are not referred to.

It is, of course, with Gladstone as a public man, not as a private person, that Mr. Paul concerns himself. For Gladstone *intime* we must wait until Mr. Morley's life appears, though it is not absolutely certain that he will be revealed to us even then. But there are some personal touches, though they are few and far between. As a bachelor, it appears, he "went a good deal into society, especially to musical parties, where he often sang." Of his social accomplishments, in the days when Mr. Paul knew him, we read that "the defect of his conversation was that he could not help being earnest on all subjects, and failed to see that his views on the making of violins were less interesting than his experience of government by Cabinet." Also that "with all his love of poetry he had a literal mind, and was too apt to assume that people meant exactly what they said."

The conditions under which Mr. Paul wrote presumably debarred him from actively taking a side in the multitudinous controversies which the contemplation of the great statesman's career suggests. It matters the less, perhaps, because Gladstone himself, at some period of his life, argued on every imaginable side of every imaginable question not immediately bearing upon the truth of the doctrines taught by the Church in its Creeds and Articles. He was a Theocrat before he was an Erastian, and he seldom carried a measure which he had not previously represented as detrimental to the best interests of the country. To decide which of his many selves was his best self is not so interesting or important as to discover the underlying principle which accounts at once for his inconsistences and for his belief that he was never inconsistent. This is Mr. Paul's contribution to the inquiry:—

Free Trade was the schoolmaster that brought Peel to Liberalism. With Gladstone it was rather the failure of his

TOPOGRAPHICAL BOOKS.

A HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER. Edited [illegible] WILLIS-BUND, F.S.A., and H. ARTHUR DOUBLEDAY [illegible] (Constable. £6 6s., four vols.)

It is a pleasure to welcome the first volume of [illegible] the Victoria County History scheme, and to find that it [illegible] fully the praise that has been lavished on its two fo[illegible] The high level of the part devoted to natural history [illegible] sustained by men of national repute such as Mr. H. [illegible] ward in geology and Mr. Lydekker in palæontology; [illegible] John Amphlett on flowering plants and Mr. R. F. [illegible] birds prove that Worcestershire can produce [illegible] naturalists within her own borders.

No traces of the palæolithic period have as [illegible] detected in the county; but man of the three other div[illegible] historic times begin, has left fairly frequent and obvi[illegible] of his presence. Professor Windle and Mr. Willis-[illegible] interesting accounts of the successive incursions o[illegible] Goidelic, and Brythonic man into this part of the [illegible] England. The Iberians of the neolithic age have left [illegible] of their weapons and implements on the highland [illegible] Malvern Hills and those of Lickey and Bredon. The [illegible] who dispossessed the neolithic men in the bronze age, are [illegible] responsible for the great row of forts or earthwo[illegible] western boundaries of Worcestershire. The Goidels [illegible] turn were displaced and driven over the Severn by a n[illegible] invaders, the Brythons of the Iron Age. Of their co[illegible] which lasted till the days of the Roman invasion, the t[illegible] fairly abundant. They have left behind them not only [illegible] of weapons and implements, but also of personal o[illegible] This treatise on early man is made all the more rea[illegible] intelligible by a variety of sketch maps of the county [illegible] the successive deposits of these three distinct races re[illegible] Romano-British Worcestershire is treated exhaust[illegible] cautiously by Mr. Haverfield, whilst the small and comp[illegible] unimportant traces of Anglo-Saxon settlement are des[illegible] Mr. Reginald Smith.

The leading feature, however, of this volume, whic[illegible] fail to be much appreciated by all historical students, [illegible] rendering of the Domesday survey with annotatio[illegible] introductory essay by Mr. J. H. Round. His a[illegible] Worcestershire, at the time of the survey, marks a dis[illegible] in advance of anything hitherto attained by student[illegible] period. Professor Freeman, many years ago, found t[illegible] of Worcestershire so exceptionally full, and so richly [illegible] by contemporary church charters, that he devoted to it [illegible] appendix in the fourth volume of his "Norman C[illegible] Quite recently Professor Maitland, in his "Domesday [illegible] Beyond," has equally insisted upon the exceptional va[illegible] Worcestershire survey. It has been left for Mr. Round [illegible] out its leading features in a striking and convinc[illegible] Problems of assessment, jurisdiction, and tenure of land [illegible] with all that illustrates the conditions of rural life from [illegible] thegn to the humblest serf are here discussed, whilst [illegible] touches that occur here and again amongst the re[illegible] vividness to the drier details. The respective privile[illegible] Bishop and the King's Sheriff; the military service [illegible] King, not only by land but by sea, for the question [illegible] money" is far older than the days of Hampden; the e[illegible] jurisdiction of the several hundreds; the extraordina[illegible] of the county under Church jurisdiction; the pe[illegible] extensive features of the salt industry; the dominant p[illegible] of Urse, the terrible Sheriff, and the burning disputes [illegible] the convents of Worcester and of Evesham are here e[illegible] with a clearness and accuracy never before attained.

The bitterness of the feeling between the ch[illegible] Worcester and Evesham is shown by the story told by [illegible] of Worcester and preserved in Heming's cartulary:—

> According to them the saintly Wulfstan, on the [illegible] the despoiler of their house, Æthelwig, abbot of Eve[illegible] rash enough, in his infinite compassion, to offer s[illegible]

Droitwich pervades the survey of the shire. The actual ownership of Droitwich was divided in a unique manner between about a dozen tenants-in-chief, each of whom had fractional holdings. In addition to this the tenants of many scattered manors possessed their salt pans, or rights to a supply of salt. There are various other entries in the survey, pertaining to this industry, such as the carthends of wood for consumption at the salt works, of which the single vill of Bromsgrove sent three hundred a year.

The Domesday map, prepared by Mr. Round, gives at a glance much valuable information. The King's manors have a red line under the name; a blue line is under the manors of the church of Worcester; whilst a green line denotes those held by Sheriff Urse as a tenant-in-chief. The maps of the different periods, as well as those that illustrate the geological and botanical features of the shire, are among the most helpful and distinctive characteristics of these Victoria History volumes. The only quarrel that we have with any one of them is that the blue and green underlinings of the Domesday map are indistinguishable by artificial light.

COUNTY AND TOWN IN ENGLAND. By GRANT ALLEN. With an Introduction by Professor F. York Powell. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

This attractive book consists in the main of reprints from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of 1881-82. Mr. Grant Allen had frequently been asked to reproduce them in book form, and such had been his oft-deferred intention. It has been left to his friend Professor York Powell to see them through the press, to offer a useful "predatory note," and to make a few changes, all of which, however, are noted by brackets. In these chapters Mr. Grant Allen deals with groups of counties, and with towns representing the various districts. It is difficult to exaggerate the amount of information contained in these pages; every paragraph gives evidence of historical study and of close local observation. It is just the kind of book to take from the shelves when any particular district is to be visited on a summer holiday. It can scarcely fail to awaken a healthy inquisitiveness, for it not only imparts substantial information, but awakens a habit of observation.

> England [as Mr. Grant Allen observes] is an endless and delightful puzzle: she offers us a riddle to solve, a queer custom to account for, a name or a relic to explain at every turn. Why is Maidstone the county town of Kent, and Chelmsford that of Essex? Why does Oxfordshire lie so one-sidedly to its capital, and Leicester stand so centrally to its shire? Why may we say Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, but not Sussexshire, Cornwallshire, or Cumberlandshire? Why is Old Sarum now desolate, while Shaftesbury still caps its waterless hill? Why is there a Winchester on the site of Venta Belgarum, while Venta Icenorum has dwindled down to a mere provincial Caister, and Venta Silurum to a forgotten Caer Went?

In hardly any one book yet published have riddles such as these received such satisfactory and intelligent solutions. The brief introductory section, "What is a County?" is a wonderfully concise answer to a question that would puzzle many a fairly capable historian. Mr. Grant Allen naturally pours scorn on the fable that assigns to Alfred the division of England into counties. The truth is that the shires have grown, that no two have grown after precisely the same fashion, and that it is their natural growth and its diversity that makes their history so interesting.

The last fifty pages of this book are occupied with "The Annals of Churnside," an original attempt to set forth a typical specimen of the development of an English countryside from prehistoric days down to the Victorian era. Professor York Powell styles it "a piece of popular scientific exposition." The reader will probably find it stimulating, and it may set him thinking: but we are not sure that it was wise to republish it. The giving fancy names to a part of Dorsetshire, which it is easy to identify, is all very well for a novelist like Mr. Thomas Hardy, but it is somewhat childish to blend after this fashion the functions of a tale teller and an historian.

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completed his account of one more county
Cambridge, with which this edition closes. I
mind that could manage to write so vivid a p
and present of such a county as Cambridge h
There is not a superfluous phrase, each para
with information, and the whole is well balance
intellectual powers were of exceptional width
bridgeshire was charming, not only for the ma
of its University, or the rare beauty of its Ca
Ely, but even the fens, so monotonous and de
minds, were full of attraction. Witness the
graph of his essay on the shire:

> The Fenland has a charm of its own to o
> story of its gradual reclamation, and can enjo
> of arable land visible from the dykes which
> the drainage-cuttings. He can see the village
> around them, which mark the islets where
> man to live. He will find in almost all of
> some architectural interest, built at a time
> could easily be conveyed by water; and he
> imagination, think himself back into th
> melancholy life which human skill has banis

Mr. P. H. Ditchfield has produced
(Methuen, 6s.), an *olla podrida* upon every pos
archæology and ecclesiology of our English
days of palæolithic man down to the lingerin
the present day. Those who desire to have h
fairly accurate little essays on such subjects
Dwellings, Anglo-Saxon Villages, Norman
Churches, Church Plate, and many other sub
have this pleasant-looking volume; but it w
the antiquary or fairly well-read student. M
no claim to originality of treatment on any
points upon which he touches, and acknowledge
to Sir John Evans, Mr. St. John Hope, Dr.
nevertheless he does not show much power i
of the materials that he has gathered from a w
area. The illustrations are numerous and
attractiveness of the volume, but a consider
been frequently used in former like works.
rather deceptive; for instance, the imagin
Norman Castle, on p. 138, would lead the unin
that embattled parapets were used by the Nor

Mr. George Bourne's BETTESWORTH BOOK
5s.) is a series of "talks with a Surrey p
share of the conversation falling to Betteswo
Mr. Bourne draws him out and makes him tel
that, by the end of the book, we seem to kn
He is worth knowing if the author is righ
as typical and not exceptional. "The tru
Bourne, "he belongs to a strong breed. Th
his equals in serviceable doing. All that he h
is being done no less well to-day by his s
village and town throughout the country.
matter of every day occurrence, that we take
do not notice the tough breed of men at their
if their work were to cease, England would bec
before a week was out." We may recommen
one who wishes to know more than is genera
unpretending but important labourers. M
well, and is strictly moderate in his use of dia

OTHER NEW BOO

Police.

Almost every subject relating to Engl
has found an historian, and it was time t
vogue at various periods for maintaining law
be brought together to receive historical treat
of police is full of interest. On its serio

complete narrative. What he attempts is an outline, and in criticising the book this self-imposed limitation must in fairness be kept in view. As an outline the book seems to us to suffer somewhat from a want of proportion. The author does not always estimate accurately the value of material. He gives us ten pages on the forest police of Norman and Plantagenet times, but not more than a few lines on the important writs issued by Henry III. in 1252 and 1253—the first precise and comprehensive enactments that we know of respecting watch and ward. Cromwell's "Major-Generals" are fully dealt with, but there is not a word on the dramatic passages between Charles I. and the Court of Common Council relating to the police of the city. The lengthy account of the Gordon riots, again, might well have been summed up in a sentence or two, nor, in a book of this kind, do the many pages devoted to the subject of crime and penology seem to be required. Some twenty pages are allotted to the suppression of riots, but there is no allusion to the progress made in the improvement of police stations since the days of Sir Robert Peel, a subject intimately connected with the efficiency of the force. Regarded as an outline history, then, the book is by no means without defects. The two chapters on police reform in boroughs and in counties are in favourable contrast with the rest of the book, for here the subject-matter is cleverly epitomized. With some of Captain Lee's statements we cannot agree. There is little doubt that the Court-Leet for view of frank-pledge, which he regards as a Norman institution, really dated back to Saxon times. The institution of "Conservators of the Peace" is attributed to Richard I. It is true that the "form of oath" issued by Archbishop Hubert in 1195, for the repression of crime and disorder, contains the germ of the new departure, but such officers were not actually appointed until many years later. These are not the only instances which show that our author has not always been thorough in his reading of learned authorities or of original documents. He has, however, done some good service in his endeavour to discover political and social reasons for the periods of stagnation or of progress in the history of police, though these disquisitions carry him somewhat away from the main object of the volume. He may be congratulated on having addressed himself to a subject which is certainly one of those still requiring careful historical treatment; but we think he would have been better advised not to publish the result of his researches in its present form, which is not wholly satisfactory as an outline and does not attempt to give a full view of this very important and interesting subject.

The "F. O."

No one living is better fitted to write RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD FOREIGN OFFICE (Murray, 12s. n.) than Sir Edward Hertslet. His father's service in the office lasted from 1801 to 1857, and he himself succeeded his father as Librarian, only retiring from his post in 1896. His own recollection, therefore, extends some way back before the erection of the present Foreign Office building in 1868, and his father's life was passed in the old office in Downing-street. Sir Edward writes in a pleasant and discreet style, and gives a careful record of the history of the office and of its chief officials during the past century. No one need expect from him any abundance of "racy" personal anecdotes, or matter of any great political importance; but there are some reminiscences of Palmerston and of Disraeli which are interesting, and some curious stories as to the history of important documents. This is certainly one of the oddest:—A labouring man one morning brought to the Foreign Office an original numbered despatch from one of H.M. Ministers abroad written in the eighteenth century. He had seen it drop from the coat pocket of one of the outside passengers on a City omnibus in the Clapham-road. This particular despatch was found missing in a bound volume of despatches at the Public Record Office, and the gap was now filled up, but nothing was ever discovered as to its history and travels.

The Franco-German War.

DIARIES OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK, edited by Margaret von Poschinger, and translated by Frances A. Welby (Chapman and Hall, 12s. n.), is more in the nature of a document than a

the importance which always attaches to information fr
quarters. We find, for instance, that Jules Favre w
prepared to cede Alsace at the very time when he was
his famous phrase, *Pas une pouce de notre territoire,
pierre de nos forteresses*; and there is an authoritativ
ment concerning the double-faced behaviour of Napoleon

> Napoleon is quietly trying to approach us; mode
> the conditions of peace, in return for promises of a com
> against England.

This at a time when the starving population of P
just been fed by English charity. One wonders
Victoria knew the story when she cultivated the frie
the Empress Eugénie. The Emperor Frederick tells it
comment. Another interesting entry throws light on Bi
attitude towards the Roman Catholics.

> Bismarck holds that the evacuation of Rome wo
> enormous error on the part of Pio Nono, but bl
> Germany might be productive of good results because
> of the Roman priesthood would cure the Germans.

The pages, however, which will arouse the widest
are no doubt those which deal with the negotiation
establishment of the German Empire. They are ser
omit so much that the story cannot properly be follo
them. One sees in them, however, the beginnings
animosity between the Emperor Frederick and his Cha
and one also finds it made tolerably clear what w
Emperor Frederick's cardinal articles of faith. He be
the Empire; he believed in friendship for England
believed most profoundly of all in himself. Many
indeed, might be quoted to show that his faith in the Em
really faith in himself as Emperor.

> I question the sincerity of the liberal constructi
> Empire, and believe that only a new era, which will
> reckon with me, will see this. Experiences, such
> accumulated during the last ten years, cannot have b
> in vain. In the now united nation I shall find a strong
> for my ideas, more especially as I shall be the first pr
> comes before his people honestly attached to const
> measures, without reservation.

It is the utterance of a true Hohenzollern—
Hohenzollern with a difference; and it is as a Hohe
with a difference that the Emperor Frederick impress
through the diary. He had not the extravagant and e
piety of some other members of the family. We are n
sure that he was as able as his son, or would have
nerve, like his son, to "drop the pilot." But he ha
reasonableness in a more notable degree than any other
of his house who has been prominently before the world

A History of Europe.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF EUROPE (350-1900), by
Thatcher, Ph.D., and Ferdinand Schwill, Ph.D., edi
adapted for use in British Universities and schools by
Hassall, M.A. (Murray, 7s. 6d.), is a good book to learn less
though an uncommonly dull book to read. Our principal
to it is that it might have been made a good deal bette
breviating the beginning, expanding the middle, and les
the end. For students who are not "specializing," the
the Dark Ages can be sufficiently summarized in a short
propositions for the honourable purpose of gaining spac
adequate treatment of the more momentous period
succeeded; while the events subsequent to 1815 are so
so complicated, and so well-known that they ought to
with in a separate volume on a larger scale. In this
scale is kept more or less uniform throughout, with th
that the later chapters are far too sketchy to be of muc
any one. Nothing would be easier than to make
important occurrences to which there is no reference—th
Terror, the war between Holland and Belgium, the Swi
War, the Spanish Marriages, &c.; and though it
easy enough to assign reasons for crowding them out,
to us that it would have been better to have rese

become a self-governing community by throwing off the yoke of Savoy, but did not become a part of Switzerland until long afterwards. Now is it exact that, when Calvin first came to Geneva, he was on his way to France. His destination, as a matter of fact, was Basel. These, however, are very small matters after all. On the whole we can applaud the book. The facts are well put together. It has some good genealogical tables, an excellent collection of historical maps printed in colours, and a useful bibliography at the head of every chapter. The bibliography might perhaps have been improved by referring the student to such contemporary authorities as Froissart, de Commines, de Thou, Matthew Paris, &c., instead of being confined to the works of modern historians; but the lists, subject to this reservation, are in every way satisfactory.

Print Collecting.

THE PRINT COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK, by S. Whitman (George Bell and Sons), is the latest assistance to the print-collector in his task. The enthusiasm of authors and the diligence of students have provided many volumes on this subject, and there is not much that is fresh to be found in Mr. Whitman's book. It contains too little letter press and far too many illustrations, executed often inadequately; conveying, that is to say, only the subject, and not the *technique*, of the original prints. Even if the illustrations had been altogether what one would have wished, they cannot go far in promoting the value of a handbook on Prints. Originals themselves require to be seen by the score, though the purse of the collector may allow only a few of them to be bought; and his real guidance, so far as a handbook can give it, is to be sought in the expression of authoritative opinion and the record of innumerable facts. The use that Mr. Whitman has made of the best critical authorities has been scanty, and he has not been lavish in the expression of his own views. They are sensible when we can get at them, but they seem to lack any very strong *raison d'être*. The faith that is in him—for it is in him, no doubt—wants a little more "justifying." Then, as to facts, his volume does not find room for enough of them. In speaking of some of the greatest masters, he is so brief that he can convey very little. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed. System, Mr. Whitman, we are glad to say, is by no means without. He has planned his work carefully. The skeleton is there, the bony structure well accounted for; what it wants is clothing. If Mr. Whitman was determined to treat a really vast subject on so small a scale, he might have been more interesting by being less systematic. He has been like a train, halting a minute or two at wayside stations, with all the little people concerned in the art of engraving, whereas he might have shot past these, and paused up longer at the great places, with the great artists. This was the course followed by Mr. Wedmore, in "Fine Prints." Dr. Willshire wrote at great length and did not need to follow that course; but then he only carried the story to the point at which "ancient prints" end and modern prints begin. Moberly, again—who was certainly brief enough—belongs to an earlier generation, when the field of print collecting was smaller. We could wish that Mr. Whitman—if he chose to treat the minor people at all, and the "false gods, mis-begot" especially—had been less timid, and had warned beginners, and foolish rich people, against traps laid for them, and fads which do not represent the taste of the connoisseur. The prices given, at the present time, for feeble colour-prints are altogether excessive. They can hardly be looked upon with tolerance by eyes accustomed to Dürer, to Rembrandt, and to the elegance of the great Frenchmen. We do not say for a moment that Mr. Whitman encourages the most recent folly, but he might have spoken out more clearly. When he is writing about lithographs, we can discern, between the lines—now that and his reticence—that he thinks it is easy to give too much for the modern ones. And we agree with him, as to the minor men. But his studies in the best modern Lithography do not appear to have gone far, for we trace no mention of Fantin-Latour's beautiful, almost invaluable, drawings on the stone.

by measles and other recently imported diser
in fact, is conditioned by the selective action
which in England is believed to be the direc
of 120,000 deaths a year, is a most potent
Races such as the Jews and Southern
have had unlimited opportunities of indul
craving for alcohol, have tended to become l
sive drunkenness. "A drunken Jew is a
phenomenon at the present time." In other
is sober strictly in proportion to its past in
races so with individuals. The "better-clas
to-day, whose ancestors seldom went to bed s
than they were, not because he has more self-
in the course of evolution, he has inherited a
is less inclined to drink. Left to herself,
out her own temperance reform. It may alm
the course of centuries, England free will bec
But the human reformer in all ages has with
infinitesimal success. While Nature promote
nating the drunkard, man has tried eithe
drunkard or to eliminate the drink. All su
predestined to failure, or worse. Can we
impotently by and watch the cruel and
natural selection? Dr. Reid, greatly dari
speedier way. Artificial selection must com
To this remedy—he admits that it is an un
is no alternative. Alas! "Not in our time,"
be followed"; and there is every reason
right. Quite apart from alcoholism, the admir
tion of the two great rival theories of evolu
book opens is well worth reading for its own
students there is a copious Appendix, with
resting report "on the conditions under w
inebriety is transmitted from parent to offs
work is a valuable contribution to the dise
most important questions of our time.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's Addresses.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND OTHER AMERI
Frederic Harrison (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. n.).
collection of speeches merely reproduces,
well-known opinions of Mr. Frederic Harr
ourselves from discussing it. The philosophy
comes up for examination once a year at the
his annual encyclical; there is no need, in
reports. We may note, however, an his
statement that the Dutch Republic is "the
modern Europe of the establishment of a fre
The Swiss Confederation was much earlier, a
Geneva was somewhat earlier, the Geneve
the Duke of Savoy more than a generation b
rid of the King of Spain. For the rest we
ladies of the Women's College, Bryn Mawr,
told Mr. Harrison they would rather he
celebrities he had met than "listen to a set
general or historical subject." The lect
anecdotal reminiscences of John Bright,
Huxley, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, George
Garibaldi, Mazzini, Victor Hugo, and A
recollection of Victor Hugo confirms in an
the presentation of that great man of letters
our own Hugo number:—

> He was treated with a deference tha
> private to princes of the blood; when
> whispers, to a political friend the whole re
> maintain strict silence. "Il parle,"
> though none of us except Naquet,
> permitted to hear the words. A fervent a
> up, present, almost, on his knees, a copy
> *Terrible*, and beg the favour of the aut
> cannot honestly say that, in the course of t
> one word that was interesting or characte
> lips on which France and Europe would ha

the youths dragged his carriage through the streets, after his lecture at the University—"a lecture," he said humbly, "that was strictly confined to Russian literature, without one word of politics."

OMNIBUSES AND CABS, by H. C. Moore (Chapman and Hall, (7s. 6d.), is an excellent book of its kind. Mr. Moore has been fortunate in finding a subject of a popular kind which has not been dealt with in a similar way before; he has been diligent in collecting information, and he puts it together in a clear and sensible style. The history of omnibuses he traces from the famous Shillibeer—and even still more remotely from the first conception of an omnibus in the brain of Blaise Pascal—to the latest struggle between the blue and orange omnibuses running from Kilburn to Fulham. Of the history of the companies and the development of the motor he gives an excellent account, though he is a little hard we think on the "Pirates." The development of the cab is illustrated by some capital pictures, and he has much to say that will interest every Londoner on cab fares, cab strikes, and cab accidents. The book is well worth reading.

A capital volume of reminiscences is Mr. Albert Chevalier's BEFORE I FORGET (Unwin, 16s. n.). An autobiographical record of stage experiences is not an easy thing to do well. It always has an attraction for certain readers, because it brings them into a kind of personal contact with well-known men; but it is apt to become very wearisome. It all depends on the use made of what Mr. Chevalier speaks of as that "constantly recurring personal pronoun," which has a tendency to lead the writer away from the path of good sense. Mr. Chevalier uses it judiciously; and he never deviates from good taste. As every one knows, his career has been a unique one; and his worst enemy could not accuse him of a lack of humour. The result is a very readable book. The best part of it contains Mr. Chevalier's shrewd remarks on, and amusing experiences in, America. We have the typical Yankee journalist in the man who called upon Mr. Chevalier between four and five in the morning to get a new song out of him there and then. He was full of apologies, but said he, "it is quite unavoidable, as we want to publish a song specially written by you for next Sunday's issue." We need hardly add that he got the song; and not only the song, but a tune for it out of Mr. Chevalier's colleague, Mr. West.

Mr. Horace G. Groser's life of LORD KITCHENER (Pearson, 2s. 6d.) is less perfunctory than most biographical work of this sort. The author has evidently been at some pains to put himself in communication with those who have known Lord Kitchener from his boyhood upwards. He is able to contradict or confirm most of the floating legends of the great general's youth, and he has given particular attention to his work in connexion with the Palestine Exploration Fund. A sound and careful, though hardly a well-written book.

NOTABLE MASTERS OF MEN, by Edwin A. Pratt (Melrose, 3s. 6d.), is dedicated to "youths who aspire," and is a good popular account, with portraits, of such men as Mr. Carnegie, Sir Josiah Mason, Sir Henry Bessemer, Mr. Edison, Sir Henry Parkes, and a good many others, who in one way or another have become famous. Mr. Pratt does not make wealth his criterion of success. He tells many stories of victory ultimately won by brains, industry, and integrity; and he makes it clear that the secret of success is always the same, both in steel-works and sheep-farming. The account of Mr. Tinworth is one of the best; but Mr. Tinworth is not exactly a "master of men"; nor are the labour members of Parliament, whose position in the world Mr. Pratt is rather disposed to magnify.

THE CAPE AND ITS STORY (Nelson, 2s. 6d.) is ostensibly a book for boys, and has three gaudy coloured pictures. It mainly differs from some of the other summaries of South African history that have lately passed through our hands in that the rights and wrongs of a good many subjects of controversy are not explained with much precision. This may have been due, however, to the writer's earnest desire that his work should not be mistaken for a lesson-book. On the title page there is a [illegible] portrait of Sir George White in scarlet.

the defeat of the Armada, and the last fight of the *Re*[illegible] if there is here and there a little writing for writing's [illegible] In the escape of the *Calliope* from Apia during the [illegible] among the Navigator Islands, it can easily be forgi[illegible] account of the fresh material in the book, such as the [illegible] convincing narrative of the *Victory's* log during the [illegible] Trafalgar. In the story of the sea there can be so little [illegible] is not more or less known to Englishmen that every [illegible] worth knowing.

Dr. J. F. G. Sykes' PUBLIC HEALTH AND HOUSING (P. [illegible] and Son, 5s.) deals with the difficulties arising from the [illegible] tendency to the concentration of population. Perhaps t[illegible] urgent of these problems are associated with the effect of t[illegible] conditions upon public health. Even the rich live an a[illegible] life in "mansions"; the middle-class has its fl[illegible] boarding-houses and residential clubs; the poor hav[illegible] common lodging-houses and their model dwellings. A[illegible] means an immense pressure of population upon squa[illegible] cubic space, and Dr. Sykes has set himself the task of in[illegible] exactly how and to what extent restriction of space [illegible] health, and how the evils may be reduced to a *minimum* [illegible] volume, which originally appeared in the form of the [illegible] lectures delivered before the Royal College of Physicians [illegible] of lucidly presented statistics and plans and deserves [illegible] study, particularly by those who are interested [illegible] housing of the working classes.

FICTION.

The Yorkshire Moors.

Miss Christabel Coleridge has taught us to exp[illegible] her capable and conscientious work. THE WINTS OF CA[illegible] (Isbister, 6s.) justifies her reputation. The scene is laid [illegible] Yorkshire fells and one soon begins to share the enthusi[illegible] the author for the windy freshness of the northern [illegible] Character rather than sensation or plot is the book [illegible] interest. The hero, Caradoc Crosby, within an ace of b[illegible] a ne'er-do-well, but retrieved by a good woman's love, is [illegible] with true perception. So are Sir Caradoc, the violent [illegible] Lady Crosby, the malleable and negligible step-mother, [illegible] true daughter of the fells, and William Quince, the self-sac[illegible] one, who disgraced himself to save his brother. We [illegible] forbear from quoting a passage concerning the gentle tas[illegible] reviewer:—

> Edward Mason was sitting in his rooms in the T[illegible] with six uncut volumes, three volumes of poetry by new [illegible] two biographies in two volumes each, and a book o[illegible] "Transcendental Ethics" on the table. . . . He [illegible] like casual novels, nor consider that he understood [illegible] cendental Ethics, or even feel quite certain as to wh[illegible] might be. One of the biographies required a minute kno[illegible] of the duties demanded by a bishop towards his clerg[illegible] other was full of military technicalities; but the pa[illegible] which Edward wrote was not in a position to comm[illegible] services of experts, and the reviewer was, of course, su[illegible] to be omniscient. Edward was conscious of some g[illegible] his knowledge, but he took pains and was on his guard.

This is a slapdash description of a certain kind of re[illegible] and contains perhaps just enough truth to sting. Was it [illegible] wise of the author to tempt "the reviewer's revenge"?—[illegible] title, by the way, for a literary melodrama.

"Cynthia's Way."

Too rarely does one meet with a story so agreeably w[illegible] Mrs. Sidgwick's CYNTHIA'S WAY (Edward Arnold, 6s.). [illegible] full of the spirit of comic opera, with its topsy-turvydom [illegible] gay humour hovering on the edge of sentiment, and ag[illegible] sentimental shading off into the ludicrous. The idea of [illegible] young woman masquerading as a poor governess is not o[illegible] but it is here remarkably well done; we cannot indeed c[illegible]

Correspondence.

ELIZABETH'S TREATMENT OF HER SEAMEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the November number of the *Nineteenth Century* there is an article by Vice-Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge on Elizabeth's treatment of her seamen at the time of the Armada, attacking a passage in my "United Empire" on that subject. Sir Cyprian is not exhaustibly calm or courteous. He charges me, Froude, Green, and several other writers on history with having "had it as our object to surpass the originator of the calumnies against Elizabeth." It seems not to have occurred to him that our object, if we had any beyond the proper duty of historians, might be to do justice to the English seamen who, under the greatest difficulties and discouragements, had saved the country. He does not, so far as I can see, traverse any material statement of fact; but he tenders apologetic explanations derived from his nautical knowledge. Writers of history could, of course, only state the facts as they unquestionably appear and as they evidently impressed the Lord High Admiral at the time.

Sir Cyprian Bridge may now undertake to explain the starving of the English Army in the Netherlands, the harrowing details of which he will find in Motley. "The English soldiers," says Motley, "who had fought so well in every Flemish battle-field of freedom, had become—such as were left of them—mere lawless half-naked vagabonds and marauders. Brave soldiers had been charged by their Sovereign into brigands, and now the universal odium which suddenly attached itself to the English name converted them into outcasts. Forlorn and crippled creatures swarmed about the Provinces, but were forbidden to come through the towns, and so wandered about, robbing henroosts, and pillaging the peasantry. Many deserted to the enemy. Many begged their way to England, and even to the very gates of the palace, and exhibited their wounds and their misery before the eyes of that good Queen Bess who claimed to be the mother of her subjects—and begged for bread in vain." *

Sir Cyprian will, I think, also find proof enough that in the opinion of those most concerned the Queen's "sparing humour" was the cause.

Yours faithfully,

Toronto, November 19. GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE GOSPEL RIOTS AT ATHENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Like many others among your readers, I read with great interest and some profit Mr. Rouse's long letter in your last issue. The writer spoke as an expert in Romaic ballad literature, and said much that was true about linguistic "reform" in Greece since the Liberation. But, as he said that and more with unnecessary severity towards a section of Greeks whose aims are of the highest and purest, whatever their wisdom, and in apparent ignorance of what is just in their plea, and further gave a very partial explanation of the recent ferment in Athens, I venture to make a demand on your space.

Experts in Romaic literature always seem to blink the fact that there is not and never was a Romaic dialect common to all Greeks. Indeed, the differences are now so great that in certain parts of the Greek world the popular ballads of other parts are practically unintelligible. The Anatolian Greeks, for instance, would make little or nothing of a Cretan song; and the peasants of the Maeander valley do not understand the peasants of the

been in continuous use among exiled Gree
Venice and Vienna, a literary language,
descended from that used by educated B
written in this were read and understood b
all over the world before the Liberation; a
the Romaic people was once more in a posi
pleased on its own soil, for the benefit of all
more sensible than that it should ado
tongue this common written speech, th
was not unfamiliar to any one who attendes
Church?

That this should gradually make its way
also was inevitable among a people with whom
widely spread and eagerly sought. It has m
I gather, Mr. Rouse is aware. There is n
distinction between the newspapers and the
the Athenian street as he seems to think. Cer
common to all the spoken dialects have re
influence—*e.g.*, the analytic formations; but
some extent yielding. And if there has been
crusade against these, a great deal of conscio
Greek purists, and too much anxiety to fit th
antiquity on the shrunken limbs of the
a similar tendency always in evidence in mo
have seen in our own day an Anglo-Saxon mo
style and personal nomenclature. And in
Edward on our King, have not we, too,
history?

To ask the Greek men of letters to wr
language would be to ask a lettered lowland
dialect to his wife, to write for others in th
songs; and to translate the Gospels into rea
much such an outrage as has lately bee
America, where the Bible has been render
tongue of Wall-street. Those papers whic
in Athens have about the standing of our sec
Educated Greeks talk in the vulgar tongue,
but drop it as we do when speaking to th
ceremony must be used. It has neither
universality which fit it for a national langu
Rouse, has it the literature. Klephtic ballads
stuff at their best.

The Gospels have not, however, been
Palli into true Romaic, but into the m
which occasionally appears in the better
is like "modernizing" our own Autho
writing it for example in the style of a p
than one such translation, however, has b
Athens, and the publication of another woul
tithe of the feeling shown in Athens la
circumstances made it a symptom of a r
which the majority of Greek patriots re
dangerous disease in their body politic.

For some years a party has been g
Greece which despairs of the "Great
Hellenism at first grew and conquered,
accept things in their present state as a
Believing that the race has lived too lo
to resume the place it had even in the
this party would at most only claim as
Turkish isles and Epirus. Some clear he
so much. And all would gladly see another

Bulgaria should further increase her influence there. The Cretan policy of the King inspired, it was supposed, by Russia, very nearly wrecked the Dynasty in 1897.

Since the disastrous issue of the Macedonian attempt the opponents of the "Great Idea" have been reinforced. They are still necessarily very unpopular, as unpopular as those in England to-day who hold that the term of our Imperial expansion has been reached; and they proceed with caution. Meetings and Hyde Park demonstrations are not feasible in Athens, but a good deal can be done in a quiet literary way, by methods similar to those in vogue with the Opposition to the Roman Empire in the second century. But the majority, including and led by the hot-heads of the University, watches jealously for signs of this peaceful propaganda; and when anything which seems to make for stereotyping the existing state of things, and denying the possibility of a greater Greece, is detected, action is taken. This last translation of the New Testament, which would fix religious conceptions in the language of what is regarded as an incomplete stage of Hellenic evolution, and also put dissension between the Greeks of the Hellenic kingdom and their brethren, who live under the Phanariote Patriarch, seemed an acute symptom of reaction. It followed closely on the Queen's effort in the same direction; it appeared in one of the two leading Athenian newspapers and was approved by the other; and it was not condemned by the head of the Church, thanks, it was said, to Royal influence.

Rightly or wrongly, the New Party is supposed to have Russia at its back. The Old Party in Greece, which aspires to protect and absorb all Orthodox Christians in the Levant, finds Russia, on the other hand, claiming to protect what the Porte conceded to her at Kainarji. She is supposed to be waiting to help the Cretan Church out of the dilemma in which the latter's continued submission to the Phanariote Patriarch places the patriots. Her expansion also is supposed to be the least superable impediment to Greater Greece. The Russian birth of the Queen, therefore, and, without that, the necessary identification, as has been said above, of the powers that be with a diplomatic rather than an extreme national policy, makes them always the objects of attack, whenever popular indignation is aroused by what is considered a symptom of national despair. This lively fear of reaction and not merely a purist sentiment about language (great as is the power of sentiment among Greeks) made this student riot grow to such dangerous proportions—proportions sufficient to call for the most strenuous disavowal of Royal sympathy with the New Party: for the arbitrary displacement of the head of the national Church; and for the summary replacement of a comparatively strong Minister, with whom is the vast majority of the Chamber, by a weak man, with whom stand scarce a score of deputies.

I wish to pronounce no opinion on the truth or falsehood of the popular view about this translation, but merely to state it. Nor again do I say anything about the immediate circumstances of the riot. No longer living in Athens, I do not know them at first hand; but they hang on to much of which I have had personal experience. Nor, lastly, do I here plead for or against either Party, or express any belief as to the future fate of their respective policies.

D. G. HOGARTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The letter which Mr. Rouse has published in your columns on this subject seems to contain several misapprehen-

Greece. For my own part, the sole advantage which gained from an otherwise absolutely useless education at is the capacity to read those Greek journals which Mr. unlike Sir Edgar Vincent, the late Mr. Dickson, and so a scholar as Dr. Dawes of Corfu, considers to be so ridic written.

Again, the political aspects of this question ignored in Mr. Rouse's account of the matter. This purely literary affair, a question, as it were, of the rival of Ciceronian or Tacitean prose. There is no conceal unpleasant fact, that Queen Olga, to whom the inspira this movement for the translation of the Scriptures is is regarded in Greece as an advocate of that hatefu influence which runs counter to the "great Greek ide the Queen's unpopularity at Athens I have had persona rience, nor need it surprise one that the hand of "holy" is seen behind the scenes; Russia, which from 1770 encouraged and then betrayed the Greeks, just as she Rumania in 1812 and 1878, Bulgaria in 1879, Servia at the of Bucharest, and Montenegro when, at her suggestio Bocche di Cattaro were abandoned in 1814. The Gre well aware that whether they are really the descendant ancient Hellenes, or no the more they can maintain a link with classical times, the more they will differentiat selves from the other Balkan States. It was because of that the Philhellenes supported Greece in 1821; enthusiasm was aroused by Kara George or Milosh in nor were the old Bulgarian Tsars names to conjure Western Europe in 1877. Knowing these things, the wish to purge their language of Turkish and Italian and to imitate as far as possible, not, as Mr. Rouse thi language of Leonidas (for he, being a Spartan, pro talked Doric, and Greek newspapers are not written dialect), but that of classical writers. Nor is this desire elimination of foreign words peculiar to Greece. In R where the old Roman colonization exercises the same fas over the modern Rumanians as do the ancient Hellenes modern Greeks, the same process is going on; and in German *Fahrkarte* has taken the place of *Billet* and *R* has been suggested as a purer equivalent for *Cigarre*.

I am, your obedient servant,

W

GYDA THE GOTH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, *Re* your notice of "Gyda the Goth *Literature* on 9th inst., you refuse to accept a Ireland in the eleventh century named Makartee. McCarthy was King of Cork and Desmond in 1172 A. perhaps your reviewer knows that no ancestor of his some hundred years earlier. But as to the last remark think it consistent with your claim to be just in your crit for an Irish thrall might well have been given the old name of Biarne (or Biarney as it was probably spoke captors; and, besides, why "a thousand years ago" w such date is included in the story?

Thanking you, nevertheless, for the rest of the notic

I am, yours faithfully,

E. E. McBRI

11, Oakhill-road, Putney, S.W. (*alias* Ernest We

Mr. W. Lapworth sends us another translation of the

Books to look out for at once.

The Library Edition of Hazlitt. Edited by A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover. Vol. I. Dent. 7s. 6d. net. Contains, in addition to an introduction by Mr. W. E. Henley, "The Round Table," "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," and "A Letter to William Gifford, Esq."

"The Old Court Suburb." By Leigh Hunt. Edited by Austin Dobson. 2 vols. Freemantle. £3 3s. net.
[With 120 photogravures and other illustrations. By Hubert Railton, E. J. Sullivan, and C. A. Shepperton.]

"Poems." By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Preface by Joseph Pennell and introduction by W. Holman Hunt. Freemantle. £1 1s. net.
[With the original illustrations by Millais, Rossetti, and W. Holman Hunt.]

"Ancient Royal Palaces in and Near London." Lithographs by T. R. Way, with notes by Frederic Chapman. John Lane. 21s. net.

"Studies in History and Jurisprudence." By James Bryce. 2 vols. Oxford University Press. 25s. net.
[Based on Oxford Lectures, 1876-1889.]

"The English Church in the Sixteenth Century, from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Death of Mary." By James Gairdner. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
[Vol. IV. of the "New History of the English Church," edited by Dean Stephens and the Rev. Wm. Hunt.]

"Types of Naval Officers: With some remarks on the Development of Naval Warfare during the Eighteenth Century." By Captain Mahan. S. Low. 10s. 6d. net.
[Memoirs of six British Admirals—Lord Hawke, Earl Howe, Lord Rodney, Earl St. Vincent, Lord De Saumarez, and Lord Exmouth.]

We sometimes complain that the English Government does nothing for art, and we are glad to note that the Royal Commission for the art section of the Paris Exhibition of 1900 has issued a sumptuous volume prepared by Mr. Isidore Spielmann, containing Illustrations of the British Pavilion in the Rue des Nations, with reproductions of the pictures and details about the painters and their works; a most interesting volume, well turned out. It is not for sale, but we hope the Royal Commission will present a copy to the more important of our public libraries.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS,

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

CHRISTIAN ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY. By W. Lowrie. (Handbooks of Archæology and Antiquities.) 8×5½, 452 pp. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
[An American book designed to be an introduction to the study of early Christian monuments, architecture, and art. Illustrated.]

THE ARTISTS' LIBRARY: CONSTABLE. By C. J. Holmes. 8¾×6¾. Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. n.
[This series of slim quarto volumes on artists are well done. Mr. Laurence Binyon is the editor. There are 24 plates.]

CATALOGUE OF PICTURES AT LOCKO PARK. By Dr. Jean Paul Richter. 11¾×9, 107 pp. Bemrose. 12s. 6d.
[The collection was made by the late Mr. Drury-Lowe, who died in 1877, mostly in Italy, between 1840 and 1865.]

THE SAINTS IN CHRISTIAN ART. By Mrs. A. Bell. 9×6½, 281 pp. Bell. 14s. n.
[Study of the legends and history of the saints, their treatment in art, the symbols connected with them, &c. Sumptuously bound in white and gold, with reproductions of Italian pictures.]

BIOGRAPHY.

CAROLINE THE ILLUSTRIOUS, QUEEN-CONSORT OF GEORGE II. By W. H. Wilkins. 2 vols. 9×5½, 368+325 pp. Longmans. 36s.
[An extensive study, not before attempted, of this Princess, who for many years was, with Walpole, the real governor of England. By the author of "The Love of An Uncrowned Queen."]

MEMORIALS OF DEAN LAKE, 1869-1891. Ed. by Katharine Lake. 9×5½, 342 pp. Arnold. 16s.
[These memorials, edited by his widow, of the Dean of Durham (1869-1891) are autobiographical so far as life at Arnold's Rugby, the Oxford Movement, and Lake's life at Oxford, to 1855 are concerned.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUN

SAINTS OF ITALY. Legends Retold by Ella N Noyes. 7½×8, 161 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.
[This is a moderate-sized quarto, printed some stories of the Saints for children so as t works of the Italian masters. The stories are w are copied in line "after" well-known master lose a good deal in the process. But the book purpose.]

THE CASTAWAYS OF MEADOW BANK. By Tr Blue Books for Children.) 5¾×4½, 191 pp. Met
[A pleasant story of three boys and a gir house in flood time.]

LIGHTS OF CHILD-LAND. By Maud B. Boo Putnam. 6s.
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THE GOLDEN RULE. Vol. for 1901. Sunday Sc

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' COMPANION. Volu of England S.S.I. 2s.

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SISTER BEATRICE. ARDIANE AND BARBE BI M. Maeterlinck. Trans. by B. Miall. 7 3s. 6d. n.
[Sister Beatrice ("A Miracle Play") and A (the legend of Bluebeard) are librettos in F andrines for which music is being written by M tions are mostly in blank verse with some variat

EDUCATIONAL.

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS AND METHODS By S. S. Laurie. 7½×5, 295 pp. Cambridge U

MACBETH. (Pitt Press Shakespeare for Schools Verity. 6¾×4¾, 288 pp. Cambridge Universit

ALGEBRAICAL EXAMPLES. With Answers. B 172 pp. Macmillan. 2s.

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THE USURPER. By W. J. Locke. 7¾×5½, 356 p
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[A modern society novel of life in America.

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THE COUNTESS OF MAYBURY; BETWEEN YOU AND I. By W. B. Maxwell. 7½×5¾, 312 pp. Downey.

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FLEUR DE CIVILISATION. By Marguerite Van de Wiele. 7¼×4¾, 287 pp. Paris: Ollendorff. Fr.3.50.

[A strong anti-feminist novel.]

HISTORY.

ENGLISH CORONATION RECORDS. Ed. by L. G. Wickham Legg. 11¼×7¾, 413 pp. Constable. 31s. 6d. n.

[Documents collected so as to form a consecutive history of the coronation from the earliest times. A sumptuous volume bound in red and grey with large illustrations.]

SCENES AND CHARACTERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By the Rev. E. L. Cutts. 8×5½, 552 pp. Virtue. 7s. 6d.

[A posthumous work by this well-known ecclesiastical historian, treating of Monks, Minstrels, Knights; with pictures in the text.]

SELECT DOCUMENTS OF ENGLISH CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. Ed. by G. B. Adams and H. Morse Stephens. 8×5½, 555 pp. The Macmillan Company. 10s.

[This, unlike previous similar books, embraces all the history from the Conquest. It is for use in classes, and is clearly and well arranged. Many of the documents, especially the later ones, are abridged, and all are translated. An excellent "source book."]

OXFORD STUDIES. By J. R. Green. Ed. by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss K. Norgate. 7¼×5, 302 pp. Macmillan. 5s.

[These collected papers are the outcome of Green's favourite idea of a history of Oxford. The bulk of them are a series of papers on Oxford in the 18th century which appeared in the *Oxford Chronicle*.]

LE DERNIER BIENFAIT DE LA MONARCHIE. By the Duc de Broglie. 9×5¾, 331 pp. Paris: Calmann Levy. Fr.7.50.

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[This gives an account, by the best known authority on the subject, of the recent discoveries in the Roman Forum. Copiously illustrated by photographs.]

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ON THE LOVE OF GOD. By St. Francis de Sales. Ed. by Canon Knox Little. 303 pp. THOUGHTS OF PASCAL. Ed. by C. S. Jerram. (The Library of Devotion.) 6×4, 216 pp. Methuen. 2s. each.

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[The author was a Nonconformist forty y reasons for conforming are here rewritten from th

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Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 217. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

Our next week's issue will be a special Dickens number, containing portraits of Dickens never before seen by the public, and numerous illustrations of an unfamiliar and interesting character bearing on Dickens' life and work.

The "Personal View" will be written by Mr. George Gissing, under the title of "Dickens in Memory."

* * * *

Books to read just published:

"Studies in History and Jurisprudence." By the Right Hon. J. Bryce, M.P. Clarendon Press.

"James Russell Lowell." By H. E. Scudder. Macmillan.

"In Sicily." By Douglas Sladen. Sands.

"Japan." By Mortimer Menpes. A. and C. Black.

* * * *

A fresh development of the American invasion is expected early in the New Year. [illegible]

On this point, however, experts disagree, for on[illegible] most influential members of the trade assures us [illegible] experience is that the booksellers benefit by the [illegible] "Where free libraries have been established in Lon[illegible] said, "the local booksellers have told me that it was [illegible] the best thing that could have happened." There is [illegible] a book as soon as it gets talked about. The number of [illegible] each library is limited, and some members will soon tire of [illegible] and make for the nearest bookseller's shop. This statem[illegible] ever, was qualified by a well-known publisher, to w[illegible] subject was broached. While true so far as fiction [illegible] popular books of the day were concerned, it did not [illegible] apply to more serious literature, especially to text-b[illegible] works of reference. "It would pay me," he added, [illegible] the round of the free libraries and buy up all my pub[illegible] for I should probably sell at least half-a-dozen copies [illegible] one that finds its way into these institutions." Yet h[illegible] that the libraries did a good work in getting the people [illegible] as anything done to promote popular education must e[illegible] be in the interests of the trade as a whole.

* * * *

The Nobel prize for literary merit has been awarde[illegible] Mistral as was expected, but to M. Sully-Prudhom[illegible] Sully-Prudhomme is a poet, a contemporary of Co[illegible] Catulle Mendès, and one of the so-called "Parnassia[illegible] in 1839, and an Academician since 1881. *La Justice* (187[illegible] *Bonheur* (1888) are the titles of his principal works. [illegible] philosophic, meditative writer, expressing in verse the [illegible] ideas and subtleties of metaphysics. The value of [illegible] awarded to him is about £8,000.

* * * *

The British connoisseur, whether of books or of pict[illegible] at last awakened to a fact which for long has been obvi[illegible] large, perhaps dangerously large, proportion of art a[illegible] graphical treasure purchased directly by or on behalf of [illegible] collectors. Mr. Pierpont Morgan is putting to one o[illegible] uses possible what to him are relatively small sums, [illegible] to the ordinary man represent a capital far beyond the [illegible] of his horizon. The series of decorative paintings exe[illegible] Fragonard for Madame du Barry, bought by an English [illegible] is said, for £50,000; Gainsborough's "Lady Bett[illegible] and Children," sold at Christie's in 1894 for 11,000 [illegible] the "Stolen Duchess," now valued at perhaps twice as m[illegible] 1876, when the picture fetched 10,100 guineas; [illegible] Dorchester-house Hobbema, in connexion with which t[illegible] £25,000 is named—these are a few of Mr. Pierpont [illegible] noteworthy purchases in the domain of pictures. Mr. [illegible] again, is believed to have paid £15,000 for Turner's "[illegible] and Blue Lights," 1840, which at the Goldsmid s[illegible] fetched but 3,700 guineas.

* * * *

But we would direct special attention to a few [illegible] important book purchases during the past fe[illegible]

4. La Mer des Histoires. Paris, 1488 . . . . . £205
(From Heber coll., 1836, £16 16s.)
5. Geneva Bible, 1588. Signature, "John Milton, 8-6-24 1631" 225
6. Byron. Poems on Various Occasions, 1807. Free copy to "Edwd. Noel Long, Coldm. Cols., from the Author" 129
7. Keats. Poems, 1817. "To my friends the Miss Reynoldses. J. K." 125
8. Shakespeare. Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1619. 4to. 109
9. Stevenson. An Object of Pity, and Objects of Pity, 1892 59
10. Keats. Endymion, 1818. "Mrs. Reynolds from her friend J. K.," perhaps in the poet's autograph 41

* * * *

The above list is by no means exhaustive; indeed, several of the items have been taken more or less at random from dozens which might with equal reason be included. Only within the last week or two have definite tidings reached this country of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's purchase of No. 1; but, as a matter of fact, the arrangement for transferring the monumental work from the Piccadilly firm to him was arrived at many months ago. Unlike most book collectors this wealthy American is also a student. At the University of Gottingen, so high were his mathematical attainments that the authorities are said to have offered him a lectureship. Yet we do not part with the Psalter without regret—for part with it, and with other treasures bought by Mr. Morgan, we must in due time, when questions of duty have been arranged. Neither before nor since has an equally high sum been paid at auction for a printed book; moreover, not only is it of great rarity, but it has seldom if ever been surpassed as a piece of typography.

* * * *

As to No. 2, which was published at 1s. 6d., it is by no means impossible that a second copy with the frontispiece hitherto regarded as belonging to the third edition—and there are those who think that the engraving in the £1,475 copy is an interpolation—may be discovered. In 1851 Macaulay said "not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence." Nos. 3 and 8 on our table relate to quartos, published at 6d. each, which early in the nineteenth century were procurable at about £1. They cross the Atlantic to join, in one library or another, many good copies of the first folio recently sold in England. The £125 paid for No. 7 marks Keats' record in the auction rooms: a non-presentation copy, in morocco instead of original boards, fetched £18 15s. in June, 1890. Of the ten entries, connoisseurs in this country are in no way concerned about that which appears last but one; £59 was a ridiculously high sum, surely, for the trifle "An Object of Pity," written by Stevenson and some of his friends at Samoa, with "The Man Haggard's" reply, "Objects of Pity." The two booklets occurred again for sale on July 1, when they made £24 5s.; while on November 27 they changed hands publicly for a third time, bringing £27 10s. The almost inevitable conclusion is that when an American collector desires a particular picture or book he is prepared to out-bid all rivals.

* * * *

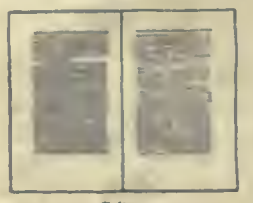
Philosophers in all ages have differed in their definitions of the causes of laughter; and possibly, "Mind," a publication which purports to emanate from an Oxford college hitherto considered respectable, is intended to illustrate the latest conceptions of τὸ γελοῖον. It appears to be an elaborate burlesque of its learned namesake. This kind of thing, if it is to be done at all, ought to be very well done indeed; it is permitted to no one to be only moderately amusing at great length, and when the

Iranier und Gottloser, wollte von der se
dienstmässigen Priester-Kribbel-Krabbelkei
wissen. Als er den Schein nicht lesen kon
und sprach zu seinen Jüngern: "Schein u
Was soll mir diese "Hindeutung auf Sein"

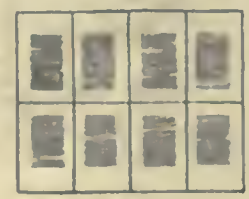
And so forth. A little more ν would
the character of the banquet. As it is, excep
flashes, the philosopher as humourist is u
distinguished success. He is often ingenious;
to know when to stop. Thus a good "Limerick
and then is a pleasant thing, and adds to the
But 101 solid, consecutive Limericks, none fu
rhyme and scansion, and many wantonly and
hundred and one of them! It is "a thing i
at." Truly, Oxford philosophers must need a
not to feel that this form of advertisement n
life. Why these rhymes should have been
why, being made, they should have been pri
—that is a new riddle of the Sphinx.

* * *

Nine persons out of every ten have but a
meaning of "folio," "quarto," "octavo,"
therefore reproduce, by permission of Mr. Jo
lisher, from Mr. Douglas Cockerell's new volu
Artistic Craft Series of Technical Handbooks
in another column)—four cuts which expla



Folio



8vo

[From "Bookbinding" (by permission of Mr. Jo

A folio book is the largest, an octavo the sm
most people would say. But, strictly spe
indicate that a given sheet has been folded a
times. Prior to the middle of the eighteenth
marks on papers at once showed the size
smallest sheet, marked with a jug, was know
next had a cap and bells, hence our "foolscap
horn," "post," a crown, and so on. To-day the
&c., are sometimes loosely used to indicate th
irrespective of the number of times the sheets
The sketches reproduced give the key to thei
folio—whether of imperial size, 30in. by 22
19½in. by 15½in.—is a book wherein the sheet
once only; in a quarto they are twice folded;
times; in a 16mo. four times. Thus we know

employed for the purpose reports that he found a large number of bacilli, representing nearly a hundred different poisons and disease germs. Fifty books, selected at random, were examined, and all were declared more or less infected. Dry sterilization of the books has been recommended. Bacteriological investigations, like statistics, seem able to prove anything. Last year an authoritative medical opinion was given at the meeting of the Library Association to the effect that the danger of infection from books was infinitesimal. The microbe question reminds us that we have not yet learned the result of the competition for the two prizes for the best treatises on the insect enemies of books, founded by the late Mlle. Marie Pellechet, whose attention was drawn to these destructive parasites during the International Congress of Librarians in Paris last year. Other insects attack books as well as the "bookworm," and as an instance of their ravages it is recorded that in a public library, but little frequented, one insect perforated twenty-seven folio volumes in a straight line, in such a manner that, on passing a cord through the perfectly round hole made by it, the twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once. Hitherto, apparently, no one had studied the subject with the object of checking the development of the insects, but it was hoped that the legacy left by Mlle. Pellechet would produce good results. The prizes were for 1,000 francs and 500 francs respectively. Mlle. Pellechet's example was followed by another book-lover who offered a further 1,000 francs for the best paper on the study of worms and insects which more particularly attack the bindings of books.

* * * *

An Oxford correspondent sends us the following on Undergraduate Journalism. :

A writer in *Literature* recently treated of the subject of Oxford's many magazines and journals from the serious point of view which befits a graduate ; this article is an endeavour to throw some light upon the more frivolous magazines edited by undergraduates. The *Pipe* and the *Quad*, both small ephemeral productions were fully discussed in the article just mentioned ; what is perhaps worthy of notice here is that the *Pipe* obtained contributions from several of the senior members of the University, and, although it was edited by undergraduates, it was not strictly speaking an undergraduate paper. The first number of the *Pipe* (there were alas ! but four) contained some verses by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, which afterwards—with a slight addition—formed an introduction to that author's admirable "Conferences on Books and Men." Amongst other articles there have been several by the author of "The Arcadians," a man who has frequently charmed readers of the *Oxford Magazine* by his pleasant articles. Of the new and frivolous class of paper which has lately been the fashion in Oxford, the *X* was the forerunner. It appeared first some three years ago as a threepenny weekly, and, passing through many vicissitudes, it lingered on for two years, when from lack of contributors and advertisements it died. In its palmiest days—with its loud and curious cover—it was decidedly a success, and for a short time was very ably edited. The *X*, however, went the way of all undergraduate papers and fell into the hands of a clique, who endeavoured to prime their readers with washy aestheticism. A curious phenomenon this, and one hard to explain, but it was very noticeable in the case of the *Quad*, and of the *Spirit Lamp*—the product of an earlier generation. The great feature of the *X* was the college notes, scraps of personal news from

decked out like a publisher's art catalogue. The first (Hinz No. I as it was called) appeared on the first da Eights, but owing to rain its sale in the streets was a and so the *May Bee* perished after a butterfly exi one day. It was originally intended to publish this the *May Bee*, every day in Eights Week, and had its been readable—which they certainly were not—it mi been a financial success.

Another paper of the class appeared last Janu Illustrated weekly under the ambitious title of the This turned out—though rather feeble at first—very to its predecessors, even to those of considerable age standing. The usual plan of the paper seemed to pages of literary matter—sometimes of considerabl followed by items of 'Varsity news and accounts and of the various athletic teams, not to mention "colleg as in the *X*. The illustrations consist in head pieces and in a full-page cartoon every week ; occa however, when anything important—such as the amat at the theatre—is happening, the paper is reple drawings. Sporting matters are invariably dealt length by "blues," and all 'Varsity matches are, reported at length. In the summer an interesting articles was introduced, which was intended to give fo ideas of Oxford ; amongst others the Crown Princ contributed an excellent article. University discus as a rule ignored by this class of paper, the editors full well that the undergraduate does not care about the acts of Convocation. Let the Proctor infri the undergraduates' rights, however, and the *'Varsit* its opinion with a delightful frankness that must be of many an editor of Society papers elsewhere. Week a special number of the *'Varsity* appeared ent *Bump*, an astonishing collection of matter which wil be "the despair of posterity." The most remarkal in the *Bump* was a general paper "to be set to lad on the first wet morning in Eights Week." It is fu most obscure Oxford slang, with numerous allusions celebrities. The *'Varsity* cannot, however, claim originated the *Bump*, for it had appeared on two occasions during Eights Week. Another of these sp ductions—which by the way command a large sale wh is full of visitors—was the *Barge*, which closely rese other Eights Week papers.

All these would-be literary productions have an u use, for in a way they influence opinion among th graduates who are always susceptible to new opini ridiculing unmanly habits and in providing an openi budding author's contributions they certainly carry ou ficial idea. In this habit of ridiculing anything obje the Oxford undergraduate papers may in time come to opinion in much the same way as Aristophanes did a or as Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas have done i times. Up to the present time it represents th graduates' paper as opposed to the sober *Oxford* which is essentially the Dons' paper.

Mr. E. J. W. Gibb, who passed away last week, was, death of Sir James Redhouse, the most eminent Turkish of Great Britain. His volume published last year on poetry, following on a selection from the poetry

the early works of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and other young men who have since made a noise in the world. Later on, when the *Idler* was started, Mr. Robinson became himself one of Mr. Jerome's contributors.

The late Mr. John Barrow Allen, well-known for his series of elementary books for Latin students, left "An elementary Greek Grammar" which the Oxford Press has in preparation. The new number of Mr. Frowde's "Periodical," states that at the time of Mr. Allen's death about 180,000 copies of his "Elementary Latin Grammar" and 112,000 copies of the "First Latin Exercise Book" had been sold; and the total sales of his books published by the Clarendon Press exceeded 340,000 at that date.

Next week's literary birthdays include those of Mr. C. L. Graves (December 15, 1856), Mr. A. B. Walkley (December 17, 1855), Mr. Stanley Lane Poole (December 18, 1854), and Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson (December 20, 1863).

Mr. M. H. Spielmann has been requested by the family of the late Miss Kate Greenaway to write a memorial volume dealing with her work, containing, besides her memoir and correspondence, chapters from her autobiography, some poems left in manuscript, and many reproductions of drawings and designs hitherto unpublished. Among her friends and correspondents were Lord Tennyson, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, Mr. Randolph Caldecott, and H.I.M. the Empress Frederick.

A copy of the first edition of Dr. Watts' "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" was sold the other day for £140.

Mr. Zangwill has been elected to represent the East-end at the next Zionist congress.

Madame Yvette Guilbert has written and is about to publish a novel dealing with French music-hall life and entitled *La Vedette*.

M. Rostand has written a poem on the alleged sufferings of the Boer children in the concentration camps.

D'Annunzio's new play, *Francesca da Rimini*, was produced at Rome on Monday.

Maxim Gorki's new play will be first produced at the Berlin theatre.

"W. A. B." writes to us to say that Mr. Stanley Weyman's "The House of the Wolf" appeared not in *Longman's Magazine* but the *English Illustrated Magazine* (October 1888—March 1889). He adds that "King Pepin and Sweet Clive," July, 1883; "The Deanery Ball," November, 1883; "The Professor and the Harpy," February, 1884; and "Archdeacon Holden's Tribulation," August, 1884, were first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

An interesting departure is being made by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein to meet the increasing demand for cheaper literature. They are starting several series of penny illustrated notebooks, tiny in size, but uncommonly artistic. One series—"Notes on the Cathedrals"—has already begun, and is intended for the use of students when larger volumes are out of reach, and for hasty visitors to the cathedrals described. The illustrations are particularly good. Another series is called "Biographical notes," and includes a booklet on "Alfred Lord Tennyson" written by Mr. F. E. Johnson, of Oxford, and a little life of King Edward—both charmingly illustrated. Other penny biographical volumes to follow are lives of Queen Alexandra, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Napoleon, Lord Kitchener, and Sir Alfred Milner.

Some interesting announcements are made in the new list issued by the Cambridge University Press. Dr. Sandys writes a "History of Classical Scholarship"; Mr. W. H. D. Rouse an essay on the history of Greek religion entitled "Greek Votive Offerings"; the Rev. Edmond Nolan, of Trinity College, Cambridge, edits for the first time "Two Greek Grammars of the Thirteenth Century"; Mr. F. W. Payn contributes a volume on "Cromwell on Foreign Affairs," together with four essays on international matters; and Mr. J. E. G. Montmorency "An

James, Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum; an
of Turlogh," edited, with translation, glossary
by Standish Hayes O'Grady, in two volumes.

A rigid supervision and control of men of
been the recognized Russian equivalent of the
the prophets. Erudition is
Staning the Prophets. Government of the Tsars; but
imagination has hardly ever fail
sessors into trouble. Pushkin was
place in the remote country. Shevchenko was s
as a private soldier on the Asiatic frontier. T
seek safety in flight. Dostoieffski was exiles
knouted. Korolenko was condemned to spend
frozen Yakut village. Tolstoy was but lately
And now there is the case of Gorki, turned out
kept out of Moscow, and only allowed to winter
condition that he does not visit Yalta, to be
A book, rather than a note, would be requi
rights and wrongs of all these cases; but perh
rights and wrongs are less interesting than
cause the Russian police to watch poets and
excessive a caution. The reason is that imag
is the only medium in Russia for making fa
comments on matters of public interest. The
has little power to do anything of the kind. S
always, he may criticize English statesmen
policy; sometimes, but not always, he may cri
of his village council in some matter of local in
cussion, except with permission and in accorda
tions, of any matter of real interest to his rea
to lead to suppression of his paper, or to its b
receive advertisements for a month or two,
gravity of the offence. A good many Russi
naturally cultivate obscurity in the hope of elu
but the censor generally sees what they are dri
such disciplinary measures as seem good to hi
who write a whole book to convey an idea whi
could crystallize into a paragraph have obvious
of running the gauntlet. They do not, of cou
with purposes after the style of the late Charl
that would be to give themselves over, boun
into the enemy's hands. It is enough for them
to supply premises, leaving readers to draw
censor is puzzled, there is nothing for him to l
he does not wish to pose as the implacable ene
So the novelist is allowed to sow the seed, but
when the crop comes to maturity. This, if we a
mistaken, is what has happened in the case of
have read a good many of his stories withou
they were anything more than very gloomy w
we have looked at some of them again in the light
and an aphorism has occurred to us, based upo
for rule of three sums. As philosophy: poli
discontent. Evidently, therefore, the books of "
are so many bitter cries into which political
and are being read. And bitter cries cannot
autocracy. They imply unfavourable crit
be preliminary to violent deeds. An autocracy
make people contented by the same stern meth
Keate undertook to make the Eton boys pure of
put under restraint all the people who feel mis
can restrain the ringleaders. So the Russian

Literature Portraits.—XXXII.

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

To compare Mr. Israel Zangwill with other English authors is to note identities, deviations, and contrasts of character and method without explaining them. He is an immigrant alien in the field of English letters, the most striking manifestation of Jewish genius in British garb that has appeared among us since Disraeli. And what renders him the more striking is the fact that he reproduces all the most distinctive features of the Jewish mind as they revealed themselves to the world at the first emergence of the Jew from his long Ghetto seclusion. To say that all Jews are more or less Zangwills is not quite true. The amazing assimilativeness of the race has in the great majority of cases instinctively schooled and restrained their native daring in its literary expression. Ludwig Boerne and Berthold Auerbach, outside the Jewry, and Franzos and Kompert within, were, for example, far more German than Jewish. Where the distinctive features come out most strongly is in the cases of men like Heine, Saphir, Lassalle, and Disraeli. Here we find, more or less modified by environment and especially by a varying remoteness from the Ghetto, that *chutspa*—to use an untranslatable Jewish expression best represented perhaps by the slang word "cheek"—which nearly every Jewish boy illustrates unpleasantly, and which is the parent of the daring wit, the epigrammatic cynicism, the fantastic imagination which the higher Jewish mind unites with an infinite tenderness and an encyclopedic cleverness. It was, I think, Georg Brandes who first noted this in his thoughtful monograph on Lord Beaconsfield.

What renders Mr. Zangwill peculiarly interesting, however, is that this essentially Jewish psychology has received in him an entirely new treatment. Disraeli, who had never known the Ghetto, and whose mild and mediocre father was only one further illustration of that instinctive Jewish mimicry which can don the jack-boots of John Bull and the pig-tail of John Chinaman with like facility and success, was an astonishing freak of atavism. Heine, Saphir, and Lassalle stood also outside the Ghetto, but they were in touch with it, and they began their lives as Jewish *revoltés*. Mr. Zangwill too, is, a *revolté*, but he comes from the heart of Jewry and in a large measure he has remained there. Heine in his early years brought to the gates of the Ghetto the culture he had acquired at Bonn and Göttingen and for a brief moment dreamt of opening a new epoch in Hebrew history; but he found no response and he turned away. Mr. Zangwill has been more fortunate. He is the product of another period when Gentile culture has become available in the Ghetto itself with not over-pleasing results. The Jewish schools, while endeavouring to combine the progressive Occident with the unchanging East, have only thrown the eternal Jewish problem into more tragic relief. They have subordinated the Ghetto to a middle class which has made the unquestioning faith of the old days a fetish and the culture of the new a showy Philistinism. Born and reared in this environment Mr. Zangwill has faced the problem as Heine faced it eighty years ago, but, unlike Heine, he has confronted it with knowledge and enthusiasm, and he has found encouragement to persevere in a large volume of rebellious sympathy. In a word, while Heine, Lassalle, and even Disraeli, with the same strange type of intellect as we find in Mr. Zangwill, were *revoltés* against

his great gifts would have come to him much more slowly ploughed a more conventional furrow. His destiny wa ever, not obvious to him from the first. I imagine tha in a rebellious moment he shook the dust of the Jew School from his feet he had little thought of becom Dickens of the Ghetto, still less of aspiring to reincarn Akiba. His first book, "The Premier and the Painter," in collaboration with a brother ex-usher and rebel, Mr Cowen, was a bold bid for the ear of the great world It has no Jewish interest except that in its bewilder tantalizing cleverness, its keen satire, its wildly f episodes, and its flashy superficiality it reminds one of " Grey." If it is far less refined than "Vivian Grey," th enables us to measure how the accident of *milieu* had in its author the Disraelian mental type. But the yea in which "The Premier and the Painter" saw the light, another and more serious direction a stirring one for Zangwill. It was the year in which "Robert Elsmer published. The spiritual unrest of which that book was a s had also invaded Jewry and was made manifest by the of Mr. Claude Montefiore's *Jewish Quarterly Review*. Revel the air. Amy Levy's "Reuben Sachs" illustrated at intensity and its dangers. Mr. Zangwill found himself of sympathetic interest to which his pen not unreadily res Among other things he wrote for the *Jewish Quart* exceedingly clever analysis of the growing spiritual an the Jewish community, which showed that he was a sch well as a wit, and for an obscure Jewish Calendar a story, Mekatrig"—afterwards published in "Ghetto Tragedie republished in "They that Walk in Darkness"—which, conventional enough in its central idea, revealed a wi grasp of Ghetto life and character, and the budding of a p sympathy with its "tragi-comedy of sordid and shifty pov

A few months later Mr. Zangwill was asked to wri Jewish novel for the newly-started Jewish Publication of America. I believe I was in a measure responsible proposal. The founders of the society wrote to me th wanted "a Jewish Robert Elsmere," and asked me somebody to do it. At the time I did not know Mr. Z but I replied at once that there was only one man in who was capable of the work, and that was the author of Mekatrig" and of the article in the *Jewish Quarte* was not easy, however, to prevail on Mr. Zangwill to ac commission. He was then editing a comic paper, *Ari* considerable success, and he felt the big world tugging In *Ariel* he wrote "The Bachelors' Club" and " Maids' Club," two of the wittiest books published fo many years. Their chief fault is, perhaps, that ther much drollery in them. But they are not all fooling. T a great deal of excellent satire in both, and even the jo has the charm of originality, for it is impossible to say th borrowed from any familiar school. I remember one reviewers congratulating Mr. Zangwill on his independ American models. If that reviewer had read Moritz *Humoristische Erzählungen* or the sparkling buffoo Hector Crémieux and Albert Milhaud he would have his view of Mr. Zangwill's originality, though I doubt "The Bachelors' Club" owed anything to these models by way of unconscious Hebrew atavism.

But these were trifles by the side of the work coming. Mr. Zangwill accepted the American proposal, result was a really great book, "The Children of the G

Mr. Zangwill's Jewry was a *terra incognita*. Some people knew the "Halb-Asien" of Franzos and Kompert and Miss Gerard, but this was a "Halb-Asien" in an entirely new setting—the setting of the strenuous and storm-tossed life of London with social contrasts almost unknown in Galicia and the Bukovina, and soul-wrestlings touching the deepest notes of tragedy. But the book not only revealed Jewry, it also revealed Zangwill. The *calotin of Ariel* threw off his motley and made his bow as a constructive artist, a master of human emotion, pursuing a high intellectual and ethical purpose. The book was not without grave faults. Artistic perspective often suffered through the wealth of subsidiary incident and a lop-sided shamefacedness of realism. The excursions into the Jewish Philistia of the West-end were crude and unconvincing. The ethical aim was obscured by the pity excited by its own pathos. But the palpitating life, the marvellous local colour, the wonderful panorama of new types of character, the strange world to which it introduced us with so clear an insight and such dazzling alternations of tears and laughter, remained and compensated for every other defect. The book was, in short, a great book and at once placed Mr. Zangwill—then in his twenty-eighth year—in the front rank of English novelists.

"The Children of the Ghetto" is so typical of Mr. Zangwill's Jewish work that it is scarcely necessary to examine very closely his other efforts in the same direction. In the following year (1893) he published "Ghetto Tragedies," chips from the workshop in which the larger work had been fashioned. Although several of these stories are early efforts their merits are exceedingly high. Essentially poetic in treatment, and more monographic in scope, their artistic presentation is more perfect than in "The Children of the Ghetto." These stories were republished, together with a further collection under the title "They that Walk in Darkness," six years later. The chief interest of this volume lies in the comparisons it enables the reader to make between the author's earliest efforts and his work a decade later. The material and the old qualities are the same, but the material is handled with greater delicacy, and the old qualities bear distinct traces of a maturer judgment and settling convictions.

Meanwhile, two other volumes of Jewish tales had issued from Mr. Zangwill's pen, the material in both cases being chiefly sought in the Ghettos of the past. "The King of Schnorrers" is a study of the typical Jewish beggar in an eighteenth-century setting. It is a droll piece of work with a conscientiously constructed historical background. In it Mr. Zangwill's Jewish humour finds its legitimate *milieu*, for it is the "schnorrer" who is the peculiar embodiment of that Jewish quality of *chutzpa* of which his own genius is in one direction the refined offspring. The other volume, "Dreamers of the Ghetto," is in some respects the most remarkable of all Mr. Zangwill's work. It is a book with a purpose, the presentation of that tragic problem of Judaism which had struggled feebly and ineffectively through the crowded and picturesque sociology of "The Children of the Ghetto." In the interval of the two works Mr. Zangwill had become a Zionist, and his views of the destinies of Judaism had shaped themselves with a strong pessimistic bias. He had convinced himself that "the time had come for a new religious expression, a new language for the old everlasting emotions, in terms of the modern cosmos," and that the only safe alternative was a return to nationalism. The idea would have been a striking one, however presented, but the dramatic form chosen by Mr. Zangwill was unconventional, even daring. He transferred the Jewish problem from the field of spirited and palpitating activities to sufficiently objective. It starts with a parti analyzing character it synthetises it to a the Zangwillian image. None the less it is a portraiture and a fine presentation of the p in terms of moving romance.

Besides these Jewish books Mr. Zangwi ambitious novels of Gentile life, a volume and a large number of poems which will sho a collected form. The two non-Jewish nov and "The Mantle of Elijah," are of unc Master" was evidently intended to be a many of Mr. Zangwill's admirers regard it fame. There can be no question that it po of an exceptional novel, but these elements pose and subtle studies of character—n developed than in the Jewish books. All th work deals with second-hand material, and t from obvious over-elaboration. Still it is exceptionally gifted man could have written. which few could have achieved with so pro problems of conduct and human destiny, and of more successful work in the same directio not been fulfilled—and perhaps was not inter Mantle of Elijah." That work is a politica of counterblast against modern Jingoism, lig "The Master," but less convincing as a characters are very carefully studied and satires, but on the whole the book has a fla As a work of a Jewish writer of Mr. Zangwi comparison with Disraeli's "Sybil." So fessed that, with all his wider intellectual is only a parvenu Disraeli. He has, howeve gone so far in ten years that he may be reli parallel more exact.

For my part I should prefer that h "Dreamer of the Ghetto." This is his mo knows his people as few know them, and h no one else can. The Ghetto appeals to and his soundest knowledge. But he is t restless and omnivorous an intellect—to re single aspect of human life, however ric Perhaps he is right. Literature will c loser, for even as a minor poet he has yet Here are some verses, "A Winter Morning' from a magazine long since dead which will his abundant metrical gift, the while they picture of his own mental struggle at the pa

Heart-sick I step from out the dusky
God! What a burst of brightne
Blue, frosty sky, still streets grown
Beneath the sacred splendour of

Strange music swells, dear faces flash
God's face resurges in the lumin
God's love a moment seems no hopel
Nor immortality an old wives' st

I have written of Zangwill the nove something to be said of Zangwill the ph twenty years hence will be time enough to his literary portrait, for the lesson he has the world is still only limned in uncert however, must be said: Richly endowed t artist, he is essentially a moral teacher

paper), and an anonymous Jewish novelette, which he published as a penny booklet, sharing the expense of production with a friend. The booklet sold well, especially among the East-end Jews, and one portion of it—the description of market-day in Jewry—was transferred bodily to "The Children of the Ghetto." Flushed with success, the two partners published a long comic ballad which Mr. Zangwill had written after the style of "Hab," and prepared elaborate posters to advertise it all over London. How the action of his colleague temporarily put a stop to his labours Mr. Zangwill has described in "My First Book":—

> It transpired that Y. had suddenly been taken with a further happy thought. Contemplation of those gorgeous tri-coloured posters had turned his brain, and, armed with an amateur paste-pot and a ladder, he had sallied forth at mid-night to stick them about the silent streets, so as to cut down the publishing expenses. A policeman, observing him at work, had told him to come down, and Y., being legal-minded, had argued it out with the policeman *de haut en bas* from the top of his ladder. The outraged majesty of the law thereupon haled Y. off to the cells.

The partners were fellow pupil-teachers, and the committee of their school required Mr. Zangwill to publish nothing which had not passed the censorship of the committee. "This," he writes, "was a blessing in disguise; for, as I have never been able to endure the slightest arbitrary interference with my work, I simply abstained from publishing. Thus, although I still wrote—mainly sentimental verses—my nocturnal studies were less interrupted. Not till I had graduated, and was of age, did I return to my inky vomit. Then came my first book—a real one at last." This was "The Premier and the Painter," written in collaboration with another fellow-teacher, Mr. Louis Cowen, and published under the name of "J. Freeman Bell." It was brought out by Mr. Spencer Blackett in 1888. It was well received by the critics, but it took six years to work its way into a third edition. It is now published by Mr. Heinemann in a fourth edition, uniform with the majority of Mr. Zangwill's later works. The "first book" of which Mr. Zangwill can claim the sole authorship is "The Bachelors' Club," published by Messrs. Henry and Co. in 1891, and now—after running through at least six editions in separate form—bound up with "The Old Maids' Club" in the volume published by Mr. Heinemann in 1898 under the title of "The Celibates' Club."

Chronologically arranged, Mr. Zangwill's bibliography is as follows:—

Fiction.

1888.—"The Premier and the Painter" (with L. Cowen). (Spencer Blackett, now published by Heinemann, fourth edition.)
1891.—"The Bachelors' Club." (Henry and Co., now published by Heinemann in "The Celibates' Club.")
1892.—"The Big Bow Mystery." (Henry and Co., out of print.)
,, "The Old Maids' Club." (Heinemann, now published in "The Celibates' Club.")
,, "The Children of the Ghetto." (Heinemann, eighth edition.)
1893.—"Merely Mary Ann." (Tuck and Sons.)
,, "Ghetto Tragedies." (McClure and Co., now published with additions under the title of "They that Walk in Darkness," Heinemann.)
1894.—"The King of Schnorrers." (Heinemann, second edition.)
1895.—"The Master." (Heinemann, third edition.)
1898.—"The Dreamers of the Ghetto." (Heinemann.)
1899.—"They that Walk in Darkness": "Ghetto Tragedies," with additions. (Heinemann.)
1900.—"The Mantle of Elijah." (Heinemann, second edition.)

Essays.

1896.—"Without Prejudice." Reprinted from the *Pall Mall Magazine*. (Fisher Unwin.)

Plays.

1893.—*Six Persons*. Comedietta—Haymarket.
1899.—*Children of the Ghetto*. Four-act drama—Adelphi.
1900.—*The Moment of Death*. One-act tragedy—Wallack's.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWING.—II.

A "Personal View"

By HARRY QUILTER.

We come to the second of our divisions—the requi[illegible] of the public and the restrictions imposed by the [illegible]ance of the review in a periodical. These are more n[illegible] than might be supposed. Space, *par exemple*, is [illegible] wanting; for, from an editor's point of view, criti[illegible] the comparatively unimportant thing, and the Proc[illegible] method is frequently applied thereto. Nor will the [illegible] bear—I am trying them hard at the present mo[illegible] long and connected argument, under ordinary circum[illegible] You cannot presume for readers either sufficient inter[illegible] thing itself or in the reviewer's endeavour to render hi[illegible] accurately. And this difficulty is obviously increased [illegible] remember that in proportion to the importance of the r[illegible] matter is the reluctance of the general reader to spend [illegible] its consideration. Where ten people will read a column [illegible] about Miss — of the Gaiety Theatre's conversation, b[illegible] pirouettes, there is scarcely one who will get through [illegible] space on a famine in India, a strike in the iron-trade, [illegible] departure in religion or metaphysic. And since newspap[illegible] written for the many and not for the few, the many co[illegible] the action of the editor. This is the reason why the inte[illegible] of all the Universities in England is crammed into twen[illegible] in a corner, while there are perhaps a dozen columns de[illegible] personalities, sport, and the drama. Such may be con[illegible] the general periodical restriction; to which has to b[illegible] that of the special journal. This, again, depends upon con[illegible]tions of its *clientèle*, *plus* the personal views of the pro[illegible] which have to be, to some extent, taken into account. S[illegible] in one organ, your review must not be too frivolous, [illegible] another, too staid; in this, your common sense must be [illegible] to the *n*th power of purple journalese; in that it m[illegible] lowered to absolute commercial precision of epithet: in [illegible] it need only hint at the author's meaning; and in a[illegible] drive that meaning home, with stolid repetition, to a dull [illegible] class of readers. The power to bear all these obligat[illegible] mind, whilst the criticism is being written, comes, to [illegible] extent, with practice, but by no means to everybody in th[illegible] degree. Personally, though I have had as much exp[illegible] as most, I could never acquire properly this portion of a j[illegible]ist's business. There are many men in London who posse[illegible] is to me an almost incredible knack of striking exactly th[illegible] note with regard to their public, their paper, and its adm[illegible]tors. Such are quick to discern the signs of the tim[illegible] adapt their work in consequence; they seem to smell a [illegible] topic, and abandon a played-out one, while others a[illegible] ignorant of approach or dissolution. Lastly, there are [illegible] subjects, methods of treatment, and turns of thought wh[illegible] taboo to the periodical critic; not for any essental obj[illegible]ableness, but simply because of a Dr. Fell-like determinat[illegible] the part of the public, that they shall not be introduced [illegible] critic must learn to distinguish these and keep them ou[illegible] "memorial." He must learn, since space is so brief, to str[illegible] a quick, pleasant road to the comprehension of his su[illegible] to limit himself to the two or three most important po[illegible] connexion therewith; to leave something unsaid, for his [illegible] to track out for themselves; and having delivered h[illegible]

out of place that I should state plainly what my own practice has been, and the alternatives which, as it appears to me, are placed before any young critic who wishes to do his duty.

My own practice has invariably been to regard all artistic or literary work, whether done by friend, enemy, or stranger, entirely apart from the personality of the doer. In saying this, I do not mean that I have regarded it apart from the conditions in which it has been done, when such conditions have been brought to my notice. Nor have I, as is generally the case nowadays, refused to admit, as a factor in my judgment, the object of the work. To fully explain, much less defend, such method would be quite out of place here. I adopted it only because of necessity; it appeared to me the only manner in which it was possible to do the work at all. Taking the work in such isolation, my next attempt was to find a class to which it rightly belonged; and I estimated the value of that class by such general principles as were recognized, or as I had discovered and adopted for myself, from experience of nature and by comparison of books or pictures, one with another. I am quite aware that this is a very elementary and rough-and-ready proceeding; but it does appear to me to afford some secure foothold for critical judgment. You may rank your classes wrongly, you may make an error in the placing of the work therein; but you at least avoid being led away by emotional impulse; you are forced to give yourself chapter and verse for the verdict given; and, if your opinion is challenged, you can at least show the ground on which it has been formed. More than this, I think, neither the public, nor the author of any work of art or literature, has a right to demand. And for the rest, the value of the opinions must be judged partly by the reasons given, their adequacy of proof and intrinsic probability, and partly by the verdict of subsequent years. The last only can prove or disprove them. The alternative which lies before the periodical critic is to judge, not by the underlying and eternal principle, but by the superficial and ephemeral taste of the moment. At any given time, certain methods of thought and opinion are "up," and others "down"; certain artists and authors can do no right, others no wrong; in fact, the world provides a variety of labels for lazy judges to stick on person, picture, or book. Any fool can say that Mr. S. is a great writer if he is sure that ninety-nine fools out of a hundred will echo his opinion. He need give no reason for the faith that is in him; it may controvert alike common-sense, tradition, and probability. And criticism of this kind runs no risk of being unpopular at the moment; it is only refuted on the day after to-morrow! By that time the critic has turned round, accompanied by his ninety-eight of like kidney, and is shouting wildly that Mr. S. is a detestable author, and that salvation is only to be found in X., Y., or Z. Whatever may be doubtful, this one thing is absolutely certain, that when a large number of diverse individuals unite without qualification or distinction in cracking up or running down any single author, artist, or person whatsoever, the main reason for approbation or condemnation is not to be found in the excellence or demerit of the work produced, or the person who has produced it, but in the sheep-like fashion of the moment—in other words, is founded upon no objective excellence in the work present. I have promised by all the gods to whom I pay reverence to name no names in this connexion. Let readers look around for themselves; they will find many examples of unthoughtful consensus of judgment amongst recent criticisms.

So far of the reviewer's duty to his journal and the public; let us not forget those he owes to his author. Owing to limits of space these can only be indicated here with utmost brevity.

forgotten by the old—moreover, it is an practically beyond redress. The only practic in the classification of reviews, a subject too upon here, but one upon which an extremel might well be written. Again, a primary con criticism should be to judge the work from the author's aim, not to blame it for being evidently sought that it should be—nor vice or woman succeeded in the proposed endeavour precisle the consideration—Was the endeav How rarely is this done! The avoidance of fl offensive criticism is by no means difficult if himself to dispassionately consider the produc the author's idea. A book should be praised it is—not for what it is not, and has had no in

And readers would do well to remember t easy—degradingly easy—for a reviewer to m expense of his author. A few words from th removed from their context and perhaps s others similarly treated from some other this would make a fool of Shakespeare, a sco whenever I see a review so pieced together an critic's occasional comment, I think, not (n think) that the author is an ass, but that fraud! Certainly he is avoiding a clear d is substituting for that duty a proceeding es Another method strongly to be deprecated one of constructing a bogey personality for th ing the review to the Aunt Sally-ing (if the pardoned) of this scare-crow in lieu of es "Who," cry such critics, "is Mr. So-and-so th Mr. Blank or differ from Mr. Dash when cy Blank and Dash are the vilest or noblest What egotism, what vanity, what audacity!" indignant shrillness many a reviewer who ha or Dash at the "common or garden" valua as not will to-morrow reverse his order of hear the truth? Good criticism is difficult as and, like many difficult and dangerous thin doing and the having, and but rarely don writers are indolent, many ignorant, and timid—fearful of "putting their foot into it," accepted opinion, of leading the way. That least resistance" is so often taken. Tha popular criticisms echo one another—are but tions of a common theme. Still, if he will set a great duty lies beneath the hand of the real c discharged, is of incalculable service to the honestly attacked will certainly render his and value. I believe that he will discharge learns that the public will stand no shirking. say to his heart *Populus vult decipi* he wi Editors can do little, the gist of the matter majority—they ought to appreciate and fix th

THE DRAMA.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING E

To analyse a farce is to commit the naiv ing a joke. Yet the reader would justly hol it I dismissed *The Importance of Being Ea*

Fourberies de Scapin, say, and y (quality b°) for *The Importance of Being Earnest*. But pending the invention of that useful laughter-gauge, I am compelled, willy-nilly, to use the vague language of the ordinary dictionary in the attempt to account for the pleasure afforded by Oscar Wilde's farce. (I mention the author's name—studiously ignored in the playbill—because it is high time that literature resumed recognition of his existence, especially as the latest volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" devotes several columns to his career.) The first element, then, of this delightful farce is the element of what may be called Palace-of-Truthfulness. It is a childlike and bland frankness, which Mr. Gilbert was the first to import into the theatre from the nursery. Everybody in the piece is purely selfish—but pleasantly, because undisguisedly, selfish. Thus a servant, being asked why he drinks his master's champagne, attributes it "to the superior quality of the wine." Algernon casually assumes that he is going to dine with his friend Jack:—

> *Jack.*—I haven't asked you to dine with me anywhere to-night.
>
> *Algernon.*—I know. You are absurdly careless about sending out invitations. It is very foolish of you. Nothing annoys people so much as not receiving invitations.

Jack is stammering out a confession of love to Gwendolen, who replies:—"Yes, I am quite aware of the fact. And I often wish that in public, at any rate, you had been more demonstrative. For me you have always had an irresistible fascination. Even before I met you I was far from indifferent to you." This element is derivative; it was originally, as I have said, Gilbertian. The next element is original, a true Wildism, but unfortunately the easiest thing in the world to imitate, with the consequence that its minor appropriators made London drawing-rooms in the later nineties unbearable. I refer to the element of inverted commonplace, the substitution of black for white in simple statements. Examples:—Divorces are made in Heaven. The truth is not quite the sort of thing one tells to a nice, sweet, refined girl. Algy, you always adopt a strictly immoral attitude towards life; you are not quite old enough to do that. A girl with a simple, unspoiled nature, like Gwendolen, could hardly be expected to reside in the country. I hear her hair has turned quite gold from grief. In married life three is company and two is none. It looks so bad for a woman to flirt with her own husband; it is simply washing one's clean linen in public, &c., &c., &c. A third element of delight in this farce is its inconsequence, its illogic. Thus:—

> *Algernon* (to Jack).—Please don't touch the cucumber sandwiches. They are ordered specially for Aunt Augusta.
>
> [*Takes one and eats it.*]
>
> *Jack.*—Well, you have been eating them all the time.
>
> *Algernon.*—That is quite a different matter. She is my aunt.

Cecily pouts at her German lesson. "It isn't at all a becoming language. I know perfectly well that I look quite plain after my German lesson." Cecily's governess directs her to read Political Economy. "The chapter on the Fall of the Rupee you may omit. It is somewhat too sensational. Even these metallic problems have their melodramatic side." A common black bag, lost for a quarter of a century, is unexpectedly restored to its owner, who says, "It has been a great inconvenience being without it all these years."

But all this, it may be said, is only witty talk, and witty talk does not make a play. [illegible] when his friend Algernon has brought Ernest to life, by f[illegible] in that character himself. Altogether, this is an exqui[illegible] of fooling. Mr. Alexander resumed his old part o[illegible] Worthing, Mr. Graham Browne was particularly good a[illegible] Moncrieffe, and the ladies concerned—Miss Margaret [illegible] Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and Miss Talbot—contrived [illegible] fantastically droll, without ceasing to be ladies.

A. B. WALK[illegible]

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE CARE OF BOOKS.

THE CARE OF BOOKS: An Essay on the Development of Li[illegible] and their Fittings, from the Earliest Times to the [illegible] the Eighteenth Century. By JOHN WILLIS CLARK. [illegible] bridge University Press. 18s. n.)

This book represents research extending over fifteen [illegible] and it is not too much to say that the result is fully wo[illegible] the labour devoted to it. Mr. Clark, when delivering th[illegible] and Sandars lectures at Cambridge, dealt mainly with the [illegible] of monastic libraries, and traced back their close relation[illegible] the presses and pigeon-holes of Greece and Rome. [illegible] gives us a complete history of library economics, exten[illegible] the one hand to the record-rooms of Assyria, and on th[illegible] to the end of the eighteenth century. He stops at th[illegible] when the old order in library fittings was giving place [illegible] and when most of the appliances used in mediæval librar[illegible] been abandoned. He has gleaned a vast amount of inform[illegible] his subject, as he says, is entirely new; and its prese[illegible] is interesting both by reason of its novelty and its cr[illegible] whilst its value is much heightened by the number of ad[illegible] illustrations which accompany it.

The earliest known arrangement of documents occur[illegible] library of Assur-bani-pal. The tablets were in the ca[illegible] special custodian and grouped according to subjects. [illegible] were probably kept on shelves; this was certainly the [illegible] those discovered at Derr, where slate slabs were use[illegible] Clark has collected all the allusions by classical writers [illegible] libraries of early Greece. Yet when all is done we hav[illegible] but surmise to guide us as to the existence of any consi[illegible] collection of books. Definite knowledge begins wi[illegible] libraries of Alexandria and Pergamon, and in the latter [illegible] that the books were probably stored upon shelves with [illegible] desks below them on which they might be read. It [illegible] when Mr. Clark comes to the libraries of Rome that he [illegible] to begin a continuous story. We know something of the [illegible] of the Augustine libraries, where new books as soon [illegible] were issued were displayed to the public, and where th[illegible] seem to have been used as a kind of literary rendezvo[illegible] Rome, too, we find the earliest use of the "armaria" [illegible] presses, which, with but little modification, served as rece[illegible] for both books and rolls (volumina). One woodcut gi[illegible] Mr. Clark of the desk used to retain a roll in a con[illegible] position for reading shows that there was no need f[illegible] supports as were necessary with the Jewish "megillah. [illegible] Vatican collection, the type of an old Roman libr[illegible] which Mr. Clark gives an excellent account—makes e[illegible] transition from Roman to monastic times. A photog[illegible] given of an armarium which differs but little from those [illegible]

stored wherever room could be found for them, as at the monastery of Citeaux, where 740 volumes were scattered over the house, in no less than a dozen different places. The need for a special library was now recognised, and it became imperative to render the room habitable. Hitherto the book-room had served only as a place to take books *from*; with the advent of the book-desk the library was accepted as the place to read books *in*. The early adjuncts to bibliology in the shape of library fittings and furniture are well pictured by Mr. Clark, who was fortunate in having at hand libraries which, in respect to fittings, are probably identical with those of the fifteenth-century monastic libraries. So much detailed information is supplied us about the collegiate libraries of Oxford and Cambridge that it hardly needs plates to reconstruct mentally the fashion of the rooms described. And Mr. Clark brings before us a most interesting and unique survival of what he entitles the lectern system of fittings—e.g., that in the church of SS. Peter and Walburga at Zutphen, in Holland. The collection dates from 1563, and

COPY, SLIGHTLY REDUCED, OF A SKETCH BY MICHELANGELO FOR ONE OF THE BOOKCASES IN THE MEDICEAN LIBRARY, FLORENCE.

[From "The Care of Books," by permission of the Cambridge University Press.]

the books are chained to a double desk or bookshelf somewhat resembling the modern newspaper stand. Between each desk runs a seat, so that the reader has a row of books behind as well as before him. The illustration we give of a bookcase in the Medicean library, Florence, shows a later modification of this. From the lectern system we pass to the stall system, when the sides of the lectern were separated and the gap filled by shelves which rose above the desk. The result was a bookcase proper, with desk attached, whence was developed the bookcase of modern type.

Of chained libraries Mr. Clark gives us much information, especially in connexion with the great Continental libraries, such as that at Cesena, the Mediceau library at Florence, and the Vatican library. Bibliography, he tells us, has no part in his subject.

century. In England the suppression of t
France the persecution of the Huguenots,
factors in the destruction of much that would
value. John Bale, "that bitter Protestant," w
man who bought two noble libraries for f
shame it is to be spoken"—and used the p
wrapping paper. Yet as London sprang up a
Fire, so the libraries recovered when the a
were consumed, and the old desks and chai
less. The new bookcase was practically
know, and it was filled with specimens of
Moved by the dearth of books, benevolent per
libraries in central situations, and thus the
into being. The custom of chaining books sur
longer, and not until the eighteenth cen
fall into desuetude.

In his concluding chapters Mr. Clark
with the variations which library fittings
Continent during the seventeen
centuries, and also with the meth
in private libraries. The initi
in 1563 was due to Philip the Se
several illustrations of the libr
the Mazarin library, and the
Rheims give examples of this
study of many illuminated ma
brought to light one illustrati
library. Of bookmen at work
amples, all of them from manusc
types of the small book desk
Throughout all these illustratio
dominant note—the respect wit
regarded. In not one of the pi
there apparent any signs of diso
solemn, and severe, befitting the t
In modern times much advance h
steel press enables us to save spa
room for a larger number of book
the reader is studied as never b
attention is paid to questions of
ventilation. But it was impossi
without some sacrifice, and we n
wish that the public library was
architecturally, to the public hal
We miss as we enter it the atmosp
tradition which so many of the
even yet retain. We are too
regard books as mere tools t
aside—the mediæval idea recog
element in them, treated and cared fo
But the books of old time were, of
beauty to an extent rarely even aimed
volume, and for much that sees the ligh
fitting lot can be imagined than the obl
The one fault we have to find with Mr. Cla
tical and external one. All who are interes
books" will at once notice the doubtful q
which makes a heavy volume, necessitates gu
desk or stand imperative for the reader.

Barely a year has elapsed since Messrs.
and Emery Walker started the Doves Pre
and already their publications are at a pre

AN ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

CHAMBERS' CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. New Edition by DAVID PATRICK, LL.D. Vol. I. (W. and R. Chambers. 10s. 6d. n.)

It is with great pleasure that we welcome the appearance of a new edition of Chambers' well-known "Cyclopædia of English Literature." From what we have seen of this first volume—there are to be three in all—we believe that the new work will deserve to be placed on the same shelf with "Chambers' Encyclopædia"—and one can hardly give higher praise to a work of ready reference. The task of preparing this new edition has been entrusted to Dr. Patrick, who edited the last edition of the larger Encyclopædia, and who again displays the same qualities of accuracy and proportion which made such a triumph of that work. He has enlisted a number of his old contributors under the same banner, with very good results. We need only mention the names of Dr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. A. H. Bullen, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Dr. S. R. Gardiner, and Professors Saintsbury and Hume Brown to show that the best specialists of our day have been called in to aid in a work which, sixty years ago, was entrusted to the taste and reading of a couple of men. We have no intention of disparaging the work of Robert Chambers and Robert Carruthers; it has been of the greatest service to several generations of students—Robert Louis Stevenson notable among them—and, although its historical part is largely superseded by the work of the last half-century, its critical remarks are still instructive, and its extracts were so well chosen that they still form the backbone of the new work—for to call Dr. Patrick's book merely a new edition is to under-estimate his labours. We are not at all sure that every one will allow the new edition, indeed, to drive the old one out of his library, though one is always reluctant to waste space on duplicates. There is a considerable value in a contemporary estimate of great authors, when it is due to men so sensible as Chambers and Carruthers. One may learn a good deal from such a pronouncement as that (in 1843) "among our secondary living poets there is no one of whom higher expectations may be found than Mr. Tennyson. . . . He reminds us at times of Leigh Hunt, but his spirit is more searching as well as expansive." It is wholesome to remember that a critic who could foresee Tennyson's greatness was yet capable of comparing him to Leigh Hunt. And there is a great deal in the first edition of the Cyclopædia that must of necessity be devoted to the gods of shipwreck to ensure the success of the new one, yet which is worth retaining when one has shelf-room to spare.

Nowadays we are so accustomed to anthologies that it is difficult to recall the destitution of our literature in that respect sixty years ago. In the preface to the first edition, which is dated 1843, Robert Chambers reminds us that the only serious attempt at a comprehensive anthology of our literature up to that time was a work whose title has long been a by-word for amiable inanity.

> The "Elegant Extracts" of Dr. Knox, after long enjoying popularity as a selection of polite literature for youths between school and college, has of late years sunk out of notice, in consequence of a change in public taste. It was almost exclusively devoted to the rhetorical literature, elegant but artificial, which flourished during the earlier half of the eighteenth century, overlooking even the great names of Chaucer and Spenser, as well as nearly the whole range of rich, though not faultless, production extending between the

these, which he called "The Library of English Litt
Both works deserve to be honourably remembered,
neither of them is much used at present. The truth is
"time has fled for ever" at which a single man, o
couple, could be an adequate guide to the whole fi
literature. The modern anthology must like Mr.
excellent "English Poets" be the work of co-operatio
personal preferences of the most conscientious of
must lead him to allot a disproportionate space to les
authors. By dividing the work, and having a superv
with the omniscience and impartiality of Dr. Patrick,

> Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish or a sparrow fall,

it becomes possible to attain a reasonable proportio
space allotted to various authors. We have only praise
way in which this difficult task has been managed in
volume, and if the same success attends the second a
volumes we shall be prepared to commend this antholo
best thing of its kind that has yet been achieved in our l
As for the general scale of the work, it is enough to
the present volume, containing 832 double-columns
brings us down to the Restoration, and ends with the gr
of Dryden. In the first edition the same period—as nea
can allow for the different arrangement—occupied 5
One great improvement the editor has made; he has al
the old plan of grouping together the poets, dr
essayists, &c., of each period, which led the work of su
as Dryden to be entered under three or four different he
severed Milton's verse by many pages from his prose.
with which all quotations have been verified, the
excellent portraits, and the trustworthy, though ne
concise, bibliographies also demand a word of praise.

So far we have spoken of this volume in special re
Robert Chambers' first edition. Perhaps it will be
add a few words for the benefit of those who do not k
earlier work. The book is a combination of an a
of English literature and a biographical history of
might call it, again, a literary history working by exam
extract from the preface will best show its scope.

> It is not, and is not meant to be, an antholog
> perfect models of our prose and verse, a christo
> purple patches, a collection of elegant extract
> acknowledged gem should be there, if the man
> known by some one noble passage, one sonnet, one
> aphorism, or sententious saying; but something the
> be, as a rule, to illustrate his average achieven
> standard by which he may be fairly judged. Nor does
> profess to be a marrow of our literature, or to give th
> and quintessence of the several authors; still less do
> to render its readers independent of the authors the
> or relieve them from the duty and pleasure of stu
> original works. In no case will one rise from article
> flattering himself that now he knows his author
> consider that subject settled. What we give him
> more than a *catalogue raisonné*, an illustrated consp
> finger-post to the best books, a guide to that of which
> search, to what he needs, to what will interest him,
> he can read with pleasure and profit. The very short
> fewness of the excerpts is a security that they shall
> taken as samples; they are meant to whet the ap
> stimulate curiosity, to be stepping-stones to the
> books.

CAROLINE OF ANSBACH.

CAROLINE THE ILLUSTRIOUS. By W. H. WILKINS. (Longmans. 36s.)

The principal factor which accounted for the great popularity of Mr. Wilkins' "Love of an Uncrowned Queen" is missing, through no fault of the author's, from his biography of the second of the Hanoverian Queens. Sophia Dorothea of Celle was what the dramatic critics call a "sympathetic heroine." Her life was a tragic love-story, separable from the general political history of the period. Her biographer was able to tell it from a bundle of remarkable love-letters, never previously published, which he had discovered, after a long and sportsman-like chase, at the Swedish University of Lund. Caroline of Ansbach, though in many ways a remarkable woman, was not in the least sympathetic. She never had a love affair, but merely made the best of a very unsatisfactory husband. At no period of her career, except upon her death-bed, can she be said to have been the dominating figure or the real centre of interest in the scenes in which she played her part. Consequently there was no material for a long two-volume life of her, other than the ordinary material available for the ordinary historian of the reign. Such and such things happened, such and such manners and customs prevailed at the Court and in the country, and Caroline of Ansbach was Queen of England at the time. That was all, so far as the greater portion of her life was concerned, that it was possible for any biographer to say. In a shorter study she might have been made to stand out conspicuously and clearly, and there is plenty of evidence to show that Mr. Wilkins could have written such a study as well as any one. He has preferred to present a more elaborate picture of Queen Caroline "and her time." He has studied the time so carefully, and made so many entertaining quotations from the diarists, letter-writers, pamphleteers, and journalists, that we are not disposed to emphasize the fact that he has had such competent predecessors in the field as Thackeray, Sir George Trevelyan, and Mr. Justin McCarthy, and that these predecessors have already familiarized us with some of his best stories. But we do feel that his characterization of Queen Caroline suffers from the excessive elaboration of her environment.

By far the best things in the book are at the beginning. Researches at the State Paper Office and in German Archives have enabled Mr. Wilkins to throw fresh light upon certain episodes of Caroline of Ansbach's early life. He goes delicately among old despatch books, and quotes nothing from them that is not interesting. His description of the Court of Queen Sophie Charlotte is particularly graphic; and there is a most romantic chapter on "the wooing of the Princess." Prince George Augustus visited her in disguise, "so that he might find out if he could love her, if she were likely to love him, and whether she was really so beautiful and charming as rumour had described." Poley's despatches are the unpublished authorities drawn upon for this narrative. The book is well written, and Mr. Wilkins has the art, though he does not practise it so sedulously as he might, of sketching a character in a few graphic sentences. We may quote his estimate of George I.:—

> The Elector George was ungraceful in person and gesture, reserved and uncouth in speech, and coarse and unrefined in taste. He was profligate, and penurious even in his profligacy. Unlike his mother, he had no learning, and, unlike his father, he had no manners. On the other hand, he was straightforward; he never told a lie, at least not an unnecessary one; he had a horror of intrigue and double-

SIR WILLIAM HUNTE

Mr. F. H. Skrine's LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM (Longmans, 16s.) follows the death of that dist no very long interval, and is a copious and of his career. Much as this country owes t Servants, it must own itself peculiarly indebte Hunter. He spent a large portion of his life to remove from Englishmen that ignorance of they are often justly reproached. He will be as a great administrator, nor as one who save province in some moment of peril, but as a writ facts, a historian, and a teacher. He was only died, leaving, as his epitaph says, his work Mr. Skrine doubts whether he ever had a whole health, and thinks that his energy and persev overwork himself. The long bibliography at the shows a degree of industry, over and above labours, which would have taxed the health a stronger man; and Sir W. Hunter had to cop health, private sorrows, and professional jeal jealousy and hostility of rivals, we cannot sp knowledge, but we hope that Mr. Skrine e He mentions them repeatedly throughout his b to index, and gives no very pleasing impr official life. "Plots," "conspiracies," "maleve malice, and all uncharitableness," and the words hurled broadcast at men who were, a colleagues and fellow servants. We trust th as the following do not truly reflect the te Service in India:—

> Now Hunter had committed the initial every competitor in the examination which to the Civil Service. He had added to his g a European reputation and by bringing a tas culty to a brilliantly successful issue. He ambitions, and his gifts marked him out for What wonder then that his enemies should hav of the prolonged absence in Europe to p humiliation for him?

We must hasten to add, however, that thi grievance is not apparent from Hunter's own cor instance, when he finally left India in 1887, ju the K.C.S.I., he writes most genially to La numerous friends, and of their expressions of good conferred upon him was only a fit reward of his forty-seven years old. He had held high office, General of Statistics, and as President of th mission of 1881, he had achieved a marked succe was not his least important work, he had wr Rural Bengal" and a "Life of the Earl of May the great "Statistical Account of Bengal," an and supervised, with rare tact and knowledge and completion of the fourteen volumes of Gazetteer of India." This last work was a organization and machinery, and he had many whom became his friends. Mr. Skrine asks, live?" He points out truly enough that, wh the "literature of knowledge," must necessaril in time by later research, but he holds tha cherish the 'Annals of Rural Bengal,' the L

the other to the union of the old and new companies in 1708. Five volumes were projected, the author's intention being to relate the rise, as distinguished from the maintenance in recent times, of the British dominion. Just as Gibbon has said the last word on the Roman Empire, so Hunter would say the last word on the rise of British India. The idea had been in his mind for a long time, discouraged and thrown back by the loss of a quantity of original documents in the wreck of the *Nepal* in 1830, but carried out as far as the first two volumes were concerned just before the end of his life. He died when his greatest and best work was less than half completed. And even this history, minute and extraordinarily careful as it is, was not his only occupation. For some years he was a regular contributor to *The Times*, and at the very last was making arrangements for a revised edition of his Gazetteer, and was looking forward to tours in Baluchistan and in Upper Burmah for that purpose. In such a life as this there is some justification for Mr. Skrine's opinion that he was overworked. We can only add that, with the help of Lady Hunter and some of Sir William's friends, Mr. Skrine has been able to perform, and to perform well, the whole duty of a biographer.

MR. FURNISS' REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Harry Furniss—who gives us in two fairly substantial volumes, at a substantial price, THE CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST (Fisher Unwin, 32s.), with a promise of still more to follow—certainly possesses one prime qualification proper to the caricaturist, or indeed to the artist whether of the pen or the pencil. He sees the interesting and amusing side of things where it might have escaped other people. He makes the most of his matter, and, though he gives us a good many reminiscences which are of much more importance to Mr. Harry Furniss than to the public, he has certainly produced two very entertaining volumes. His limitations as a draughtsman are well known to all who take an interest in draughtsmanship; but no one can deny his wonderful resourcefulness and vitality, to which almost every page of his book bears witness. The innumerable drawings he reproduces are as varied as they are vivacious, and they make a lively running commentary on the story of his career in Ireland, on the staff of *Punch*, and on lecturing tours in England, America, and Australia. A man, who contrived to slip, by a mere accident, into the presence of a Cabinet meeting at Downing-street at a moment when Mr. Gladstone was addressing his colleagues, and was seized by an alarmed official "just as the Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Hartington) pushed by me into the room," is not likely to be a man of lost opportunities. This agreeable self-assertiveness is what makes the book readable, even if it goes to unnecessary lengths. We really do not much care nowadays who was right or who was wrong in the quarrel between Mr. Sala and Mr. Furniss, nor are we moved to great excitement over the history of *Lika-joko*. We prefer to hear Mr. Furniss tell his own jokes, such as the consolation which he offered to the Irish artist who painted a picture of Milton in his garden at Chalfont. The critics complained that the flowers were all modern and were not known in the country at the time of the poet.

> "Oh don't bother about the critics," I said; "they know nothing. Milton was blind, don't you know; so how could he tell whether the flowers were correct or not?"
>
> "Begorra, Furniss, you're right. Oi never thought of that. It's just like those ignorant critics to expect a fellow

platform, on board ship, and in a hundred other Even his relatives contribute to the fun, and he capital story of his brother-in-law, "an inveterate racconteur," who let off his imaginary travelling adver a fellow passenger on the Brighton line, assuring him other things that in dealing with big game such as t was a mistake to watch their eyes. You should w *foil*. "It mesmerizes the animal and you have him mercy." At the hotel he found his companion's name visitors' book. It was Richard Burton. Burton, would listen to no apologies. "I was more entertaine can tell you," he said. "You really might have tra you lie so well." For Mr. Furniss, life is a series of ex ing incidents in which he himself plays no inconsider and his record of it will certainly add to the gaiety Christmas season.

WESSEX.

thorough acquaintance at once with Wessex itself, its people, and its customs, and with the works of its chief historian. It is not easy to realize how entirely the revival of the old name of Wessex is due to Mr. Hardy's genius. Mr. Windle quotes a passage from the introduction to the last edition of "Far from the Madding Crowd," which, by the way, was the first of his novels in which he made use of the ancient name. "Finding," he wrote, "that the area of a single county did not afford a canvas large enough for my purpose, and that there were objections to an invented name, I disinterred the old one. The Press and the public were kind enough to welcome the fossilized plan, and willingly joined me in the anachronism of imagining a Wessex population living under Queen Victoria—a modern Wessex of railways, the penny post, mowing and reaping machines, union workhouses, ploughmen who could read and write, and National School children." But, until the novel in question was first published in 1874, it is probable that the term "Wessex" would never have been taken to refer to anything later than the Norman Conquest. Mr. Hardy's dream-country has, by degrees, solidified "into a real district, and the names by which he has chosen to christen the towns and villages of his kingdom are scarcely less well known than the real names. Mr. Windle's work is thorough and conscientious, and gives as much information as any one can desire about the various localities. The book is profusely illustrated, and some of the drawings by Mr. E. H. New are very happy, especially in the treatment of architectural subjects. The plate we have chosen for reproduction represents the Abbey Gateway at Cerne Abbas—the "Abbot's Cernel" of the novels.

ECCLESIASTICAL BOOKS.

The Prayer-book.

Fifty years ago Mr. Procter wrote a history of the Prayer-book which at once became the standard work upon the subject. "Procter" passed through four editions in the fifties, four more in the sixties, six in the succeeding decade, and so on through the century. Its author is still alive, but with a modesty that is not always found among successful authors he has stepped aside and given his name and work into the hands of a younger man. Churchmen, who have long been grateful to Mr. Procter for a book that has done so much to make their services intelligible to them, owe him now a double debt for the publication of A New History of the Book of Common Prayer: with a Rationale of its Offices, by Francis Procter and Walter Howard Frere (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). "Procter and Frere" bids fair to be to them what Coke upon Littleton is to lawyers. The last half of the nineteenth century has revolutionized most sciences, and that which is called liturgical has not escaped. A crowd of diligent students and a multitude of historical discoveries have altered many accepted ideas about the worship of the Church of England, and a new standard history of the Prayer-book has come to be badly wanted. Such a book is this, "on the basis" as the title-page tells us, "of the former work" but "revised and rewritten" by Mr. Frere. It is in fact a new book, and as such deserves a special notice. Nor is it merely a history of the various Prayer-books and a description of the older rites and uses from which they were developed; it is also an analysis of all the services in the present book, an explanation of their meaning, a description of their ceremonial, even of their music, for Mr. Frere, liturgiologist and historian, is also an authority on Church music. Any one who wishes to know about any point in the Prayer-book will find it in "Procter and Frere," correctly set forth with clearness and fairmindedness, fortified with abundant quotations and with references that place every source of information at the reader's disposal.

on page 151 that he regards the one service as
Now, the authorities tell us that the Litany is
Holy Communion; and we find the direction
Litany in Canon 18, and not in Morning Praye
orders a pulpit to be kept in every church for
Mr. Jackson need not have wondered that no
the pulpit. In another edition Mr. Jack
necessary to modify his now unqualified remark
points as the position of the minister for the
exact meaning of the Ornaments Rubric.

Church History.

The English Church from the Norman C
Accession of Edward I. (1066-1272). By V
B.D. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

This is the second volume of the History
England edited by the Dean of Winchester an
appears later than the third, which we revi
It is the work of the Dean himself, and excelle
author, as we know from the books he has alre
trained historical student, and we know too fr
biography of Mr. Freeman that he is a followe
of the Norman Conquest, as also—so his
expresses—the friend and disciple of the tw
whom Oxford has recently lost. Thus we sho
the book to show, as it does, a thorough acqua
original authorities for the whole period wit
The Dean has closely studied, for exampl
Lanfranc, the theology of Anselm (which
strangely neglected), as well as the chronicle
Malmesbury to the historians of Canterbury,
edited with such mastery of knowledge. He
abreast with modern knowledge, as is shown
of Mr. Round's view of the dispute betw
Becket at Woodstock and of Professor Maitla
of the Constitutions of Clarendon. In judg
causes the Dean is remarkably impartial.
true historic insight the characters and
Anselm, Becket, Grosseteste. His article on S
us for the admirable lucidity with which he
through the tangles of the Saint's disput
Henry I., as well as for the clear summary of t
Proslogion, and the Cur Deus Homo. In his t
he is equally good. He seems to us thoron
the man and his times. Among his reference
subject we should have wished to see one t
singularly able article in the "Dictionary of Na
It may be observed too that the Dean in rank
as below the justiciar and the treasurer differ
authorities, who without exception speak of B
the office, as "secundus post regem in quatu

The book, we have implied, is in no
nothing extenuates, though certainly it set
malice. If we may differ as to the treat
subjects, it is never without feeling that the
for his own view. To our mind, for i
Winchester plays too slight a part in the
mentioned that he was a Cistercian; and, in
monasticism during Stephen's reign is hardly t
at least in connexion with the reign itself.
of the years 1160 to 1171 would gain by a more
position of Roger of Pont l'Eveque, Archbis
most of the writers of the time, notably Ga
Maxence, regard as almost the most impor
dispute between Henry II. and Becket. So
might be said of John of Oxford, the "
Becket's friends; and no reference is ma
consequences of the synod at Würzburg.
might be said of the importance of the rel
English Church and the Churches abroad in t
when English priests held office in Sicily an
as in many French States, and when the s
Canterbury came to be known in distant

here and there a misspelling, as of the name of Dr. Jessopp. There are several mentions of Ireland and Irish Bishops in the book, but practically none of Scotland and Wales. Do we rightly infer that the Dean regards the Welsh Church as separate from the English in the twelfth century, and disregards the work of Archbishop Baldwin? We miss, by the way, a full account of the delightful Giraldus Cambrensis. The Dean will remember that when Adam Bishop of S. Asaph continued to dwell at Abingdon, where he was Abbot, and declined to visit his diocese, Henry II. gave him the choice of surrendering either the See or the Abbey. He chose to keep the latter, says Benedictus Abbas, "for fear of the Welsh." Does the same reason explain the Dean's omission?

Wolsey.

THOMAS WOLSEY, LEGATE AND REFORMER. By ETHELRED L. TAUNTON. (Lane. 16s. n.)

We have learnt to look for books from the hand of Mr. Taunton with a pleasant anticipation of unconventional treatment of themes in which Romanists are specially concerned. His present work is to some extent a disappointment. Probably he intends it for no more than a "drawing-room book": it has a number of well-drawn and interesting illustrations, and it is produced with the taste for which Mr. John Lane is renowned. The illustrations—new drawings from old sources—are a valuable help to the realization of the scenes and the men among whom Wolsey moved. But the book itself, though it claims to be "a slight addition to the study of the causes which led up to the Reformation," adds nothing to our knowledge of that subject or of the life of the great Cardinal. It is derived almost entirely from Mr. Brewer's masterly calendars of State papers, with necessary references to Bergenroth, Fiddes, and such well-known books. It is a pity that Mr. Taunton did not make further investigation—at Rome, for example. The facts with which we have been long acquainted are quite insufficient as a basis for a new reading of the Cardinal's character as an ecclesiastic. What Mr. Taunton tells of his work as a statesman and of his energy as a Church reformer we have long known, though the significance of his reforms has doubtless been under-estimated—and indeed a stronger case might have been made out had Mr. Taunton traced the connexion between Wolsey, Colet, More, and Erasmus in more detail. We may even go so far, perhaps, as Mr. Taunton when he says that had Wolsey "been spared to complete his great foundations at Oxford and Ipswich they might in the event have proved of profit to religion, as least as much as those great works of Julius II. on St. Peter's and the Vatican that were destined to be paid for at so fatal a cost to the Christian world." We may agree with our author, too, in his description of the relations between Wolsey and the Observants, and think that "he would have had but little sympathy with those who try to exalt the Papacy at the expense of the Episcopacy." We notice, too, with interest the view that "The Benedictine element in the English Church is the key to Wolsey's plan of reorganization." With regard to the Lutherans and Wolsey's action in the Legatine Court, Mr. Taunton should have gone deeper into the matter, which can be illustrated fully from the writings of More. With the severe criticisms of the sixteenth-century Papacy, of the Roman greed for gold, and of the Italian policy towards the Universal Church we cordially agree, and we should not be inclined to minimize the significance of the following statement:—

> Since Wolsey's days only Italians have sat in Peter's chair and the government of the Universal Church has been practically in the hands of that nation. Although the principle of nationality is vehemently decried as being opposed to the Catholicity of the Church, it can hardly be denied that never has a more striking example of that principle been shown to the world than at Rome for the last three hundred years or more.

But when Mr. Taunton comes to glorify Wolsey as a great Churchman, great in character and "head and shoulders above all his ecclesiastical contemporaries," we must part company with him. His letters as here quoted are sufficient to prove his

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

War Books.

Most of Mr. Edgar Wallace's UNOFFICIAL [illegible] (Hutchinson, 6s.) appeared in the *Daily Mail*. The prose style is that of an imitator of Mr. Kipling who not imitate very successfully; but there is neverth air about his criticism which conveys the impression, well or ill founded, that there is something in these. our observation has gone, he is the first war corresp raise an indictment against what he calls "Lord Ki hopeless incapacity" to deal with Afrikander sedit indictment is spirited; but the facts before us hardly us in either supporting or opposing it. On the oth Mr. Wallace's complaints of the severity of the Press do seem to be substantially justified. His book is be the average of war books, though not to be ranked with best of them.

WORDS BY AN EYEWITNESS, by "Linesman" (Blackw is a reprint of certain papers on the Transvaal War to w have frequently drawn attention when reviewing *Blac Magazine*. It is one of the best books that the war has forth—we are not sure that it should not be hailed as but, of course, it is not quite fair to compare narra impressionism. This is impressionism, and it ranks impressionism in Steevens' "London to Ladysmith." T impressions of big battles, and little battles, of night at of boredom on the lines of communication—all a graphic. Personalities as a rule are avoided; but the sketch of General Buller strikes us as brilliant:—

> Huge, heavy, solid, and reliable to look upon, he to the imagination something of the comfort derivable sight of a big gun or a strong intrenchment. . . . man could do anything with soldiers if he could be anything to do. . . . A man who could by a short gible address send his defeated and diminished arm and confident back to camp as he did on that Monday (after Spion Kop) is an anomaly of no small military v

Brilliant, too, is the description of the demeanour of under fire:—

> Is it credible that rough jokes, loud inquiries a welfare of friends next door, or rather next heap, could sounding from anthill to anthill from jolly red faces against them behind? It may not be credible, but i Then the pom-pom heard for the first time—it was a li on that keen-eyed watch-dog of a gun that its awaso ing should be imitated to the very life by its intendes themselves. But alas! British soldiers have no dignity; they are never dignified themselves aforethought, and if that busy piece had listened have heard "pom-pom-pom-pom" from many throat cast steel. These are but skimmings, mere drops f ocean of incidents, but, as Mr. Pecksniff said, "they

We should like to quote more if our space allowed. nothing but praise for the book.

WITH RIMINGTON, by L. March Phillips (Arnold, deals mainly with Methuen's advance to Kimberley operations against Cronje and Prinsloo. The style is but vigorous. The word "bag," considered so repre when Lord Kitchener employed it, is quite good enoug author when the surrender of Boers has to be record does not use it derisively, but, as we gather, because expression that seems most natural to him. His metap often graphic, as when he writes that our mobile "have about as much chance of catching Boers on the a Lord Mayor's procession would have of catching a hig on Hounslow Heath." His pessimism—for he comes to p in the end—is that of a level-headed man; and he indignantly against the ideas that "any measures are ju so long as they are likely to end the war." The B maintains, have on the whole played the game fairly

bullet wounds and wonderful operations, and there is even a new story about a sentry and his password.

The adjutant has forgotten to give round the pass-word for the evening, and we are challenged by the first post.

"It's all right," is our reply. "I'm the adjutant; do you know what the password is?"

"No, sorr," says the Irishman, "but I've made one up for meself."

About the hospital arrangements Mr. Fremantle speaks quite frankly. He takes the view that things were pretty bad, though not quite so bad as Mr. Burdett-Coutts represented; and that the Hospitals Commission was biased. "Two of the Commissioners at least seemed to be badgering, and to have taken up the definite line that the R.A.M.C. officers are an aggrieved body." His own conclusion, after a careful statement of the pros and cons is: "Mr. Burdett-Coutts exaggerates; the system is rotten; the men did their best." Suggestions for the amendment of the system follow. They seem to us well thought out. The main contention is that civilian doctors should be more extensively employed for military duties even in times of peace, because they are better men, harder workers, and more up-to-date in their knowledge of their profession. The book will repay attention, and will be found readable as well as instructive. There are some good photographs, and some pen and ink drawings of bullet wounds made from sklagrams.

With Pagty's Horse to the Front, by Cosmo Rose Innes (Macqueen, 3s. 6d.), seems to have been written to prove that the members of the troop in question were regular "devils of fellows," as fervent worshippers of Bacchus and Venus as of Mars. A good many of the pages, indeed, relate the exploits of the troop not in Africa, but in London, where the troopers pelted each other with poached eggs at the breakfast table, and were passed into the music halls at night, and yielded to various temptations. Even when we get to Africa there is more about general rowdyism than about fighting. The book may come as a relief to readers who are tired of the tactics and strategy and pomp and circumstance of war; but the boisterous humour is of the sort that we soon tire of.

French's Cavalry Campaign, by J. G. Maydon (Pearson, 3s. 6d.), is one of the less important war-books, but not one of the least meritorious. The author was at the Modder and Magersfontein and took part in the Colesberg operations, the relief of Kimberley, and the march to Bloemfontein. His main purpose, as his preface explains, is to emphasize the importance of cavalry, and this he successfully does. When he strays from this theme it is generally in order to blacken the Boer character. As a Natalian he has perhaps some claim to be heard in the matter. But he should not write about "Van" Tromp. Tromp, without the particle, was the name of the admiral in question.

A second edition of Dr. Conan Doyle's book, The Great Boer War (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d.), carries the narrative as far as the second anniversary of the issue of the ultimatum. The style, as before, is flamboyant, and the metaphors are often those of the prize-ring. Such a force was "badly mauled"; such another force "took its punishment gamely." It is not a style that we particularly admire, though there is precedent for it in the despatches of distinguished generals—Lord Kitchener's "bag," and the Duke of Wellington's "We gave the enemy a handsome dressing." Still the narrative is spirited and lucid. Owing to the stringency of the censorship the latter chapters are necessarily based upon rather inadequate information, and the higher wisdom would perhaps have suggested a further postponement of publication. But the book is a popular one which will be welcome at the moment.

Book-binding.

The appearance of Mr. Douglas Cockerell's little volume on Book-binding (No. 1, Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks, John Hogg, Paternoster-row, 6s. n.) is peculiarly opportune. First, it supplements Mr. John Willis Clark's valuable work reviewed in another column; secondly, interest has lately been aroused by the report of the Society of Arts' Committee on leathers used, or rather mis-used, for book-binding; exasperating even if it be original—as a b[illegible] certainly a stylist; moreover, he is well ve[illegible] of his subject, and can make apposite allusion[illegible] methods of workmanship and to fine old desig[illegible] eminently a handbook for those who would g[illegible] book-binding, not of the "scamped" commer[illegible] that which would be practised if each volume [illegible] own library. Save a couple of chapters at th[illegible] book is devoted to consideration and explanati[illegible] processes involved, from the time that the sh[illegible] binder's hands to the moment when, perhaps [illegible] the volume is ready to be used or admired. [illegible] illustrations of Mr. Noel Rooke serve to make [illegible] You see the tools, the way in which to use [illegible] aided, a person of ordinary intelligence, [illegible] accustomed faithfully to perform the command[illegible] should be able to execute a serviceable bindi[illegible] usefully explained by Mr. Cockerell we r[illegible] columns. If future books in the series are as [illegible] It is justified alike from the theoretical and th[illegible] of view.

Sir Richard Burton.

Wanderings in Three Continents, by th[illegible] Burton (Hutchinson, 16s. n.), is a kind of [illegible] though it may interest those who desire to [illegible] the celebrated traveller, can hardly commend [illegible] students. It includes the essays and lect[illegible] described his journeys to Mecca, El Medi[illegible] Dahomé, but leaves out all the notes which ve[illegible] his reading and experience. There is, it has [illegible] very little literary flavour to most of Burton's [illegible] his adventures, and the only way for Mr [illegible] edited this volume, to have given it any spe[illegible] have been to supply, in the place of Burton's n[illegible] of the later additions to knowledge made by [illegible] lers. As it is there is nothing to show those w[illegible] been ignorant of Burton's achievements—and [illegible] this volume has confessedly been compiled—[illegible] Harrar have been visited since his time. Bu[illegible] Lake City was in any case hardly worth re[illegible] little or nothing in his account of the hom[illegible] Saints of any value; his entire misjudgme[illegible] and the outcome of the conflict between [illegible] followers and the Government of the Unite[illegible] little, to say the least of it, from the reader [illegible] opinion on less-known regions of the world. Th[illegible] limit to bookmaking even out of the literar[illegible] tinguished a traveller as Sir Richard Burton.

Two Historical Essays.

The versatile author of "A Subaltern's L[illegible] and translator of the Nibelungen Ring, Mr. [illegible] has, in The Marquis d'Argenson and Ricl[illegible] 10s. 6d.), now given us two historical studies, [illegible] one volume. A comparison of Mr. Rankine's [illegible] title-page with the subject of his essays enab[illegible] in their original form these sketches were [illegible] tion for the Lord Stanhope's Essay Prize [illegible] neither of them was successful in obtaining [illegible] have conspicuous merits. They are the resul[illegible] tion, they are original, bright, and attractive [illegible] that on the Marquis d'Argenson, naturally [illegible] with Mr. Arthur Ogle's book on the same sul[illegible] Mr. T. Fisher Unwin in 1893. It must b[illegible] comparison is not in favour of Mr. Rankine, [illegible] less complete and penetrating. In places it [illegible] acquaintance with the historical surroun[illegible] subject, as in the reference to "the rela[illegible] Jansenists and the Molinists," to "the [illegible] Queen, her henpecked husband Philip V., [illegible] Minister Campo-Florida," and to Jansen as [illegible] engraft the doctrine of grace upon the [illegible] religion." But it is a clever piece of char[illegible]

French Convict Settlements.

At the present day when every one goes somewhere and promptly makes a book out of what he has seen, it is useless to complain that even those books which have a distinct value are far too long. The chapters, for instance, on the United States and Australia in Mr. George Griffiths' work IN AN UNKNOWN PRISON LAND (Hutchinson, 12s.) are not badly written, but they have no real connexion with the main theme, which is that of the French convict settlements and prisons in New Caledonia and the neighbouring islands. How Mr. Griffiths got there and how he came away are, properly speaking, entirely irrelevant. Yet much may be forgiven him for his account of the French prison system, which makes one almost regret that there is now no English system of transportation. Had the French occupied Australia, it is quite possible that they, too, would have made the mistake of using it as a "prison-land." Owing to the fact that they did not occupy it they were compelled to adopt the right course, that of employing islands of limited area to dispose of their incorrigibles. A system such as exists in France by which habitual criminals and men of the *souteneur* class could be condemned to *relégation* may be a boon to a civilized country. The system, as it is explained by Mr. Griffiths, shows that New Caledonia cannot be classed with Norfolk Island or Macquarie Harbour, the historic infamies of which are a blot on the English flag. Except for those criminals who are entirely hopeless, there is a good chance of regeneration; the discipline, though severe, is not, it would seem, cruel, and by now the rigours of the pitiless *cachot noir* have been greatly mitigated. Nevertheless, the book, though intensely interesting where it deals with its subject, is anything but cheerful reading. It will prove useful to criminologists, and to those who know the dry bones of the French convict system overseas.

THE LIFE OF HENRY SCHOMBERG KERR, SAILOR AND JESUIT (Longman, 6s. 6d. n.), has been written by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. He was the second son of the Rev. Lord Henry Kerr, rector of Dittisham, who joined the Church of Rome in 1852; and three years later, being then a midshipman on board H.M.S. *Vengeance*, he followed his parents in their change of religion. He rose to the rank of commander, after service in the Crimea, and quitted the Navy in 1867, to become a novice at the Jesuits' establishment at Roehampton. In due time he received priest's orders, and was sent first to India, and then to South Africa, where he died in charge of a Jesuit mission in Northern Rhodesia in 1895. He was an exceptional man, both for the manliness of his character and for his influence over others. It is well that there should be a record of his unselfish life. Perhaps the detailed account of Schomberg Kerr's training at Roehampton is the most interesting part of the book; but the memoir is all worth reading, though it abounds in pious expressions which, if Father Kerr had been an Evangelical, would be regarded, in these days, as of doubtful taste.

THE BRIDE'S BOOK, by Mrs. E. T. Cook (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), need not be taken very seriously. Externally, with its limp vellum cover and silk ribbons, it resembles the love letters of the unhappy Englishwoman who somehow did not become a bride. Internally it is less impressive. These short papers on proposals, engagements, honeymoons, homes, calls, servants, and so forth are in fact very slight, though sometimes entertaining.

THE FOREST SCHOOLMASTER (Putnams, 6s.), by Peter Rosegger, is essentially a book for a quiet hour or two. The reader may be interested, but cannot be much excited, by the imaginary autobiography, mixed perhaps with some of the author's own experiences, of a humble schoolmaster in the forests and valleys of the Austrian Tyrol. It affords pleasant reading of a somewhat original kind, and has been well translated by Miss Frances E. Skinner.

Miss Agnes Giberne, who is not unknown as a writer of books on the light side of science, in her last volume, THE MIGHTY DEEP (C. Arthur Pearson, 3s. 6d.), treats of oceanography in a pleasant and popular manner. The subject is one which gives ample opportunity for the exercise of interesting

The book is not about the war or the constitutional qu which the war involved, but about the condition of the during its continuance. It tells us how the sinews of w procured, how much paper money was floated, to extent it depreciated, and to what prices various com rose or fell in consequence of the Northern blocka the last month a paper dollar was only worth five-eight penny, and coffee cost, in currency, about £40 p while the 100 dollar eight per cent. bonds fetched shade over two dollars each. Many other out of the interesting items of information are brought to light. are strange stories of large bands of deserters congr in North Carolina, and defying all attempts to impress trade being carried on between North and South in the hostilities, because the Northerners wanted cotton as the Southerners wanted bacon, and of moral decadence di inflated currency. Nobody believed in the currency, so ev tried to invest his paper dollars in property that w depreciate, with appalling effects upon prices. The mo ling statements made are fully substantiated by refer authorities, and the book is a really valuable, as we exceedingly interesting, contribution to economic histor

FICTION.

A Virtuous Puritan.

Miss Edna Lyall's new novel, IN SPITE OF ALL (Hi Blackett, 6s.), is a pleasant story, though not very dra convincing, and in the same way it is obtrusively caref historical research, but not a living interpretation of th Her tone is one of studied moderation, which hamp presentation of that age of superb and hazardous extreme the same time, though she is laboriously just to in Royalists, she is cheerfully and consistently for the Par The framework of the story is simple: Gabriel Har Hilary Unett, child-playmates, are parted by the war, holding to the King, while the impeccable Gabriel enlist the "Roundheads." It requires nearly 400 pages to them, and much happens in the interval. Some of the s Gabriel's many sufferings are given with great force, that of his terrible ordeal in Marlborough church; whil of the lighter episodes are gracefully conceived. T battles, recounted with great composure, and there is p old-world dialogue, with an invincibly modern accent. book, one may gladly admit, is full of ideals of high i and earnest purpose.

Miss Florence Warden.

Given a man of parts who indulges in magnetic spiritualism of the Peckham Rye variety, undue influ hypnotic suggestion, murder committed alternatively poker and with beef tea flavoured with colchicum, wh takes a flying leap through the window of a railway carri (alighting on his head) cheats the gallows of its prey also an artificial bust attached to a beautiful sui woman whose wig is either gold or black (for here Miss leaves us in doubt); let these variegated miscreants be in juxtaposition with a maiden lady who possesses a large and two nephews—and you will get as you get in A F A FINISH, by Florence Warden (Chatto and Windus, wonderful run for your money. It is due to Miss W say that she does exactly what she undertakes to d labels her prize-fighters in chapter one and they fight to the finish in the twenty-fourth, and last, chapter, and a the betting is 100 to 1 on the nephews all through, the sturdy lot of rounds. The book is confessedly melodra Miss Warden knows her limitations, and by keeping with has turned out another breezily thrilling, if wholly imp story.

Anglo-Indian.

Mrs. Croker has written in ANGEL (Methuen, 6s.) a

disappointed. It is after marriage that the trouble comes, but, fortunately, the trouble is never very serious, and Mrs. Croker sends her readers off contented with a happy ending. She has provided a handsome gallery of Anglo-Indian men and women, and she knows the terminology of the district. The last scene is not badly contrived, and the undesirable characters are disposed of with a completeness that leaves little to be desired.

THE ROMANCE OF A HILL STATION (T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.), by Mrs. H. S. Laverton, is a creditable first attempt. There is nothing fresh or striking in the little sketches of Anglo-Indian life, but they are at least harmless, and the illustrations by F. M. Mims are decidedly good.

Mr. W. S. Maugham.

Like all the other work of Mr. William Somerset Maugham his latest novel, THE HERO (Hutchinson 6s.), will give the reader food for thought as well as entertainment. Colonel Parsons, the father of the hero, has closed his career of honour by a blameworthy action. The son has reinstated the good fame of the family by gaining the Victoria Cross and other victories, moral and military. He returns to his old-fashioned, narrow parents, to the village of his boyhood and to the love, Mary Childorn, of five years ago. He has been through change and stress and here, at home, every one is expecting him to follow out engagements almost forgotten in the heat of battle and the glories that have been. Here is the making of a vivid novel. Colonel Parsons has to face the situation fairly. What he does and why he does it is the chief interest of a powerful story. The result may not delight those who turn to the novel merely as an anodyne for life, but those who can approach the subject from a purely intellectual point of view will find in this book a handsome reward for careful attention, and an exceptional display of vigour, talent, and narrative power.

Maxwell Gray.

Maxwell Gray (Miss M. G. Tuttiett) calls her last book FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER (Heinemann, 6s.) an every-day romance, and, if one allows that romance can be commonplace, it is certainly that and little more. The commonplace character is shown in every chapter, the people are well-enough drawn, the diction is clear, the situations thought out—but all on an every-day plane. There is a little comedy, a good bit of melodrama, and "quivering nostrils," plenty of old-fashioned intrigue neatly arranged for every-day people. "Four-Leaved Clover" will be popular, no doubt, among Maxwell Gray's admirers, but we feel that we are entitled to ask something more genuine, something more observed and truer from this gifted lady than anything her latest book has to offer.

The Miracle Crane.

The strong, solitary man has been a favourite character in fiction for some time. It is the fashion now to make him an inventive mechanic, and it is almost essential that he should fall in love with a lady of title. This is what happens with Enoch Strone, the hero of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's novel MASTER OF MEN (Methuen, 6s.), who invents the miracle crane, is taken into partnership with his employer, and rises afterwards to even more giddy heights than these. Mr. Strone is an interesting study, and the book has several strong scenes, notably that in which Lady Malingcourt rescues the inventor and his model from a cowardly attack by some of his fellow workmen. And Mr. Oppenheim has nobly resisted the temptation to marry off the ex-mechanic and the lady—a match that could never have been a success, even on paper. Nor is there so much crude Socialism as is customary in books of this kind; while at the end there is an excellent little touch of sympathetic feeling. Altogether a novel considerably above the average.

Detectives.

Each new story by Mr. Edmund Mitchell helps to justify the great expectations based upon "The Lone Star Rush" and "Plotters of Paris." His latest, ONLY A WOMAN (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), is an unhalting story of detective work which recalls Du Boisgobey at his best. Not the least original touch is that the reader's interest is chiefly with the pursued and not

other is to draw a hero who is easily duped of the enemy may not require much imaginat In FOR LOVE OR CROWN (Hutchinson, 6s.) a you be married is suddenly acquainted with the fact private individual, but the heiress to a crown groundwork to a story which the author man a number of exciting incidents. But the here easily taken in by his not overskilful antagonis

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True romance and something of the hero in Mr. James Prior's powerful and engrossi FOLK (Heinemann, 6s.). It is planned on a la details of the life of the people of Sherwood characters become our intimate acquaintance may be like that, as we close the book. Th "felt," as the painters say. For those atmosphere "Forest Folk" is, *par excellence*,

Mr. J. S. Fletcher can unquestionably te and we did not feel inclined to skip a singl GOLDEN SEED (John Long, 6s.), though we di reason for the title in any incident in the story a penniless hero who has been cashiered fro regains his character in devoting himself to German princess whose person and jewels are conspiracy against her centres round an old I she is awaiting her lover; and it is very elev though in the culmination the author gives a s scope to the gruesome and the sanguinary.

The Dreyfus case provided matter too n novelist to neglect, and it inspires a pleasan John Oxenham, called OUR LADY OF DELIVERA 6s.), in which Monsieur Lamont, a well-to-do Eng undertakes the protection of the beautiful Comptes and the salvation of her soldier broth imprisoned in a remote island by the machinati enemies. The guardianship of Mademoiselle l love-making, over which M. Lamont (who r dwells with a little too much gusto. But hi brightly told, and the book is full of vari incident.

THE GODDESS OF GRAY'S INN, by G. B. 6s.), gives us the story of Lilian, who was lawyer's rooms in the Inn. It is a superficial harmless one, and we would not dissuade any mildly interested from reading it.

IN A BLIND MARRIAGE (Chatto and Windus, R. Sims presents to his particular public exact story for which they have learned to look to hi stories—there are fourteen between the boards massy type, and all are workmanlike and c alone, entitled "In the List of the Killed," e for commendation on the score of some original

Mr. Reginald Turner, in CYNTHIA'S DAMAG gives us, with a little wit and a good deal of story of Cynthia Walpole, who "does" song a at the "Colonial," her love for Toby, the relations with a young Lord Gillie. The s often slangy and a little long drawn out, b similar books, it is not without merit.

The anonymous author of THE LOVER'S 6s.) would appear to be a leisurely writer. character who tells the story of his loves i shows a fine persistence in narration. "The L is dedicated "To all who love." We rather of Lotis, Salta, and Hesperis will appeal t class. But "The Lover's Progress" is not gives good pictures of life in Paris and in "B

Mr. A. J. Dawson is always an acce JOSEPH KHASSAN, HALF-CASTE (Heinemann, 6s.) in the beginning, but, as the interest in the N science of Mary Whateley—entangled with th temperament of the highly-educated half-caste

Wellington's officers." Like some other elderly gentlemen, these three have their troubles, and one has a love affair. The story of their doings after their return home is not striking, but it is certainly readable, and no one need be frightened by the design on the cover of three wicked-looking gentlemen, which is, we fancy, a joke of the artist.

No Vindication (John Long, 6s.) begins with a pretty setting—a Cornish coast, an elderly recluse and his granddaughter, and a young waif, who has been rescued from shipwreck. It seems a pity that so idyllic a scene should have been disturbed, but presumably Mrs. Coulson Kernahan felt the necessity of putting some stronger meat into her book, and consequently her little Cornish village must be thrown into confusion by Captain Graham, ex-convict, and his abduction of Minnie Berryman. Thence forward the story descends to a lower level, half-farcical, half-melodramatic. It is readable, but hardly one of the author's most successful efforts.

Women Must Weep, by Sarah Tytler (John Long, 6s.), is not a cheerful book—perhaps cheerfulness could hardly be expected with such a title. The author had it in her mind, apparently, to tackle a social problem of the customary kind—a married man with an ante-nuptial entanglement. But her male characters are essentially those of the lady novelist, and it is not easy to feel much faith in Captain Hepburn as the young and blustering husband, or in Colonel Hepburn the reformed and broken-down rake. Some of the women are better drawn, and the injured wife is an amiable character enough, but the book lacks vitality. The dramatic opening apparently exhausted the author's powers; even when Mrs. Bridgnorth reappears upon the scene (as Lady Cumberbatch) the story cannot be galvanized into life again. It gives the impression of being dull and long drawn out.

A stolen manuscript—especially when, as in A Stolen Opera (Pearson, 6s.), by Clarice Danvers, it is the manuscript of that *rara avis*, an English operatic composer of genius—is a theme to make the head ache with possibilities. Mr. Danvers has not treated it in quite the most exciting manner conceivable. But the book is based on an American play called *Heartsease*, and the author is not therefore altogether responsible for his plot. We would have laid heavy odds on the person who was going to steal the opera very early in the book, and it is actually stolen much too soon. If not too well planned, the story is well told, Mr. Danvers being much better at narrative than at drawing his characters. These are too conventional, and one at least, Mr. Pudbury, a man who, after making a fortune, turns to money-lending in order to get a footing in the drawing rooms of his clients' families, is highly improbable.

Those who revel in plot and counter-plot will find Kate Andrews' Stephen Kyrle (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) to their liking. It is concerned with the Australian goldfields in the fifties, when the fever possessed men's blood, and when many a crime was committed and many a life sacrificed to the lust for the yellow metal. The character of "Stephen Kyrle," who is physically a fair imitation of John Ridd, but without that hero's immaculateness, is not unhappily drawn, and the same is true of Delia de Carle. But this is pre-eminently a novel of sensation. As a literary effort the book is not remarkable. But there is ingenuity in the construction of the story and the interest is well sustained.

The Real Christian, by Lucas Cleeve (John Long, 6s.), is not badly written, but it is a little dreary. The people in it wander confusedly among the creeds and the emotions, succeeding finally in making chaos of most of their lives. The author, we are afraid, writes too often and too copiously. We note that three books, at least, bearing the name of Lucas Cleeve have lately appeared.

The Fortune of Christina M'Nab, by S. Macnaughtan (Methuen, 6s.), can be unreservedly praised. Christina is delightful; her adventures are most humorously given; the pictures of modern society are not the usual caricatures, and the interest never flags for a moment. Miss Macnaughtan is to be congratulated on the advance which

Hetty Oswin precipitates her own death and seeks to d
the man she had hoped to marry strikes us as improbab
the book is above the average and will give pleasure to th
of the West country.

Mrs. Charles Marten affects long words which she
understand, while there are several pearls of novelist
scattered through her chapters. Miss Pauncefort'
(John Long, 6s.) is a commonplace story, and judgin
Press notices of Mrs. Marten's other works it must
way below her former efforts.

The Work of his Hands, by Chris Healy (Hutchin
is a romance of the wild and undisciplined type, dealing
career of one Robert Barry, journeyman worker in the
an architectural carver, who rises to fame as an arti
Healy professes his intention of drawing a faithful pictu
life of the working classes, but his hero reminds us of the
baron of the penny novelette, partially redeemed by
for music and some skill as a craftsman.

Mr. Albert Kinross is an experienced novelist, and h
work, The Early Stars (Arrowsmith 6s.), displays the ac
hand and acute brain of the ready writer. The characte
of Philbrick, whose fortunes between the loves of th
Helen and the passionate Sinka engage our atten
admirable; the story interests all the way; it is life-
sincere, often amusing and not infrequently re
touching. If "The Early Stars" is not a great novel, i
which is more generally appreciated, a good one.

We referred in our last issue to the great impr
observable in the illustrations to boys' books. It is e
noticeable in the half-tone drawings, and we are glad
a reproduction of a picture in Mr. W. A. Fraser's cap
about the life of the Canadian trappers—Mooswa and
of the Boundaries (Pearson, 6s.)—which we recently r

BOOKS AT AUCTION.

The six days' dispersal of important books, &c., partially dealt with in the last issue of *Literature*, was concluded in Wellington-street on December 7. The following table indicates a few of the outstanding lots:—

Scott.—Waverley, Woodstock, Chronicles of Canongate, and Anne of Geierstein. First editions, uncut. Condition not fine	£118	0
Wycliffe Bible, MS., in vellum, early 15th-cent. MS.	80	0
Lactantius, on Transmigration, with Liturgies. Sec. XIII.-XIV. MS., on 226 l. of vellum	51	0
Voltaire.—Bataille de Fontenoy. Sixth edition, 1745, corrections and emendations in author's autograph, the word "épreuve" on title	41	0
Morris, William, of University College.—The Harrowing of Hell, 1890. Two printed copies of play, one containing Morris' original MS.	32	0
Trevisa, 1495, printed by Lino Zel, Gothic letter, c. 1470-2	25	0
Stevenson.—An Object of Pity, and Objects of Pity. 1892. (In March £20 was paid for these pieces.)	24	0
Lamb, Charles.—Last Essays of Elia. First edition, 1833, original boards, uncut, with half-title	21	0
Steele, R.—The Christian Hero. First edition, 1701, original calf	18	5
Sec. XIII. MS., on 200 l. of vellum, inserted little engraved "Fragmentum Bibliothecæ Petrarchæ," with annotations perhaps in Petrarch's handwriting	17	0
D'Eon, Chevalier.—Letters, 1764. Walpole's copy, with his MS. additions, autograph letters, portraits, &c.	17	0
Tennyson.—Two autograph letters to Miss Hayward	13	5
Whittington, R.—Mirrour or Glasse of Manners and Wysedome, 1547. (The Huth copy, 1871, brought 24s.)	13	5
Johnson, Samuel.—Autograph prayer, January 1, 1784—eleven months before he died	13	0
Southwell, Rob.—St. Peter's Complaint, 1616. Original limp vellum	13	0
Stevenson.—Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes. Presentation copy, first edition, 1879	12	5
Vermeulen Engravings, the Wittie Companion. Amsterdam, 1679	11	15
Swift.—Gulliver's Travels. First edition, 1726. (In March, 1890, a copy on large paper, separate title-pages, and pagination to each part, made £36.)	11	15
Tusser, R.—The Flowers of Sundrie Gifts, 1547	10	5
Queen Victoria.—Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, 1868. "To dear Jessie Ely in recollection of former happy Days from Victoria Reg. Osborne, July 29, 1868."	10	5
Pantheppam, T.—Certaine Selected Prayers. Original autograph MS., Sec. XVI., of an unpublished work	10	0
Stevenson.—Father Damien, Sydney, 1890. Two MS. corrections on p. 13. (Apparently this same example made £27 5s. on March 1.)	10	0
Kipling.—Kitten de luxe, 24 vols. (20 vols. brought £19 last year.)	9	0
Tennyson.—School Atlas, with pen sketches and names of twenty school-fellows in poet's hand	8	15
Wilde, Oscar.—The Ballad of Reading Gaol, corrected proof sheets. (On May 1 these proofs, with two autograph letters, made £19 15s.)	7	10
Doves Press.—An Address on William Morris, 1891. (Issued a few months ago at 15s.)	3	5

In another kind were portraits, reputedly contemporary, of Sir Hugh Clopton, the builder and one-time owner of New Place, Stratford-on-Avon, and of Lady, wife of Sir William, Clopton. These two pictures realized £200, and a miniature portrait, on ivory, of Shakespeare, £33. They were from the collection of Major W. Clopton-Wingfield. The 1,475 lots dispersed during the six afternoons show an aggregate of £6,210 11s. 6d., this taking eighth place among the totals of the year.

The most notable paper in the *Contemporary* is the "Diary of the Natal Campaign" by Dr. Raymond Maxwell, a Johannesburg physician who served on the Boer side under the neutrality of the red cross. He tells us how the battles of Dundee, Elandslaagte, Colenso, and Spion Kop looked from the Boer trenches, and occasionally throws fresh light upon an incident previously incomprehensible. Maxim Gorki, whose works are attracting

Correspondenc

THE LIMITATION OF DRAMAT

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am sure your readers must feel the gratitude. I am proud myself to have been the of the amusing article in which Mr. Walkley letter. No man, however, can be all things a If Mr. Walkley's arguments had been conv have amused us less. As they stand in yo ber 7, they win smiles enough, but scarcely t

The real difference between Mr. Walkle to me to lie deeper down than the question w miracles, and the contrast between Christi Christian practice, are or are not fit subjects fo the larger question, What do we go to the th we hope to see some grouping of characters, s opposite views and opinions, some selectio the life around us, which will stir emotion, s and give food for reflection? Or do we contrived patchwork, calculated to tickle cur admiration for the neatness with which it together? For my part, I confess myself o thinking. What is Mr. Walkley's case? akin to that of the policeman who stands at the to keep order. Mr. Walkley, sitting at a pla falls into the frame of mind of an intellectual there to see that dramatic law and order ar infringement of the Code must be at onc proprieties sanctioned by custom must be obs call forth indignant protest, such as Cato and Dante entered into the realm of Purgato

> Son le legge d'abisso così rotte?
> O è mutato in ciel nuovo consiglio

which we may irreverently adapt into theatri

> Are the Pit's laws thus openly tra
> Or have "the Gods" aloft new co

Does a playwright step outside the provinc assigns to him, he is told firmly that th again. Does an unmannerly fellow in the cro against such ruling, Mr. Walkley pelts him belabours him with Lessing and the Laocoon.

Well, I am more than content to be pelt so deftly and wittily, but, after all Mr. Walk I am still impenitent, still contumacious.

> My head is bloody, but unbow

All that Mr. Walkley said with deli week confirmed my opinion that he has fall with the stream of tendency in Drama. The he stood among the sharpshooters of the Now he seems to hold that the time has com quarters. His present mood is that of the ti can look back through the ages and imagine with pathetic insistence upon laws and formu turn of the successive blows that have stru playwright's limbs. He would have repre his innovations in stage arrangement, reb encouraging actors to study rather express condemned Euripides for his realism and his

the moment it quite unhinged his syllogistic faculty. Example: this strange syllogism that he invented to damn my argument.

> Fyfe says the whole of nature is open to the artist's choice.
> "Whitaker's Almanack" is in nature.
> Therefore Fyfe says the artist can make a novel out of "Whitaker's Almanack."

Oh! Mr. Walkley, M.A. Oxon! Oh! Shade of Jowett! Tell it not in Oxford, nor publish it in the courts of Balliol! What does "choice" mean save this—that the good artist is he who knows what materials are fit to use, and the bad artist he who knows not? If I were to say that all edible substances are at Mistress Cook's disposal, Mr. Walkley would, I am afraid, at once ask with triumphant visage whether you could make omelettes out of nutmegs or flavour soup with asafoetida.

Selection and treatment, these are the secrets of the artist's calling; upon these must his success depend. He may seek his subject where he will, but he must choose according to the number of his talents, he must so deal with his material as to make it interesting, and he must recollect that Art is the presentation of passages from life with the object of arousing emotion. The greater the artist, the wider the field of choice over which he may range. Is it impossible that an artist should possess so powerful a mind, so noble an imagination, as to be able to treat even subjects which seem to us to be subjects of "sheer horror and disgust"? No one but Shakespeare could have made a beautiful play out of the subject of *Measure for Measure*. No one but Shelley has ever dealt poetically with the theme around which *The Cenci* is constructed. Only a poet of Webster's quality could make *The Duchess of Malfi* even tolerable. You cannot set limits to the choice of themes in drama any more than you can in other dominions of art.

Nor do I believe Mr. Walkley really means to suggest that you can. All he says, in effect, is that one method of treating themes in fiction is suited to the printed novel, and another method to the acted play. This is undeniable. When he goes on to ask whether the *subject* of *The Comedy of Errors* could make a good novel, or the *subject* of *L'Education Sentimentale* a good play, he is, I think, confusing subject with treatment. Many novels have been based upon the "exchange of personality" idea—"Vice Versa," for instance, and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." If Flaubert had possessed the dramatic gift and had decided to exhibit Frédéric Moreau in a drama instead of in a novel, Frédéric and Sophie Arnoux and the rest would have served his purpose equally well. He would merely have been obliged to treat his theme in a different way. When a painter fails, or a sculptor, or a novelist, or a musician, it is not because they have chosen a subject essentially unfit for the artist's handling, but because they have not handled it in an acceptable manner. And the dramatist is in exactly the same case. He knows of no subjects essentially unfit for dramatic treatment. You can say, of course, that he has failed to justify his selection of theme by his manner of treatment, or you can say that some subjects never have been treated by the playwright with good effect. But to go beyond this, and to say they never can be, is to enter the rev[illegible] of prophecy, which is to give a hostage to futurity with [illegible]nce of losing it and being found in a ridiculous position.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

H. HAMILTON FYFE.

Chelsea, December 10.

THE GOSPEL RIOTS AT ATHENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Hogarth has had better opportunities than I have found it difficult, after a few experiments, to understand or [illegible] myself understood in Crete, Rhodes, Cos, Lesbos, Asia Mi[illegible] the Greek mainland. But that is not the point. I never said [illegible] was only one Romaic dialect; but that a literary genius [illegible] develop a literary modern Greek from the popular speech. C[illegible] found the same varying dialects in England; his speech [illegible] from the Northumbrian as much as any two Greek dialects [illegible] yet he created a literary English, and so might a Greek C[illegible] do. The comic papers, such as that of Souris, are intenti[illegible] vulgar, and they do not express the capacity of Romaic. There is nothing vulgar in the best Greek ballads, su[illegible] instance, as the *Bridge of Arta*, which I publi[illegible] *Folk-Lore* for 1898, or many others. I am not con[illegible] with the measure of M. Pallis' success in his Gospels, bu[illegible] the principle. Nor is it, as "W. M." assumes, a quest[illegible] getting rid of foreign words; νερὸ is as truly Greek as [illegible] again, can the Athenian commons be taken into account; [illegible] Athens the influence of the artificial dialect is stronges[illegible] everybody is more or less affected by it. The Byzantine [illegible] is not a bad parallel; and a fearsome dialect it is. Precis[illegible] same results as we see in Byzantium, the loss of sim[illegible] the divorce of feeling from words, must come about in prop[illegible] as the modern Greek does violence to the natural meth[illegible] expression.

But, Sir, it is easy to test one of the rivals. I gave examples from the prospectus of a society which believes [illegible] to be moderate; take up any Greek newspaper, and y[illegible] find plenty more. Here is the first sentence of the first Ac[illegible] I lay hands on:—τὸ ζήτημα τῆς ἐκ τοῦ φρενοκομείου ἀποδράσε[illegible] ἰατροῦ κ. Κ. Ὀρνοτάκιν ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀπλοῦ τυπικοῦ ζητήματος καὶ τοῦ τ[illegible] ἀδελφικοῦ, ἤρχισε νὰ προσλαμβάνῃ μετὰ τὰς σημερινὰς ἀποκαλύ[illegible] διασπάσεις ἀσυνήθους σεισμόδλον, οὗτινος ἡ μελέτη καὶ ἡ ἔρευνα τρ[illegible] στραφῇ ἀλλοῦ καὶ οὐχὶ κατὰ τῆς φιλαδέλφων γυναικοῦ, ἥτις μὲ τρυφ[illegible] ἀγγελικήν, μὲ θάρρος τὸ ὀστοῖον μόνον ἡ ἀλήθεια, ἡ διαιωνίζ[illegible] φιλανθρωπία ἐμπνέουν ἀπήλλαξε μιᾶς βασάνου ἄνθρωπον οὐδὲ ἔχο[illegible] φρένας ἐγκλεισθέντα δ' ἐν τῷ φρενοκομείῳ τίς οἶδεν ἔνεκα τίνος μισ[illegible] ἀκριβῶς ὑπὸ τοῦ ἀδελφοῦ, οὗτινος οὐδένος τὴν προστασίαν ἐγκ[illegible] πατρικὴ οἰκογένεια. Shades of Plato and Sophocles! What [illegible] have we here? Did any one ever see such a string of geni[illegible] What is the upshot of it? The Greek would, perhaps, [illegible] stand most of the nouns; but he does not know ἥτις and οὗτ[illegible] says τοῦ for these and for τὸ ὀστοῖον, he uses ἀπὸ with the accus[illegible] he never brackets phrases between article and noun, the[illegible] ἀποδράσεως, ἀσυνήθους, ἔχοντα, and ἐγκλεισθέντα would be un[illegible] to him, he uses no augment with ἀπήλλαξε and ἤρχισε. Th[illegible] word reminds me that in conversation with a Greek M.[illegible] year, who used the most stilted expressions, I used the [illegible] form, thinking it would probably suit him; but he di[illegible] understand me until I had repeated my sentence with [illegible] It is absurd to call this jargon a style, or to think it h[illegible] literary possibilities. English manuals of chemistry are [illegible] And, as I have shown, in conversation the words which p[illegible] a printed book are often unintelligible. The particles [illegible] δέ are found in no spoken dialect; here they are ramp[illegible] newspapers. In common speech δέ is often used for δέν, "[illegible] are we not to know whether the speaker means yes or no? [illegible] participles have disappeared, leaving only one of the form [illegible] indeclinable like the Italian gerund. But enough; giv[illegible] space, and I will not leave the purists a leg to stand on.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. D. ROU[illegible]

"SHAMELA."

Before his 'Joseph Andrews' (hints and names taken from that story with a lewd and ungenerous engraftment) the poor man wrote without being read."

This may not be absolutely conclusive evidence, but written, as it was, a few years after the publication of the parody, and speaking of the authorship as an undisputed fact, it is, I think, a fair justification for assuming that Fielding was the author.

Faithfully yours,

ETHEL M. M. McKENNA.

22, Portland-place, W., Dec. 7th.

AUSTRALIAN VERSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It is difficult to keep up an argument at such long range as this, but Mr. Canney's letter in your issue of Oct. 19 deserves a word or two of reply.

His claim to speak for the bushman of to-day, because he spent "some years" in the bush more than eight years ago, is self-refuting for any one who knows how easy it is to lose touch with Australia. But his quotations alone would condemn him. The sonnet is "pretty" enough, but it is no Australian's talk; the whole phraseology is modelled on what was then thought correct in English versifying. And Gordon's Dedication, fascinating as it may be to the romantic globe-trotter, is a libel on the country he tried to describe, for Australia has song-birds to match most English ones, and her flowers are more delicately, not less sweetly, scented than ours.

Gordon explained a good deal of Australia to its native-born no doubt; but he did not, and does not "voice" them, for he did not speak their tongue.

For my own part, after eighteen years spent almost entirely up-country in four colonies, I do not claim to speak emphatically or authoritatively for the Australian-born, and this letter (like my article) is a "personal view." But I am ready to take the judgment of my mates on it.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Lucknow, Nov. 18, 1901. ARTHUR W. JOSE.

Books to look out for at once.

"A History of the Meynell Hounds and Country, 1780 to 1901." By J. L. Randall. Sampson Low. £2 2s. net.

[Photogravure plates and other illustrations.]

"The National Portrait Gallery." Edited by Lionel Cust. Cassell. £6 6s. n.

[Uniform with "The National Gallery."]

"Scottish Men of Letters of the Eighteenth Century." By the Rev. H. Grey Graham. A. and C. Black. 18s.

"Art Sales of the Year." Compiled and Annotated by J. H. Slater. Virtue. 30s. net.

[A record of the prices obtained at auction for pictures and prints sold during 1901—a companion volume to "Book Prices Current."]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS,

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[*Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.*]

ART.

HOLBEIN'S PICTURES AT WINDSOR CASTLE. By Ernest Law. 20½×15½. 32pp. 1641.

[Note the inches of measurement. This fine volume is a companion volume to Mr. Law's book on Vandyck's pictures in the Castle. It contains ten large photogravures of portrait paintings, with introductions and notes on the pictures. It does not touch the drawings.]

BIOGRAPHY.

HALL CAINE. By C. Fred Kenyon. (English 7½×5½, 224 pp. Greening. 3s. 6d.

[A readable biography by an enthusiast English writer past or present who evinces so sympathy with all mankind as does Hall Caine."

BY ALLAN WATER. The True Story of an Old H Stewart. 8½×6, 310 pp. Andrew Elliot (Edin

[Adopts the original plan of tracing the fo two Scottish families (1632—1783) from parish weaving the history and changes in social manne

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR HARRY SMITH addition of some supplementary chapters, by M.A. 9×6, 381+431 pp. Murray. 24s. n.

[Reminiscences of the Peninsular War, the C the Waterloo Campaign, and various Kaffir wars.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE. By W. D. 294 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[Dr. Killen is President of Belfast Pres nonagenarian "well acquainted with all the m Presbyterian Church."]

MARY BOYLE, HER BOOK. Edited by Sir Cou 8½×6, 282pp. Murray. 10s. 6d. n.

[Reminiscences of Court and social life teenth century to about 1860, introducing Dick Landor, &c., with illustrations. Edited by the late Sir Courtenay, and, after his death, by Lad

BOOKS FOR THE YOUN

VALOUR FOR VICTORIA. By James A. Manson. 1s. 6d.

[A dozen Victoria Cross stories, includin Boer war.]

THE BOYS OF ST. ELMO'S. By Alfred T. S Newnes. 3s. 6d.

[A story of camping out on the Coast of Wa

TALES OF THE SPANISH MAIN. By Mown 357 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[The story of the discovery of the New Eldorado, the buccaneers, &c. With illustratio

JOAN'S TRIP TO THE WEST. With five illust 9×7, 108 pp. The Chiswick Press. 2s.

[A pleasant story telling how Joan with h York; of her disillusionments, and of her tr American ways.]

LEM. A New England Village Boy. By N. Bu Newnes. 5s.

[A well-illustrated story for boys.]

TALES OF GREYHOUSE. By R. S. Warren Newnes. 3s. 6d.

[A school story with plenty of fighting, ending with a storming of the school by strikers

BEAUTIFUL MAMMA AND OTHER STORI Graham. 7½×5½, 253 pp. Newnes. 3s. 6d.

[These are delightful stories about, rather tales of social life in which a child is the hero by a true child lover; and also well illustrated.

THE COWSLIP. Stories in Verse. (New Ed Poems. By Mary Elliott. (New Edition.) T By J. E. M. (New Edition.) THE DAISY. St Williams. (New Edition.) THE THREE W WOMAN AND HER PIG. 6×3¾. Cornish (

[Neat little reprints of those early Nineteen rhymes with the old-fashioned wood-cut illustrat

HAND AND HEART, 1901. 10×7½, 240 pp. ing Office.

CLASSICAL.

ANECDOTA OXONIENSA. Classical Series. Part I C.M.G. 9×8, 62 pp. The Clarendon Press. 7s

[Collations from the Codex Cluniacensis s. century MS. of Cicero in Lord Leicester's Libra

DRAMA.

KIARTAN THE ICELANDER. A Tragedy. By 7½×5½, 107 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOG

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. Vol. III. 9½×6. 441 pp. A. and C. Black. 1

[This is the concluding volume of the wor

EDUCATIONAL.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF OTHER DAYS. By JOHN FINNEMORE. 7×4¾, 215 pp. Black. 1s. 6d.
[A reader for upper standards.]

HISTOIRE DE BAYARD. Abrégée et modernisée. Par W. G. HARTOG, 7½×4½, 73+xxiii. pp. Black. 1s. 6d.
[With a vocabulary and a very few notes.]

NORTH AMERICA. Selected and edited by F. D. HERBERTSON, B.A., and A. J. HERBERTSON, Ph.D. 7×4¾, 252 pp. Black. 2s.
[A reader selected from the works of travellers in all parts of North America.]

THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION—1901. 12×9, 812 pp. William Rice. 7s. 6d.

NATIONAL EDUCATION. Edited by LAURIE MAGNUS. 9×6, 300pp. 7s. 6d. n.
[A "symposium" dealing with the various educational questions by Professor H. E. Armstrong, Sir Joshua Fitch, Professor Hewins, Mr. Storr, Mr. Eve, and others, with a bibliographical note by the editor.]

SCHOOLS AT HOME AND ABROAD. By R. E. HUGHES. 7½×5½, 314pp. Sonnenschein. 4s. 6d.
[Addresses, delivered before various audiences, on the English and Continental systems.]

DOMESTIC ECONOMY. By ETHEL R. LUSH. 7×4½, 251 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
[This is briefer and somewhat less closely scientific than the Cambridge University Press Manual recently published. It is written "for scholarship and certificate students." It is very clearly printed and arranged, and is well illustrated. A good book for private study, with questions at the end of the chapters.]

FICTION.

A CORNER IN BALLYREG. By N. P. MURPHY. 7¾×5, 256 pp. J. Long. 3s. 6d.
[Sketches of Irish Life, many reprinted from magazines.]

RAY FARLEY. By J. MOFFAT and E. DRUCE. 7¾×5¼, 295 pp. Unwin. 6s.
["A Comedy of Country Life" (in England), giving part of the "life story" of Mr. Ray Farley, Scholar and Millionaire.]

BACK TO LILAC LAND. 7¾×5¼, 320 pp. Greening. 6s.
[An agreeable story of theatrical life in London, and of the separation and subsequent reconciliation of an actor and his wife.]

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH EAST. By FRANK T. BULLEN. 7¾×5¼, 331 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
[A study of life in south-east London, from real characters.]

A FURY IN WHITE VELVET. By H. COMPTON. 7½×5, 230 pp. Treherne. 1s. n.
[A briskly told and original story of the search for a snow leopard in the Himalayas, and an Englishman's love for an Indian girl of high caste.]

LA PRINCESSE LÉNA. By MARKEVITCH. 7½×4¾, 320 pp. Paris, 1901. Ollendorff. 3fr. 50c.
[The introduction to Frenchmen of a new Russian writer, translated for M. Ollendorff's series of "The Great Foreign Novelists." Decidedly worth reading.]

THE REAL WORLD. By ROBERT HERRICK. 7¾×5¼, 358pp. Macmillan. 6s.
[American life on the coast of Maine, in Boston, New York, &c.]

MY OWN DEATH. By "Limbo." 7¾×5¼, 272pp. Drane. 6s.
[A rather well-told story of the adventures about the world of the spirit of a young baronet after death. Before his funeral he elects to return to life.]

FOLKLORE AND ANTHROPOLOGY.

THE AINU AND THEIR FOLKLORE. By the Rev. J. BATCHELOR, F.R.G.S. 8¾×5½, 594 pp. R. T. S. 7s. 6d. n.
[The author wrote "The Ainu of Japan" in 1889 and since then has been engaged in missionary work among this race, the aborigines of Japan, and treats fully of their customs and religion, with many illustrations. After January 1 the price will be 10s. 6d. n.]

HISTORY.

STUDIES IN HISTORY AND JURISPRUDENCE. By JAMES BRYCE, D.C.L. Two vols. 9×6, 553+525 pp. The Clarendon Press. 25s. n.
[Substantial volumes on the principles and history of law and politics, with chapters on the Constitutions of the U.S.A., of the Australian Commonwealth, and of the South African Republics.]

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PERSIAN LOVE SONGS. Edited by J. POTTER BATESON (Bibelots.) 5×3, 157 pp. Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d. n.
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[Light papers by the author of "How to be Happy Married," and in the same style.]

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK, 1902. 2s. 6d. n.
[This invaluable book of reference has been reset from n The accession of the King and the military honours of the y necessitated many changes, and there are new sections devot Australian Commonwealth, the census, submarine boats, local the housing of the poor, &c.]

DEBRETT'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAG 8½×6. 1,112pp. Dean. 31s. 6d.

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THE BOOK OF BULBS. By S. ARSCOTT. (Handbooks of Gardening, Vol. 5). 7¾×5½, 111 pp. Lane. 2s. 6d. n.
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[Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* of July and 1901, with excerpts from Lord Rosebery's speeches.]

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[Many kinds of sport, including seal-shooting. Many and excellent photographs.]

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ST. LUKE THE PROPHET. By E. C. SELWYN, D.D. 7½×5½. 378 pp. Macmillan. 9s. 6d. n.

[This is a sequel to the author's "Christian Prophets" and is designed to show that St. Luke belonged to the order of Christian Prophets, that he is identical with Silas, that he wrote, for St. Peter, the second Epistle of Peter, and acted as mediator between St. Paul and St. Peter.]

THE STORY OF STORIES. By R. C. GILLIE. 8½×6½. 428 pp. Black. 6s.

[A life of Christ written for children. Profusely illustrated by reproductions of famous pictures.]

THE GOSPEL STORY OF JESUS CHRIST. By IDA W. HUTCHINSON. 7½×5½. 142 pp. Dent.

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[Mrs. Brightwen has made a collection of Oriental Curios, and now writes popular notes about them in illustration of Scripture customs, with pictures. An instructive little book.]

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[Giving the original texts edited from the MSS., with full introduction.]

THE CHILDREN OF NAZARETH. By É. LE CAMUS, ÉVÊQUE DE LA ROCHELLE. Translated by Lady Herbert. 8½×6½, 131 pp. T. and T. Clark. 6s.

[An account for children, with photographs, of child life at Nazareth to-day.]

THE TEMPLE BIBLE. LEVITICUS. Edited by J. A. PATERSON. 5½×4½, 103 pp. The Gospels according to ST. MATTHEW and ST. MARK. Edited by the Very Rev. the DEAN OF ELY. 5½×4½, 104 pp.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

IN SICILY. By DOUGLAS SLADEN. 2 vols. 10½×8, 417+528pp. Sands. £3 3s. n.

[A sumptuous work, well illustrated.]

JAPAN. A Record in Colour by MORTIMER MENPES; Transcribed by Dorothy Menpes. 9×6½, 207 pp. A. and C. Black. 20s. n.

[Mr. Menpes' impressions of the life in Japan, recorded by his daughter, with copious and beautiful illustrations in water colour by Mr. Menpes.]

THE GUIDE TO SOUTH AFRICA. Edited by A. SAMPER BROWN and G. CAMPBELL BROWN. Ninth Edition. 7½×5, 475 pp. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.

THATCHAM, BERKS, AND ITS MANORS. By the late [illegible]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing Ho

PROBLEM No. 279, by H. BUCHMANN, Germany.

BLACK 10 pieces.

WHITE 11 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROB
Dr. PA
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play

PROBLEM No. 280, by R. L'Hermet.—K at Q R 4; R at Q 8; pawn at K 7. B Three moves.

PROBLEM No. 281, by C. Hartlaub.—K at K 3; Q at Q Kt 7; pawn at Q 7. Blac moves.

PROBLEM No. 282, by Otto Würzburg, Gr (7 pieces) K at Q Kt 8; Q at Q B 2; R at Q 4 and Q R 6; Kts at K B 4 and K 3. Bl K Kt 6; B at K Kt 7; Kts at K Kt 2 and K B 3, K B 6, and Q Kt 2. Mate in three

M. Janowski on "British Chess" in an by Lasker recently at Manchester, M. *alia*:—I had announced my intended visit beforehand. I must confess, to my regret, t disappointed. Of course, you know that Club has the reputation of being the leadin manner of my reception in that club was qui one of its members seemed to take any inte I nearly had the impression of being in no c was only asked to play Kriegspiel or whist. in the North where I found such cordial great interest in chess. I am very gl Manchester. The manner of my reception at t Club and, in fact, by all chess players wh have made here, has quite delighted me. quite depressed after my cold reception i Club. We quite understand M. Janowski's impressions need not be taken too literally.

GAME No. CXV.—Played in the match St. George's and Manchester:—

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINE

WHITE. A. J. Mackenzie.	BLACK. F. C. Carroll.	WHI A. J. Mack
1. P–Q 4	P–Q 4	19. K–R 1
2. P–Q B 4	P–K 4	20. P–B 5 (e)
3. P×K P	P–Q 5	21. Q–Kt 3
4. P–Q R 3	Kt–Q B 3	22. Q R–Q 1
5. Kt–K B 3	Q B–Kt 5	23. R–Q 7
6. Q Kt–Q 2	P–Q R 4	24. R–Q 1
7. P–R 3 (a)	B×Kt	25. K×P
8. Kt×B	B–B 4	26. K–R 1
9. Q–Kt 3 (b)	K Kt–K 2	27. P–R 4
10. P–K 3 (c)	Castles	28. P×B
11. P–P	Kt×Q P	29. Q×R ch
12. Q–Q 3	Kt–Kt 3	30. B–B 3
13. Kt–Kt	Kt×P	31. Q R–Q 1
14. Q–B 2	B×Kt	32. R×R
15. B–K 2	P–K B 4 (d)	33. K×Q
16. B–B 4	P–K Kt 4	34. R–K 1
17. B×Kt	B×B	35. P–K 6
18. Castles	P–Kt 5	

NOTES BY MR. MACKENZIE.

(a) If Kt–Kt 3, B×Kt; 8. Kt P×B, P–R 5; followed by Kt–P. 6. P–Q 4 allows of B–Q R 4.

(b) To enable the K P to advance; but

BLACK.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 218. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

* * * *

Lovers of Dickens will note with interest the five portraits of the novelist which we are able to present with this issue—one of them in a photogravure plate—and which have never before been seen by the public. Of the other illustrations the larger number are taken from "Pictorial Pickwickiana" and from the pamphlet "Charles Dickens; some Notes on his Life and Writings"; and for permission to reproduce them we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Those from the former volume are marked [A], those from the latter [B].

* * * *

Books to read just published:—

"Types of Naval Officers." By A. T. Mahan. Sampson Low, Marston.

"Palaces, Prisons, and Resting-Places of Mary Queen of Scots." By M. M. Shoemaker. Virtue.

"Kiartan, the Icelander": a Tragedy. By Newman Howard. Dent.

"Confessions of a Caricaturist." By Harry Furniss. Fisher Unwin.

* * * *

With very few exceptions, Charles Dickens bequeathed the original MSS. of his important works to John F[illegible]

from the printed version. Messrs. Sotheran bought the of this minor work for £400, though in 1884 a Lond valued it at no more than £160. Even trifles in this worth literally much more than their weight in g Instance, £35 was paid for a single 4to. page of an unp "Travesty of Othello," penned in 1832-33, and deemed t earliest preserved dramatic composition by Dickens. A three-and-a-half pp. 4to., "Mrs. Gamp with the Strolling P fetched £78 15s.; the original agreements between Dicke Macrone, and Chapman and Hall for the publication of "S by Boz," £20; similar agreements relating to "Pic "Nicholas Nickleby," and the second series of

CHARLES DICKENS, 1838.
From a Sketch by SAMUEL LAWRENCE

respectively £39, £26, and £27; and, on November 21, "Holiday Romance," 1868, for long supposed to appeared, £105.

* * * *

originally issued, that the two suppressed plates by Buss are not essential, and that one only of the twenty wrappers need be preserved. As a fact, the difference in value between a set bound with one wrapper only, and lacking the Buss plates, and another set, unbound, in parts as originally issued, may be approximately indicated as that between £10 and £90.

* * * *

Perhaps the most interesting set of "Pickwick" original numbers in existence was that bought for America, on June 13, 1899, forming part of the unexampled Dickens collection brought together by Mr. William Wright, well-known in sporting circles. The first fourteen numbers were presented to "Mary Hogarth. From her's Affy., Charles Dickens." The recipient died suddenly on May 7, 1837, and so profound was Dickens' grief that for two months the effort of writing was impossible, and the publication of "Pickwick" interrupted. This identical set was taken some years ago to a Reading bookseller with the request that the parts might be cheaply bound for nursery use. In 1899, against an issue value of £1, the series realized 100gns. On the same day in 1899, a presentation copy of "The Village Coquettes," 1836, uncut, in original grey boards, initially priced at under a shilling, if we mistake not, brought £36 10s.; "Sketches by Boz," complete in original parts, 1839, £46, against a published price of £1, while another example fetched £36 last year; the editio princeps of "The Strange Gentleman," 1837, containing, however, the original drawing of the frontispiece by "Phiz," and with remarks in Dickens' autograph, £84; a presentation copy to Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, of "Oliver Twist," 1838, first edition, £50; the editio princeps of "Nicholas Nickleby," with inscription to "J. P. Harley" and an autograph letter, £69; the earliest issue, 1842, of "American Notes for General Circulation," to "Thomas Carlyle from Charles Dickens, Nineteenth October, 1842," having, too, the signature of Carlyle, £61; the "Christmas Carol," 1843, the earliest issue, given by the author to Mr. Henry Austin, £71; and a unique example, by reason of certain details, of "The Chimes," 1845, £66. This last has an unpublished drawing by Leech which shows a dissipated Trotty Veck. The mistake was evidently discovered by Dickens prior to publication, for the plate was altered.

* * * *

Relics associated with the novelist are greatly prized. The copy of the "Highland Journal," presented to Dickens by Queen Victoria, who inscribed the novelist's name therein, fetched, in 1893, 30gns.; on November 22, 1899, it made 100gns., and, we believe, is now in the library of Mr. Henry Dickens, K.C. A petty cash book kept by Dickens when he was in the office of Mr. Edward Blackmore, lawyer, Lincoln's-inn-fields, the first entry dated January 5, 1828, has realized £95 under the hammer—13s. 6d. a week was the salary he then received; the despatch box, alluded to in Forster's "Life," vol. 3, p. 364, £48; and a sun-dial, fixed on the top of a stone column made of one of the balustrades of old Rochester Bridge, from the garden at Gadshill, £48.

* * * *

Some time ago the foundation of a "Boz Club" in London was notified in the Press. Its establishment was due to that well-known and learned student of Dickens, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who has just published an interesting account and commentary on the famous trial "Bardell v. Pickwick" (Office Stock, 6s.). The Club's headquarters were at the

summer. Its members, according to the list whi
has kindly sent us, are as follows, those marked
known Charles Dickens personally:—*Lord
(President), *the Marquis of Dufferin and
Rosebery, Lord Acton, *Lord Brampton, *Ham
Austin (Poet Laureate), Very Rev. Dean Bradl
minster), Hon. Judge Bompas, K.C., *Sir Squ
Professor T. Bonney, F.R.S., Augustine Birre
Burnand, Oscar Browning, *Arthur à Beck
Baynham, *Francisco Berger, Sir J. Crichton
Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart., Professor J. Churt
Brudenell Carter, F.R.C.S., *Henry Fieldin
*Edward Dicey, C.B., Frederick T. Dalton, *
*William P. Frith, R.A., *William Farrow (Pr
Club, Birmingham), *Otto Goldschmidt, Georg
Percival Graves, Robert Holmes (King's Li
*John Hollingshead, George Herbert, *Very
*Sir Henry Irving, *Frederick A. Inder
Hubert Jerningham, K.C.M.G., Jerome K.
Kent, *Frederick G. Kitton, Sir Joseph
K.C.B., F.R.S., Andrew Lang, Sir Lewis Mor
Right Hon. Mr. Justice Madden, *Right
Otway, Bart., Walter Herries Pollock, M.A.,
*Joseph C. Parkinson, *Marcus Stone, R.
*George Storey, A.R.A., Alexander Innes S
Sterry, Hon. William Warren Vernon, *
Drummond Wolff, G.C.B., K.C.M.G.,
W. Sackville West, Rev. Francis Waugh, M.
and the Honorary Secretary, *Percy Fitzgera

* * *

On Saturday last Messrs. Sotheby sold seve
graph letters, &c. Five from Dr. Johnson to M
the longest and most important dated fro
£46 15s.; one from Boswell to Johnson, Ed
1772—in which he says: "I am convinced
push you for a private correspondence wit
must therefore look upon you as a Founta
whence few rills are communicated to a dis
one from Garrick to Mrs. Thrale, £14; and a
"American Rights and Wrongs," in Steve
£14 5s., (bought for America). In the sam
117 examples by the Guild of Women Bo
Hampstead Bindery, protecting volumes mo
brought £1,203 odd, against about £720 for
December 10, 1900. For £310 there was k
Service book on vellum, designed, written,
Mr. Frank Harding after study of splendid p
and 14th century scribes and illuminators.
apart from designing, is said to have occupied
and at £310 this was recompensed at abou
Before the sale, his Majesty the King bo
elaborately bound books. Five supplement
aggregate of £54, comprised two water-colour
Frederick, a portrait of the King by E. T
presentments in water-colour of Queen Vi
Albert by R. J. Lane and Sir W. C. Ross.

* * *

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, the well-known
are publishing a new edition of the novels o
ing 600 steel engravings and etchings, in tw
at a cost of six shillings each, with an i
E. P. Whipple. The standard English autho
losing their hold on the American public,
announce a complete edition of Shelley w
sketch and notes by Professor Woodberry, of

their tour in the Colonies, will shortly publish an account of his impressions and observations.

Among the literary men who obtained votes for the Nobel prize are, Ibsen and Tolstoy with three votes each; Mistral, Sienkiewicz, Ossip-Lourié, and Hauptmann with two votes each; and Rostand and d'Annunzio with one vote each.

Mr. Zangwill addressed a meeting at the Shoreditch Town-hall last Saturday night in support of the Zionist movement.

Only one or two books remain to be published before the end of the year. One of an interesting kind is "The Lady Poverty," which Mr. Murray is bringing out—the first translation into English of a thirteenth-century allegory, which was the first book ever written about St. Francis of Assisi, and was completed within a year of the saint's death. The busiest publishers at the present moment are those in charge of the new edition of the Prayer-book, who are working night and day to cope with the demand. The new edition came in the nick of time for the Christmas season, and everybody seems bent on buying a copy as a present for somebody else.

Publishing will begin again in earnest on the first day of the New Year, when George Sand's "Mauprat," in Mr. Heinemann's "Century of French Romance," with an introduction by Mrs. Craigie, will appear. Mr. Murray will also have the fifth volume of poetry ready shortly in his new edition of Byron, which will leave the sixth volume—containing "Don Juan"—to complete the work in the spring, the final volume of the letters having already been published. Another interesting reprint which Mr. Murray has in hand is Professor Baldwin Brown's book on "The Fine Arts"—an old "University Extension" volume, which is being entirely reprinted and brought up to date. It is worth noting, too, that the title of the new work by Professor E. B. Tylor, announced by Mr. Murray under the title of "The Natural History of Religion," has been changed to "Animism: A Treatise on the Natural History of Religion." The volume is based on the Gifford Lectures, delivered in Aberdeen in 1889-90 and 1890-91. Canon Moberly's volume of sermons, entitled "Christ our Life," is expected early in the year.

Mr. Murray also has two anonymous novels in the press for early publication, one being entitled "High Treason"—a story of the Jacobite days—and the other "The Trial of Man: An Allegorical Romance." Another volume which he may have ready next month is Mr. Basil Thomson's "Savage Island: An Account of a Mission to Niué and Tonga, in the Pacific Ocean," describing the negotiations which led to the establishment of a British Protectorate over these latest additions to the Empire. The book is, to some extent, a sequel to Mr. Thomson's "Diversions of a Prime Minister," and is said to contain much native lore which is new to anthropologists. January, too, should see the publication of Miss Rickards' memoir of "Felicia Skene, of Oxford"—whose friendship with Scott is recorded in the dedication to the 4th canto of "Marmion"; an illustrated volume on "Greek Coins and their Parent Cities," by Mr. John Ward; and the "Speeches and Correspondence of Henry, 4th Earl of Carnarvon, on the Affairs of British North America," edited by Sir Robert Herbert.

The volume on "Cromwell on Foreign Affairs," which the Cambridge University Press is about to publish, has been written under the conviction that the speech with which it mainly deals, though delivered some 240 years ago, "may appear to some of us to contain infinitely more significant matter than can be found in the political speeches of the present day." The author, Mr. F. W. Payn, wishes to show the true meaning of the Anglophobia in Germany. "At a time when the English Press," he writes in his preface, "is slowly recovering from a severe attack of Kaiser-mania (brought about by a cleverly-timed visit to this country), it is as well occasionally to look ugly facts in the face." The volume also contains essays on "Neutral Trade in Arms and Ships"; "Intervention Among States"; "The Burning of Boer Farms and the Bombarding of Coast Towns"; "The Extent of Territorial Waters," and "Nelson and the Admiralty."

mate fashion, correspond with the history of Chri[illegible] institutions. Originally Christmas day was only, or [illegible] religious anniversary, suggesting few of the ideas [illegible] modern times. But the religious observances of [illegible] Church—a Church which frankly recognized the pole[illegible] promise—became gradually not wholly untainted with [illegible] elations of the pagan Saturnalia, giving a spiritual [illegible] as it were, to various indulgences of a more worldly [illegible] Against this the Puritans revolted, with the result that [illegible] as a social and even a religious festival passed under [illegible] Then, in the early Victorian period, came the literary [illegible] Christmas, which our special Dickens number, appear[illegible] beginning of the Christmas season, naturally invit[illegible] remember. It was a revival which had only the mo[illegible] and indirect connexion with religion. The traditio[illegible] Saturnalia were the traditions that really appealed to [illegible] who had little in common with his religious contem[illegible] whether Tractarians or Revivalists, but had a riche[illegible] high spirits than any other novelist that the world [illegible] seen. His natural gaiety, however, was tempered [illegible] equally natural benevolence. The amazing proceedin[illegible] amazing house party at Dingley Dell were evidently s[illegible] to him of a comprehensive scheme of peace on earth [illegible] will towards men. He developed the symbolism mor[illegible] his more serious works. It became a confirmed habit [illegible] to write Christmas stories in which gloomy misers, aft[illegible] ghosts, became reformed characters, and descended f[illegible] atties to upset all the wise calculations of the Charity [illegible] tion Society. From his writings, and from those of W[illegible] Irving and one or two others, date, we imagine, som[illegible] peculiarities of the English Christmas by which the in[illegible] foreigner is puzzled. Abroad, whether in Roman Cath[illegible] Protestant countries, the rule is to keep the feast r[illegible] and decorously, with or without Christmas trees, bu[illegible] any frantic secular excitement. With us, the C[illegible] according to Charles Dickens, is associated with al[illegible] deviations from the norm—with ghost stories, haunte[illegible] moated granges—the "moated grangist," we belie[illegible] considered a necessity on the artistic staff of an ill[illegible] weekly—and volcanic outbursts of romping, feasting, an[illegible] geniality. The English Christmas, in fact, has been o[illegible] most characteristic monuments that have kept alive the [illegible] of that man of genius. Certainly it would be difficult t[illegible] other case in which a novelist has exercised an equal [illegible] over the manners and customs of his countrymen. N[illegible] it is true, that influence is waning, if not altogether [illegible] but it lasted a wonderfully long time. It is quite withi[illegible] memory that a kind of cynicism asserted itself, and i[illegible] the fashion to vote Christmas a bore, only tolerable on [illegible] that the holiday should be treated like any other holi[illegible] made the occasion of a trip to Bournemouth or [illegible] Whether even those of us who are not cynics would w[illegible] were possible, to restore the Dickens Christmas is [illegible] question. No doubt it was sometimes very amusing [illegible] depended for its success upon conditions which n[illegible] philosopher would wish to see revived. Chief am[illegible] conditions was the difficulty of obtaining rational am[illegible] in early Victorian days. The annual Christmas erup[illegible] somewhat of a revolt against the dulness of middle-[illegible] throughout the remainder of the year. Dickens, as a [illegible] obeyed a sound instinct in making the most of it, and se[illegible] cause of gaiety not only by amusing people, but by enc[illegible]

CHARLES DICKENS.

Drawn by S. Eytinge, Junr., expressly for "Every Saturday," No. 15, April 9, 1870

MR. PICKWICK'S RECEPTION.

"Sam Weller introduces to Mr. Pickwick the leading characters in Mr. Dickens' novels.

Published by Messrs. Field, Osgood and Co., 1870. [A]

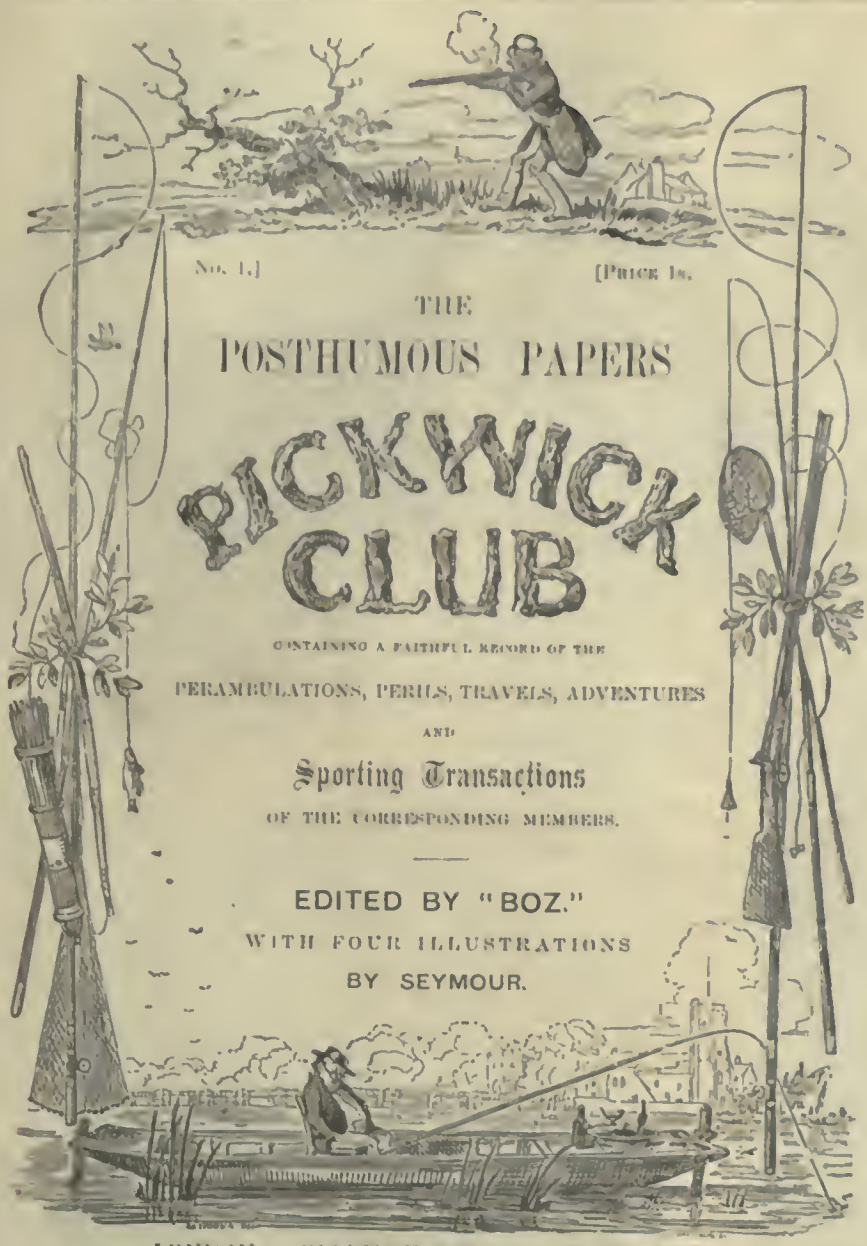
DICKENS IN MEMORY.

A "Personal View"

By GEORGE GISSING.

In one of those glimpses of my childhood which are clearest and most recurrent I see lying on the table of a familiar room a thin book in a green paper cover, which shows the title, "Our Mutual Friend." What that title meant I could but vaguely conjecture; though I fingered the pages, I was too young to read them with understanding; but this thin, green book notably impressed me and awoke my finer curiosity. For I knew that it had been received with smiling welcome; eager talk about it fell upon my ears; and with it was associated a name which from the very beginning of things I had heard spoken respectfully, admiringly. Charles Dickens, Alfred Tennyson—these were to me as the names of household gods; I uttered them with reverence before two of the framed portraits upon our walls.

Another glimpse into that boundless cloudland shows me a bound volume, rather heavy for small hands, which was called



MDCCCXXXVI

This shows the drawing on wood executed by ROBERT SEYMOUR.

Designed for the wrapper of "The Pickwick Papers," issued with the first number, March 31, 1836.

Engraved on wood by J. JACKSON.

Mr. Winkle missing a robin; Mr. Pickwick asleep in a punt moored on the Thames off Putney Bridge; Putney Church in the distance. [A]

remote, had begun to play the necromancer in my brain. Moreover, the poor bareness of that garret, and the wistful gazing of the lonely girl, held me entranced. It was but the stirring of a child's fancy, excited by the unfamiliar; yet many a time in the after years, when, seated in just such a garret, I saw the sunshine flood the table at which I wrote, that picture in "Little Dorrit" has risen before me, and I have half believed that my childish emotion meant the unconscious foresight of things to come.

a younger imagination, and contains
is beyond its scope. Dickens'
however it may distress the matu
our later day, is not unwholesome,
events in this story, addresses itself
enough to feelings unsubdued by
His quality of picturesqueness is he
its best, with little or nothing of
drama which makes the alley of "
Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist"
only of the early books. The open
that dim lighted storehouse of thin
grotesque, is the best approach to
world, where sights of every day
figured in the service of romance. T
ness of the author's spirit, his o
sympathy with poor and humble folk
mind to a sort of music which it is
live with; and no writer of moral
showed triumphant virtue in so chee
as, that which falls upon these hone
when rascality has got its deserts,
good, too, whether for young or
atmosphere of rural peace breathed i
pages of this book; I know that it
make conscious in me a love of Eng
and lane and village, one day to
solacing passion. In "The Old
Shop," town is set before you only
of contrast; the aspiration of the
the country road winding along unde
sky. Others have pictured with
fidelity the scenes of English rusti
who succeeds better than Dickens in
a charm upon the wayside inn and t
church? Among his supreme mer
of having presented in abiding form
best of our national ideals—rural h
By the way of happiest emotions,
reader takes this ideal into mind an
and perhaps it is in great part
Dickens' books are still so much read
one sees edition after edition scatt
town and country homes, that on
wholly despair of this new Engla
tries so hard to be unlike the old.

Time went by, and one day I sto
a picture newly hung in the childre
It was a large woodcut, published
by *The Illustrated London News*, a
"The Empty Chair." Then for the
I heard of Dickens' home, and knew
had lived at that same Gadshill of whi
speare spoke. Not without awe did
picture of the room which now was tenantless; I remem
curiosity which led me to look closely at the writing-tab
objects upon it, at the comfortable, round-backed chair, at
shelves behind; I began to ask myself how books were
and how the men lived who wrote them. It is my last
of childhood. Six months later there was an empty cha
own home, and the tenor of my life was broken. . .

When, seven years after this, I somehow found my

no matter the distance, to see and delight myself. At times, when walking with other thoughts, I would come upon a discovery; the name at a street-corner would catch my eye and thrill me. Thus, one day in the City, I found myself at the entrance to Bevis Marks. I had just been making an application in reply to some advertisement—of course, fruitlessly; but what was that disappointment compared with the discovery of Bevis Marks? Here dwelt Mr. Brass, and Sally, and the Marchioness. Up and down the little street, this side and that, I went gazing and dreaming. No press of busy folk disturbed me; the place was quiet; it looked, no doubt, much the same as when Dickens knew it. I am not sure that I had any dinner that day, but, if not, I dare say I did not mind very much.

London of that time differed a good deal from the London of to-day; it was still more unlike the town in which Dickens lived when writing his earlier books; but the localities which he made familiar to his readers were, on the whole, those which had undergone least change. If Jacob's Island and Folly Ditch could no longer be seen, the river side showed many a spot sufficiently akin to them, and was everywhere suggestive of

DICKENS IN HIS GARDEN AT GADSHILL.
[An unpublished Portrait from the negative in the possession of Mr. H. E. Smith, of Watford.
(Copyright in Great Britain and America.)

Dickens; I had but to lean, at night, over one of the City bridges, and the broad flood spoke to me in the very tones of the master. The City itself, Clerkenwell, Gray's-inn-road, the Inns of Court—these places remained much as of old. To this day, they would bear for me something of that old association; but four and twenty years ago, when I had no London memories of my own, they were simply the scenes of Dickens' novels, with all romantic history enriching their effect on the great writer's page. The very atmosphere declared him; if I gasped in a fog, was it not Mr. Guppy's "London particular"?—

In Marylebone-road, where he lived and worked for many years. But Forster did me another and a greater service; from the purchase of his book dates a second period of my Dickens memories, different in kind and in result from those which are concerned with the contents of the novels. At this time I had begun my attempts in the art of fiction; much of my day was spent in writing, and often enough it happened that such writing had to be done amid circumstances little favourable to play of th intentness of the mind. Then it was that t came to my help. When I was tired and disc not spur the brain to work, I took down Fo random, sure to come upon something wh spirits and renewed my intellectual zest. narrative of a wonderfully active, zealous, an this book scarce has its equal; almost any it exhilarating; but to me it yielded such spe in those days, I could not have found elsewh

From "Martin Chuz
MR. PECKSNIFF, HIS DA
TOM PINCH
Designed by "Phiz" for the title-pa
Edition," 1859-18

which, I should perhaps have failed by the way. I am not referring to Dickens' swift triumph, to his resounding fame and high prosperity; these things are cheery to read about, especially when shown in a light so human, with the accompaniment of such geniality and mirth. No; the pages which invigorated me were those where one sees Dickens at work, alone at his writing-table, absorbed in the task of the story-teller. Constantly he makes known to Forster how his story is getting on, speaks in detail of difficulties, rejoices over spells of happy labour; and what splendid sincerity in it all! If this work of his was not worth doing, why, nothing was. A troublesome letter has arrived by the morning's post and threatens to spoil the day; but he takes a few turns up and down the room, shakes off the worry, and sits down to write for hours

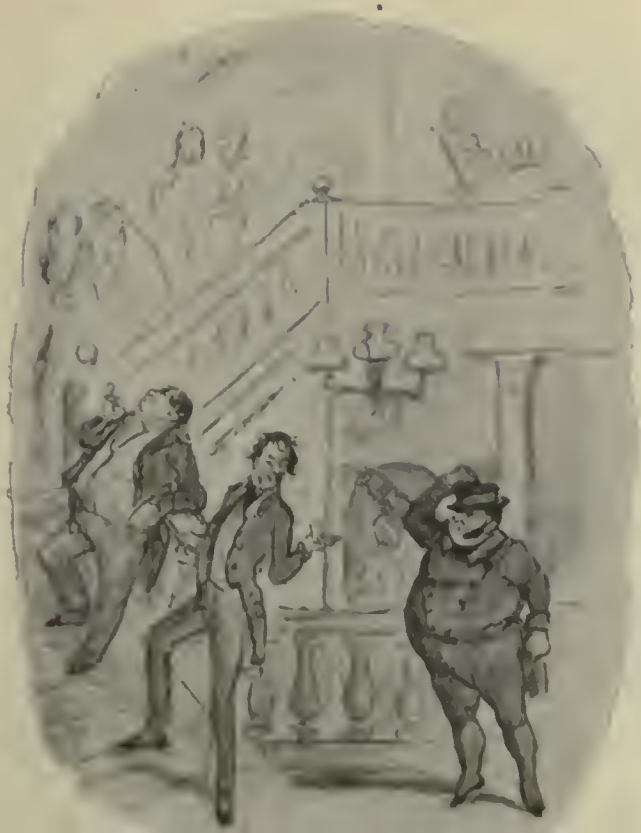
[From "Nicholas Nickleby."]

MRS. NICKLEBY RECEIVING THE ATTENTIONS OF THE GENTLEMAN NEXT DOOR.

Designed by "Phiz" for the title-page of the First "Library Edition," 1858-1859. [Bl

and hours. He is
side, his desk at a
window overlooking
and there all the
writes with gusto,
again bursting into
his own thoughts.
method, too, with
the theory of
tion; fine artist as
goes to work regul
tually; one hears o
advanced by a qua
hour, that the morni
may be more fruitful.

Well, this it was
me, not to imitate
a novelist, but to
off his example as
From this point of
debt I owe him is i
Among the best of m
are those moments
lowering sky when
light in the pag
biographer, and rar
in vain.



DICKENS HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

There is no personality in the whole world of letters so absolutely English in every respect as that of Charles Dickens; there is scarcely a name of a writer in the whole history of English literature so universally familiar to everybody. To call his name a "household word," although hackneyed, best indicates the far-reaching extent of his influence. Every person in the street not only knows his name, but is more or less familiar with the characters of his creation. One has only just to think of some of our much discussed and advertised modern authors for a moment, in that respect, to realize how remarkable these facts are. And although it was supposed to be a fashion a little time back—we hear little of it just now—to profess to be unable to read Dickens, there never has been a period since his death which showed any wane in his popularity so far as the demand for his works is concerned.

Dickens is for all time and for all classes; wherever the English language is spoken, his books are read and his name respected; the fact cannot be blinked. There is absolutely no parallel—excepting Shakespeare—in our history. Mr. Gissing, in another part of this issue, deals with the influence of Dickens in a "Personal View." In this article we shall confine ourselves to biographical and bibliographical details.

Charles John Huffam Dickens—to give him his full name—was the second child of John Dickens, a clerk in the Naval Pay Office at Portsmouth Dockyard, and was born at Landport on February 7, 1812. The house is in the main street out of Portsmouth. Up to a short time ago there was nothing to show that therein was born England's greatest novelist. Now a plate let into the pavement in front of the railings publishes to the world the fact that "In this house Charles Dickens was born, February 7th, 1812." But as the family resided there for so short a time the associations with the place are as *nil*. The household was removed when he was two years old to London;

CHARLES DICKENS.

[An unpublished Portrait from the negative in the p
Mr. H. E. Smith, of Watford.]

[Copyright in Great Britain and America.]

and when he was four years old his father was
Chatham. Charles must have had a marvellous
could remember the house and front garden a
the lodgings near the Middlesex Hospital where t
before going to Chatham. It was where he first
after a period with his mother as his teacher,
in health, he did not take part to the same exten
of his fellow scholars, but preferred the associa
books of his father. Consequently, it is not su
that he took to writing, and whilst a child perpet
called *Misnar, the Sultan of India*.

Dickens was only nine when his father left C
had become by that time so interested in th
surroundings as never to forget it. As everyl
returned later the one great ambition of his lif
Gadshill Place. From Chatham to London and
things became so bad as to enforce little Charles
business to earn a mite to help sustain the rapidl
fortunes. He started in Warren's Blacking F
taught his business by one, Bob Fagan, whose n
wards immortalized in "Oliver Twist." Dicke
six shillings a week, and the joy of taking home th
on a Saturday was soon outweighed by the remov
to Marshalsea Prison for debt. Charles, howev
near by, and he contrived to exist on his weekly
blacking warehouse.

In addition to Dickens' remarkable memory,
vellous power of observation, and his experience
this period were made ample use of in his writing
life was put into "David Copperfield" and "

set to earn a livelihood, entering a solicitor's office. Being an ambitious youth, this humdrum, mediocre life was not appreciated, and he determined to follow in his father's footsteps and become a reporter. Whilst studying Gurney's system of shorthand, he filled in all his spare time at the British Museum, diligently satisfying his love of reading and desire for knowledge, and attempting to fill in the gaps of his education. He soon attained his object, and became the reporter in the House of Commons for the *Morning Chronicle*, earning the reputation of being one of the best reporters of the day. He continued his journalistic work until near the end of 1836 after the publication of his first book, and when "Pickwick" had commenced to spread merriment throughout the land.

The account of Dickens' life has been presented to the world in such a minute manner by Forster that one sometimes loses sight of the man himself in staring at a detail. But at any rate we are thankful to Forster for the picture of his hero's early struggle with life, the trials he had to endure, and the determination shown to overcome them. Dickens had no education, in the sense in which one talks of an educated man to-day. The time he devoted to reading at the British Museum was probably of little help to him in his after-life. No; Dickens went through the world with open eyes and keen intellect, both of which worked together with the strength and application of a resolute man.

The earliest exemplification of this is seen in "Sketches by Boz," his first published book. These sketches are solely the outcome of his great power of observation. Some of them appeared first in the pages of the old *Monthly Magazine*, during 1834 and 1835, and others in the *Evening Chronicle*, whilst he was on the staff of the latter. They were collected and published in 1836 in two small volumes, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. A second series appeared in 1837; and in 1839 the two series were issued with forty pictures by the same artist, in the familiar octavo form, and all subsequent authorized editions contain the same amount of matter. About this time Dickens was imbued with the idea of becoming connected with the stage, and although circumstances prevented him from being an actor—except in private in which he always shone—he nevertheless was muc in things theatrical, and wrote a farce, *The Strange* and the libretto of an opera entitled *The Village* the end of 1836. Subsequently, *Is She his Wife* plays emanated from his pen.

[From "The Pickwick Papers,

YARD OF THE "BULL INN," WH

Designed by "Phiz" for the title-page the First "Library Edition," 18

This brings us to Pickwick—the immortal Papers." The story of how it came to be wri familiar to bear repetition here. It is set out himself in the preface to the book itself. One wonder whilst reading it what the success of the would have been had Dickens not been obdurate on the plates of Seymour illustrating the text, a the text should be written to the pictures. Seymour died—by his own hand—before the sec was issued, whatever fear existed of disagreeme pelled. The first part appeared in April, 1836. to receive £14 for each part, and he seemed to satisfied with the payment, for he wrote concerni dearest Kate, the work will be no joke, but the is too tempting to resist." Almost simultaneous publication of Part One, Dickens married (Apri Catherine Hogarth.

The early parts of "Pickwick" were surr various troubles and difficulties, so much so tha lishers wondered if it would not be more satisfa concerned if it were abandoned altogether. Only were first bound of the initial part. Before Par the light, came the trouble of finding a ma Seymour's place. Amongst the many who offere on the work was Thackeray. In a speech a Academy banquet he related how he walked up to Inn "with two or three drawings in my hand, whi to say, he did not find suitable." R. W. Buss, was not unfamiliar to the publishers, was given a failed to please. Part Three should have appear but did not do so until July, owing to a family be which prevented Dickens from working so the

Hall, and of Dickens too, for that matter—for he received at least £3,000 over and above what was mutually agreed upon—was turned into confidence, for the demand became so great it was as much as the publishers could do to cope with it. The rest everybody knows. There is no book in the English language like "Pickwick." There is no book, we venture to say, which has sold like it, and, having been once bought, read like it. It would be difficult to discover how many different editions have been issued; it would be absolutely impossible to tell the number of copies that have been printed and circulated. It stood out pre-eminently as *the* book of the nineteenth century, and at the end of the present one we doubt if there will be a book to compare with it in any of these respects.

To dwell at proper length on the topic of "Pickwick" would be to occupy more space than has been allotted for this article. Allusion can only be made to the innumerable spurious imitations, continuations, plays, farces, which came blundering on the market—"The Penny Pickwick," "Pickwick in America," "Pickwick Abroad," "The Pickwick Gazette," to name a few. These piracies annoyed Dickens, but, as he could get no satisfaction from the law, he looked upon the other side of the picture, and prior to the publication of his next book, "Nicholas Nickleby," issued a proclamation on February 28th, 1838, beginning "Whereas we are the only true and lawful 'Boz,'" and continued in his usual good spirits and "sportive playfulness," to the end of the document.

Dickens was always a hard worker, but at this period of his career the amount of work he was accomplishing was almost stupendous. Early in 1837 ("Pickwick" did not finish until November) he became editor of "Bentley's Miscellany," and the second number under his care contained the opening chapters of "Oliver Twist," which did not end until 1839. Yet in April, 1838, came the first part of "Nickleby" and continued its monthly issues up to October, whilst in the same year he published "Sketches of Young Gentlemen," as a companion to a similar book on "Young Ladies," which his publishers had previously issued. Later, he wrote still another companion volume, "Sketches of Young Couples."

"Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress, by Boz," was the title of Dickens' third book as it appeared in three volumes in 1838, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. The second edition bore the plain title, "Oliver Twist: by Charles Dickens," whilst the one volume 8vo. edition of 1846 had for title-page, "The Adventures of Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress, by Charles Dickens, with twenty-four illustrations on steel by George Cruikshank." The book must have come as a great surprise to Dickens' public in those days. Hitherto its author was known as a humorist, pure and simple. Here the tragedy of life was shown with all that power, whose full extent and catholicity were each succeeding book.

[From "Oliver Tw

Designed by "Phiz" for the li
"Library Edition."

In his next book Dickens set himself to expos
neglect of education in England, and the disreg
State, as a means of forming good or bad citizen
or happy men, by showing up as an example the
schools which were in existence at the time.
fact that in the books ostensibly written by
purpose, we do not find the moral or purpose
where. It is so particularly in "Nicholas Ni
appeared in 1839, after its issue in the famil
parts. About this period Dickens conceived
periodical, *Master Humphrey's Clock*. It wa
short stories, essays, and miscellaneous papers

THE CHALET AT GADSHILL, IN WHICH DICKENS DID HIS WRITING.

[B]

chiefly by himself, after the style of Addison's *Spectator*, and to be issued in weekly numbers. But the public, finding the title was not that of a complete continuous narrative, would have none of it. Dickens tried many ways of making the weekly numbers "go," by bringing the inimitable Sam Weller and his father, Mr. Pickwick, and other good old friends on to the scene, as he had planned to do originally, but without success. Eventually in number four, "The Old Curiosity Shop" commenced and continued, with but slight interruptions, until the story was finished. Then came "Barnaby Rudge; A Tale of the Riots of Eighty," which had been causing him such perturbation before and whilst he planned the ill-fated periodical. *Master Humphrey's Clock* ceased its ticking with the publication of the issue containing the last chapter of "Barnaby Rudge." "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" were issued respectively in 1848 and 1849, in book form, with the illustrations of Cattermole and Browne. Dickens' other contributions to the periodical were afterwards added to his published works under the title of "Master Humphrey's Clock."

Immediately after the abandonment of the periodical, Dickens started on his first tour of America. With what success he met, how he was feasted as "the guest of the nation," the excitement he caused, and the admiration displayed by the Americans for him—all this has been well told at length in a familiar volume. What his own impressions were are to be found in his "American Notes," published soon after his return (in two vols., 1842), and later on in "Martin Chuzzlewit," which began to appear in the usual shilling parts in 1843. "Martin Chuzzlewit," at the time was considered by Dickens to be far and away the best book he had written. But, when "David Copperfield" came later, he shifted his affection to the new "child of my fancy." Yet "Martin Chuzzlewit" was not so successful as the preceding books, much to Dickens'

and his ways; with an Historical Record of what
what he didn't: showing, moreover, who inherited
plate, who came in for the silver spoons, and who for t
ladles: the whole forming a complete Key to the
Chuzzlewit. Edited by Boz."

Whilst "Chuzzlewit" was appearing in serial form
wrote and published that masterpiece "A Christ
(1843). Nothing need be said of it here; it tow
among the classics of English literature long since, a
for its author the sobriquet of "The Apostle of Chri
was the forerunner of others—"The Chimes" (18
Cricket on the Hearth" (1845), "The Battle of Life
and "The Haunted Man" (1848).

In January, 1846, Dickens started the *Daily*
occupied the editorial chair, but only for three sh
He had but recently returned from a sojourn in Italy,
new paper his "Pictures from Italy" appeared,
and biographer succeeded him in the editorial chair.
"Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son, Whole
and for Exportation," begun at Rosemont, Lausa
book Dickens took longer to write than usual.
it in 1846, and did not complete it until early in 18
which time it was appearing in parts. The descrip
death of Paul quite electrified Thackeray. He dec
was "no writing against such power," and character
"unsurpassed, stupendous." "Dombey and Daugh
spurious imitation which came out in penny numbers a
time, was announced as a "production of exalted
written to sustain moral example and virtuous precept

"Of all my books," Dickens wrote of "David Cop
(1850), "I like this the best . . . . like many fond
have my favourite child, and his name is 'David Copp
There is no doubt that "Copperfield" brought h
height of his fame. To-day it appeals to reader
tionably on account of the personal, the autobiographic
which go to the filling out of the story. "I seem to
some part of myself into the shadowy world," he
Forster at the time, although the public then
suspicious of it. But apart from this, it is a great boo

Before "Copperfield" was published as a volum

launched the first number of *Household Words* (1850), which practically became *All the Year Round* in 1859. Among the most noteworthy features of these enterprises were the famous Christmas numbers, comprising "Mugby Junction," "Seven Poor Travellers," "The Wreck of the *Golden Mary*," "No Thoroughfare," &c., all written by Dickens in collaboration with Wilkie Collins, Hesba Stretton, Amelia B. Edwards, and others. In the pages of *Household Words* appeared the "Child's History of England," "The Uncommercial Traveller," and "Hard Times"; whilst in *All the Year Round*, "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Great Expectations" first saw the light.

"Bleak House," issued in parts, came in 1852. In two of the characters Dickens, it is known, drew upon his friends for models—Landor being Boythorn and Leigh Hunt Skimpole. It is also in this book that his early acquaintance with law and lawyers was made much use of.

Dickens' next book, "Hard Times" (1854), was dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, under whose influence he had more or less come. Eighteen months elapsed before the first part of "Little Dorrit" appeared. The volume was published in 1857, and was dedicated to Clarkson Stanfield. Dickens originally intended calling it "Nobody's Fault," and did not alter it until the eve of publication. It was at this period he purchased Gadshill Place—the ambition of his life—and made it his final home. At this time also he was fascinating everybody who was lucky enough to hear him with readings from his own works, filling halls, causing speculations in tickets for admission, and coining money, so to speak. But he was also writing another book—a book which was destined to be one of his best, and one, too, entirely different in style from any of his others—"A Tale of Two Cities." It commenced in *All the Year Round* in 1859, and was simultaneously issued in the usual parts and appeared as a volume all in the same year. In it he hoped to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding the terrible time of the French Revolution; "though no one," he said, "could hope to add anything to the philosophy of Carlyle's wonderful book." To-day it is one of the most popular and most read of all his works.

In 1861 "The Uncommercial Traveller," a series of papers from *All the Year Round*, appeared, and was enlarged from the same source in 1868. In this latter year also came "Great Expectations," the only other one of his books for which the orthodox three-volume form was chosen. In it, as in "Copperfield," he used the incidents of his boyhood to such an extent as to make it autobiographical.

"Our Mutual Friend" was published in parts, as in the case of the former works, but two volumes were chosen for the book form in 1865. It was illustrated by Marcus Stone.

Dickens died on the 9th of June, 1870, leaving "Edwin Drood" unfinished. What he had written of it appeared in the usual green paper parts and afterwards in volume form. In October, 1871, a continuation entitled "John Jasper's Secret" began to appear, and occupied eight monthly parts produced uniformly with "Drood"; and recently a gentleman in Holland sent the publishers—Messrs. Chapman and Hall—a completion written by himself. There were other attempts of this nature, but Dickens' book must always remain as he left it.

It is curious and extraordinary that, although none of Dickens' works were completed before they began to appear—as a matter of fact each part was published immediately it was written—it cannot be said of any of them that they are disjointed, or show any signs of having been written to spread

appeals in a realistic and convincing way to all w
They stand for types to-day—Mark Tapley, Sa
Carton, Mrs. Gamp, Scrooge, Bob Cratchett,
Cuttle, Bob Sawyer, to name a few.

Most of Dickens' minor writings from
Round and *Household Words* have been collect
called "Reprinted Pieces." Among the m
these is "A Child's Dream of a Star," issued
several delightful reprints; and we know of a
edition in this country used in place of a Christ

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* shortly
death said:—"Were all his books swept by
catastrophe out of the world, there would
world some score at least of people, with all
sayings we are more intimately acquainted tha
our brothers and sisters, who would owe to
While we live, Sam Weller and Dick Swiveller,
Mrs. Gamp, the Micawbers and the Squee
die. . . . They are more real than we are ou
outlive and outlast us, as they have outlive
This is the one proof of genius which no critic
carping and dissatisfied, can gainsay."

There is little fear that the works of Dic
forgotten. At the present time, of all the
writers he is still the favourite, whether judge
of view of the interest taken in his personal
interest taken in the writings he has left us. H
of the many great writers the period produced, an
years after his death—his genius shines brillian
light of our modern stars.

DICKENS AND HIS ILLUSTRATORS.

The relations which existed between Dickens and the artists who illustrated his books were most intimate. To-day it is the publisher who chooses the artist and approves or disapproves of his work. But Dickens was more particular, and superintended the choice of subject for illustration and the manner of the treatment of it in his books. Sometimes the artist was happier than at others, and produced Dickens' own ideal in his drawings. But at other times he did not. At the very outset of his career we find Dickens insisting that Seymour should illustrate his text and not introduce ideas of his own. And many of the original pictures of "Phiz" and Seymour in "Pickwick" had to be considerably altered at Dickens' suggestion. The suggested amendments would be conveyed either in a letter or by writing on the original drawing. We are able, through the courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to reproduce one of these original drawings so marked, with the steel plate as it afterwards appeared (see next page). In "Oliver Twist" is found another early instance of the importance Dickens attached to the pictures. He writes describing how he came to town and found that he had not seen the plates to the last volume, and how he objected to the one "Rose Maylie and Oliver," begging Cruikshank to do it again. Later, he became almost abusive to poor "Phiz" over "Dombey," notwithstanding the pains that famous artist took to please. And so it was throughout all his books; he knew what he wanted, and insisted upon having it. It is this working together of author and artist which makes the work of the latter so valuable, particularly at the present time, when so many attempts are made by the artist to re-create some of his characters.

The one artist since Dickens' death whose work stands out prominently as depicting the true spirit of the master is Fred Barnard. He became associated with Dickens' writings in the

MR. WINKLE SHOOTING.
By WILLIAM HEATH. Pickwickian Illustrations.
2. "*Not the Man*" (Chap. II.).
Published 1837. [1]

"Household" edition, and illustrated several volumes. his style was very different, yet not inferior in techniq of "Phiz" and Cruikshank, both of whom realized ideal, it is nevertheless thoroughly and truly in syn the humour and pathos of the author. At times he was masterly, and nothing better of the kind has been don series of character studies published some years since

"Pickwick" has always been a fascinating book artist. At one time everybody who could draw atte illustrate it. Indeed, the number of artists who in such attempts are legion, "Pickwick Papers" be favoured in this respect than the others. At the time of in 1836 and 1837, several artists issued sets of c be used as "extras" for the monthly parts as they The best of these were Onwhyn, who used the pseu "Sam Weller" on some of his engravings, Willia Alfred Crowquill (A. H. Forrester), and T. Gilb reproduce a characteristic one by Heath, and one by Gilbert (p. 583), whose series on wood appeared later. T is a fascinating one, and could be dealt with at length, i by a specimen of each artist's work. That, of course, is i —impracticable, in fact. But of the "authorized" arti

are Sam and the housemaid clearly made out; and
ter if he were looking on with his arm round
I rather question the accuracy of the housemaids

HABLOT KNIGHT BROWNE.—Facsimile of the original drawing by "Phiz," with remarks and suggestions written by Charles Dickens in the margin.

MR. WINKLE DISCLOSING HIS MARRIAGE ON HIS KNEES.
Chap. XLVII. (Part XVIII.) [A]

plates carefully tied up, and n
Dickens' portraits." They are a
teresting as showing Dickens as
real life and without the effect of th
of an artist, and form valuable
already large collection of Dick
pictures. The small vignette pictur
575, 577, 578) are from water-colou
which were so delicately engraved
title-pages of the first issue only
Library edition. There were twen

It would be superfluous to ente
respecting the illustrations to th
books of Dickens. "Pickwick"
comparatively, that created any
speak of. And as nearly every ed
issued by Chapman and Hall con
illustrations, they have become famil
Those of our readers, however, w
more of the wonderful collectio
which "Pickwick" has inspired
mend to add to their library
wickiana," edited by Joseph Greg
brought together nearly 400 drawing
from all over the world, illustrating

There were others of the work
plates were published, includi
"Barnaby Rudge," "A Tale
besides collections of portraits of th
In the novels. Among these shor
"Phiz's" set to "Dombey and Son

Not the least interesting p
issue of Dickens' works were th
blue paper covers. These were d
illustrating the book, and depicte
characters therein. We give
Seymour's design for "Pickwic
page 573.

Dickens Topography.

Of the topography of Dicken
said, much written, and much pu
there seems to be no finality to th
have observed already, Dickens ha
took in everything he saw. Havi
his mind's eye, his marvellous memo
It is not strange, therefore, that
houses, inns, streets, private roo
scenes which figure in his novels
their prototype in reality. Most
the same manner, but perhaps
Dickens had so many confidenti
great men all of them who survi
have helped in identification an
facts. But time, the ravisher, wi
all traces of association with D
London is concerned. Every new
our thoroughfares destroys somet
connected with Mr. Pickwick
(particularly the old hostelries, of
in London now), Oliver Twist, Di
the Marchioness and of scenes
Boz," "Copperfield," "Dorrit,"

and Jingle started their coach ride to Rochester, and where later Copperfield and his friend Steerforth stayed at one time; one could stroll through the dark arches of the Adelphi, as Dickens did, and then into the Temple to Fountain-court and observe the rooms where Dickens lived and the spot where Ruth Pinch went to meet her lover; one could discover where Pip lodged in Barnard's Inn, and then find oneself in Holborn wondering where Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig once resided. The Kent districts would require much time. One could see the house in which Dickens spent his honeymoon; the house where he lived as a boy in Chatham, and where he died at Gadshill. One could visit the hotel where the Pickwicklans stayed at Rochester, and even the bed room in which Mr. Winkle slept. One could discover the pond on which the Pickwicklans disported themselves when it was frozen that famous winter's day; and if one's imagination be keen enough, one could see Mr. Pickwick sliding; the Leather Bottle, Cobham, could be seen, where Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass inquired "for a gentleman of the name of Tupman." The cricket ground where

Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
"Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."
"*The Fat Boy*" (*Chap. LIV.*) [A]

the historic match took place is not difficult to d
and, if we were so inclined, there is delightful Broadstai
many associations. Dickens lived and wrote there, in th
on the cliff's side, and one of his most charming pieces
English Watering Places") is devoted to it. There
thousand and one places and things to see. There are a t
and one things to write about, had we not come to the en
space. The subject of "Dickens" is gigantic.

B. W

MR. PICKWICK.

[From "Pickwick Characters" (*Bell's Life in London*, 1838). Drawn by KENNY MEADOWS.]

From an Original Drawing in Boz Hall (*Bell's Life*, Sunday, March 25, 1838).

Offspring of Boz's fertile brain,
Whose bright creations never fail,
Enter our gallery with thy train—
Sire of the Pickwick Club, all hail!

Welcome, thou man of Goswell Street,
To warm and kindly feeling true;
And in *Bell's* sporting journal greet
Old friends this day with feature [new?]

Enlarged in form, as thou in heart,
A gallant race well braced to run,
With thee, old boy, we'll make a start,

The Various Editions of Dickens.

Admirers of the great novelist have been well looke
in respect to editions of his works. New ones follow eac
nowadays in an extraordinarily rapid succession, and no s
classics makes its appearance without at least three or
Dickens' works finding places in its list. In the fo
table we give an account of the various collected
which have issued from the press since the original octa
Wherever mention is made of the "original" Illustrat
refers, of course, to those which were done for th
editions. The date given is that of the year the pa
edition was commenced. No Continental or American ed
included.

1847.—The Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo. This was issued i
halfpenny weekly numbers, and green wrappered parts, w
type set in double columns. At the completion of each wor

Executed by R. W. Buss.

Original illustration for the first edition (Part III.) of "The Pickwick Papers" as issued in monthly numbers, May, 1836.

(This is one of the designs described as the Buss "Suppressed Plates," as they were omitted from subsequent issues.)

THE CRICKET MATCH—DINGLEY DELL AGAINST ALL MUGGLETON (Chap. VII.)

N.B.—The design by "Phiz," Mr. Wardle and his friends under the influence of the salmon, was substituted for this plate in the collected edition. [A]

issued with the original illustrations, but minus the vignettes, and extended to 30 volumes by the addition of the remaining works of the author. The price was 7s. 6d. per volume, but was afterwards raised to 8s. (Chapman and Hall.)

1895.—The People's Edition. Crown 8vo. This edition was a reissue of the "Cheap" Edition above, in green paper boards, at 2s. each, with a picture on the cover, in 25 volumes. (Chapman and Hall.)

1867.—The Charles Dickens Edition. Crown 8vo. This is the well-known red-cloth edition which contained the autograph of Charles Dickens on the cover. Each book was illustrated with eight pictures chosen from the originals and the whole of the series was revised and amended by the author. The edition was complete in 21 volumes, at 3s. and 3s. 6d., but in the early eighties the prices were raised sixpence a volume. As this edition was the one revised by the author shortly before his death, it has been the standard edition from which all subsequent ones have been printed. (Chapman and Hall.)

1871.—The Household Edition. Crown 4to. This

in cloth at 2s., 2s 6d., and 4s. Sub
prices were raised to 3s., 4s., and 5s.

1873.—The Illustrated Library
This edition occupied 30 green cloth v
Library form and contained all the c
printed from the steel plates and wood
were priced uniformly at 10s. each. (

1878.—The Popular Library Editio
edition was printed from the stereo plat
Edition and contained 16 illustratio
selected from the "Household" Editio
in 30 dark green cloth volumes at 3s. 6
afterwards raised to 4s. each. (Chapm

1880. The Pocket Edition. 16mo.
volumes without illustrations, price 45
green cloth. (Chapman and Hall.)

1880.—The Diamond Edition. 16mo
cloth volumes, printed from an America
illustrated. (Chapman and Hall.)

1881.—The Edition de Luxe. Roya
this edition is indicated by the title
Dickens' works and contained impress
mounted of all the original illustratio
limited to 1,000 numbered sets of 30
buckram, with paper label, issued a
The price was raised on the day of pu
It was dedicated to Queen Victoria. (

1885.—The Cabinet Edition. 16mo.

stereo plates of the "Pocket" Edition, extended to 32 volumes, each containing eight illustrations reproduced from the originals. Bound in half cloth, paper sides, 1s. 6d. a volume.

Subsequently reissued—1896—in scarlet cloth with gilt tops. (Chapman and Hall.)

1889.—The Two-shilling Edition. Crown 8vo. In 21 red cloth volumes with frontispiece only. (Chapman and Hall.)

1890.—The Crown Edition. Large crown 8vo. In 17 maroon cloth volumes containing reproductions of all the original illustrations, 5s. each. (Chapman and Hall.)

1890.—The Pictorial Edition. Royal 8vo. This edition was a reprint of the famous "Household" Edition with the double rules round the page of type omitted. It contained all the illustrations of the "Household" Edition, and was issued in 38 monthly parts (including "Forster's Life"), and 17 red cloth volumes at 3s. 6d. each. (Chapman and Hall.)

1892.—48-volume Edition. Crown 8vo. This edition was imported from America and issued in this country without illustrations. (Chapman and Hall.)

1892.—The Half-crown Edition. Crown 8vo. In 21 blue cloth volumes containing reproductions of all the original illustrations. (Chapman and Hall.)

1896.—The Shilling Edition. Crown 8vo. In 21 crimson cloth volumes with frontispieces. (Chapman and Hall.)

1897.—The Gadshill Edition. Square crown 8vo. This edition is noteworthy as containing several stories and sketches which had not been included in any previous collected edition of Dickens' works. They comprise several stories and sketches which were hidden away in periodicals, and such pieces as "Sunday under Three Heads," "The Mudfog Papers," "Sketches of Young Couples and of Young Gentlemen," &c., which had hitherto only been issued in independent separate form. In addition to the original illustrations it contains entirely new ones by Charles Green, Harry Furniss, Jules Goodman, Maurice Greiffenhagen, and others. To this edition Mr. Andrew Lang contributed an introduction to each book and a general essay on Dickens. The illustrations were printed from an unused duplicate set of plates in the possession of the publishers. It is in 34 scarlet cloth volumes, 6s. each. (Chapman and Hall.)

1899.—The *Daily News* Memorial Edition.—Large crown 8vo. This edition was issued by the proprietors of the *Daily News*, whose first editor was Charles Dickens. It contained, in addition to the complete works, Forster's "Life" and "The Dickens Dictionary," comprising nineteen volumes with all the original illustrations. Issued on the instalment plan, but sold in sets, only £2 cloth, £3 10s. in leather. (The *Daily News*.)

1900.—The Authentic Edition. Square crown 8vo. This edition is in 21 olive green volumes and is as complete in respect of text and illustrations as the "Gadshill" Edition above. The frontispiece to each volume is printed in colours, and the price is 5s. each volume. (Chapman and Hall.)

1901.—The People's Edition. Large crown 8vo. This edition, issued by the Dickens Society, was printed from the same type, comprised the same number of volumes, and contained the same illustrations as the *Daily News* Memorial Edition. Issued on the instalment plan and sold in sets, only £2 cloth, £3 15s. in leather.

1901.—The Oxford India-paper Edition. Foolscap 8vo. This edition is now in course of publication, and is issued jointly by Messrs. Chapman and Hall and Mr. H[illegible]

still copyright, Messrs. Chapman and Hall are t[illegible] publishers who can issue complete editions of his [illegible] But there are various editions of the non-copyright [illegible] notably:—

Macmillan's Threepenny Edition, crown 8vo. [illegible] Charles Dickens the younger contributed bibliographic[illegible] ductions to some of these volumes, which contain also repro[illegible] printed with the text of the original illustrations. (M[illegible] and Co.)

The Temple Edition. Foolscap 8vo. The works in th[illegible] occupy as a rule three volumes and contain frontisp[illegible] modern artists, each volume costing 1s. 6d. net in cloth, [illegible] in leather. (Dent and Co.)

The New Century Edition. Foolscap 8vo.—Printed [illegible] paper and containing a frontispiece by a modern artis[illegible] 2s., leather 2s. 6d. and 3s. (Nelson and Sons.)

The Rochester Edition. Crown 8vo.—The works [illegible] edition are chiefly in two volumes, and contain an intro[illegible] by George Gissing and topographical pictures and m[illegible] latter by F. G. Kitton. They are published at 3s. [illegible] volume. (Methuen and Co.)

The Imperial Edition, with new illustrations by [illegible] artists and including a literary character study by [illegible] Gissing, illustrated by F. G. Kitton. (Gresham Pu[illegible] Company.)

In addition to these, many cheaper and more inc[illegible] editions have been issued, and there are at least two [illegible] being prepared in America—one from Mr. Sproul, m[illegible] recently in our columns, and one from Messrs. Ho[illegible] Mifflin, and Co. If there still remains a taste unsatisfied [illegible] doubt not it will be satisfied some day.

THE DRAMA.

THE LIMITATION OF DRAMATIC THEMES (continued).

I read Mr. Fyfe's letter in reply to my previous article with something very like despair. He had misapprehended the point at issue and contradicted himself with so blithe an unconsciousness, misrepresented me with a shamelessness so childlike and bland, and reiterated his old fallacies with a dogmatism so pontifical, that I felt inclined to let him go as an incurable case. This kind, I felt, cometh not out but by prayer and fasting. But the truth is that the matter in dispute is too serious to be dropped merely because Mr. Fyfe does not understand the A B C of it. For it is a matter affecting the future of our drama, which will assuredly cease to be drama if it ceases to mind its own business. Has the drama a business of its own, which limits its stock-in-trade—that is to say, its choice of themes? I say it has; Mr. Fyfe, on the contrary, says it is a Universal Provider, unlimited in choice of themes. I return to these questions, then, because of their intrinsic importance and not, as I say, with any hope of converting the incorrigible Mr. Fyfe.

He himself is evidently aware of their importance, for he calls my treatment of them "amusing" and even "flippant." That is to say, conscious of the weakness of his case, he abuses the plaintiff's attorney by representing him as a *farceur* in a discussion which ought to be serious. This stale controversial device from a professed champion of "novelty" is somewhat unexpected. Now, I am not fond of the "You're another" retort, which belongs to the Fifth Form stage of mental development, but when my adversary tries to score a point by crying "Oh, Mr. Porter, what a funny man you are!" I must answer him in his own schoolboy fashion. And so I say that the "flippancy" is on his side, when he apostrophizes me with

"Oh, Mr. Walkley, M.A. Oxon.!"—

a line manifestly inspired by Coleridge's burlesque invocation quoted in my previous article,

"Inoculation! Heavenly Maid!"

By the way, it will probably matter little to him to know that he has made an error in a capital letter, for a man who can repeat fallacies with his cheery confidence would evidently undertake command of the Channel Fleet at a moment's notice, so that he may well make nothing of repairing a little oversight on the part of a mere University. But of course his "flippancy" is only a red herring. I meet him quite seriously, with facts and arguments. Let us examine what he has seriously to say in reply.

It will at once be seen that Mr. Fyfe belongs to that distressing class of reasoners who, starting with an undeniable truth, proceed to state a falsehood as though it were an amplification, instead of a contradiction, of that truth. He does this in his letter twice over, and I am going to number the cases—he shall not accuse me of "frivolity" this time!—and nail each to the counter in order.

(1.) He likens me, at the play, to an "intellectual policeman." I am "there to see that dramatic law and order are preserved." Well, there he pays me—to be sure, without intending it—a great compliment, for he testifies to my due performance of my proper duty. Critics *are* the "policemen" of the arts. They *are* "there" to preserve artistic "law and order." But mark how Mr. Fyfe proceeds to amplify this statement. "The proprieties sanctioned by custom must be observed. Innovations call forth indignant protest. . . . Does a playwright step outside the province which convention assigns to him, he is told firmly that this must not occur again." Mr. Fyfe, you see, has slyly expanded "dramatic law" into "custom" [illegible]

—the law that the dramatist is limited in hi by the conditions of his medium. That is not it of "custom" or "convention." It is not that prevents a painter from painting the swe It is not a "custom" that allows a sculptor in certain subjects of aerial flight and poise w the sculptor in marble. It is not a "convent the clash of wills, say, a peculiarly " ject, and the gradual progress of the essness a subject peculiar to the no "custom" which banishes scenes of mere from the playhouse, or subjects of "stable equ the course of true love always running smooth happiness of any sort. No, all these things a "law," the law which limits the artist's choic peculiar conditions of his artistic medium.

(2.) Mr. Fyfe offers us an explanation o ment that "the whole of nature is open to th "What does 'choice' mean," he asks, "s good artist is he who knows *what materials* the bad artist he who knows not?" The ita very important they are, for the phrase me whole show away. I might lay down my pen *my* case." For it is an admission that certa for the artist to use and certain others a words, the dramatist's choice of themes is are subjects "unsuitable for dramatic treatme suppose that Mr. Fyfe sees that he has in si his position and come right over to mine? N proceeds once more to apply his familiar meth disguised as amplification. "Selection and tr the secrets of the artist's calling; upon thes depend. *He may seek his subject where he* choose according to the number of his ta deal with his material as to make it intere recollect that Art is the presentation of pass the object of arousing emotion." So that depends solely upon the artist's talent an ditioned by the nature of his medium! An told, a moment before, that, within the l good artist, "certain materials are fit to us fit to use! Could there be a more hopeless c self-contradiction?

This is the pass to which all controve come when they start incautiously, like sweeping proposition. Certain obvious except out which destroy their case, they are drive with false reasoning. But I leave Mr. Fyfe. "fallen out of sympathy with the stream of te He calls me a "tired reformer." Well, he i Certain so-called "reformers" do make m American sense; because I very much do really know what they are driving at, beca see drama "reformed" into something whic call that abolition, not reform; ending, not the "stream of tendency" is in that dire against the stream with such strength as I ca is it in that direction? I think not. I do not demand among intelligent playgoers for an for a drama that shall take over business materials unfit for its use. And in particular sion grew out of my comment on an episo thumping in Björnson's play! I do not thi playgoer (except Mr. Fyfe) will demand that Mr. John Morley's words, "imitate the meth type of histronic failure, the church pulpit."

A last word (for the present) about th drama, its limitations of subject; and it sha but Lessing's. "It is not sufficient for the ar duce an effect upon us; the effect must be work, by reason of the species to which it b You don't sink mines in order to blow up away, or light a faggot to burn a fly. Wha voting yourself to the painful labour of the dr

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE FAMOUS "BLUE" SCHOOL.

ANNALS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. By E. H. PEARCE, M.A. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

In view of the removal of the famous "Blue" School to Horsham and the appointment just announced of a new Headmaster, Mr. A. W. Upcott, Mr. Pearce's volume comes with a special appropriateness. A former "Grecian" and assistant master at Christ's Hospital, and now the vicar of Christ Church, a church at which the "Blues" have for the last quarter of a century formed a very large proportion of the congregation, Mr. Pearce is peculiarly well qualified to write such a history. Owing to the allegiance of Charles Lamb, Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt, Christ's Hospital is unusually blessed among public schools with literary associations. Mr. Pearce has not aimed at presenting a *rechauffé* of literary allusions, or compiling a series of notices of famous old boys. That has been done before. He has broken new ground in constructing a continuous record from "the voluminous and carefully preserved minutes of the Courts and Committees, whose benevolent work has never ceased since the foundation." A strange difficulty has offered itself, however, in the construction of this record. "The annals of Christ's Hospital cannot be arranged in periods christened with the names of successive Headmasters." The gradual evolution of the Headmaster has only been witnessed by the last half-century; it was begun by "the impetuosity of Dr. Jacob," it was developed by "the natural aptitude of the present Master of Marlborough," while the Headmaster's assured position to-day is the result of "the cool judgment and long experience of the Rev. Richard Lee." The Rev. G. C. Bell, so we are assured by Mr. Pearce, "was the first Headmaster who, when he visited a colleague's class-room, ran no danger of being bowed out or even less ceremoniously disposed of." It might have been possible to group the annals in periods by taking for chronological units the committees, or the Councils of Almoners, in whose hands have rested the smallest details that regard the fortunes of the Hospital, only these "bodies will not serve for chapter-headings, as they never died."

Christ's Hospital entered into the labours of the Grey Friars, who came to England flushed with the apostolic zeal of their founder, St. Francis of Assisi, and finding the neighbourhood of Cornhill too salubrious for their self-denying energy were delighted to acquire a property in Stynkyng Lane, and in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles, the very names of which must have made the mouths of the Franciscians water with the possibilities of sickness and smells. When the property of the order was sequestrated, part of it was re-granted, with that vicarious generosity which was so marked a feature of the Tudor character, for the purposes of a Hospital. What Henry VIII. conceded for one purpose, his son confirmed for another. Christ's Hospital was established as a foundling and a scholastic establishment. The Christ's Hospital of to-day "has one medical officer and thirty masters," but in 1553 there were two surgeons as well as a not inadequate staff of masters. The Court Book shows that the Governors were willing to give all manner of medical assistance. In 1559 a boy "being almost blynde, at the sute of his mother was admitted." Another, "being lame on one legge, was admitted for surgerye." There is some excuse

same lines as the Tudors. He claimed to rank as a b because he granted to the Hospital a sum of money whi reality part of the legacy of a former Governor, one Aldworth, invested in what might be described at that "Government insecurities." But the Court conveyed deep impression on the course of "Hospital" develo because it originated that Mathematical School which up so wide a sphere of activity for old "Blues." The "mats" were intended to feed the Royal Navy and the Me Marine. They not only did that, but they supplied the Guinea Company, the African Company, and, on a liberal scale, to the East India Company, while a lette served in the Governors' archives from "Stephen G Richard Grice, the two Mathematicall boyes, that we sent into the Czar of Muscovy's service, giving an ac their safe arrivall at Archangell and of their being migh used there by Mr. Woolfe."

Mr. Pearce has done full justice to Christ's Hospit possessor of "a richer store of quaint ceremonies th Public Schools." He writes of the dress of the "B "Blew-coate, Yellow-coate, Shirt, Shoes, Stocking Girdle, and Badge," with some curious research original pattern and eventual disappearance of the "Hally-Blags," which took their rise in a donation to to at least sixty children, after attendance at the Chur Saints in Lumber Street, of "a penny apiece and raisins," of the Public Suppers, of St. Matthew's Day, a Public Lotteries, at which some of the boys were assist in the drawings. The idiosyncrasies of an essenti school are dwelt upon. One of these idiosyncrasies "when the bell rings," the masters "are not only but, the sooner they are off the premises, the higher reputation stand." Another caused the Governors much from the imperfect aspirations to celibacy which were headles, nurses, and the tradesfolk who occupied t under the Writing School, and were to be "single p neere as may be." Mr. Pearce's memorials of the "w cloisters pale" may justly take rank with Mr. Sa "Annals of Westminster" and Mr. Fisher's "A Shrewsbury."

THE UNITY OF ITALY.

THE ROMAN THEOCRACY AND THE REPUBLIC, 1846-1849. JOHNSTON. (Macmillan. 10s. n.)

The struggle for the unity of Italy, which attracted sympathy in England half a century ago, is now pe enough off for the historian to form a just estimate of t course of the movement, and of the character of the actors. Mr. Johnston has taken as his subject what is episode in that movement—the disastrous opening year Pius IX. But the lessons which those years tang Italian patriots who were striving to free their country stranger were of the utmost significance. And it is merit of this volume that these lessons are clearly brou to the reader, as they doubtless were to those who were in the fray. In all such movements the ground is str chimerical projects, which have to be cleared away after fruitless experiment, before much progress can At the beginning of the struggle two such schemes h influence in Italy. One was that of the priest Giob dreamed of a league of Italian States for the expuls

contingency had arrived. The Pope appointed a Ministry, in which the laity were preponderated; and in 1848 he granted a Constitution, which was to include a popular assembly. For a time, too, it seemed as if he favoured a coalition with Sardinia for the expulsion of the Austrians from Lombardy. But when in March, 1848 the decisive moment arrived, and Sardinia declared war against "the foreigner," the Pope, after some hesitation, abandoned the national cause. The "Supreme Head" of Catholicism could not bring himself to join in a warlike combination against a Catholic State; and his desertion, when it was followed by the inglorious campaign of Custozza, left much bitterness behind. It is not pretended that the small forces of the Pope, if they had been freely, instead of involuntarily, employed in the work of liberation, would have sufficed to turn the scale; it was his moral support that was all-important, and this, under the influence of his retrograde advisers, was resolutely withheld. The utter failure of Gioberti's scheme, just at the moment when it seemed to be succeeding, brought Mazzini and his party to the front; the Pope's Minister was murdered and his Government overthrown; and the disillusioned Pontiff had to seek refuge at Gaeta. But the six months' Republic, in which Mazzini was virtually dictator, had from the first no chance of success. The sovereignty of the Pope at Rome, like that of the "Sick Man" at Constantinople, seemed necessary to lull the mutual jealousy of the European Powers; and Pius was reinstated by the arms of France and under her protection. Here Mr. Johnston's history closes; and the fulness and impartiality of his narrative make it superfluous for him to point a moral.

To one trifling the main blemish in a most interesting book, which is based upon a careful comparison of authorities, lies in its peculiar title. The originator of the term "Theocracy" was Josephus, who invented it to describe the Jewish commonwealth under the Law of Moses. Strictly speaking, it applies only to that commonwealth before the time of the Kings, when the people had no visible ruler; but in a sense it can be used of the later period in so far as the Kings were forced to obey the accredited messengers of the Most High. And without much impropriety it may be applied to the empire which Hildebrand and Popes of his class aspired to exercise over the whole European society; because, selfish as their aims may appear in practice, yet in theory the authority which they claimed for the Church over all civil States was supposed to derive directly from God. But to speak, as Mr. Johnston does, of "the Roman Theocracy" (meaning thereby merely the rule of the Pope and his clerical advisers over the States of the Church) appears to us a misuse of the term, which has no good authority in English, though French examples might perhaps be quoted. We do not think that the Popes have ever based their claim to the civil rule of Rome upon their supposed position as God's vicegerents. The term "Pontifical Government" would seem to meet Mr. Johnston's needs; and we are glad to note that the "Century Dictionary" lends no countenance to this restricted use of a word, which has its own proper meaning and a most instructive history.

FICTION.

Mr. Seton Merriman.

"Drawing-room melodrama" usually describes the work of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman. It certainly describes THE VELVET GLOVE (Smith, Elder, 6s.). The scene is laid in Spain, and the [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] ances are not always very clear. The whole s[illegible] rather like the chorus of the conspirators i[illegible] Madame Angot." But, as it is well constructed a[illegible] the people for whom it is intended will not mind [illegible] read it with pleasure, though not, if we may a[illegible] Mill's view that pleasures can be qualitatively di[illegible] pleasure of the highest sort. It confirmed u[illegible] which we have long held. The first is that Mr. [illegible] is decidedly the best of the novelists whom it [illegible] take seriously; the second that our theatrical [illegible] chance in not producing dramatic versions of his [illegible]

Winchester and Cambridge.

CHRISTOPHER DEANE (Elkin Mathews, 6s.) is [illegible] first work of fiction by the agreeable essayist o[illegible] Bohemia," Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson. It is [illegible] based on the author's own impressions of [illegible] Cambridge, but without any of the tedium [illegible] associated with autobiography. Mr. Watson ha[illegible] forgotten his "notions" or any other of the am[illegible] school, whether "up to books" or in New E[illegible] ever, have athletics been turned to such good [illegible] Mr. Watson's description of a match between Eton [illegible] challenges comparison with the account of [illegible] M.C.C. match given in "Tom Brown." Deane, [illegible] part in the contest of which his friend Ridley [illegible] author himself) is the anxious spectator. Re[illegible] highest point when Ridley, strolling nervously r[illegible] encounters the cricket professional, Hunter. "[illegible] was too full for words; he turned and spat on th[illegible] simple act was perhaps more eloquent than al[illegible] harangues of the energetic Chapman, the t[illegible] described rowing coach who afterwards exhorts [illegible] from the banks of the Cam. But Mr. Watson' [illegible] athletics. A very pretty comedy of rural life an[illegible] Inn runs through the book. Without the help o[illegible] incident the author impels attention by his geni[illegible] quiet study of familiar characters. Most of [illegible] Mrs. Venables, the querulous wife of a count[illegible] regards "atheism with almost as much horror a[illegible] Clare Venables is an excellent study of a flirt, t[illegible] good-humoured tolerance and insight.

Stevensonian.

Mr. Neil Munro is an author from w[illegible] considerable things, in spite of his subjection [illegible] of the late R. L. Stevenson. He has done [illegible] past, and no doubt he will do still better work i[illegible] THE SHOES OF FORTUNE (Isbister, 6s.) is not alto[illegible] It begins admirably, and we are prepared for [illegible] Sects romance in the Stevensonian manner. [illegible] nephew of Andy Greig gets over to France [illegible] speckle "red shoes of his uncle) the interest of [illegible] a sad eclipse. There are adventures enough, it [illegible] do not wholly convince. Father Hamilton, t[illegible] has a touch of real character, but the other pe[illegible] are not remarkable.

Melancholia of the Southern Cross.

But for the convenience of classification [illegible] whether one should consider MY BRILLIANT CA[illegible] 6s.) to be in the ordinary sense a novel. The [illegible] Franklin," addresses her "dear fellow-Australi[illegible]

> This is not a romance. I have too often f[illegible] life to the tune of hardship to waste time [illegible] gushing over fancies and dreams; neither [illegible] simply a yarn—a *real* yarn.

Her book is crude, overwrought, and often d[illegible] same time, deeply marked with the rare qu[illegible] It deals with the commonplaces as well as the r[illegible] life and the emotions of a passionate woman r[illegible] a young and powerful people. The best critic[illegible] doubtless, its introducer, Mr. Henry Lawson [illegible] "While the Billy Boils," who says of it, "th[illegible]

danseuse, and the smoke of club life and drawing-room gossip all contribute to the atmosphere of a strong story. It is a careful study of a man with rare gifts of persuasion and oratory, but inwardly infirm of purpose. His brilliant qualities make for success in politics, but his weakness allows him to enjoy a too great success in love. Confront this man with two women—one vagrant, goodhearted, but unconventional, the other cultured, romantic, and innocent—and we have the problem. The dialogue is amusing, but the hero is a little too prone to indulge in monologues and unnecessary definitions. There is an old recipe of the St. James's Theatre. Take a well-known word—the more obvious its meaning the better; insert "Ah," repeat the word and define flippantly. Let us not forget the importance of being earnest. Mr. Headlam, whose style is much above the average novelist's, has no need to cast about for these pretty definitions. He describes most amusingly the pangs of a young writer's first attempt, and the laughable attitude taken up by country folk to their prospective M.P. His book contains plenty of perspicuous comment and more than one dramatic scene; and Ted Bowness, the honest, uncompromising young squire, his Aunt Doreas—as forbidding and as good natured as Betsy Trotwood—and Monckton, the club cynic, are distinctly well-drawn characters.

American Stories.

The scene of Mr. R. H. Savage's CAPTAIN LANDON (Ward, Lock, 6s.) is laid in Rome. Otherwise there is nothing to justify the author in describing it as a story of modern Rome. His characters are taken almost without exception from the little colony of Americans, official or pleasure-seeking, the counterpart of which is to be met with in any European capital. The hero is a young officer, who, for reasons that remain mysterious till the last chapter, has left the United States army and drifted into the Consular service. Stationed in Rome, he promptly falls in love with an acquiescent heiress from Philadelphia, and thereby incurs the bitter hostility of a wealthy compatriot, an absurdly exaggerated type of the American millionaire. The rivalry between the two men sets the American colony by the ears, and furnishes the theme of the story. Despite several effective situations, the tale is much inferior in every way to "My Official Wife." All the old peculiarities of style appear again, and the author's habit of sprinkling his pages in season and out of season with scraps of foreign languages seems to be growing upon him. As a master of the art of periphrasis he remains inimitable. Here is the description of his hero's arrival in Rome:—

> The shades of night already invited rest, and the white stars sparkled like diamonds over the dusky ilex shades under the Pincian when the friends counted up all the disjecta membra of their luggage rescued from the Fra Diavolos of the customs and the Robert Macaires of the Universal Brotherhood of Insolent Railway Porters.

MEMORY STREET, by Martha Baker Dunn (Jarrold, 6s.), is an American tale, which, if it occasionally lapses into sentimentality, is saved by the undoubted humour of the heroine, who tells the story in her own person. As a child she is delightful, and spends her church hours in constructing a little personal scheme of the Deity, which, despite its quaintness, her parents are sensible enough to see contains no irreverence. It is an attractive book.

SISTER CARRIE (Heinemann, 1s.) bears upon its back the American eagle with outspread wings, and contains within its green covers a larger assortment of Americanisms than we have seen for a long time in print. Mr. Theodore Dreiser is the author, and he has given us a picture of a young girl who tries to find work in Chicago, but finds instead two young men. The first, Drouet, a "drummer" or commercial traveller, ruins her; but she equalizes matters more or less by most effectually ruining Hurstwood, the second. There is cleverness in the contrasting of the two men's characters, and the gradual descent of Hurstwood from a successful business man to a ragged loafer in the streets of New York is well done. The book is not exactly

strates again his poetic grasp of the elusive but spirit of the South.

Miss Jessie van Zile Belden's ANTONIA (Murray, with a quotation about "Dutch tulips." It then pe dedication

To Holland
Silent—Sturdy—Indomitable—
Who wrested a Nation from the Sea, &c.

and to a "Publisher's Note" about new Amsterd a page or two of historical matter brings us to t preface. When at last we get to the story w fairly entertaining account of life as it may have been world in the seventeenth century, told in a careful, and, as it seems to us, somewhat insincere style.

CIRCUMSTANCE, by S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. and Edinburgh (Macmillan, 6s.), has its scene in A deals with a clever adventuress and the people whose affects. The good women of the story present by no usual insipid contrast. They each have a strong which holds the reader. The flirtatious Kitty is a study. The book is printed on thick, shiny paper whi defect of its quality. It is not heavy to read, but heavy to hold.

BERGEN WORTH (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), by Mr. Wal is a powerful story with a pronounced American fla story opens in Chicago and the denouement take Monte Carlo. But the main incidents occur at t line"—a highway between two towns, most of w swamp in which unwary travellers were engulfed. were rough and given to profanity and pugnaciousne there were one or two delightful people in the b Bergen Worth, the blacksmith, and Nera Delvan, melodramatic story is told with a good deal of origi

THE CONTINENTAL DRAGOON (Ward, Lock, brisk told tale of the American Rebellion. Mrs Philips, a handsome young lady of fiery temperam loyalist, but fate throws her into the company of Har an officer in the Rebel Army. By a stratagem not p honourable he disarms her animosity and in the end is his own petard. Mr. Stephen does not sacrifice facts

In THEY THAT TOOK THE SWORD (John Lan Nathaniel Stephenson takes us to Cincinnati, at the Civil War. Amy Golding is "sweet seventeen" an her cousin, Captain Vincent Kainson of the Federal A she will never marry a man who has worn the "b uniform!" So there is a battle royal in her hea politics and love, and with her warmth of affection intellect she is charmingly portrayed. Some of t battles fought on the Ohio are given with great skill. There is a simple and pretty ending to this thri

How, exactly, can one describe reminiscences re the form of short stories? The facts of Marion Harla COUNTY (Putnam's Sons, 6s.) are vouched for, yet over t tion hovers a novelist's imagination. However th described, these garnered memories of old Virgini very agreeable reading. For a really absorbing, unex unexplainable ghost-story we recommend "The Lethe But the tales are mostly simple sketches of the Vir of half a century ago, with its culture and its Pur liberal hospitality, its paternal attitude towards colo so well illustrated in "Marthy," the most pathet stories. By a happy thought the stories are illustrated lent photographs of the actual scenes of the book.

LORDS OF THE NORTH, by A. C. Laut (Heine another specimen of the capital little "dollar American fiction." The series will give this count idea of home-grown American novels than it will eve the writers who cater as much for the English p their own. The present book is a little difficult to g it repays the reader who perseveres with its vivid pic great rivalry of the Hudson's Bay Company and the N Every page in it is stirring, and it persuades one th

LIBRARY NOTES.

A year ago the University library at Aberdeen was opened to the public subject to the payment of a small fee. Full advantage, it was thought, would be taken of this privilege, but it now appears that only twenty-four readers have availed themselves of it. Shall we take this as a recondite compliment to the public library? It may be that Aberdonians are so well satisfied with the knowledge obtained for one penny in the pound that with proverbial canniness they decline to pay five shillings for further enlightenment. However, the experiment is to be continued for another year in the hope of some better result.

The youngest organized body of library workers—the Northern Counties Library Association—has issued its first annual report. The number of libraries or societies represented is thirty-seven, and during the year successful meetings were held at various centres.

The Kensington Borough Council have accepted an offer by the committee of Leighton-house for the transfer to the public of the building and its valuable art collection. This step of the Kensington Council is an advance towards the day when library, art gallery, and museum shall everywhere be formed into a triune academy.

The reports of the Cardiff public libraries are usually of interest, and the thirty-ninth, just issued, is no exception to the rule. The books in the libraries number over 95,000, and the new branch lending libraries have not caused a decrease in the issues from the central institution. The circulation of 450,000 divides roughly into—fiction 105,000, juvenile literature 200,000, and other classes (non-fiction) 145,000. The acquisition of the Scott collection of Welsh manuscripts and books we noticed at the time. The efforts at Cardiff for a closer union between library and school have resulted in school libraries, comprising 9,000 volumes, under the direct control of the teachers, supervised by the librarian. We believe that the system is more complete than any even in America. It includes visits of scholars to the reference libraries and the grant of a borrower's ticket upon leaving school.

An article on early magazines in Victoria is continued in the third issue of "The Library Record of Australia." Nearly all these periodicals came to a premature end. A pregnant commentary is supplied by an editorial note complaining of the failure of librarians in Australia to support their association, and, through that, their journal. We trust that precedent will not be followed out too far, and that colonial craftsmen will appreciate the use of having some corporate and articulate voice of their own.

Dundee has again been favoured with a munificent gift. Following Mr. Carnegie's offer of £37,000 comes a valuable local collection, comprising paintings, books, pamphlets, coins, and charters, all relating to the town, and comprising some 10,000 items. They were gathered together by Mr. A. C. Lamb during thirty years, but upon his death were acquired and presented by Mr. Edward Cox, son of the first chairman of the public library committee.

Those invaluable friends of the forgetful, Messrs. Charles Straker, send us their varied series of "Pettitt's Diaries" for the new year—the large "Folio Diary" (1s. 6d.), the small "Octavo" (1s.), and the "Narrow Foolscap Diary" (1s.), each with three days on one page, and the "Quarto Diary" (1s.), each page taking the entries of a week. These are, as usual, supplemented with almanacs and a wilderness of informing tables—including the New Companies Act—and interleaved with blotting paper. For the richer diarist there are more sumptuous editions of the "Octavo Diary," increasing to 3s. 6d., and of the "Folio Diary," devoting a whole page to one day, and swelling to 3s. 6d. "Blackwood's Three Days Diary" (3s.) is a quarto

Correspondence

"SHAMELA."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In her valuable study of Richards September last year, Miss Clara L. Thomson c I believe for the first time in print—to the ne from his letters to which your correspond Thomson also pointed out, as supporting her Fielding wrote "Shamela," that "Mr. B." is in the pamphlet (which preceded "Joseph "Mr. Booby." There is other evidence believed Fielding to have written "Shamel also other internal evidence in support of ship. Still, Richardson's hostility to Fieldi rate and so unreasoning that I should hes "Shamela" as Fielding's "famous parody" firmatory testimony from the other side. S testimony, at present, I have failed to find. I question is, of necessity, discussed in my forth Richardson in the "Men of Letters" Series.

Faithfully yours,

AUST

75, Eaton-rise, Ealing, W., Dec. 16.

THE GOSPEL RIOTS AT AT

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Rouse replies more courteou fairly to the Greeks. He evidently knows t muleteers of Greece better than its very large and in his sympathy for the rougher elements (my northern blood leads me fully to share) real representatives of the nation. The passag from the *Acropolis* is in the stilted style of journ often enough in English leading articles; but it w understood in every part of the Hellenic world spent last spring in the remotest district days' ride from a town or port of any conseque near which I was encamped, has never seen head man and its schoolmaster wear the nat with the poorest hinds. It suffered a great stay, and, on behalf of the Cretan Fund, I offe This is in part how it expressed itself in ackno

Εὔχεται προσέτι ὅπως ὁ Πανάγαθος Θεὸς σκέπῃ τὴν κραταιὰν Αὐτοῦ προστασίαν τὸ Εὐγενέστατον τὰ φιλελληνικὰ αἰσθήματα ἀείποτε ἐπεδείξαντα ἀλη τὴν σκληρῶς δοκιμαθεῖσαν Πατρίδα μας.

Now this was written, of course, by a Demarch, the schoolmaster, and the priest; take to say that, when read to the company in house, before being sent to me, it was perfectl by every one present. The villagers do not co and stately words, but neither do I, nor does an write.

It really seems worse than futile to att this matter. If ever a nation has a right to itself it has absolute right to determine its langu have chosen, not in Athens only, but in the Epirus, and on the isles and coasts of Asia, to dis suitable for their common literary language,

"'VARSITY JOURNALISM."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Although 'Varsity journalism is not a subject of very much importance, it is a pity it should be treated by anonymous Oxonians writing in amazing English and with considerable inaccuracy. As one of the founders and editors of the *X*, I should like to protest against the suggestion that either the staff or the staff's opinions suffered much change during its career. Of the four original editors, one resigned after the second number; of the other three, two continued to edit the periodical till its death; the third, while resigning his editorial duties a year before the demise, always kept up a fairly close connexion with the paper. The vacant place caused by the resignation of one of the founders was immediately filled by two gentlemen, who remained on the staff till within a year of the burial of the *X*; and it was certainly under the government of this Ministry of all the talents that the *X* flourished most in popularity and finance. Why your contributor should bring against either the *X* or the *Quad* (which was edited, as its title-page could have told him, by the same gentleman from its birth to its untimely and accidental end) the charge of aestheticism is a mystery as obscure to me as the English which he uses to convey his accusation. How any one, who knew anything about 'Varsity journalism could state that the *X* fell into the hands of a clique, when its staff had no addition made to it since the second number, except for its last summer term, when it received the extremely able support of a business-like assistant editor; or how any one with a ghost of the critical faculty could find aestheticism in the *Quad*, I cannot conceive; and if he knows nothing of 'Varsity journalism (as I suspect), and has no critical faculty (as I am certain), why in the name of the 'Varsity did he send you his notes on Undergraduate journalism?

I am yours faithfully,

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

St. John's College, Oxford, December 14, 1901.

P.S. I should just wish to add that of course the *X* has no claim to rank as the "forerunner" of light journalism in Oxford. While the *Isis* is still with us and the *J.C.R.* (with the inimitable H. B.) a fragrant memory, such a claim would be absurd.

Books to look out for at once.

"The Lady Poverty: A Thirteenth-Century Allegory." Translated by Montgomery Carmichael. Murray. 5s.
[See under Notes.]

"Cromwell on Foreign Affairs." By F. W. Payn. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
[See under Notes.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[*Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.*]

ART.

RELIGION IN RECENT ART. By P. T. Forsyth. 9×6¾. 316 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. n.
[These are lectures, not for students of art but others, on Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Watts, Holman Hunt, and Wagner: which attempt to apply the methods of expository preaching to art and music.]

REMBRANDT. By Malcolm Bell. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) 8×5¾. 136 pp. Bell. 5s. n.
[Reduced for this well-known series of handbooks from Mr. Bell's large work on Rembrandt published in 1899.]

ART SALES OF THE YEAR 1901. Ed. by J. Herbert Slater. 9×5¾. 534 pp. Virtue. 30s. n.
[The first volume of an annual issue on the same principle as "Book Prices Current," by the same editor, with extensive notes and

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

FIRST MAKERS OF ENGLAND. By Lady M[illegible]. 7[illegible] Murray. 1s. 6d.
[Studies, for children, of Julius Caesar, Arthur, and [illegible]

THE LAST FORWARD. By S. L. M[illegible]. 7[illegible]×5, 15[illegible] Johnson. 3s. 6d. n.
[A collection of stories of school life.]

IN MEMORY OF W. V. By William C[illegible]. 7[illegible] Dent. 3s. 6d.
[Recollections—partly by Mr. Caton himself in [illegible] memoir, sketches, and poems, partly by a girl [illegible] of [illegible] little daughter, who inspired his charming "W.V." Her

LA FONTAINE'S FABLES. Illustrated by M. B. De M[illegible] 48 pp. S.P.C.K. 6s.
[Adapted for children on a large decorative page [illegible] lightly-coloured Illustrations.]

DRAMA.

THE LIARS. By Henry Arthur Jones. 6¾×4¾. 120 pp. [illegible]millan Co. 2s. 6d.
[Ran at the Criterion from October 6, 1897, till N[illegible]ve[illegible]

THE PARTING and WAITING FOR THE TRAIN. By [illegible] FitzGerald. (Carpet Plays.) 5¼×4¼. 44 pp. Brimley Jo[illegible]
[*The Parting* was produced under Mr. Alexander's [illegible] in 1899, and *Waiting for the Train* at Terry's Theatre in 1[illegible]

JEAN. By H. Tight. 7¾×5. 92 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d.
[The scene is a Swiss monastery where Jean's mo[illegible] where he discovers his father in the person of a Ca[illegible] written in prose.]

EDUCATIONAL.

THE TEACHERS' MANUAL OF COMPOSITION. By [illegible] Vol. I.—Junior Course. 7×4⅞in., 154 pp. Macmillan. [illegible]
[For elementary school masters.]

VIRGIL: GEORGICS I. (Blackwood's Classical Texts.) Sargeaunt. 7×4¾. 76 pp. Blackwood. 1s. 6d.
[Pictures, notes, introduction, and an appendix on th[illegible] lower boys.]

VIRGIL'S AENEID. Book II. Ed. by M. T. Tatham. 7[illegible] Arnold. 1s. 6d.
[As in Book I. the new Oxford text is used, with ext[illegible] vocabulary, and an introduction on Virgil's life and t[illegible] metre, and subject of the Aeneid.]

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY. By R. Abegg and W. Herz. [illegible] H. T. Calvert. 7¼×5, 118 pp. Macmillan. 6s.
[This translation from the German purports to supply [illegible] beginner with a guide based upon modern physical chemist[illegible]

FICTION.

THE NEW AMERICANS. By A. Hodder. 7¾×5. 472 pp. M[illegible]
[A quiet and leisurely tale of American upper class so[illegible]

A PARISH SCANDAL. By Mrs. C. Marshall. 8×5[illegible] Stock. 6s.
[The story of a typical London congregation, of the [illegible] affairs and encounters with his parishioners.]

THE CIGARETTE SMOKER. By C. R. Gr[illegible]. 7¾×5, 15[illegible] 2s. 6d.
[The gradual tragic fate of a slave to cigarette smokin[illegible]

THE ROMANCE OF AN EMERGENCY. By Mrs. G. [illegible] 394 pp. Drane. 6s.
[A novel of quiet country life a generation or two a[illegible] the hero and his family are Quakers.]

HISTORY.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE. By F. Funck-Brentano. [illegible] H. S. Edwards. 8×5¼. 350 pp. Macqueen. 6s.
[A translation of the book based on recently discovers[illegible] which was reviewed by us on August 10.]

YEAR BOOKS OF THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD [illegible] XVIII. Edited by L. O. Pike. 10×6¾. 661 pp. Eyre [illegible] woode.
[Another volume of this important issue under the [illegible] the Master of the Rolls, with full introduction by the Edi[illegible]

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS BY A[illegible] MENDANA IN 1568. 2 Vols. Ed. by Lord Amherst [illegible] and B. Thomson. 9×5¾. 428 pp. The Hakluyt Society. [illegible]
[Second Series, No. VII. Two volumes translate[illegible] original Spanish MSS. Introduction and notes.]

LITERATURE AND BELLES-LETTRES.

NEW GLIMPSES OF POE. By J. A. Harrison. 9×5½, 78pp. The De la More Press.

[Suggested in defence of Poe by a Professor at Virginia University, where a Poe Memorial Association has been started.]

THE TRAGEDY OF SIR FRANCIS BACON. An appeal for further investigation and research. By H. Bayley. 8×5½, 274 pp. Grant Richards. 6s. n.

[Accepts the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare, the cypher, and Queen Elizabeth as the mother of Bacon. The argument is largely founded on the use of Renaissance symbols, in watermarks, &c., in the printing of Bacon's and Shakespeare's books.]

MORAL NERVE AND THE ERROR OF LITERARY VERDICTS. By F. Jessup, F.R.C.S. 7½×5, 141 pp. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. n.

[The author is consulting surgeon to the Queen's Hospital. His thesis is that all human character and activities are explicable only as the result of nerve force, and applies the thesis to typical men and periods of history, showing that the moral verdicts of writers such as Tennyson, Mill, and Carlyle ignore it and are, therefore, erroneous.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

HAZELL'S ANNUAL FOR 1902. Hazell, Watson, and Viney. 5s. 6d. n.

[With a large number of new articles.]

A KALENDAR OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH (1902). 7½×5, 364pp. Burleigh. 1s. 6d.

COUNTY COURT PRACTICE MADE EASY, OR DEBT COLLECTION SIMPLIFIED. By a Solicitor. 7½×5, 152pp. Effingham Wilson.

CLERGY DIRECTORY, 1902. 7½×5, 806 pp. Phillips. 4s. 6d.

[One disappearance annual more.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

INSECT LIFE. By J. H. Fabre. Translated from the French by the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori." Edited by F. Merrifield. 2½×5, 320 pp. Macmillan. 3s.

[Fabre is one of the most famous of insect observers and a graphic and [illegible] writer. Darwin thought very highly of him, though he [illegible]. He here deals mainly with the instinct of Hymenoptera. Many illustrations.]

THE UNDERGROUND WATERING OF PLANTS AND GARDENS. By J. Gray. 7×4, 77 pp. Ward, Lock. 1s.

[A small pamphlet. The author has invented bamboo water spikes to be thrust into the ground, the water to be poured through the spikes so as to moisten the ground beneath the surface.]

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

TYPES OF NAVAL OFFICERS. By A. T. Mahan. 8½×6, 478pp. Sampson Low.

[The period is from 1781 to 1815, and the types are Hawke, Rodney, Howe, Jervis, Saumarez, and Pellew. There is an introductory chapter on the "Conditions of Naval Warfare at the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century."]

ESSAI DE PSYCHOLOGIE MILITAIRE INDIVIDUELLE ET COLLECTIVE. Par Dr. M. Campeano. 7½×5, 214 pp. Paris, Baudoin. 1 f. 2.

[An elementary study of the *moral* of an army from a psychological point of view by an "médecin militaire."]

PHILOSOPHY.

THE ART OF LIFE. By R. De Maulde La Clavière. Translated by G. H. Ely. 7½×5, 342 pp. Sonnenschein. 6s.

[General reflections on various aspects of every-day conduct, partly reprinted from the *Monthly Review*].

THE WORLD AND THE INDIVIDUAL. By Josiah Royce. 8½×5½, 400 pp. The Macmillan Co. 12s. 6d. n.

[Based on the second series of the author's Gifford Lectures (1900) bearing "Nature, Man, and the Moral Order."]

THE CAMBRIDGE PLATONISTS. By E. T. Campagnac. 7½×5½, 252 pp. Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. n.

[This contains—with biographical introduction—extracts from the writings of Benjamin Whichcote, John Smith, and Nathaniel Culverwel. The editor is Assistant Lecturer in Classics at Cardiff.]

POETRY.

SONNETS OF EMPIRE. By Laura Ackroyd. 6½×3½, 63pp. Brimley Johnson. 2s. 6d.

[Sonnets and Lyrics of much merit, many from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, commended in a Preface by Sir Frederick Young.]

POLITICAL.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN. A Study of Twentieth Cent[illegible] L. Aucott. 8½×5½, 375 pp. J. Clarke. 6s.

[Lectures delivered in 1901 before the Lowell I[illegible] and the Brooklyn Institute on the rights of man in [illegible] Society, and the fundamental principles of governm[illegible] reference to the United States.]

COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY OF FOREIGN NA[illegible] Boon. (Methuen's Commercial Series). 7½×5. 1[illegible]

[A companion volume to Mr. Lyde's book in t[illegible] Commercial Geography of the British Empire."]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIO[illegible]

NORTHANGER ABBEY. By Jane Austen. (Th[illegible] 6½×4. 273pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d. n.

[As in the other volumes, there is an Introdu[illegible] Lucas.]

THE FLOWERING OF THE ALMOND TREE. (Poe[illegible] Burke. 8×5½. 153pp. Blackwood. 1s.

A BOOK OF SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTION (Institu[illegible] Blosius. Trans. from the Latin by Bertrand A. W[illegible] 136pp. Art and Book Company.

[First Ed., March, 1900. With Cardinal Vaugh[illegible]

THE COMPANIES ACT, 1900. With Commentaries a[illegible] Simonson. Second Edition. 10×6½, 151 pp. E.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. DOMBEY AND SON. ([illegible] Ed. of Dickens' Works. 7×4½. Chapman and Hal[illegible]

[Two more volumes in this handy little edi[illegible] and printed on fine paper. The volume containi[illegible] also "Reprinted Pieces," "The Lamplighter," [illegible] Dusk," and "Sunday under Three Heads."]

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH. ANNE OF GEI[illegible] Walter Scott. (New Century Library.) 8×4, 5[illegible] 2s. n. each.

LOVE POEMS OF SIR J. SUCKLING. (The [illegible] 5½×3, 120 pp. Lane. 1s. 6d.

[Another of these diminutive and decorative v[illegible]

IN MEMORIAM. By Alfred Tennyson. ISOPE[illegible] George Borrow. (The Red Leather Libra[illegible] 363 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. n. each.

["In Memoriam" has a commentary and [illegible] "Isopel Berners" is edited, with an introduction [illegible] Thomas Seccombe.]

SCOTT'S MARMION. (Blackwood's English Cla[illegible] A. Mackie. 276 pp. Blackwood. 1s. 6d.

[Introduction, notes, and frontispiece portrait.]

THE NEWCOMES. By W. M. Thackeray. 7½×5, [illegible] 3s. 6d.

[With facsimiles of the original wrapper and t[illegible]

HOW WE ESCAPED FROM PRETORIA. By Capt. [illegible] 7½×5, 231 pp. Blackwood. 5s.

[A new edition giving a fuller account of [illegible] Haldane (2nd Batt. Gordon Highlanders). Maps [illegible]

THEOLOGY.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE. B[illegible] D.D. 6½×4½, 138pp. S.P.C.K. 2s.

[The Bishop of Gloucester's charge to th[illegible] Cirencester last October.]

IN HEAVEN'S PORCH. By H. Clement. 7½×3[illegible]

[A religious fancy. Paper bound.]

INNS OF COURT SERMONS. By the Rev. H. C. [illegible] 228pp. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

THE TEACHING OF JESUS. By George B. Steve[illegible] The Macmillan Co. 3s. 6d.

["A text-book for Schools and Bible classes [illegible] private study."]

THE SECOND ADVENT AND PRAYER. By A Pa[illegible] 51 pp. Skeffington. 1s. n.

[A little book founded on four sermons on pra[illegible]

A STUDY OF MODERN ANGLICANISM. By [illegible] 223 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

[A candid examination by a moderate Churchm[illegible] of Anglo-Catholicism.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVE[illegible]

FAMOUS HOUSES OF BATH AND DISTRICT. [illegible] 10½×6½. 214pp. J. and H. F. Meehan. 10s. 6d. n.

[Mr. Meehan's interesting articles in the *Bo*[illegible] Bath and their famous inmates, with admirable [illegible] volume.]

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 219. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1901.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

* * * *

Books to read just published:

"The Mission of Margaret." By Adeline Sergeant. John Long.

"Rural Life in Hampshire." By the Rev. W. W. Capes. Macmillan.

"Luke Delmege." By Father Sheehan. Longmans.

* * * *

A rush of reprints of "The Mill on the Floss" is expected next Spring, when the copyright of the work expires. "I am grateful and yet rather sad to have finished," wrote George Eliot to John Blackwood in sending the last pages of the book on March 22nd, 1860, "sad to think I shall live with my people on the Floss no longer. But it is time I should go and absorb some new life and gather fresh ideas." "'The Mill on the Floss' achieved," she wrote in her journal, "a greater success than I had ever hoped for it. The subscription was 3,000 (the number originally printed was 4,000); and shortly after its appearance, Mudie having demanded a second thousand, Blackwood gave

her £300 for publishing rights in America, and Tauch
£100 for the German Edition. Already several publi
reprints in hand for the coming expiration of copy
withstanding the several new editions of George El
published by Messrs. Blackwood this year. The
reprints, which have sold well, did not prevent nine
lishers from issuing "Adam Bede" as soon as the c
that work expired at the beginning of the year.

* * * *

Herr Lutz, the Stuttgart publisher, writes to us:

"People are great readers in Germany and a gre
matter is printed; nevertheless the output of books, e
novels, is comparatively astonishingly small. We hear
editions of novels in England, France, and in the Un
of America—of editions which often, in a very few
their publication, run to hundreds of thousands. Ther
like this in Germany. Our most celebrated novel
attain in the course of several decades to anything a
varying from 10,000 to 50,000. The largest sale at
novel—Scheffel's 'Ekkehard'—in the course of th
years reached 180,000 copies. Among new novels
authors an edition rarely reaches 10,000 in the co
first and second years.

"But it is not about German publication th
write, but of the sale in Germany of celebrated E
American works in German translations. Their fort
sponds to the very small sale of our own authors. As a
admirer of English literature, I have made an
introduce into Germany by means of the best translati
of the best novels which may rightly claim to be
admired in all cultured lands, and I should like to
result to your readers. I published in 1890 the tr
Barrie's 'Window in Thrums' and have reached in
a sale of 202 copies. Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone' a
1894—sale 825 copies. Miss Corelli's 'Romance of Tw
also appeared in 1894—sale 688. Crawford's 'A
Maker's Romance' appeared in 1893—sale 513 copies.
I published an excellent selection of Mary Wilki
Stories'—sale 417 copies. Miss Howard's 'Queen
in 1889—sale 907. Finally, Hawthorne's famous n
Scarlet Letter,' which appeared in 1897, up to now ha
507. From the financial point of view the result is t
just covered costs with two of the above works; that
have got back the capital spent on them. On most of
has been a loss so far, and at the best I can only h
back my money in the course of a few years. I sha
myself lucky if I make any money on any one of the
reader will agree that the choice I have made of book
lation leaves nothing to be wished for; they are w
in the aggregate are sold in England and America
and which are dear to all friends of literature. We
been wanting in recognition in Germany; several n
appeared which gave them the highest praise. This wa
the case with 'Lorna Doone.' The fine translati

Yet the sale of the German translation of this book is no greater than that of those which have appeared in the Tauchnitz edition.

"It is said that in Germany the finest novels, as well of our own literature as those of foreigners, should be in such a bad way. Good taste, or in other words, literary culture in the land of poets and thinkers is not widely spread. Otherwise it would not be possible for sensational books to have so much larger a sale than good literature."

* * * *

Last week there took place two interesting book sales. The art library of Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, and some volumes from the collection of the late Mr. Samuel Pope, K.C., attracted attention at Christie's; in Wellington-street the final book dispersal of the year comprised 197 lots of old books, many dating from the fifteenth century and most bearing a label printed "Ex Libris Lemnis, S. Olschki Bibliopolae Veneti," knocked down for an aggregate of £1,200. Some of the outstanding items in these sales and in one or two others are given below:—

	£	s.	d.
1. Flemish Horae, on fine white vellum, 22ill., 3¼ by 2¼in.	150	0	0
2. Goldsmith. Vicar of Wakefield, 1st edtn., Salisbury, 1766. 6¼ by 4in., original calf. Inscribed "Mary Ann Williams, 1810." One catch-word missing. Record price, comparing with £94 for a perhaps taller example, May, 1892	126	0	0
3. Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette, 1822-8, 13 vols. Plates	82	0	0
4. Pope. The Rape of the Lock, entirely uncut, 8¼ by 5¼in. 1st edtn., 1714. Record price	50	0	0
5. Dati, Goro. La Sfera. Sec. XV. Florentine MS., on vellum	38	0	0
6. Petrarch. I Trionfi. Venice, 1490. Unmentioned by Hain. Woodcuts. First and final blank leaves lacking	37	10	0
7. Dante. Comedia. Giunta, Venice, 1529. At the Gaisford sale, 1890, this volume made £19	35	10	0
8. Livius. Decades cum Notis. Venice, 1495. Woodcuts	35	10	0
9. Tory, Geoffroy. Champs Fleury. Paris, 1529	29	10	0
10. Fueros de Aragon, 1496. From the first Zaragoza press	27	10	0
11. Westmacott. The English Spy, 1825. Cruikshank illustrations	22	10	0
12. Savonarola. Operetta. Florence, c. 1496. Two outline woodcuts	22	0	0
13. Propert, J. L. Miniature Art, 1887	19	10	0
14. Eliot, George. Romola, 1st edtn., orig. cloth, uncut. "To Mr. Frost Burton, with high regards from George Eliot"	19	0	0
15. Officium. Bologna, 1498. A rare liturgical volume, soiled	14	10	0
16. Oviedo Y Valdas. Historia General de las Indias. Seville, 1535	13	0	0
17. Beckford, W. Hare and Fox Hunting, 1st edtn., 1781. Engravings	13	0	0
18. National Gallery, 3 vols., edited by Sir E. Poynter, 1899. Every picture reproduced. Publ. 6 guineas, price now asked 14 guineas	10	0	0
19. Armstrong, Sir W. Gainsborough, 1898. Plates	7	12	6
20. Westmore, P. Catalogue of Whistler Etchings, 1886; Laboune, Etchings, 1880, with plates. 2 vols.	5	17	6
21. Lister, R. J. Catalogue of Edmund Gosse's library, 1893. One of sixty-four copies	5	0	0
22. Gower, Lord Ronald. Historic Galleries of England, 3 vols., 1881-4	5	0	0
23. Armstrong, Sir W. Reynolds, 1900. A work about whose contents there has been a dispute. Published £5	4	7	6
24. Swinburne. Atalanta in Calydon, first edition	4	4	0
25. Strang, W. The Earth Fiend, large paper, 1892. Proof etchings	4	0	0
26. Williamson, G. C. John Russell, 1894	3	0	0

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

The sunset is not sad: its gold is worn,
Its ruined glories crumble to their do
Beyond, in phalanx behind phalanx, lo
The phantoms of innumerable morn.
The Autumn is not sad: in woods forlorn
Down desolated avenues of gloom
There float the future fragrances, the
Of all the infinite Springs that are not bo

Around the ceaseless perishing of things
The circle of eternal being runs.
We see, when Winter grips the co
A Life more lovely than the life of Spring
A Light diviner than the light of sun
Along the ways that radiate from

ETHEL

* * *

A remarkable example of American bookselli
tion of a poem, which New York critics say shou
Omar shelf," composed by Lee Fairchild, a well
orator, and published by Messrs. Croscup and
York. It is called "The Tippler's Vow," and O
that the vow is one of temperance. It is wo
illustration of American publishing methods. T
limited edition of fourteen impressions on imperi
priced at $500 (£104 3s. 4d.) each with twenty
by Jean Palaeologue in triplicate, one set suitable
1,025 impressions on Holland hand-made paper
numbered, and as the type is broken up no fu
be issued.

Lord Wolseley, we understand, has just
memoirs, which deal not only with his own car
question of civilian control of the War Office.

Among the literary birthdays of next we
those of Carmen Sylva (Dec. 29, 1843), Mr.
(Dec. 29, 1857), Mr. Rudyard Kipling (Dec. 30,
Selous (Dec. 31, 1851).

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, with their
sailed for South Africa on Saturday last.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is about to issue a n
lished letters by Southey. They will probabl
book form.

The Town Council of Cambridge has deci
the University in inviting the British Associati
in 1904.

Several French libraries are adopting the p
the Library of Ste. Geneviève, of permittin
borrowed for a term not exceeding five years
shown by the borrower that their retention is
work he has in hand.

A new statue to Voltaire is going to be erec
near Sceaux by the Society of Aroucists.

A site has been chosen for the late M. Falg
Balzac at the corner of the Rue Balzac and the
land. Balzac died in a house at the other end of
bears his name.

The death is announced from Cologne, at
Heinrich Düntzer, the well-known comment
Schiller, and Herder.

An American counterpart of the Pearson v.
is shortly to come before the courts. The parties
called the *Delineator* and Messrs. Stokes, the
hold the American rights of "The Secret Orcha

"Audrey," by Miss Mary Johnston, the a
Old Dominion" and "By Order of the Compa

because the name of Dr. Smiles recalls to most of us interesting memories of the books we read in the days when we were younger. A man of letters, indeed, in the highest sense of the words, Dr. Smiles never has been and never, so far as we know, has claimed to be. Such importance as he has had and he was at one time a really important writer—depended almost entirely upon what he said and very little upon the way in which he said it. It might be affirmed of him that he was always dull except when he was preaching—a strange inversion of the usual order of things. But he preached so much that a good many people never discovered that he was dull; and his lay sermons had most of the attributes by which the discourses of most popular preachers are distinguished. His range was narrow and his energies were concentrated. He did not want to prove too much, and he did not mind repeating himself, but returned to the charge over and over again, re-establishing his thesis with fresh relays of anecdotes and illustrations. Moreover he was desperately in earnest. The revivalist's desire that his hearers should pass from a state of nature to a state of grace was not more intense than Dr. Smiles' desire that the readers of his books should walk into towns with half-crowns in their pockets, attend to orders with punctuality and despatch, merit a continuance of esteemed favours, become proprietors of great "concerns," subscribe generously to the local charitable institutions, relate the stories of their rise in life over the dinner table, and challenge the community in general to "look at them now." It was difficult to read his recommendations without being inspired with the idea that "push" was a virtue to be ranked with faith, hope, and charity, and that to add field to field was a religious exercise. In the circumstances it is not surprising that his books ran through many editions, that his name became a household word, and he himself the chosen prophet of the religious people who wanted to know how to make the best of both worlds. His position was, indeed, a proud one; and one feels a certain diffidence in estimating the exact value of his books. They have been described as "the most mischievous books ever published" a gross exaggeration. The truth which underlies it is that the ideals of Dr. Smiles are those of the middle-class materialist, and that he has but an imperfect appreciation of ideals which bear no reference to the creation, distribution, and exchange of wealth. Decidedly it is impossible simultaneously to accept the gospel according to Samuel Smiles and the gospel according to Matthew Arnold. Decidedly too, if we had to choose between the two gospels, it is for the gospel according to Matthew Arnold that we should vote. But, though the ultimate ideals conflict, neither of the gospels cover the whole of the ground, and consequently, for the practical purposes of ordinary people, they do not clash to any great extent. What may be described as the junior form work of Dr. Smiles' teaching is sound enough. He teaches energy, zeal, perseverance, attention to detail, and these are all things which should be taught. He also teaches that these qualities are causes that may be relied upon to have effects advantageous to the material interests of their possessor; and that idea also is one which should be well hammered into the heads of the young. The Law of Causation is a most consoling law to meditate upon when one is doing good work and does not quite see how it is going to be rewarded. Up to that point, therefore, Dr. Samuel Smiles has been a very valuable lay preacher. It is more difficult to follow him when he writes as though the successful business man were to be regarded as the noblest work of God. When we find him taking that line,

Literature Portraits.—XXX

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON

Frederic Harrison belongs to a class of men becoming rarer and rarer as the years go on. He i elect ones who can take a large view without becomi and slipshod. He knows both men and books; can liv the past and in the present; is able to enjoy what is is English without a touch of insularity, to imbue him the thought and literature of other countries without contemptuous eye on home products. He is an amateu amateurishness, a scholar, but no pedant. That he ha a deeper mark upon the age is due to the very versati gifts, to the extent of ground over which he has ra most of all, perhaps, to the fact of his having been an in most of the subjects of which he has treated. Th ours; the loss, if there be any and he would be the firs it himself is his own.

To the great public Mr. Harrison is the Positiv the man who fills up with his luminous annual a Newton Hall an interesting column or so in the newspa It is this which he regards as his real mission in life— the gospel of Auguste Comte; the rest are but *pure* this gospel, except in its esoteric developments, is no cerned; it touches and plays upon every human intere cardinal doctrine is the service of humanity. Mr. parts from John Stuart Mill when he exalts individual Matthew Arnold's doctrine of culture is to him without void. He only accepted Comtism very gradually, specifically religious side last; what took him first which most will think the strong side of the sy conception of history as a grand systematic whole. Co pupil of Dr. Arnold, was Frederic Harrison's tutor at W is a pity that men with such a grasp upon history as h H. Bridges and other Positivists like Cotter Morris have left such scanty fruits of their powers.

Mr. Harrison was singularly happy in what he "formative influences." He passed his childhood in village within easy reach of London. He witnes Palace-yard the procession at the coronation of Queen and then first began to conceive what living histo "There, too," he adds, "I first heard the roar crowd." So impressed was he, that half a-century could recall every separate scene of the day like historical pictures. At King's College the curric catholic; he was taught Italian by Mazzini's friend Saffi; he had opportunities of seeing Chartists an debates in Parliament. As a schoolboy he passed thre in France, which country he continued to visit almost for forty years. By the time he was twenty-five he also the principal cities of Germany and Northern I knew something of the language and contemporary histo At Oxford he spent some six years as undergraduat fellow and tutor of Wadham; but though he was awar class by examiners who included Mark Pattison and J congratulates himself that he was never "put through His tutors taught him to read for his mind's sake and "the schools," to use his common sense and not to rep of systems. He read what he enjoyed, and enjoyed

After leaving Oxford Frederic Harrison was called to the Bar and read for some time in the chambers of Sir Henry Maine. He practised in the Chancery Courts for some fourteen years; and afterwards was for eleven years professor of jurisprudence and international law to the Inns of Court. Meanwhile he had been a member of the Commission on Trade Unions in 1867-69, and also acted as secretary to the Commission on the Digest of the Law in the two following years. He had made himself intimately acquainted with social and economical questions by attending congresses both at home and abroad; studying questions, as he says, "on the spot," and by means of personal converse with leaders of all parties and sections. He had talked with Mazzini, Garibaldi, Puerio, and their allies in Italy; with Gambetta and the Socialist leaders in France; and had intimate relations at home with the Rochdale Pioneers and their successors. France and Italy were the dominant influences with him; Germany was, comparatively speaking, neglected, and America, I believe, he never visited till quite recently, though he always commanded a certain amount of attention across the Atlantic. In London he assisted Maurice in teaching at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond-street; he often examined both there and in Oxford. In public life he took up a semi-independent position, but generally acted with the Radicals; he stood as a Home Ruler for London University against Sir John Lubbock in 1886, and he sat for four years as an Alderman on the first County Council. But in "Order and Progress," his first important work, he severely criticized Liberal methods and ideals during the period between the Conservative Reform Bill and the return of Disraeli to power in 1874.

"Order and Progress" is made up of articles contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* under the editorship of Mr. John Morley. Its central thought is the maxim, "Society without a Government is no less impossible than Government without a society," and there is contained in it the first attack on culture. Frederic Harrison caught the ear of a larger public by the collection of essays which took their title from the subject of the first four, "The Choice of Books." The volume includes most of his characteristic notes as a historian and literary critic. Of the other pieces the dialogue on "Culture" seems to find out many of the weak places in Matthew Arnold's armour, but is perhaps based upon the misconception that what he meant by the word was a system of thought and not a temper of mind. Mr. Harrison, who puts Plato at the head of all prose-writers, has a great fondness for the dialogue, and displays no small skill in its management. He uses this form in later works to defend Ruskin against the mere art-critic, and in lighter vein to ridicule the butterfly-like habit, prevalent among the youth of Oxford and elsewhere, of taking little sips from the flowers of literature without any attempt at discrimination or desire for deeper draughts. The defence of the eighteenth century against the diatribes of Carlyle is effective and typical. It also shows the power of detachment of a man, who, strong in his disapproval of the Imperialism typified in Burke's epitaph on Chatham ("who made commerce to flourish by war"), could yet calmly estimate the deeds of Empire-builders like the elder Pitt. The consideration of this century, so great in music, affords him an opportunity of stating his view that music ranks next to poetry as a touchstone of civilization. In this same volume, again, we have in the essay on "Histories of the French Revolution" a penetrating conspectus of a mighty subject. Who that has read Taine's book could better the description of it as a "scintillating mosaic" which gives the

described as Carlyle's conclusions modified by r
worship. It was remarkable for a lucid arrange
little or nothing to historical knowledge. The m
the Silent is a model of this species of work,
exemplified the author's notions as to history
Some six years were devoted to its preparation,
a thousand documents consulted in Holland, Bel
Germany, as well as in London and Paris. In the
entitled "The Meaning of History" he expound
gospel; but he returned to the subject in t
Freeman and Froude which are included in "Ten
Literary Estimates," published several years
most nearly among the moderns attained to hi
lived before the age of sociology. Freeman and
as the two types of the modern historian; an
balance between them with admirable skill. I
Frederic Harrison as a literary critic I must pau
to glance at that fascinating but somewhat perp
"New Calendar of Great Men." The scheme w
it was his English disciples who carried it out
edited the publication but wrote many of the l
as those of Molière, Corneille, Madame de Sévig
Madame Roland among the French; Benvenuto
and several operatic artists among Italians; Vo
poet, to whom he thinks Milton owed the ge
"Paradise Lost"; besides Fielding and Ric
noteworthy of all, however, are his articles o
Palestrina, Gluck, Weber, Handel, and Mozart.

Mr. Harrison's work as a literary critic is c
in the two volumes called "Studies in Early V
ture" and "Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other l
former work is almost entirely taken up with th
contains chapters also on Macaulay and Carlyle.
the general high level of mediocrity which he fin
he considers to be that we have over-trained
most characteristic passage, perhaps, of the earl
in which he talks of this "lady-like age," in wh
it all their own way with their stories of soci
refined waverings of the heart. The social roman
is the true poetic function of women, he assert
vague possibility that an age of colour, movem
may come again "some day we know not how."

Two things are particularly striking in consi
Harrison as a man of letters. One is his regar
style. "We of the older age," he writes, pr
heavy writer like Corneille, who had nobility of t
whose realism carries you away with him, but wh
the core." The other thing is his extraordinarily
comes out in his minute analysis of those harmon
diction which he so greatly admired; and it enabl
not only the defective melodies of Matthew Ar
Eliot, but even to find flaws in the almost perfec

Of his particular verdicts I cannot say m
frequently contain illuminating remarks, such
of a true song, in a criticism of Kingsley—It sho
familiar, musically suggestive of a single tone
nothing more."

Trollope and George Eliot Frederic Harrison
and he heard that rather celebrated discussion be
their respective modes of writing. In George Eli
took a peculiar interest. He read "Felix Hol
advised upon the point of law in fact act

epoch. The severities which the critic has allowed himself towards a poet, for whom he has such a high regard, he justifies, rather ineffectually, on the ground that he has been unduly exalted by indiscreet and uncritical admirers.

I cannot leave Mr. Harrison without a word about his "Annals of an Old Manor House." That charming book is itself a refutation of his disclaimers as to being a man of letters. Sutton Place, Surrey, was leased by the Harrison family in 1874. Here his father, mother, and brother successively lived, and here he passed his leisure hours. The place had memories of old Tudor and Stuart days, and the servant of humanity held it "a sort of social duty to those whom chance has thrown it in their path to preserve such wreckage of old things as the tempest of change has left." In this sentence it seems to me that we have revealed the whole man—Positivist, historian, lover of good literature.

G. LE GRYS NORGATE.

A complete list of Mr. Frederic Harrison's writings is obviously impossible in the space at our disposal. We have limited our bibliography to a selection from the seventy or so items entered in the British Museum catalogue.

Literature.

1886.—"The Choice of Books."(Macmillan.) Seventh impression.
1895.—"Studies in Early Victorian Literature." (Arnold.)
1896.—Introduction to Carlyle's "Past and Present."
1897.—"Louisa Shore's Poems, with an Appreciation by F. Harrison. (Lane.)
1899.—"Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other Literary Estimates." (Macmillan.)
1901.—"The Writings of King Alfred." (Address delivered at Harvard College, March 1901.) (Macmillan, 1901.)

History and Biography.

1862.—"The Meaning of History"—two lectures. Republished with other historical pieces by Messrs. Macmillan in 1894.
1888.—"Oliver Cromwell." (Macmillan.)
1892.—"The New Calendar of Great Men: Biographies of the 558 Worthies of all Ages and Nations in the Positivist Calendar of Auguste Comte." (Macmillan.)
1893.—"Annals of an Old Manor House" (Sutton Place, Guildford). Now in an abridged edition. (Macmillan.)
1896.—"William the Silent." (Macmillan.)
1897.—"The Millenary of King Alfred." (An address delivered at Birmingham.) (Osborne and Son, Birmingham.)
1900.—"Byzantine History in the Early Middle Ages." (The Rede Lecture, 1900.) (Macmillan.)

Politics.

1867.—"Martial Law." Six letters to the *Daily News*. (No. 5 of the Jamaica Papers.) (Published by the Jamaica Committee.)
1868.—"The Political Function of Working Classes."
1875.—"Order and Progress."
1880.—"Martial Law in Kabul." (Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*, with additions.) (Chapman and Hall.)
1882.—"The Crisis in Egypt." (An address forming No. 2 of the Anti-aggression League Pamphlets.)
1886.—"Mr. Gladstone! or Anarchy!" (Pamphlet advocating Home Rule in Ireland.) (National Press Agency.)

Philosophy and Religion.

1878.—"The Soul and the Future Life." (Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century*.)
1879.—"Science and Humanity." (Virtue.)
1885.—The Controversy between Herbert Spencer and Frederic Harrison in the *Nineteenth Century* and *Pall Mall*. (An unauthorized reprint under the title of "The Insuppressible Book," with comments by Gail Hamilton. (Cassino and Co., Boston, U.S.A.)
1886.—"The Positivist Library of Auguste Comte." (Translated

THE IMPORTANCE OF "ADOLPH

A "Personal View"

One is apt to think of Benjamin Constant merely
friend and appanage of Madame de Staël. One is ind
to say that it was in this capacity that he served the
part of his apprenticeship to life. For the rest of his a
ship he loved Madame de Charrière, the Neuchâtel
Madame Talma, Madame Récamier, Madame Constant
and Madame Constant the second. To have loved a
women (with the possible exception of the last two) wa
liberal education. Benjamin Constant, therefore—Co
inconstant as the women of his period called him—h
liberal educations. It cannot, indeed, be said of him t
only books were women's books "since he had also s
Edinburgh, at Oxford, and at certain Belgian and Ger
of learning; but it was indubitably the literal educat
boudoir that qualified him to do the one bit of work
with his name which lives. It is forgotten that he
politics and led the Liberal opposition in the
Louis XVIII. It is forgotten that he was the only du
ever fought a duel in a bath-chair and declared hon
satisfied when the bath-chair was hit. But it is not
that he wrote "Adolphe." The book marks a dist
forward in the history of fiction in France—more esp
those who look to the novel for the criticism of l
editions of it continue to appear with introductions by
as Paul Bourget and Anatole France. And "Adolp
book that Benjamin Constant learnt to write by lovi
and getting tired of them.

This statement is no idle conjecture, but an establi
A few years ago there was published Benjamin
diary—his *Journal Intime*. It is a running comment
love affairs, and the emotions which they caused him,
names and dates. The tone, almost invariably, is that
whose emotions have tired him out and whose inabilit
the emotions which he would like to feel, and
clamorously demanded from him, is an abiding tra
cannot be happy whether in freedom or in chains.
Madame de Staël; he tired of her; he left her; he
her. When she died, he spent a night of mourning in
chamber. Knowing those things—as well as other thi
there is no space to recapitulate—we see clearly how
autobiography there is in "Adolphe." It may not
true of any of his love-stories; but it is partly true of a

As a story, no doubt, "Adolphe" is rather
together. The stage management and even the stage
leave much to be desired. Not only do our modern
know more about these matters than he did. The no
his own time, and of still earlier times, were also bett
men. They knew how to present a story in pictures,
could only relate one. His little narrative is perhaps
a work of fiction than like a statement of a case draw
counsel's opinion. But that does not matter; or at
it does not matter much. Benjamin Constant was do
thing though he did it clumsily. He set the conventi
side, and plucked his own heart out of his breast, and
it. He told the world, in the form of fiction, not wh
observed, or what he had imagined, but what he had
what he had felt at this or that moment of supreme
but what he had felt on the whole, during illusion
disillusion. He was, in short, the pioneer of the
analysis, or rather of analysed experience. It is a s
common *genre* nowadays. The novelists—more partic
young novelists—who are bitten with the passion for s
are like the sands of the sea-shore for multitude. B
Benjamin Constant who set them the example. He w
siècle (as the favourite phrase used to be) at the very
of the century.

It was the most natural thing in the world that
candid, and careful attitude of the novelist towards

always ready to hand. Men were deceivers ever; women had been the victims of their deceptions through the ages.

To have read "Adolphe" when saturated with these conventions must have been like entering a dark room with a guide carrying a lantern; or like hearing a new witness whose unexpected evidence, abounding in "new facts," upsets the calculations of the Court. We have, at once, a new point of view, a new emotional situation, a new psychology. It is seen and shown that a love affair may involve many other tragedies besides that of loving in vain, and that the man who, according to the conventions of fiction, is merely a heartless deceiver may be quite innocent of any guilty intention, and may himself be the principal sufferer from the failure of his emotions to answer to the call upon them.

The story is merely the story of a young man who contracted a *liaison*, and got tired of it, and was then divided between his desire for freedom and his sense of responsibility to his mistress. It ends with her death which brings him no joy in his emancipation, but only self-reproach and sorrow at having first wasted and then lost the precious treasure of a single-hearted love so freely offered. He has squandered his emotional substance in riotous living which he has not even enjoyed. He is an emotional bankrupt, dazed and dumbfoundered by the sense of his inability to begin his emotional life again. So that at least three tragedies, then new to literature, are involved the tragedy of fighting with society, which is strong enough to prevent lovers from attaining happiness by the violation of the rules which it prescribes; the tragedy of trying to love and failing, of fanning a fire that cannot be made to blaze; the tragedy of the sense of futility and wasted effort which comes to the lover whose love has flickered out, and who reflects that he has missed what was, perhaps, his last chance of finding happiness in love.

Benjamin Constant did not invent these tragedies; he lived through them. In fact he lived through them twice—once as the lover of Madame de Charrière, and once as the lover of Madame de Staël. The diary proves it amply. His incapacity to love with the constancy and devotion of a paladin was obviously a very real tragedy to him; that is why his analysis of the situation is so poignantly convincing. One does not suppose, of course, that he was the first man who endured the mental agony of which he writes. He was no more the first than he was the last. Love being, as even the earliest novelists knew, the most intense and absorbing of all kinds of happiness, it seems obvious that no man who had once tasted it would put it away from him deliberately and of malice aforethought; he would be no more likely to do this than deliberately to deafen or blind himself. It seems obvious too that the *cœur sensible*—as they said in those days—must have felt that there was tragedy in ceasing to love no less than in ceasing to be loved, and have suffered further pain from the belief, erroneous though it may have been in many cases, that the extinction of his passion would make a woman miserable for the remainder of her days. But the feeling had not yet been rendered in literature—partly because it was not perceived to be either romantic or dramatic, and partly, one suspects, because those who felt it were ashamed of themselves. In "Adolphe" this aspect of love appears in fiction for the first time; and it was discovered by the new method of critical introspection, by means of which many other "new facts" of the same order have since been brought to light by novelists. In this consists the importance of "Adolphe."

The book made no immediate stir. In a preface to the third edition the author states that even he has ceased to take much interest in it; and its influence did not begin to be very perceptible until after the romantic movement had run its course, and the gaiety of the *esprit Gaulois*, exemplified by Paul de Kock, had flagged. But its hour came. Critics like Paul Bourget, and Anatole France, and Maurice Barrés have recognized in Benjamin Constant the great anticipator of the most "modern" of their contemporaries—those, notably, with whom self-analysis has developed from a habit to a disease. M. Bourget himself obviously owes much to Benjamin Constant's methods. Some other famous French writers have actually retold his story and republished his ideas. Flaubert, for

ABELARD.*

Abelard the lover of Villon's "*très saige Hel*
known than Abelard the founder of medieval
and the *avant-coureur* of rationalism in Theol
with the personality than with the intellectual
this brilliant philosopher that Mr. McCab
Perhaps his familiarity with scholastic logic and
claims the acquaintance of all that scholastic
thirteenth century to the present day have writte
of "Universals"—has induced contempt for the
he was afraid that his exhaustive learning
treatment with the academic taint. Certainl
Abelard's teaching is as sketchy as the least
readers can desire. He even, in his desire
discussion, attributes to Abelard a psychologic
is alien to his exclusively logical outlook. To ill
idea of generalization by the composite pho
guilty of the commonest and worst fault in
philosophy—anachronism. Abelard did n
approaching the controversy between Nominal
how we are able to form a general conception
predicating a general term, we predicate som
a real existence. His solution was only the sol
revived. The Universal has existence, but no
ence. It exists only in the Individual, which alo
In his assumption, however, that the Universal
ence, though not separate existence, in the extern
it is found in the mind, Abelard laid the foundatio
metaphysics. Like the *Naturphilosophie* of Schelli
thought that it held the key to Nature in the a
concepts. Abelard's Aristotelianism is less
moment in philosophical thought than its r
Church is as a religious phenomenon. The
and metaphysics, at their first introduction mo
of heresy, came to be regarded as the test of O
notable phase of the perpetual conflict betw
Faith.

The personality of the great dialecticia
even to-day. Mr. McCabe's preference for the
is excusable. This scion of a noble family
his hereditary rights for the precarious career
who confronted and overthrew, in the happy a
the most subtle and learned doctors of his
charm of his manner and the magic of his
crowds of ardent disciples to follow hi
mazes of that arid sophistry which pas
was a figure worthy himself to fix the w
even if he had not stood out against the
tragic a history. That history has taken
romance of all time.

The enthusiasm of learning had quenched t
in Abelard during the most susceptible years
seemed to have reached the end of his an
"thought himself the first philosopher in
ascetic devotion to study relaxed, and the desi
born in him. He, the famous Master, the su
became the favoured lover of Fulbert's niece,
of Paris ring with songs of their illicit passi
secret could no longer be kept from the un
carried her off in the garb of a nun. Full

afterwards, as he recalled the bitter humiliation. He was thrown into prison by the Abbot of St. Denis, for quoting in jest a passage of Bede which denied the identity of the patron Saint of the Abbey with Dionysius the Areopagite. When he sought refuge from a hateful world in the lonely Abbey of St. Gildas, perched on a granite crag overlooking a dark and angry sea, the unruly monks sought his life with poison and dagger. The last days of his life were made miserable by the polemical zeal of St. Bernard. Even his intercourse with Heloise, whom he had established with her nuns in his oratory of the Paraclete, was probably a source of more pain than comfort to him. The fire of her love terrified him. Her letters, thrilling, under a stiff disguise of formalism and pedantry, with untameable passion, have been the subject of rhetorical imitation from the seventeenth century till now, and the imitators have met with a success that their cold-blooded simulation did not deserve. A selection from the correspondence of the lovers may be read in a new volume of the Temple Classics, which is well edited with biographical and other matter by Miss Honnor Morten.

Mr. McCabe is rather too prone to sneer at the things which belong to the Church which he has left. His attitude to the monastic life is peculiarly misleading. The most bigoted Protestant cannot believe, in the moments of reflection, that the monastic life is alone responsible for the suppression of the joyous side of human nature. Charles Nodier voiced the despair of the generation which had seen its youth made sombre by the storms of the Revolution in the appeal "give us back our monasteries." The monastic life was as often a protest against the inherent unhappiness, as against the inherent sinfulness, of human life. The cloister was perhaps a less offence against the ideal than a loveless marriage. When the religious houses were most thronged, there were more aged mothers left destitute of affection by the selfish marriage of their sons than by their sons' vocation.

Abelard stands for the type of the conflict between Intellect and Faith, and for the type of the unhappy lover. He stands no less for the secular spirit of the Middle Ages. The Heloise idyll is a Troubadour's song clothed with reality. "If the name of wife is holier, the name of mistress is sweeter." Heloise scorned the "compulsion of the marriage vow," she desired to be united "by love alone" to the man who was as a god to her. Abelard is a Gallicized "Clerk Saunders."

And in the shame and suffering of his later days Abelard turned to the consolations of religion, and found them, perhaps, unavailing. If in his youth, before the awakening of his passions, he incurred the censure which the Church ever holds in readiness for innovators in things intellectual, in the last period of his life, when passions had been ruthlessly extirpated, he encountered the persecution which the Church will always extend to those who try to modify her dogma. Alone of all mediæval thinkers

LONDON-BRIDGE AND ITS ASSOCIAT

"Women and bridges always lack mending," wro Middleton in "The Blacke Booke," 1604. If, howeve be made aware of the contemplated outlay of tens of of pounds on the widening of London-bridge, Middle modify his facetious statement that a man could "wit keep London-bridge in reparation every fall than Bridget his wife." Yet the projected outlay on the p City authorities appears to be necessary; for, de construction eastward of the Tower-bridge, an increas tude here pass annually over the Thames.

But, in the hastening life of the twentieth cen few pause for a moment to evoke the past! A bridge ha the river hereabouts for many centuries; Mr. Ro indeed, has produced plausible, if not conclusive, arg support of the theory that the Romans could fare Middlesex to the Surrey side at this point otherwise boat. An old proverb has it that "if London-bridge eyes it would see better." On the other hand, a historic incidents are connected with it. On Londo battle has been waged; it has been a place of tou heads of traitors have been there exposed on spikes gaze; glorious pageants have crossed it; one of beautiful of Elizabethan mansions stood thereon—in

OLD LONDON-BRIDGE, LOOKING WEST.
From an old print drawn in Queen Elizabeth's time, but not published till 1624
[By permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.]

has answered to the pulse-beats of the metropolis onw the eleventh century.

In 1008 was fought the Battle of London-bridge, Olaf, the saintly king of Norway, assisted Ethelred the to defeat the Danes. thirteenth-century Icelandic ch Snorro Sturleson by name, describes how Olaf fast vessels to the piles of London-bridge, and thus drag the structure—an event the memory of which is perpet the name of Tooley-street, a corruption of Olaf or Olav decades thereafter, a mighty whirlwind "from Africa, ing to Florence of Worcester—caused the Thames rapidly that London-bridge was swept away; the

structure, and hundreds of folk were drowned or burned, wedged in between flames from houses on either side. Moreover, a Patent Roll, temp. Edward I., mentions "innumerable people dwelling" on the bridge. The bridge of Peter of Colechurch—which stood some seventy yards east of the present one, in a line with Fish-street-hill—survived in more or less its original form until the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1757-60 the picturesque, if dilapidated and unhealthy old houses were removed, including Nonsuch House, a pile of four storeys, with elaborately carved galleries, cupolas, and turrets. Shakespeare in *Henry IV.*, causes a messenger to announce to the king that "Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge," nor is this by any means the only allusion to it by Elizabethan dramatists. As we have seen, the piles from the first withstood but imperfectly the force of the waters; hence repairs were constantly needed. In Ben Jonson's *Staple of News* Shunfield says—

> He minds
> A courtesy no more than London-bridge
> What arch was mended last.

Alike at flood and ebb-tide it was hazardous for boats, not only because of the narrow passages between the piers, but because at one time corn-mills were permitted to obstruct the openings. One of Ray's proverbs is to the effect that "London-bridge was made for wise men to go over, and fools to go under." There is a quaint passage in "A Chronicle of London," relating to the year 1429:—

> This same yere viij of November the Duke of Norfolk with many a gentilman squyer and yoman, tok his barge at Seynt Marye Overeye, between iiij and v of the belle ayens nyght, and purposed to passe thorugh London brigge, where the forseid barge thorugh mysgovernaunce of steeryng, fill upon the pyles and overwhelryd, the whiche was cause of spyllyng of many a gentilman and othere, the more ruthe was, but as God wolde, the duke hymself and too or iij othere gentylmen seenge that myschief, leped upon the pyles and so were saved thorugh helps of them that weren above the brigge, with castyng down of ropes.

The premature birth of Charles I.'s first son is attributed to the Queen's excitement in shooting the bridge on her return from Greenwich after hearing Mass; and one of Anne Killigrew's poems is entitled "On my Aunt Mrs. A. K. Drown'd under London Bridge in the Queen's Bardge, Anno. 1641." There were those, again, who took advantage of the dangerous passage between the starlings to commit suicide; among them Sir William Temple, Secretary of War, and, in 1737, Eustace Budgell, who left on his desk a slip of paper bearing the words "What Cato and Addison [the poet was a cousin of Addison] approved cannot be wrong." Canning, in his "Loves of the Triangles," alludes to the steersman who

> Shifts the thin oars, the fluttering canvas drops;
> Then with closed eyes, clenched hands, and quick-drawn breath
> Darts at the central arch, nor heeds the gulf beneath.

For long it was held that Peter Paul Rubens, during his visit to London in 1629, was capsized under London-bridge; but a letter from Lord Rochester to Isaac Wake proves that the Flemish painter was not of the company.

According to Walpole, Hans Holbein once lived on London-bridge. "The Father of Lord Treasurer Oxford," says Walpole, "passing over London-bridge, was caught in a shower, and stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, found there a picture of Holbein (who had lived in that house) and his family. He offered the goldsmith £100 for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to show it to some persons. Immediately

facing the Thames, towards the spires and beautiful churches, dominated by old St. Pau Jonson wrote. The southern gate, as shown decorated with a score of human heads on spike fact that in 1305 the head of the Scottish Wallace, was here exposed, and 230 years Thomas More, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochest middle of the eighteenth century Canaletto he left behind several faithful, and not f charming and individual, pictures of the Brid may be seen, too, in works by Samuel Sc swinging signs of tradesmen must have added t appearance of the narrow thoroughfare. Th "Three Bibles," whence in 1660 was issu Merchant, or the Peerless Pearl," and the " where the second edition of "Crocker's Dictio printed. Of many quaint shop bills here is example:—"John Allan at the (Three) Locks Bridge. Sells all sorts of Hair, curled or uncu cauls . . . with all goods made use of by P the lowest prices." There is extant, again, Herbert, who continued the researches of occupier of one of the Bridge houses when thes in the middle of the eighteenth century.

A FORGOTTEN BOOK.

THE "BOTANIC GARDEN" OF DR. ERAS

In the second half of the eighteenth centur Dr. Johnson was still the recognized arbiter of there had sprung up, in his native town of band of singers whose verses made no small st Indeed, these were great days for the poetical lables were in vogue still—the easiest of a respectably—and any gentleman who had cul smooth versification had as good a chance of fin perhaps, even a better) in rhyme as in plain p sadly changed now; and it would surprise us Lord Avebury, for example, were to choose rhymed heroics to expound his views upon ants grown rather intolerant of unnecessary orn sophical writings. If a man has anything of im in these degenerate days—anything important, point of view of science—we should regard hi than a madman if he attempted to gain our ear theories in verse, as one might conceal powe Dr. Erasmus Darwin, happy man! living in an with materialism, found his masterpiece receive tion enough, and paid for by the publisher stands) at the rate of ten shillings a line. I been worse paid, before and since the time physician.

Erasmus Darwin, born of a good Lincol educated at Chesterfield school, graduated at St Cambridge, in 1750, thus adding one more t poets hailing from the mathematical University Dr. Dodd had but just gone down from Cla common with him and the majority of poets in time, Darwin found himself inspired by the dea Prince of Wales, to add his contribution t lamentation called forth by that unhappy e

on intimate terms with him; and he became acquainted with such prominent scientists as Boulton, Watt, and Wedgwood. The Doctor himself had no small share of inventive genius, tending perhaps to rather impracticable directions. He invented an aerial machine, in which he proposed to use wings similar to those of a bird, worked by high pressure steam. Kindred tastes led to a correspondence with R. L. Edgeworth, the father of the famous instructress of our youth, and hence came an introduction to Thomas Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," who was then busied in his long quest for a model wife. He met, and disliked, Johnson. Perhaps these literary acquaintances stimulated his fancy, but he displayed no indecent haste. It was not until 1778 that he bought the few acres near Lichfield, and formed the botanical garden that was to make him famous. Eleven years later, after his second marriage, he published the part which now stands second—"The Loves of the Plants." It was of a piece with his eccentric character to publish the second part first; probably he thought it the better of the two. The first part, "The Economy of Vegetation," did not come out for three years more.

It is to Miss Seward (whom, by the way, Miss Mitford called "a Dr. Darwin in petticoats") that we owe the conception of the "Botanic Garden"; and, indeed, some of the introduction was actually written by her. She wrote a short poem about his little wilderness at Lichfield, which so pleased him that he declared it ought to form the exordium of a great work. The lady gracefully declined to undertake it—"the plan was not strictly proper for a female pen"—but she felt that such a scheme was eminently adapted to his own fancy. Accordingly, after some further polite correspondence, Darwin began his task, opening with the very lines that the lady had sent him. No acknowledgment was made of their source, at which the fair author was justly offended, and a certain coolness sprang up between the two. The doctor had added to his crime by making a few alterations, which were not altogether improvements, in her lines.

The general design of Darwin's poem, as he himself phrased it, was to "inlist Imagination under the banner of Science; and to lead her votaries from the looser analogies, which dress out the imagery of poetry, to the stricter ones which form the ratiocination of philosophy." He embellished his work with numerous notes, which, indeed, were sufficiently necessary to the uninitiated, for his passion for grandiose language was so remarkable that he could never deliver a plain statement in a comprehensible form. Endowed with a good ear for rhythm, and a fertile fancy, he crowded his work with tropes and personifications, and polished his couplets until their smoothness became monotonous. It was his custom, like another celebrated physician, to compose in his carriage, while driving to the houses of his patients, and for that purpose he had contrived a vehicle fitted up with paper, pencils, and books—and also with light refreshments. He had theories about poetry, of which one was that every line should present a finished picture to the reader, and this unfortunate conviction tended, as was only natural, to produce a sadly artificial effect in so long a poem. His lines are overloaded with epithet; they are all cut to the same pattern; and after a time we long for more freedom and less ingenuity. Yet he was undoubtedly an ingenious thinker and a clever versifier. In part he may be said to have anticipated several of the theories subsequently identified with the name of his more celebrated grandson. The "philosophical notes" are filled with curious information. The glorification of the

And to this passage he appends a note predicting the cheapness with which a very powerful gunpowder seem to be manufactured from [illegible] may probably in time be used to move machinery, and [illegible] the use of steam."

He is more fortunate in his prediction about [illegible] His friend Boulton had lately constructed "at [illegible] Birmingham, a most magnificent apparatus for raising [illegible] by an improved steam engine, which he describes at le[illegible] with a noble command of language, thus:—

> Descending screws with pendrous fly-wheels [illegible]
> The tawny plates, the new metallicus round,
> Hard dyes of steel the cupreous circles cramp,
> And with quick fall the massy hammers stamp.
> The Harp, the Lily, and the Lion join,
> And George and Britain guard the sterling coin.
> Soon shall thy arm, *Unconquer'd Steam!* afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
> Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
> The flying-chariot through the fields of air.

When we recollect the date of these lines, published but known to have been written at least ten years [illegible] must be admitted that Darwin displayed no inc[illegible] powers of discernment. On electricity, then but [illegible] touches immediately afterwards, but on this point [illegible] nothing remarkable, except to suggest that rain might [illegible] from the clouds, as Franklin with his kite had d[illegible] lightning. He is prettily descriptive on the beauties o[illegible] experiments in vogue at that date. Here, one might s[illegible] drawing-room experiment *in excelsis*:—

> Or, if on wax some fearless Beauty stand,
> And touch the sparkling rod with graceful hand
> Through her fine limbs the mimic lightnings dart
> And flames innocuous eddy round her heart;
> O'er her fair brow the kindling lustres glare;
> Blue rays diverging from the bristling hair;
> While some fond Youth the kiss ethereal sips,
> And soft fires issue from their meeting lips.

Things of this sort interest our genial philo[illegible] mensely. It is not, at first sight, easy to see what [illegible] steam, or gunpowder, or electricity have with the [illegible] botany and the Linnæan system, but the learned [illegible] sweeps them all into his capacious net, and cannot wit[illegible] pen from the "sympathetic inks made by Zaffre."

I confess to a kindness for "The Loves of the P[illegible] now standing as the second part of the "Botanic Gar[illegible] was burlesqued, I am aware, by Canning and Frere [illegible] "Loves of the Triangles," but surely a parody of such [illegible] magniloquence was unnecessary. The luxuriance of e[illegible] this poem is incomparable; the personification of t[illegible] sublimely ridiculous. "The Linnæan system," wrot[illegible] to Miss Seward, when suggesting the subject for her [illegible] unexplored poetic ground, and a happy subject for th[illegible] It affords fine scope for poetic landscape; it sugge[illegible] morphoses of the Ovidian kind, though reversed. O[illegible] men and women into flowers, plants, and trees. You s[illegible] flowers, plants, and trees into men and women." [illegible] correspondent modestly refused the task, it may be [illegible] what gusto Darwin carried out his Ovidian ideas. I may [illegible] that the fair damsel of this passage is a species of [illegible] (*Anglicè* sea-weed):—

> Night's tinsel beams on smooth Lock Lomond d[illegible]
> Impatient *LEGA* views the bright expanse:—
> In vain her eyes the passing floods explore,
> Wave after wave rolls freightless to the shore.
> —Now dim amid the distant foam she spies
> A rising crest:—"'tis he!" 'tis he!" she cries.

THE LIFE OF THE SAILS.

" La Vie des Voiles."

(From the French of Dr. F. T. Marinetti.)

Our readers will, we think, be interested in the following attempt to render into English verse a poem by one of the most noticeable of the younger French poets. Dr. F. T. Marinetti, though of Italian parentage—he was born in 1878—and at one time secretary, at Milan, of the Franco-Italian review *L'Anthologie Revue*, has identified himself with French thought and expression, particularly as regards the *vers-libriste* or *Symboliste* school, to which he has brought his pronounced individuality in poetic style. Most of his lyrics have appeared in *La Revue Blanche*, *La Vogue*, and other Parisian journals, and two years ago his "Les Deux Marins" was selected by MM. Catulle Mendès and Gustave Kahn for recitation at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. The translation of the fine poem "La Vie des Voiles," which we print with the author's permission, has been made by Mr. F. G. Bowles, whose poetical work will be known to many of our readers, and who is engaged in the work of presenting the production of other contemporary French poets to the English public in a similar way.

I love the sighing melancholy life
Of the Sails, the beautiful Sails. They rise
Cold and timid at day-break, and shake off
Between the mists, the damp and golden dust,
The wonderful starry gems of the night.
They rise humbly, like young servants, silent
And diligent, moving softly at morn;
Then they depart into the curling blue,
Love and Tragedy beckoning afar
Under the reeling sky of cloud and gleam.
Heedless are they of what the morrow brings,
Careless of all th' encircling wings of birds,
And with no envy of the tow'ring ships
Whose tall ambitious masts, full rigged and set,
Loom into sight, stand stricken by the sun,
Then pass transformed, like white cathedrals built
On all the flowing splendour of the sea.

Amid the summer lightnings of full noon,
(Pale on the far horizon's long low bridge),
The drowsy Sails hang hopeless at the mast,
Or, with the short hoarse rattle of the ropes
Sudden they sink like corpses 'neath the sun
Engulfed within the silent, spacious sea.

Later, when comes the lazy breeze to sigh
Of secrets that are known to it alone,
The trembling Sails awaken and are glad—
They climb into the sweetness of the wind
With playful tosses, shy coquettish ways,
And then, as though o'er-burdened with the heat
They grope with plaints and sighs, uncertain, weak,
And stumble, fall and quiver, till the gust
Shakes ev'ry fold to one expanding sheet,
And drives the boat across the laughing waves
That break in silver and subside in song!

Now glows the humid verdure on the hill—
A precious stone in heaven's exalted blue,
And as for feast prepared the dazzling bay
Lies dreaming in the sun. Cloud upon cloud,
Like sumptuous marble which the Western wind
Has sculptured into spirals, stained with fire,
(Encrusted with the sapphire, set with
Renders again the Heaven's rich mosal
Reflects in trembling fusion all its clou
Its bubbling crucibles of molten stars.

Behold the Sun, a fiery charlot, rolls
Along the distant sands of molten gold,
Like some great car with vintages supe
Which overflow and colour all the tide
The Sails turn from his setting, for the
The strange mirage, the sorcery of ligh
Then Night's foul Shadows leap across
(The dismal brooding spectres of the D
And wildly run before the waves that s
And snap like dogs that once have tast
But ever innocent the Sails speed on,
Their light wings from the conflict swif
Leaving the wrack of cloud and sea bel

It is the solemn hour when darkness fli
Her inky pall above the coffined world,
And Night, a mournful Sexton, slowly
Within the vasty hollows of the deep
His nameless graves beneath the vacan
Tossing the rolling spadefuls of black s
From side to side, the while he mumble
A bitter canticle of Death. Fearful,
The Sails escape from their impending
And tread the unseen pathway of the w
In silent horror, and with suppliant air
Like frail old women who with timid st
In twos and threes keep doleful compan

Amid the pomp of newly risen stars,
With noiseless motion as to Evening pr
The Sails sweep slowly to the harbour-
And pass along the darkenel aisles of
(Their shadowy outlines black against t
Like pious priests, who, robed in pulli
Commune awhile in silence with their
Then in the distance sweetly chime the
Above the tidal voice, the blue waves'
And ring their rosary of silver sound
Athwart the heaving waters of the wor
" To prayers! to prayers! O wanderin
And on the ancient pathway of the sea,
Lapt in deep peace the tired Sails kne
With jibs close-clasped, like hands in f
Then one by one the boats with pensiv
Move to the land, each black and strea
Stretched like a bare and supple arm t
A chaplet luminous with dropping bea
Or wantons playfully with precious sto
Sudden the keels grate softly on the sa
And the rough sailors leap into the sur
Waist-deep they stand within the rolli
And haul the boats upon the shelving
Till the sharp cry of pulley and of yard
Sinks into silence and the sea's sad vo
Alone complains, a weary monotone.

Along the wild horizon's unknown reac
Black months are whistling their derce
And the waves break upon the sullen s
Like clashing swords that giants wield
The sailors pause, appalled, for in thei
Now that the day's long duty is fulfill
Comes the loud rumour of the sea's un
The roar of billow and the raucous sho
Follow them home like hammers madly
Upon the stalwart anvil of the heart.

At last, at dead of night, beneath the
The Sails lie spread on thwart and peb
And breathe their lamentation to the

THE DOVES PRESS.

Since, in 1891, William Morris founded the Kelmscott Press, increased attention has been paid to the production of beautiful books. Fifty-three works in all, notably the great Chaucer, bear the imprint of the Kelmscott; of the many volumes issued by the Vale Press, one of the most eagerly sought is Mrs. Barrett Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," published in 1897 at 6s., whereas last year a copy fetched £9 5s.; again, there is the Essex House Press, conducted on a similar system of limited editions, printed with specially designed type. The Doves Press is the latest comer, with Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, the well-known binder, and Mr. Emery Walker, who was all but a partner in the Kelmscott, at its head. The name of this adventure is of some literary interest. At the Doves Coffee-house, a few yards from the headquarters of the Press, James Thomson was wont to rest when he walked from London to his cottage at Richmond; it was in a room overlooking the river, not now part of the coffee-house, wherein, according to Faulkner, "Winter" was conceived and written; and from the Doves, it is said, the poet took the boat journey to Kew which issued in chill, fever, and death.

The aim of the Doves Press is to produce books whose beauty shall depend upon simplicity. In effect it is a protest against the riot of ornamentation and pseudo-ornamentation which menaces us. William Morris delighted to design initial letters and borders for his books; the Doves Press makes no attempt to follow him. It is impracticable to carry on a tradition so idiosyncratic as that of the Kelmscott; and Messrs. Cobden-Sanderson and Emery Walker desire neither to imitate on the one hand, nor to abandon, because already used by Morris, certain methods of craftsmanship sanctioned by their own taste. Eccentricity, too, is sternly eschewed, and if, as is hoped, the books have character, it is a character attaching to an ensemble where each contributory part is subordinated to the whole. So far, a Roman type only has been designed. It is based on that used by Jensen in Venice for a folio edition of Pliny, issued in 1476. This type is considerably larger and less heavy than the Kelmscott Golden fount; moreover, it is a purer Roman, without that tendency towards Gothic which Morris loved. There is some thickening and thinning of the line, absent alike in the Kelmscott type and in that of Jensen. Scrupulous heed has been paid to spacing. There are no leads between the lines, save at the end of a paragraph, and in order that the page may have as rhythmic an appearance as possible the space between the words is as small as legibility will permit. Book-making is regarded as a vehicle between the author and his audience; and anything, whether it be decoration, insistence on this or that character of type, or what not, which tends to make this vehicle as such less perfect, however beautiful in itself, is deemed a blemish. As to the paper, it is of linen, "laid," and about half the weight of that ordinarily used by Morris—a similar paper is to be found in a Tasso printed by Giunta four centuries ago. The ink, suitable for use only on hand-presses, is the blackest procurable. Like many of the old craftsmen, and like Morris, the Doves Press adopts two pages as the unit of space to fill decoratively. The exact position of the matter on these pages depends upon the length of the lines, the character of the type, whether or not there be paragraphic breaks, and other things. The margins, however, are always considerable; that at the bottom widest, then those at the sides, afterwards that at the top, the inner margins reaching the *minimum*. The bindings are on William Morris, delivered at Kelmscott Hou consists of 27pp. of text printed solid—that is to paragraph breaks—the 300 paper copies of which at 15s. In this booklet red as well as black ink was time used. High as are these issue prices—clearly the Kelmscott "News from Nowhere" would have £15 as against an actual 2 guineas—the "Tacitus" £4 12s. at auction; "The Ideal Book" has chang about £1; and the last of the issues cannot be pro three or four times its initial cost. It will be intere whether or not these are permanent valuations.

Two important works are in progress at the Doves first is Milton's "Paradise Lost," each of whose two to have a rubricated initial. The second is a folio ed by 9in., of the Authorized Version of the Bible. will be in five parts, and it is intended that the te on unbrokenly, not only as far as the verses, but also chapters, are concerned. Again here it is intended t rubricated initials. Probably the Doves Press, for at least, will not go farther in the direction of decora Roman fount now in use will serve for these forthcom

CURRENT LITERATUR

SOME RECENT POETRY.

Mr. W. E. Henley.

It is pleasant to welcome another volume of M verse. He is a writer of lyrics with a strong and note, whose mastery of form is considerable (it is means perfect), who has something to say that is wo and is the possessor of a remarkable and compelling p He is not a great poet, but he is certainly something a minor poet. There are pieces in this volume, HAW LAVENDER (Nutt, 6s.) that come very close to perfecti kind, but there are many more that seem purposely t Mr. Henley loves strange flowers of speech; he lo sudden and discomposing change of metre. To ou one of the finest poems in this collection is delibera by an unexpected break of this kind. And let u example, this ode on p. 49:—

> There was no kiss that day?
> No intimate Yea-and-Nay,
> No sweets in hand, no tender, lingering touch
> None of those desperate, exquisite caresses,
> So instant—O, so brief!—and yet so much,
> The thought of the swiftest lifts and blesses?
> Nor any one of those great royal words,
> Those sovran privacies of speech,
> Frank as the call of April birds,
> That, whispered, live a life of gold
> Among the heart's still sainted memories,
> And irk, and thrill, and ravish and beseech,
> Even when the dream of dreams in death's a-c
> No, there was none of these,
> Dear one, and yet—
> O, eyes on eyes! O, voices breaking still,
> For all the watchful will,
> Into a kinder kindness than seemed due
> From you to me, and me to you!
> And that hot-eyed, close-throated, blind regre

never have run his train off the rails in that sixth line. A jar of this sort will perhaps be excused on the ground of excess of emotion, but no amount of authority can render it artistic. The reader, thus early, is brought to a dead stop, perplexed and confused: when he gathers himself again to resume, he has lost his sympathy with the poet. And this is what Mr. Henley is perpetually doing, in one form or another. Sometimes it is an unusual and ugly word. "Bloomkins," we notice, and "distrimus," and "dowle," and a fondness for certain words such as "sovran" and "irk." These are little things, but they mar not a few poems which it is a sin to spoil. Mr. Henley will certainly live among the lyrical poets of the century. He has the genuine gift: he is strong and sincere and his range is wider than that of most. There are poems in this volume that would disgrace no anthology. By turns he is tender, passionate, humorous, inflamed with patriotic sentiment, and in all alike he has the note of a dominant personality.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Mr. Hardy's new volume of verse—POEMS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT they are called (Harpers, 6s.)—is in many ways a remarkable book. It is the work of a poet at heart, but of a poet who has not yet obtained complete mastery of the method he would employ. Now and again, as if by accident, metre and rhythm and the choice of words seem to flow naturally, and the result is very nearly a flawless poem; at other times we are confronted with lapses from the true rhythm, with strange and uncouth words, with curiously clumsy turns of expression. Mr. Hardy's lines come with difficulty; they have the air of being rough-hewn; but they are tense because the writer has something to say, and something that demanded to be said in verse. The ideas are those of a poet. They force their way into poetical expression, and occasionally emerge from the struggle in rather a battered condition, but they are always recognizable. War poems in all kinds we have had frequently enough lately, but "The Going of the Battery" will outlast the most of them. It has verses in it that are worth any amount of patriotic jingle in Cockney dialect:—

Great guns were gleaming there, living things seeming there,
Cloaked in their tar-cloths, upmouthed to the night;
Wheels wet and yellow from axle to felloe,
Throats blank of sound, but prophetic to sight.

Anthologies will include that poem (we have seen it in one already) if only for the sake of that single verse. But Mr. Hardy has a wide range, and writes in many moods. Now he is frankly architectural (and not a little encumbered with the terminology of the trade) as in the sonnet on "Rome"; now he betrays a gaily mocking spirit, as in the rhyming exercise called "The Respectable Burgher—on the Higher Criticism"; or he is once more the chronicler of old Wessex stories, or again he writes a little poem breathing the weirdly melancholy spirit of Heine, as in "The Dream-Follower":—

A Dream of mine flew over the mead
To the halls where my old Love reigns;
And it drew me on to follow its lead:
And I stood at her window-panes.

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse.

The verse of the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, whose PASTELES THE ELDER has just been published by Mr. Brimley Johnson (5s. n.), is the verse of a critic rather than of an inspired poet. That is to say, it is cold, clear, and classical in expression, but seldom arousing the reader to enthusiasm. There can be little doubt, as Mr. Austin Dobson points out in his men of cultivated taste. To quote once more fro "He knew—no one better—that verse cannot exis but that an informing conception, a defined purp all, a genuine and overmastering impulse, are in is to have any chance of ultimate survival in a Style, the informing conception, and the defin Cosmo Monkhouse possessed; but we doubt if overmastering. These poems have the air rat experiments, pruned and polished under the crit were worth making, and printing, but they do poetry.

Dr. Weir Mitchell.

The SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF S. (Macmillan, 5s. n.) contain the work of a culti stored with memories of earlier and greater turn out a verse prettily. Sometimes the r echo of Browning, sometimes of Tennyson; occa across a frank imitation of what may be call Lover" school:—

Give me thy thoughts, my gentle m
And I will lend them wings
To soar elate above this world
Of transitory things . . . .

Alas! Alas! the trumpet calls;
God help thy tender tears!
Ah, love would not be half of love
Had it not also tears.

This is perhaps Dr. Mitchell at his weake Villon," a clever exercise in the Browni "Francis Drake," a long dramatic poem in blan most important in the book so far as length i are distinctly well composed; the stories are w and are well told. Dr. Weir Mitchell is essenti poet. He pleases by judicious selection; he and resets them; but there are one or two Magnolia Flower" and "The Sea gull," which a real poet, though not a great one. He is apt to in "The Centurion," for example, the note of and too long drawn out. Even "The Seagull" worse for compression, happy as are many of the t

Thou silent raider of the abounding
Intent and resolute, ah, who m
What primal notes of gladness thou
In this vast loneliness!

The sonnet, one would imagine, would be th of a poet of this stamp. But the selection con This is a book that no lover of minor verse shou rises now and then to the level of true poetr not remain at that level for any length of time.

Mr. S. Lysaght.

Mr. Lysaght's little volume is worthy of POEMS OF THE UNKNOWN WAY (Macmillan, 4s. these lyrics we have the sense of the sea, an undiscovered shore at which no prow has touch with the outreaching spirit, ready to go " sunset," comes the inevitable ache for boundari

Vast, we saw, when the sun was low,
A trackless forest where none may ro
But 'twas not so vast as a wood we know
Across three fields from the house at

We saw the peaks of eternal snow,

often, but the note is so wistful and sweet that the complaint would be thankless indeed. Mr. Lysaght's book is one for twilight hours with their

Dreams of the unfulfilled and unpossessed.

Mr. A. Symons.

If, as Mr. Alfred Noyes told us in these columns the other day, we are all of us haunted men at Christmas time, Mr. Heinemann has chosen a very apt moment to publish a collected edition of Mr. Arthur Symons' Poems, in two volumes. Mr. Symons is a prince among haunted men. "The Loom of Dreams," a new collection of poems now printed for the first time, opens thus:—

I broider the world upon a loom,
I broider with dreams my tapestry;
Here in a little lonely room
I am master of earth and sea
And the planets come to me.

As he sits, apart from the world, in this "little lonely room" and "the world as a cloud drifts by," his ghosts come to him—the most melodious of any that visit our poets at present. Sometimes it is a grey wolf which he cannot rid himself of—it is seldom anything more cheerful—and, whatever the impressions may be that reach him from a far-off world, they are generally of a shadowy, symbolical kind. But there is nothing shadowy about Mr. Symons' grip of the reader, and in "The Loom of Dreams," though there may be nothing quite equal to "Wanderers," or "The Villa Emilia," there is still the same swift succession of images and subtle melody as in his previous work.

From a pile of minor verse it is refreshing to extricate THE BOOK OF THE HORACE CLUB (Blackwell, Oxford, 5s. n.). The club was founded in 1898, and on its short list of members are several well-known Oxford names. Of nineteen contributors no single one has more than half a dozen short poems, but whether written in English, Latin, Greek, or French, from the opening dedication to Horace to the final "Thorfinn Karlsefni's Dream," it all bears the same stamp. It is the verse of cultivated men writing for pleasure and in good camaraderie, and there is little or none of the self-consciousness that clings to so much of our minor poetry. Mr. John Buchan has a breezy, tuneful romance or two; Mr. Belloc writes with feeling and effect in his stanzas on "The South Country" and vigorously in the "Sussex Drinking Song"; while among many landscape pieces this picture of "Bembridge Harbour in January" is very delicate:—

The air, a liquid crystal, flowed
O'er sea and land, till pure from stain
And jewel-clear their colours glowed,
As in a glass of Claude Lorraine.

The water, like a sheet of steel,
Mirrored the moveless swans afloat,
The solemn Sabbath-keeping wheel,
The masts of many a fishing boat.

Around the harbour, spire and tree
Were etched against the vaulted blue;
Across the strait were plain to see
The trees and spires of Portsmouth too.

So still the scene was, so refined,
It seemed a sleight of magic art,
Till in a gust of sudden wind
The scent of coltsfoot cheered my heart.

There are many clever social verses, too, while a madrigal from Mr. Herbert Warren's pen on "The Triumphs of Victoria" is remarkable for its tuneful flexibility.

TRANSFIGURATION, by Catherine Blunt and John Fielding (George Allen, 3s. 6d. n.), is a little [illegible]

Mr. Rudland writes, however, in a [illegible] hearted manner; in pieces like "The Song of [illegible] "Australasia," or "The Pilgrim Fathers," "the [illegible] is vaunted" with great gusto, and it is all healthy enough.

To dip into Mrs. James Glenny Wilson's Poems (Stock, 2s. 6d.) is to enter a quiet and real world. [illegible] —of Rangitikei, New Zealand—is well known as the [illegible] of a volume named "Themes and Variations," from which many of the pieces collected here are taken. Other [illegible] reprinted from various Australasian and English [illegible] Wilson's themes are never beyond her capabilities, [illegible] has breadth and tenderness, and she is completely [illegible] of her smoothly flowing metres.

Miss Nellie B. Badcock is, we think, a younger [illegible] in her prettily entitled book, BY GREY OLD GARDEN (Grant Richards, 5s.), she sings a few short songs with a [illegible] ness and spirit. As an instance of many a happy [illegible] quote the opening quatrain of the little poem called "Orchard."

I was small, but you were smaller,
So I held you down the bough,
And my pride in being taller
Stirs within me even now.

Miss Badcock is not always quite sure of her [illegible] are many echoes of contemporary poets, and perhaps her best when leaning for support on some one [illegible] herself. But one or two careful little studies of women evidence some talent and independence of thought.

We chanced to open SONGS OF LUCILLA (Elkin Mathews) in the middle, and lighting upon a little piece [illegible] Candles"—reminding us, in common with many another in this part of the book, of Herrick—went on dipping further into the volume without tiring. The anonymous authoress, we will not commit ourselves—has an ear and a very pretty pen, and though many of his ideas are too slight to be enshrined in verse, there are so many that the reader is kept pleasantly awake and [illegible] Some rather longer pieces, inspired by antique [illegible] remarkable for poetic feeling, and six sonnets from [illegible] of fine workmanship. But, alas, that on the very last we should have come upon this:—

Pearls that are chosen to suit beauty's se[illegible]
Before each precious stone.
Are not the work of magic or sea elf,
But of the oysters' moan.

The italics are ours, but can a moan be an oyster's [illegible]

The title poem of Mr. Gascoine Mackie's MAN [illegible] (Grant Richards, 5s. n.) relates a sufficiently weird [illegible] dream, in which the dreamer, confronted with Judas [illegible] expressing his abhorrence of the arch-betrayer, [illegible] cannot at first see, suddenly finds that he has been [illegible] vision of himself. Dream poems of this kind are [illegible] successful execution, but Mr. Mackie handles his [illegible] considerable skill, neglecting neither its agony nor [illegible] "The Herdsman of Admetus" is, perhaps, the most [illegible] two or three blank-verse poems.

THE OXFORD YEAR AND OTHER POEMS, by J. Williams [illegible] well, 3s. 6d. n.), is a pleasant and scholarly book of [illegible] the twelve sonnets on the months display a tender [illegible] the charm of the year's waxing and waning. They [illegible] the best of Mr. Williams' sonnets, but they hardly [illegible] level of excellence, while some of the others, notably [illegible] Blenheim, might well have been omitted. The time [illegible] the bard can pretend with any decent show of sincerity [illegible] he is moved by the real and irresistible afflatus to [illegible] glories of Marlborough in Addisonian fashion, [illegible] allusion to the woods of Blenheim. But the Cotswolds [illegible]

Williams, too, has scored a success, and his abbreviated rendering of "Aquam memento" is excellent:—

> Bring hither all that makes life fair,
> Cool wine and roses debonair,
> The while the sisters three
> Allow such things to be.
>
> 'Tis certain that thou soon must cede
> Thy rooms that look on Christ Church mead,
> And thy scant box the knee
> To one more rich than thee.
>
> We travel all the self-same way,
> June laughs at lecture notes of May,
> So all alike we bow
> Our necks before the plough.

Mr. Williams is less successful in his imitations of Dante, and it shows an imperfect knowledge of the art of parody to associate with Dante such a marked phrase as "the tainted wethers of the flock" or the Miltonic allusion to "Ternate or Tidore."

As a poet of languorous love lyrics in several metres, all manipulated with graceful ease and occasionally with vigorous intensity, Mr. Laurence Hope is extremely successful in THE GARDEN OF KAMA AND OTHER LOVE LYRICS FROM INDIA, (Heinemann). Though an artist in words, Mr. Hope never allows the vivid colouring and subtle music of his verse to clash with his gift for direct and powerful narrative. His book is impregnated with the fascinating atmosphere of the land of the Moghra and Oleander flowers; and at the close of almost every lyric we feel that the artist has achieved his purpose. But many readers will doubtless quarrel with the purpose of these extremely erotic poems derived from Oriental romance. In more than one instance the themes are as unpleasant as their treatment is skilful.

COMTE.

LA PHILOSOPHIE D'AUGUSTE COMTE. By L. LÉVY-BRUHL. Paris. (Alcan. Fr.7.50.)

ESSAI HISTORIQUE ET CRITIQUE SUR LA SOCIOLOGIE CHEZ AUGUSTE COMTE. By F. ALENGRY. Paris. (Alcan. Fr.10.)

PASSAGES FROM THE LETTERS OF AUGUSTE COMTE. Selected and arranged by J. K. INGRAM, LL.D. (Black.)

The editor of Stuart Mill's letters to Auguste Comte, M. Lévy-Bruhl, has published a very lucid study of Comtism. There is perhaps in the nineteenth century, so rich in philosophers, none that can vie in importance with the founder of the Positivist Church and at the same time none whose doctrines are so imperfectly known. His most famous disciples, both in England and in France, almost immediately wrested his theories from their original meaning, which goes far in explaining the neglect into which some of his works have fallen—for instance, the early *opuscules*. M. Lévy-Bruhl very properly applies to the study of such a thinker the so-called "historical method." His object is to throw out in bold relief the origin and the unity of Comte's system, and he gives a striking picture of a mind arriving almost at once to the main conclusions, the dissemination of which constitutes the work of a lifetime.

According to M. Lévy-Bruhl, Comtism is the necessary outcome of the French Revolution. The ideal of the eighteenth century, a negative one, inasmuch as it strove to overthrow existing beliefs and institutions, culminated in the wave of fanatical destruction that swept away old France. Comte opposed to it an ideal closely resembling that attained by the mediæval teachers. His was the task of "reorganizing destroyed beliefs." This system falls into two separate parts. social dynamics. On this basis the apostle that lurk temperament endeavoured to rear a structure essapared with that of a Gothic monastery, the is the philosopher himself. There was in Comte bias towards over-regulation. Napoleon would good prefect in him. We need not dwell on t Comte's genius in this second part of his career. teacher he is followed only by a small and f disciples, at least in the old world.

There is between M. Alengry's work and tha Bruhl a curious contrast. The latter insists o Comte's life, the former lays stress on the break w after the famous meeting with Madame de Van sopher was fifty at the time. He had up to then ap reason in his scheme of reorganization. Sudde to tread on unknown ground. The hidden region unfold themselves before him and henceforward th given to sentiment, and a sentiment that is not alw taste. Thanks to a woman—in his early days he h as a principle the utter intellectual inferiority of w came back from the stage of Positivism to th of humanity called fetichism. We find him abs trifles to which are attached souvenirs of his "Cl the religious observances of the Positivist C resemble a compromise between the ceremonies Church and a familiar fetishism. It is to be r M. Alengry, while studying sociology in Co deemed it advisable to include in his work the fu ment of the Positivist Church since Comte. Wh of Comte is to be the founder of a religion—a nece mation to his early studies of philosophy—as M will have it, or whether his teaching represe outcome of a sentimental adventure, and even believe M. Alengry, a rousing of the tender pas the element of mystic ideal arose merely from Clot in any case the organization of a new Chur humanity must be the test of the value of h theories. Comte's discovery of the law that the the individual man is to society what the cell i frame consigns to decent oblivion the social c which Rousseau from a mere judicial fiction, w historical fact. Another title of honour t conceded to Comte is based on the impulse th historical studies. In making history the basis and the study of man the object of history, he vein rich in ore. What is Taine's "Origines contemporaine" but an unexpected development Taine made biological law the mainspring of hi history. Of course Comte did not foresee all th is excellently stated by M. Alengry as "an ef political science by founding it on the gene humanity."

One point is overlooked both by M. Lévy Alengry. Montesquieu, Condorcet, the French not account entirely for Positivism. Romanticism sponsible both for the classification of sciences tivist calendar. As M. Lévy-Bruhl says, phil Comte, was an individual and abstract science concrete and social science. Instead of consi general, he studied the several transformations the course of centuries. Now this idea is the g due to Romanticism. In the eighteenth cent member of a polite society was the sole object o *littérateurs*, as well as of the philosophers. The wi

volution, so Positivism seems, at times, a reactionary movement. The grain of catholic, counter-revolutionary spirit in Comte is probably the cause of the dislike entertained towards Comtism by most liberal minds. His city of the future was after all only a generous scheme of tyranny.

Many such reflections will be suggested to the reader by these two works. M. Lévy-Bruhl's is the more admirable, because the more lucid. It is a masterpiece of clear and methodical exposition. A professor alone, loving philosophy, could have clothed philosophy in so attractive a dress.

In Dr. Ingram's book we are not concerned with the historical development of Comtism. The philosopher appears here solely in his pontifical character as head of the Positivist Church. Just as the young ladies who subscribe to monthly magazines are advised how to bring this too bashful young man to the scratch, and how to send that too audacious young man about his business, so, it appears, the rising young Positivists of the fifties used to open their hearts to the inventor of Positivism and consult him about the choice of a profession and a wife. In this little book, therefore, we see the Pontiff sitting, so to say, "Over the Teacups," receiving confidences and dispensing counsel. As regards the choice of a profession there is little to be said, as Comte seems to have wanted all his followers to be doctors. His views about matrimony are more interesting. "I believe, as you do," he writes to Mr. John Metcalfe, "that a worthy marriage is indispensable for you to render your moral culture more determinate, and even to give more steadiness to your social progress—both political and industrial." It is a delightful picture this of passionate youth repairing to the altar for the high purpose of rendering moral culture more determinate; but it transpires that the ideal is less easy of realization than it looks, for we read :—

> Whilst recommending to you a condition of happiness and improvement to which you appear to me spontaneously inclined, I cannot too seriously warn you to proceed with great circumspection in the principal event of private life; gloomy and painful as celibacy is, a bad marriage is much worse.

What is the nature of the danger? That also is explained :—

> A recent incident in our body shows how dangerous it is to form a connexion by marriage with a family incurably revolutionary. . . . Under the influence of a father, stupidly devoted to the doctrines of the school of Rousseau, the bride thinks and says that human life has no need of being systematically regulated.

The conclusion is that "many worthy Positivists will probably be forced to abide by celibacy, notwithstanding its sacrifices and its dangers."

ACTA SANCTORUM.

St. Gilbert of Sempringham.

ST. GILBERT OF SEMPRINGHAM AND THE GILBERTINES. By ROSE GRAHAM. (Elliot Stock. 7s. 6d.)

St. Gilbert of Sempringham is famed as the founder of the only monastic order of English origin. He was born about 1089 at Sempringham, on the border of the Lincolnshire fens. Young Gilbert was presented by his father, who was a considerable landowner, to the livings of Sempringham and West Torrington. The fame of his devotion to his parishioners came to the ears of Bishop Bloet of Lincoln, who attached him to his

with secular women. This led to the serving maiden lay sisters under a rule and dress of their own. community attracted a good deal of attention, a Gilbert's feudal lord granted him land at Sempring on to build a priory. Soon other lands were offere where, and ten other monasteries, chiefly in Lincoln like plan were built by him in the course of the next Gilbert, shrinking from the responsibilities he ha resolved to ask the Cistercians to take charge of h communities. For this purpose he visited Citeaux in was allowed to state his case to the General Chapte the abbots declined to accede to his request, his jour a momentous one; for at Citeaux he formed a close with that great man Bernard of Clairvaux, with whom for some time on the dispersion of the General Ch conjunction with Bernard, Gilbert drew up the instit Order of Sempringham, which the Pope insisted on to his charge.

By the remarkable scheme then adopted, ca appointed to live side by side with nuns, to act chaplains, and to administer the outside and financi the house. In the main the nuns, who were strictly followed the Cistercian rule, whilst the canons appre that of St. Austin. Several, however, of the Sempri correspond to those of the Premonstratensian Order, thorough and somewhat complicated arrangements the two sexes apart were of necessity original.

Miss Graham gives a fairly good summary of the life of St. Gilbert, though she has omitted certain incidents, such as his connexion with the saintly Bi of Lincoln. The curious Sempringham rule was give the original *Monasticon* of Dugdale, and has been the modern extended edition. Hitherto, however, been no translation or analysis of the Gilbertine statu this volume they are given in an abbreviated and form with certain important omissions and some mist nuns and the canons had entirely separate cloist common church. The church was divided length partitioned wall which was areaded at the top, so a the nuns hearing the canons' daily high mass, and of hearing the same sermon on certain festivals and other On the days of a general procession of the whole ho was made round the nuns' cloister as the more curtains were hung around the colonnades on all four other hangings suspended at the four angles, through procession had to pass. By these means a common chanting the litany, could be made, without the one the other. The main part of the cooking and wash whole establishment was done by the nuns; but all communication with the canons had to be strictly co *domus fenestræ* or window-house, where a turn- arranged of strictly defined proportions. To this approached on each side by a long passage, admission restricted to certain of the older nuns and canon the rules that we fail to find mentioned in this b curious one on the provision of beer. It is therein s if the nuns, having no beer, are obliged to drink water just that the masters of the house, who provide the sup share in their deprivation. Whenever the nuns, through gence or carelessness of the proctors, have to drink four proctors are to associate themselves with them in t drinking, even if on a journey, or absent from the ho

letters from the incumbents of the different parishes. It is a great pity that this book was published before each site had been critically investigated by some competent archæologist. The peculiarly interesting results of the excavations on the site of Watton Priory, recently undertaken for the East Riding Antiquarian Society by Mr. St. John Hope and the Rev. Dr. Cox, whet our appetite for the further examination of Gilbertine houses.

The Saints in Art.

Mrs. Arthur Bell's aim in the SAINTS IN CHRISTIAN ART (Bell, 10s. n.) is a good one—to focus the work of the numerous workers in the same field by gathering together, in an accessible form, the known facts and the legends about early Saints, and the results of the most recent researches into symbolism, with an account of the treatment of the Saints by artists. She starts with a full account of the Apostles (it is odd, by the way, that she omits the Corinthus story under John the Evangelist) and confines herself to the first three centuries. Looking to the object of the book, we cannot but think that its value would have been much increased by a considerably larger selection of pictures so that the student would have a better opportunity of comparing the treatment of the Saints by different artists and different schools. The pictures given are chiefly Italian; there is one Rembrandt, two Mesdlines, and four English pictures. Mrs. Bell has gathered a great amount of information which she puts well together, and she has studied the most recent authorities. It is at least curious that her only reference, apparently, to Clement of Alexandria is in the index, where the life of Clemens Romanus is indexed under Clemens Alexandrinus.

Lives of the Saints.

It seems to be the privilege of sinners to have adequate biographers. The saints suffer from their friends, who, lacking the humanity which is a characteristic of every great Christian, have a terrible habit of remembering eccentric fables and forgetting essential facts. St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Catherine of Siena, for instance, are great characters and have no mean place in the world's history, but the author of the "Short Lives" gives us no impression of their position in theology and literature, while she tells us of St. Catherine that Christ "vouchsafed to her the mysterious favour of the exchange of hearts and the impression of the sacred stigmata, and of St. Thomas that "the words *Ave Maria* were the first which his baby lips were heard to utter." The very first page of the book relates of Blessed Gonsalvo of Amarantha that at his baptism "the bystanders observed that the infant fixed his eyes on the crucifix with a look of extraordinary love." Yet what a chance does such a volume offer! What a fascinating and edifying collection of stories might have been made of the Dominican Saints! Hagiology ought to be so interesting that we feel a constant disappointment at finding it so dull. Father Procter promises us "an album of Dominican pictures." "Word-painted and not limned in crayon or oil, they are drawn with a graphic pen and not painted with an artist's brush." Fortunately the author's style is simpler than her editor's, but it is just the "graphic pen" that we miss.

As for St. Jerome, as he is presented to us by Father Largent, he certainly needs the apology which Father Tyrrell provides by way of preface. Yet, when we emerge from the dreary pages of his biography, our memory goes back to many an old picture (not "word-painted"), and we wonder whether the popular mind had not seized a truer conception of the Saint. The [illegible] character into too high relief. Father Largent [illegible] the credulity of the Dominican Sister, and [illegible] Jerome's lion with some contempt. Yet sure[illegible] stood for something, and was an attempt to p[illegible] humaner side of the learned disputant's character [illegible] unfortunate that some saints should have fo[illegible] meaningless stories of infantile piety, while an[illegible] deprived of the legend which found for him a pla[illegible] of mankind. But such is the common lot of saint[illegible]

Two other volumes in the same series are [illegible] Nicholas I." is a valuable contribution to it. E[illegible] testants will no doubt quarrel with some of Mr. Ro[illegible] as when he tells us that the conception of the Papac[illegible] of priesthood, of doctrinal authority of royalty," w[illegible] carried to its highest point, was in fact "lai[illegible] Christ himself and is no doubt a fundamental r[illegible] built His Church." We have here a graphic [illegible] the most remarkable pontificates in the histor[illegible] The reign of Nicholas I. ushers in the first gre[illegible] revolt of the Curia against the secular power an[illegible] attempt to assert the spiritual independence a[illegible] papal authority. Imperialism having failed to [illegible] of the Christian world, it was a grand conceptio[illegible] Nicholas to bring it about on the basis of the [illegible] make the Rome of St. Peter the centre of a [illegible] unity. To this end the autocratic pontiff spar[illegible] shrank from no sacrifice. The very stars in the[illegible] in his favour, both in Italy against John of Rave[illegible] against Hincmar. He did not live to enjoy th[illegible] his ideas, but he had laid the foundations of [illegible] took many centuries to weaken. The most in[illegible] Mr. Roy's book is the chapter in which he deals [illegible] use made by Nicholas of the pseudo-Isidorian De[illegible]

When one has said that "Saint Domin[illegible] from the Roman Catholic point of view, one has [illegible] that it is necessary to say. Miraculous stories w[illegible] events, do not seem conspicuously credible a[illegible] respect, and without much regard to the laws o[illegible] the persecution of the Albigenses is justified on [illegible] "the triumph of Albigensianism would have r[illegible] Christianity, of which it constituted the ra[illegible] Readers who are not Roman Catholic will [illegible] premiss nor allow that the conclusion follows [illegible] syllogism depends, of course, upon a "suppresse[illegible] is suppressed because it is shocking to modern [illegible] book is learned, though illogical; and we cannot [illegible] it is the fault of the writer or the translator tha[illegible]

St. Francis has been fortunate in his biog[illegible] because he was so intensely human, in fact so [illegible] that mankind has easily grasped his characteri[illegible] has received the further tribute of finding a bri[illegible] in a Protestant, M. Paul Sabatier, who com[illegible] enthusiasm with literary skill, and is a historic[illegible] first rank. Mr. Adderley has set himself t[illegible] English the results of M. Sabatier's researche[illegible] so in simple fashion but with a sympathy [illegible] Francis very near to our times. An A[illegible] mission, Mr. Adderley believes in the need [illegible] brotherhood that shall be of the people as th[illegible] was, and he sees in the humane poor man of Ass[illegible] that are needed for the restoration of religion a[illegible] masses. It is significant, as he points out, that [illegible] of the Salvation Army is a biography of St. Fra[illegible]

DRAMA.

KIARTAN THE ICELANDER, by Newman Howard (Dent, 4s. 6d. n.), is a play which no one interested in the modern "literary drama" should overlook. The writer has chosen for his background the wild and romantic scenery of Iceland and the hall of the Norse Chieftain, for his period the age at which paganism clashed with Christianity a Christianity wielding the sword of division which its Founder foretold, and working in a spirit of subtlety and intrigue little in accordance with its Founder's spirit. It is mainly, in fact, on this that the story hinges, ending on a note of tragic sorrow with the death of Kiartan at the hands of his friend, who had connived at the deception of Gudrun, the maiden to whom he was betrothed. The merit of the play lies not so much in the delineation of character—it is a little over-laid with characters not always strongly defined—but in its construction and its virile diction, a diction not smooth and classical, but full of Elizabethan reality and vigour, rising into fine poetry in the mouth of the chorus-like blind Skald, Llot.

Very prettily got up is APHRODITE AGAINST ARTEMIS (Unicorn Press, 2s. 6d. n.), a little play on the Greek model by Mr. J. Sturge Moore, whose poems "The Vine-Dresser" showed him to possess a gift of distinction rare among minor poets. There is real talent and individuality of expression in this little drama, dealing with the love of Phaedra for her stepson Hippolytus. Mr. Moore takes an essentially modern view of the young wife of Theseus—she might almost be the childishly inconsequent heroine of a modern novel. This is how she narrates to Hippolytus the story of Ariadne's desertion :—

PHAEDRA. I care not. On the ship I sailed with them :
My sister was the yielding-natured sort,
Taking me when I begged agog to see
The world. I caught small fish and fed the gulls,
Flinging them silver shining through the air ;
The greedy birds swung strident down and gulped
Them ere they fell. Still Ariadne smiled
Leaning on Theseus' shoulder, though his eyes
Never sought hers but followed me about,
As I would chalk white dolphins on the sail,
Till all the rowers laughed and called me queen.

HIPPOLYTUS. Ha !

PHAEDRA. He kissed me once while Ariadne slept.
How proud I was !—unkind to her as well,
Making my power over him appear. . . . .
He left her on that isle, thou knowest which,
And claimed my love ; I was afraid of him,
But pleased to be a queen ; and, as for love,
I never dreamed of such a thing as love
Till I saw thee. . . . .

There is something divertingly original in reading so modern a spirit into the heroine of a Greek myth. Yet Mr. Sturge Moore has caught much of the true classic spirit. He handles his blank verse decidedly well, with dignity and variety, and there is plenty of fire in what may be termed the choric ode at the end, although no chorus figures in the list of *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Moore has a touch of true poetry in him, and if on one occasion he chooses to rhyme "dawn" with "mourn"—well ! better-known poets have erred in his company. "Aphrodite against Artemis" is a considerable achievement, and augurs well for Mr. Moore's poetical future.

intellectual. The central motive of *King Lear* is not th
of Gloster, but *Gioconda* may perhaps be likened to a
version of *Lear*, in which the suffering of Gloster wou
culminating point of the tragedy. The physical l
"beautiful hands" of Sylvia, in trying to save a sta
husband's creation from destruction by his mistress,
is painful rather than purely pathetic. Scarcely
dramatist would have ventured from that point upon
ending than a definite reconciliation between husband
but D'Annunzio's pessimism is of a harder mould, an
involuntary sacrifice is proved useless by her husba
desertion of her for Gioconda. The book is written in an
style, with many passages of beauty ; but at the close
behind it a sense of dissatisfaction and must be re
an attempt rather than an achievement.

Björnson's play LABOREMUS (Chapman, 3s. 6d.)
of antithesis to Ibsen's last work, "When We Dead
The latter depicts work shattered by love ; the for
work the redemption of the lover. Longfried Kann,
composer, is not redeemed when the curtain falls.
instigation of Dr. Kann, his uncle, he is going to
redemption by grinding to paint his recent experienc
celebrated lady pianist, and so obtain colour for his
Lydia, the lady pianist, is introduced to us in the fi
a German hotel, as the one-day old wife of an elderly
gentleman named Wisby. The marriage is alread
over, for that very night the old gentleman has se
wife in a dream, and the vision has pronounced the
words, "She whom you left just now has taken
In point of fact, Lydia had been engaged to sooth
Mrs. Wisby by her playing, and, instead of doin
succeeded in playing her to death. No one who has
next door to a professional pianist will doubt the pos
this, but it is a new *motif* in fiction. The crim
undetected, and Lydia stepped into Mrs. Wisby's sh
murdered lady, with the strange unpracticality of
makes no sign until it is a few hours too late for a
be of use, and the information which she now gi
cannot save him, but only serves to cast him into a c
the blackest despair. This renders him a dull com
the young and lively Lydia, and we find her in Act II.
turning her attention to Longfried Kann, a fellow co
staying at the same hotel. She has become the insp
his opera *Undine*, and, while they discuss the work
Wisby sits alone bewailing his mad infatuation. To h
his old friend, Dr. Kann, Longfried's uncle, and he b
him Wisby's daughter Borgny, a young lady who, t
"seventeen years three months and five days," ne
has already seen life in America, and displays an a
amount of aplomb and wordly wisdom for her youth.
Kann set themselves the congenial task in Act III. of
Wisby from the fetters of his second marriage, of
Longfried's eyes to the terrible true character of hi
and of driving the wretched little adventuress, as Lydia
be, with hisses from the scene. Bjornson never,
publishes anything without a good sound moral atta
the moral here is so obvious and so trite that one wo
he found the courage to write a whole play in order to
The first performance of *Laboremus* took place in C
last May. There is a very good portrait of the author
piece to the book.

attempt by way of trial some less ambitious task. In RUNZI AND YORAINE we have a neat little book, bound in green cloth, containing two creditable efforts in this line. E. Hamilton Moore is the author, and it is published by Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes of Manchester (4s. 6d. n). Creditable is, we fear, the warmest praise that we can give Mr. Moore. He writes blank verse smoothly and fluently; here and there you may find even a touch of real poetry; some of the songs are tuneful; and there is a certain dramatic talent in the presentation. But the ratio of fustian and windy declamation to poetry is too high to warrant us in giving the two tragedies any higher praise.

SINTRAM: A DRAMA, by Helen Leslie (Chapman and Hall, 3s.), is a longer, stouter, and more ambitious performance. The author has previously, she informs us, made a translation of De la Motte Fouqué's story for her own pleasure, and now she has dramatized it, with additions of her own. The verse is sometimes blank and sometimes rhymed, with no method and for no apparent reason. "Sintram and His Companions" is not particularly well adapted for a play, and it would be flattery to say that Miss Leslie displays a strong vein of poetical talent. Her verse never rises even to a modified pitch of excellence, and very frequently it flags sadly.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Turkish Reminiscences.

FREDERICK THE GREAT ON KINGCRAFT, from the Original MS., with Reminiscences and Turkish Stories, by Sir J. William Whittall (Longmans, 7s. 6d. n.), is an extraordinary collection indeed. First we have the so-called "matinées" of Frederick the Great, not at all (as the title-page says) from the original MS., but from a copy taken by Sir William Whittall's grandfather from the manuscript which Savary, Duc de Rovigo, professed to have stolen from the private library in the Palace of Sans Souci. Of this there is little new to be said. Sir William Whittall's copy, which he prints both in the original French and in a translation of his own, has a few additional paragraphs which have not hitherto been published, but it adds very little to what historians since the beginning of the nineteenth century have debated upon. The evidence of authenticity is extremely slight. The external evidence is, of course, practically valueless; and the internal seems to us on the whole rather to tell against the authorship of Frederick than in favour of it. But the question is undoubtedly one for the minute investigation of specialists; and the specialists have long ago decided it. The story of the adventures of Savary and his association with the Whittall family is on the other hand extremely interesting, and Sir William Whittall deserves our thanks for telling it. Still more do we thank him for the next part of his book—the family reminiscences. The Whittall family, as every one knows, has for over a century dominated the English colony at Constantinople, and has ever sustained the honour of the English name in its great commercial transactions, while it has become closely connected in different ways with the Levantine associations of the city. We can hardly imagine any one whose reminiscences would be more attractive than those of Sir William Whittall. What he has written down fully comes up to our expectations and we only wish there were more. The story of the miracle of St. Polycarp was not unknown before, but it appears freshly in Sir William's telling of it. His pride in the prolific nature of his family is humorously expressed in a section which he calls "prospective over-population of the Globe," a title which is justified by the fact that he has at present a near relation "who is alive and hale and has 128 living descendants of her own." After this we have some exciting tales of the early nineteenth century such as would make the reputation of a *raconteur*, and such as we have no doubt Sir William has often told at his hospitable table. The

do not make a special study of it." He finds, a
ing his work, that some of the stories have le
the remarkable book of the clever diplomatist
mask himself under the name of Odysseus; and
that he has said with such intimate knowledge
warning suggested by the book which has
success. There is indeed much to ponder ov
Whittall's more serious statements, and it is p
those who know the Near East may have tw
them. But as to the Turkish stories those
smallest sense of humour cannot possibly be
they are really delightful. We should like to
of them; but that would not be fair to the ma
of this charming book.

Two Epoch-Makers.

In writing a more or less popular account o
T. Clark, 3s.) for a series of religions "Ep
Rev. W. Fairweather has done an extremely
work. As he truly says, Origen was the fou
theology, the pioneer of a reverent criticism,
free and unrestricted investigation, and a bold spe
To do justice to this great Christian teacher
writer should not only be familiar with all the c
arose from the conflict of Christianity and N
should be able to present them to his readers in
vehicle of abstract thought than our own
Fairweather has written with all the precision pe
of Alexandrian philosophy in the time of Origen
own daring and ingenious views on the de
mysteries; but he must probably be cons
subtleties can hardly be made intelligible to
theologians. We can only say generally of a
work that it is a careful study, backed up by co
and authorities, of Origen's theological positi
regard to the doctrine of the Trinity. This, h
part, though a vital part of the book. Rea
specialists, will be able to appreciate the ch
and character of Origen, on his critical work f
Old Testament, and on his reply to Celsus,
described as a refutation of all actual and all p
to Christianity. Above all, the book will he
the fluid state of early Christian doctrine,
speculations and abstruse controversies from wh
belief at length emerged.

Mr. P. De Lacy Johnstone's MUHAMMA
(T. and T. Clark, 3s.) belongs to the sam
an able summary of all that is known abo
So much has already been written on this
Johnstone does not claim for his work an
but he places before us the latest results
criticism. Still, when all is said and done, G
remark holds true, that the faith of Islam "is
eternal truth and a necessary fiction, that there
and that Mahomet is the apostle of God."
Mr. Johnstone's point of view. He shows h
advance, in consequence of Mahomet's teachi
to monotheism, and how Mahomet made his s
—the necessary fiction—subserve his sensuali
And besides the biographical chapters, he has
the land and language of Arabia, the Kor
modern times. He is just to Mahomet and his
sufficiently generous; but he insists on the
the maintenance of slavery and the degradation
an *obiter dictum* of the late Khedive Tewfik
of his wives ended absolutely with their de
Mahometan country stagnant or retrogressive,
religion on civilization may be exaggerated
ignored. We should add that though the
"Muhammad," Mr. Johnstone is no fanatical
Arabic words. He calls the Koran the "Qur
customary "Omar" instead of the correc
"Umr." After all, if we speak of Alexander

INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT ON THE LINES OF MODERN EVOLUTION (Longmans, 18s.) contains much that is interesting and instructive. The volume appears at a wide interval after the first, and before the second, which failing eyesight compels the author to postpone. It suffers somewhat from the inappropriateness of the title, for its connexion with intellectual development is very slight. It really aims at giving advice to practical statesmen in England, France, and America for the reform of their national institutions and character. In the execution of this ambitious plan Mr. Crozier has won a very fair measure of success. He has a good deal of first-hand knowledge of England and America and has used it acutely, while his generalizations are ingenious and sweeping. Many of them, indeed, seem to us remarkably flimsy, but sometimes they are true and usually they are interesting. Literary style is not Mr. Crozier's strong point. Still his style is perfectly intelligible and not so dull as one might expect, considering its monstrous verbosity. The section which will attract most notice is that on America; those who read it will wait with curiosity to see if President Roosevelt, who has a unique opportunity before him, will adopt any of Mr. Crozier's counsel.

The evils of American political life, which are held to be superficial, he traces first to the want of publicity and rational system in the elections to Congress and to local offices; and, secondly, to the clap-trap doctrine of abstract equality which forces the franchise upon voters who are totally unworthy of it. His remedies for the first are excellent: more publicity with greater stability and dignity in the minor offices; President Roosevelt could not do better than adopt them. The remedy for the second evil is peculiar and leads us to notice a very strange feature in Mr. Crozier's doctrine. He holds that to do away with the mischievous clap-trap of abstract equality America must give up the rights-of-man gospel of Rousseau and Jefferson and adopt in its stead the Evolution of Civilization as the "National Bible." Very good, we reply, but in what volume is the new Scripture to be found written? Mr. Crozier speaks strongly of the inadequacy of all extant history books and thus points us to an unmistakable inference. It is his own "History of Intellectual Development" which, when completed, is to become, in his own phrase, the "Bible of the Nations": that is, the canon of national institutions and basis of European education. To impose this new Sacred Book upon the American people is an enterprise to tax the powers of the most innovating of Presidents; and Mr. Roosevelt (or Don Quixote) might well be excused if he declared the task too hard for him.

Ost Friesland.

FROM SQUIRE TO PRINCE, by Walter Phelps Dodge (Unwin, 10s. 6d.), is the fanciful title of a book about a little known German district, its sub-title being "The Rise of the House of Aikema." We can certainly say that the subject was well worth undertaking; but equally are we certain that it was worth better treatment. The history of Ost-Friesland has never been written in English. It has a romance of its own, and yet it is also thoroughly characteristic, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, of familiar features of German life. At many points it seems to crave the touch of Meinhold or Goethe. Mr. Dodge would claim no such powers; but still he could surely have taken more pains. As it is he has given us an involved and scanty summary, in which facts are thrown about at haphazard, authorities are used in very unscholarly fashion, and very little information is in the end conveyed to the reader. From the town hall at Aurich and from the collection of Mr. John Chester Eno, of Connecticut, some excellent illustrations of portraits and coins are given; but we learn practically nothing about the originals. Is it possible that some association is claimed with the Counts Enno by Mr. Eno of Connecticut? Grote's *stemmata* illustrating the history are conveyed by the author, with acknowledgment, in his book; but they only serve to whet our appetite. The great Kannitz appears in the pedigree. What an association! What an opportunity! But there

mistaken nor states uncritically what he believes. H
true from the false in the miraculous parts of his
and, as regards Christian miracles, is content to poin
weakness as a basis of proof, without either den
accuracy or decrying the Founder of the religion. T
a brief sketch of the life, travels, and work of the re
Greek antiquities (as, for instance, Trophonius and
Mr. Mead is not deeply read; his scholarship is not
for he writes *ἰμμρς* (p. 84) for *ἰεγγυε*; but he uses his
with care and judgment, and gives exact references.
suggestions are made in the book. The Gymnosophist
prets metaphorically, on a hint from one of them wh
resigned my patrimony, and naked I sought the naked
he regards as a corruption of Arhat, which is quite
Paraea of Bharata, also possible in view of the con
pronunciation of *β* and *π*. The style is lucid and te
In a translation from the Greek *Life*, which is pal
consisting of scraps of iambic verse written as pros
taining the tearsome split infinitive, "no more to wh
beloul." We regret to see Mr. Evans' labyrinth cro
here; it spreads like tares.

Catus.

CATUS COLLEGE (Robinson, 5s. n.) by Dr. John Ve
of the College, is added to the series of College Histor
is nothing dounish about the author's manner. It
fault that the history of the College he writes a
picturesqueness; he makes it as picturesque as he
remarks on the haphazard University ways of the
century are strong and graphic, and show that what G
about Magdalen, Oxford, might have been said, with e
at the same period of Caius, Cambridge. "No pla
was recommended for my use," says Gibbon, "and a
precious season of youth whole days and weeks we
to elapse without labour or amusement, without
account." Compare the case of Francis Blom
historian:

> At any well-conducted college of recent
> energetic tutors who had secured such a student wo
> have coerced him into a tripos. As it was, he see
> been left entirely to himself, and to have spent
> from his first term in transcribing MSS. in our li
> in noting and copying inscriptions in all the s
> villages, and in like desultory work.

Another graphic picture of this period is as follows:—

> The Georgian student has, indeed, one merit w
> not be overlooked. *He dressed for his college din*
> those days dinner was early probably about o
> Etiquette rigidly demanded that for this he should
> hair, and should wear silk stockings and pumps. T
> barber accordingly became an important person, a
> daily visits to his employers. . . . In 1738 an
> passed that the barber should not come into t
> upon Sundays.

On the whole, Caius College hardly seems to have p
fair share of illustrious alumni. Perhaps some may
Dr. Venn might have made his list longer by includin
of Mr. Max Pemberton.

Colonel Biddulph's memoir of GENERAL STRINGER
(Murray, 5s. n.) describes him truly enough as the fa
Indian army. He was in command of the forces of
India Company when that company thought only of tra
hardly alive to the much greater possibilities of the
He may not have been a genius. Macaulay, inde
him no more than common sense but he rendere
services at a critical time, and brought the home Gove
recognize the importance of our interests in India.
though he was eclipsed by his brilliant subordinate
Clive, he was one of the makers of British India. A

ethical development of female student life. Among the volumes of short tales and sketches we note with pleasure "Syyslehtiä" (Autumn Leaves), by Pietari Päivärinta, a famous narrator of old standing, who has long been silent; "Tienhaarassa" (At the Parting of the Ways), eighteen short tales by Santeri Alkio, bearing on social questions of the present day; and "Kevään ajoilta" (From the Times of Spring), a set of captivating stories, by Samuli Suomalainen. Väinö Anderlin, in his "Tyynen meren rannikoilta" (From the Shores of the Pacific), gives sketches of Finnish life in North America, vividly drawn, if somewhat hastily filled in. Johan Henrik Erkko, the best known living poet of Finland, has, in his "Ilmeän tullen" (The Approaching Gloom), brought out a collection of pieces, in poetry and prose, and some of the verses are in his best style, although of a rather mournful cast.

Of the many volumes of poems we can especially notice only "Lauluja ja runoelmia" (Songs and Poems), by Ilmari Calamnius, short lyrics and patriotic songs written in a popular and pleasing manner; "Hiihtäjän virsiä" (Songs of a Snow-shoe Runner), by Eino Leino, poetical effusions evincing much depth of feeling, arranged in groups according to their subject, and concluding with a few love-sonnets; also "Primuloita," by Hilja Liinamaa, a bouquet of "Primroses" as the poetess calls them, "for village youths and maidens." The poet Leino has also published two dramas, *i.e.*, "Johan Wilhelm," in three acts, and "Sota Valosta" (The Contest for Light), in five acts. The latter play takes its subject from the Kalevala. Kaarle Halme's "Purimossa" (At Purimoi, a drama in five acts, presents a curious but exaggerated picture of Finnish provincial life.

We cannot omit to notice the "Dictionnaire Finnois-Français," by E. S. Yrjö-Koskinen, lately published under the auspices of the Finnish Literary Society. It will be most useful to foreign students of the Finnish language. The society is continuing its series of translations, by Cajander, of Shakespeare's dramas, *Timon of Athens* having been added to the repertory in 1890, and *Cymbeline* and *King John* in the present year. These versions in Finnish are very faithful and show much elegance of style.

FICTION.

The Irish Peasant.

The quaint charm of the Irish peasantry is not easily reproduced in words. Thanks to her keen perception of the varying moods of the Celtic temperament, Miss Grace Rhys essays the task with no little success in THE WOOING OF SHEILA (Methuen, 6s.). The title suggests the nature of the story, which contains several scenes of distinct dramatic power. Sheila herself is a child of nature, the embodiment of grace and winsomeness, and effectively contrasted with her rugged and masterful lover. Here we have for once a picture of the Irish peasant free from exaggeration. But the feature of the book is undoubtedly the character-study of Jack-a-Dandy, a half-witted village Mercury, whose folly masks his goodness of heart. Miss Rhys severely resists one temptation to which too many writers of Irish tales succumb, and does not "spatchcock" into her narrative irrelevant anecdotes of more or less hoary antiquity. The tag from the "Agamemnon" which appropriately prefaces the story might as well be correctly quoted in later editions.

On a Desert Island.

AN EPISODE ON A DESERT ISLAND (John Murray, 3s. 6d.) is told in a score of letters, written in a style charmingly simple and dainty. Louise Mamsym's idealism is counterbalanced by a keen sense of humour. She is twenty-eight and every one is expecting her to make "that suitable marriage for which the whole bringing-up of girls is the preparation." Cyril, with his "dear, stupid, ailing wife," Janette, the eldest sister, married to a widowed lord and determined that there shall be no old maids in the family, and other sisters and relations, join in shop-girl and the "gentleman," who, after a's his passion and better self, persuades the girl the first happy days, the gradual estrangeme rupture of relations are familiar episodes of "Eva" of Mr. Will Payne. Puritan, practical, and things, and a woman to the core—in her pu is a real heroine. Philip, too, appeals to o There is a fine scene in which he becomes all ness and lack of moral refinement—defects app in the male sex—and his redemption comes to seiousness of the woman's generosity and un lesser characters, the Bohemian Mrs. Hollingshe supercilious Miss Worthington, and Sarah, w devotion to her friend, form a well-drawn pic grumble less at the "American Invasion" if it like the "Story of Eva."

Scotch Stories.

THE SKIPPER OF BANNCRAIG (Constable, of the sea, full of the tragedy of a man wh vocation. Lawrence Russell is a lad of a highl temperament, with an artist's soul and a whe the sea. He is wedded to his violin, which in becomes the expression of his inmost soul. His old sea-dog with a contempt for land-lubbers an fiddlers. Fate is against the fisher lad; the the father carries the day. The pathos of the by Phloss, the philosopher, and his companion's tatives of the "kailyard." Scotch humour Scotchmen. But even Southerners will derive Mr. Seton's whimsical humourists.

Mr. Duncan Macgregor's novel LADY C 6s.) is of a character difficult to describe an evidently the work of a highly religious person dowered with a sense of humour, and who do the art of novel writing. It would be easy t but the book, with its curious picture of a se who lived in a Scotch village in early Vict any rate sincere, and readers who do not scriptural style may find interest in it.

Miss Helen Wallace must be a very Scott GREATEST OF THESE (Hodder, 6s.) is taken up with the quarrel between the Established Kirk the Secessionists of 1753. It is not a bad stor contain very much of the Jacobite rising (for w thankful), but it is cruelly overweighted with author relentlessly mangles the spelling of ev attempt to reproduce it. This rather derogat power which the book shows.

The spirit that breathed in those lines of R
The bridegroom may forget the bri
Was made his wedded wife yestre
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has bee
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her kn
But I'll remember *thee*, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me

is that which informs Allan M'Aulay's admir MARY (Fisher Unwin 6s.) and gives romance to elaborate detail. A Scottish laird lives with h at the "big house" of Ardwinnoch. They ha totally different character who sends them keg the Indies; and as a last gift, the prodigal's fric Mary, his natural child, whose black blood is taint and who is looked upon in the Scottish vi legacy. But the history of little Mary and Hepburn is told with delightful sentiment, with simple joy which make such a book a valuable quiet class of literary novels.

Murho's only apparent excuse for writing GLENDARROCH (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.) is some slight acquaintance with the West Coast of Scotland. The sayings and doings of a remarkably dull house-party are chronicled with ludicrous fidelity. The characters are as numerous as they are tedious, and a favourable opportunity which a yacht accident gave of getting rid of a few of them has unfortunately been neglected. "A man always calls a girl little if he thinks she is scrumptious" is a fair specimen of the writer's wit and wisdom.

It must be difficult to devise a new variant of the stereotyped novel relating to the Forty-five, and the difficulty has hardly been surmounted by Mr. Thomas Pinkerton in BLUE BONNETS UP (Long, 6s.). The best thing in it is its vein of humour, especially in the first half of the story. The plot is conventional, though one character, Miss Camilla Chisholm, has freshness and individuality.

THE EXTERMINATION OF LOVE (Blackwood, 6s.), by E. Gerard (Madame Emily de Laszowska), is an interesting and original novel. Dr. Eric Peterstorff, a young scientist, is horrified at the evil wrought by the "*Bacillus amoris*, the poisonous germ devouring the hearts of men and women." "No escape is possible—none—none—till science has found the antidote, the precious serum that is to kill and exterminate the *Bacillus amoris*." But Dr. Peterstorff finds it necessary that he should be married, and chance throws a delightful girl in his way. The rest of the story must be discovered by the reader, and we are sure he will be well entertained in the process.

In THE TRIUMPH OF HILARY BLACHLAND (Chatto and Windus, 6s.) Mr. Bertram Mitford falls between two stools. The experiences of gold-prospectors in Matabeleland in the days of Lo Bengula and the battle scenes in the subsequent war are entertaining enough. But the love intrigues sandwiched between the adventures are vulgar and sordid, and mingle incongruously with the "simian clamour" of baboons and the roaring of many lions. Mrs. Hilary, who is the cause of much unpleasantness, is a person of "polyandrous experiences," and the real triumph of her husband consisted in getting rid of her.

ONE LIFE BETWEEN, by Alice Maud Meadows (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), is quite as interesting as many another story of a murder and its discovery. Its coincidences are indeed grotesque; its improbabilities purely farcical. But they are, nevertheless, utilized very ingeniously, and the love of Frank Atherley—who committed, but was not really guilty of, the murder—and his wife give a pleasant human touch to the tale. It certainly never flags; and there are thousands of readers who are content with a book of which so much may be said.

MARY ANNE OF PARCHMENT BUILDINGS, by Lucas Cleeve (Digby, Long, 6s.), has some striking improbabilities, but there is a good deal of human nature about it. Mary Anne is not always quite consistent. Sometimes in her conversation she forgets that she is an uneducated woman. But her mixture of surface vulgarity and innate refinement appeals strongly to the reader.

To the inconvenience of living in a flat should be added, as we learn from A SET OF FLATS (John Milne, 6s.), the possible unpleasantness of finding a corpse in the lift. Every occupant of the house is accused of the murder. And in the end, of course, the culprit is found in an apparently guileless individual whom no one had suspected. When we add that the criminal was a Pro-Boer his cup of iniquity is surely full to the brim. The story is wildly exciting.

"Mr. Blake of Newmarket" made a vast number of friends who are ready to welcome any sporting book from Mr. Edward H. Cooper, and so A FOOL'S YEAR (Methuen, 6s.), with its owners and jockeys, its racehorses and tales of the Turf, is likely to be popular. One must possess at least a modified interest in racing matters to enjoy it; that granted, the book is entertaining enough.

Mr. Finch Mason always appeals to one as an all-round sportsman in art and letters. His collection of sixteen stories dealer, carries off in true *caballero* style. We hope out more satisfactory than did his attempt to grow trees. The interest of the story lies in its local author uses a background with which he is acquain being the introduction of an occasional anachron

A villainous Italian count, a brave and chiv Englishman, with the customary allowance of lay fi and Italian, make up A BLACK VENTAGE, by M (Digby, Long, 6s.). The author is untramme bonds of probability. His Count (Campanella is h coiner who puts interfering fools out of his way in melodramatic fashion. Any relations who passes shut up until they are old enough to sign away thei or else they meet sudden and mysterious ends. Gill on the other hand, is a modest fellow of infinite wor (Italian) dies in saving his life from Campanel (English) marries him. It is all as it should be, a an interesting and ingeniously-constructed tale, o society order, told with many gorgeous passages o writing.

There is a love affair in Mr. J. M. Mowbr JOURNEY TO NATURE (Constable, 7s. 6d. n.) which m for claiming it as Fiction. It purports to be the nine months' holiday in a country retreat, taken by street operator who has been living too hard. Th deal of clever writing in the book, and the doctor (w ally runs down on a visit to his patient) is a decid in his way. Mr. Mowbray is fond of introducing l tions on the subject of Love and Life and other su not forgetting Natural History—but his book is contains many shrewd reflections, sometimes happil "A Journey to Nature" is handsomely bound and it is not quite easy to see why it should be priced s

RETALIATION, by Herbert Flowerden (Constable in a cowhouse with a bout of fisticuffs. The combat sons of the squire and a local farmer, and the spo contest are their admiring sisters. The rivalry thus the keynote of the story. The cowhouse was no for it stimulated the young farmer's imagination purpose that, seven years afterwards, he has becom ful novelist. The author tells his story easily and pl it is curious to notice how carefully he has eliminate of culture or distinction from the conversation of characters. This is surely realism with a vengeance. marriage, one Derring, "poet and maker of phr "pray for no better fate than to find my ideal in to my music." Judging from the evidence before that the woman would be fortunate. The tale wi with those who take their fiction seriously, for th excuse for a smile in the whole book.

A CHILD OF ART, by Annabel Gray (Simpk 3s. 6d.), has on its title-page an imposing row of wo to us. Otherwise we should have taken it to be by a writer. The profoundly cynical generalities, the descriptions, the incoherence of the style, the gy of the swarming ideas that tumble over one a bewilderment of the reader, all suggest youth and i The "Child of Art" is a model—a "divine wo inspired head." But it is more the affairs of he which the book is concerned. These are too description. The author writes like this:—"Hidd consumption, for instance, or cancer poisoning beau are of far less importance to society than the m makes and the way her smart frocks and coats are c is occasionally an idea in the whirl of words, bu should cultivate a saner style.

MANASSEH (Macqueen, 6s.) does not exactly pr translation of Dr. Maurus Jokai's book, of which th title is "Egy az Isten," *i.e.*, "One is the Lord"— the Unitarians of Transylvania. It is "retol Hungarian" by Mr. P. F. Bicknell, who has found

troubadours, of the machinations of the wicked and the devotion of the good, of lonelyest castles and the clash of arms. The author has been at extraordinary pains to realize the atmosphere of France in the thirteenth century, and she may be congratulated on her success. One hardly knows which of the principal characters to prefer, the most famous Lola herself, of surpassing beauty of feature and of character, Raimon Taillefer, Vicomte of Béziers, her long undeclared lover, Peire Vidal, the gay minstrel and apt improvisatore, or Barral de Peyrors, the courtly knight who surrendered his abbacy because he would not see his ancient faith bestraggled. It is all remarkably well done, both as to the quaintly appropriate archaic diction and the realization of the characters and the times.

Among the books held over from the autumn by Mr. John Lane is the translation of "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" from the French of J. B. Nicolas. The translation has been done by Frederick Baron Corvo, and the volume, with the reprint of the French text as well as the English version, is developing into a more elaborate work than was originally intended. Mr. Lane has also postponed "The Love Poems of W. S. Blunt," and of Herrick in "The Lover's Library" until the more appropriate season of the spring. The latest announcement in the way of anthologies is a volume of poems on Friendship, collected by Mr. Edward Carpenter and expected early in the new year; while "A Book of British Song for Home and School," edited by the Principal of the Hampstead Conservatoire (Mr. Cecil B. Sharp), will be among the spring books published by Mr. Murray. Biography and autobiography will again play an important part in the spring publications. One of the most interesting of these will be Sir Henry Layard's autobiography from his childhood to his appointment as British Ambassador at Madrid, with additional chapters on his Parliamentary career by Sir Arthur Otway (Murray). Mr. H. St. Maur's "Annals of the Seymours" has been promised for the spring by Messrs. Kegan Paul—a volume giving the history of the Seymour family from its early days to the recent achievements of Admiral Seymour in China. The "Annals" will be in one volume, divided into three parts, each with a complete pedigree.

Correspondence.

LAPSED COPYRIGHTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, You lately printed a list of editions of the works of Dickens that have lately been put upon the market, and a shorter, but considerable, list of recent editions of Scott's novels. It would be easy, if it were worth while, to make further lists of reprints of other non-copyright works from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" to Carlyle's "French Revolution." The prevalence of the reprints, whatever the exact number of them may be, proves that a literary property often continues to be valuable long after the death of its creator; and I contend that the way in which the law of England (to say nothing of the law of any other country) deals with that property is not only unjust but illogical. Copyright is the literary man's equivalent for what the tradesman calls a "going business"; and a going business in history or poetry or philosophy or romance has just as strong a moral claim to protection, irrespectively of the duration of its founder's life, as a going business in jams or pills. If the property of men of letters is to be confiscated at all, ought it not to be confiscated by the State in the interest of the community? What happens at present is that, after a certain term of years, every work of genius is taken away from are to be applied to literary property at all, the rational mode of procedure would, it seems to me, when copyrights cease to be the property of th should become the property of the State; that tration of this property should be undertaken Government Departments say, the Board of licences to reprint should be granted to appro who apply for them, subject to the payment of Department. It is difficult to calculate what royalties could be made to yield; but the Shake and Dickens royalties alone would be substantial, Daniel Defoe, Fielding, Thackeray, Kingsley, Carlyle would swell the total appreciably. The mon mately be used for the general purposes of the Go might be ear-marked for expenditure in the interest It might, for instance, be capitalized to form a fund. Or it might be devoted to the endowme Or it might be spent on the production of some works of reference which are so badly needed, to repay the outlay involved in their publicatio already in operation to a certain extent at Ox profit made by printing Bibles and Testamen University Press for the loss incurred in printi as Sanskrit Dictionaries. The thing might be larger scale if the profits on other books whic public property were devoted to public purpos then have an Imperial Gazetteer on the sam "Dictionary of National Biography," and reprin important historical documents now kept in ma Record Office and elsewhere, and do many other t the difficult path of the student in all the vario of learning. All this by the systematic use of asset from which the nation now derives no a considering.

I am, Sir, yours faithfu

"'VARSITY JOURNALISM.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have read with some interest an arti issue on the subject of Oxford periodicals, wri by some one not unconnected with the 'Varsit in themselves incorrect, I consider his remarks misleading, and as the editor of a "rival impelled to amplify them for the enlightenment, mission, of your readers.

As the article in question suggests, the m feature of the Oxford periodical is its mushroom- equally transient existence. It stays with us for a and then, like the "nightingale that in the hra evanesces," and whence, and whither flown again Messrs. Burroughs and Doe may hold the gha not the sorrowing public, unless a chance echo f shire County Court arrives to enlighten them. three years there have been published in Oxfor periodicals (and perhaps others) besides the *Oxfo* The *X Rays*, which, having been reduced fro threepence, finally collapsed after a chequered thing under two years. The *Quad* was a rat terminal magazine containing purely literary ma a shilling. It started life in a very bilious yello is to be regretted that it collapsed (after thres

extinct. Their speedy downfall is regrettable, but most natural. Enterprises of this kind need capital, which undergraduates (and particularly literary undergraduates) do not usually possess. Initial outlay is necessary and one whose stay in Oxford lasts three or four years only is little likely to reap much return. And even if some misguided but wealthy devotee of the muses does elect to embark on an undertaking of this kind, it is more than likely that none will be found to follow in his rather expensive wake.

To return from the noble dead to the more permanent living. The *Broad*, a fortnightly, which has already achieved two numbers, no doubt still claims to be extant. Of the 'Varsity your correspondent has already told you a great deal. It has been going now for about a year and a half, and still appears to be in a highly-flourishing condition. Whether it will long outlive its present able staff is a doubtful question. Its excellence persuades one to hope that it will.

And now I come (like Mr. Henley) to my grievance. Your informant does not mention the *Isis*. The *Isis* has always been run on a different footing from other Oxford journals and for that reason I have reserved an exposition of its charms to the last. The *Isis* is the property of Messrs. Alden and Co., the well-known Oxford printers and stationers, and is edited by a paid editor and staff of undergraduates. Its stability being thus assured (it has now been running for about ten years), it very naturally has always had by far the largest circulation of any 'Varsity paper, and has also been able to secure the best available contributions. It has, of course, had periods of decrepitude, but owing to its ever-changing *personnel* these periods have been few and far between. It very naturally serves as a model on which most new undertakings of a similar nature are based. The *Isis* numbers among its contributors some well-known names, including Mostyn Pigott, its reverend founder, R. C. Lehmann, Max Beerbohm, A. E. W. Mason, Paul Rubens, C. B. Fry, H. B. Irving, and many others. Without further detailing the manifold beauties of the *Isis* I will conclude by repeating that I send you these facts because I think your correspondent, by a skilful sin of omission, has denied the *Isis* that proud position of pre-eminence which it undoubtedly holds.

I am yours very sincerely,
CYRIL H. BRETHERTON
12, Paragon, Blackheath. (Editor of the *Isis*).

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A considerable portion of Mr. Roberts' letter seems to fall under the category of personal recrimination, and so hardly calls for comment. I will, however, avail myself of your courtesy in allowing me to reply. Mr. Roberts suspects that I know nothing of 'Varsity journalism, and is certain that I have no critical faculty. Whether the latter statement is true or not is hardly my business to discuss, but the former suspicion is incorrect. The details which Mr. Roberts gives of the changes in the editorial staff of the *X* seem to me simply to confirm my statement that the paper passed through many vicissitudes. As to my "charge of æstheticism" brought against the *Quad*, I may assure Mr. Roberts that the term was not used as one of abuse. For much that appeared in the *Quad* even my critical faculty was thankful, and I condole in its "untimely and accidental end," thanking Mr. Roberts for his pleasing euphemism.

Finally, I should like to express my regret that any "amazing

members of the society and forward their subs[illegible] guineas) to Mr. Turner, The Castle, Lewes, the [illegible] promoted by the society would be greatly encouraged. [illegible] volume, now in the press, will be Simon Marr[illegible] (1580-1642) for the Archdeaconry of Lewes.

Your obedient servant,
E. H. W.

The Heath, Fairlight, Hastings, Dec. 21.

THE MICROCOSM, MAN, IN SHAKES[illegible]

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The word "microcosm" is, as denoting [illegible] familiar. But, in Shakespeare's time, under the inf[illegible] Paracelsus (*circa* 1493-1541) had exerted, the word [illegible] not only to have attained a good deal of currency, [illegible] have been employed concerning man with a liberali[illegible] a first view, may seem surprising. The word itself [illegible] once in Shakespeare. Menenius in *Coriolanus* (ii. [illegible]) says, "If you see this in the map of my microcos[illegible] that I am known well enough too?" Here "microcos[illegible]" Menenius' body, and, as appears from the context, [illegible] an expression very worthy of note—signifies [illegible] characteristics, the body having a map on it analo[illegible] found on a terrestrial globe. But here the face [illegible] now particularly intended.

We may again see the microcosmic map in the [illegible] be pointed out on Nell's body, *Comedy of Er[illegible]* ii. 117 *seqq.*). She is "spherical, like a globe." Th[illegible] "microcosm," the "little world," may be regarde[illegible] lying the mention of the "globe." A similar rem[illegible] made with regard to Falstaff, whom Prince Hal ca[illegible] of sinful continents" (2 *Henry IV.*, ii. 4, l. 309).

There is another curious place which is well wo[illegible] ing. King Richard, hearing that his cause is lo[illegible] Bolingbroke is triumphant, says:—

> Let's choose executors, and talk of wills,
> And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
> Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
> Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbro[illegible]
> And nothing can we call our own but death
> And that small model of the barren earth,
> Which serves as paste and cover to our bo[illegible]
> (*King Richard II.*, iii. 2, ll. 1[illegible]

I wish to call particular attention to the last two [illegible] the commentators, so far as I know, have altogeth[illegible] explain. The "small model" has been thought to [illegible] but this would scarcely suit the fact that it is some[illegible] the King can call "our own." According to the m[illegible] does not possess even one "little, little obscure [illegible] may have to lie "in the King's highway." More [illegible] argument were waived, does it seem at all conceiv[illegible] grave can be a "model of the earth"? But what [illegible] chief importance is that the "small model of the bo[illegible] which the King can call "our own," as he can the [illegible] "death," manifestly answers to "our deposed bodies" [illegible] mentioned—something still owned, and which can be [illegible] We thus come to the conclusion that the "small m[illegible] barren earth" denotes the softer parts of the body [illegible] cosm, which serve as "paste and cover to our bones." [illegible] "the *barren* earth"? Probably, because, in acco[illegible] what precedes, it is only the King's *bare* body which [illegible]

Books to look out for at once.

George Sand's "Mauprat." With an Introduction by Mrs. Craigie. [illegible] 1s. 6d.
["A Century of French Romance." Illustrated.]

"[illegible]." By F. Marion Fosbin. [illegible] 3s. net.
["Great Masters" Series. Illustrated.]

"Contemporary American Opinions of the French Revolution." By Charles Downer Hazen. Fisher Unwin. 5s. 6d. net.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.]

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

SCHOOL AND SEA DAYS. By Alan Ducan. 8×5½, 360 pp. Burleigh. 6s. n.

[Travels and adventures by sea, for children, with drawings by the author.]

EDUCATIONAL.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF OVID. Book I. Edited by E. Essor. (Blackie Latin Series.) 7½×4½, 108 pp. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

[With introduction, notes, and illustrations as in the former volumes of the series. The text of the Corpus Poetarum Latinorum.]

THE PICTURE SHAKESPEARE: MACBETH. 7½×5, 122 pp. Blackie. 1s.

[With introduction, coloured frontispiece, and line illustrations. The notes and appendices are substantially the same as in the Junior School Shakespeare.]

BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE (Canto II.). Blackie's English Classics. 2d.

[With introduction and copious notes at the end.]

KING RICHARD III. (Junior School Shakespeare.) Blackie. 10d.

[Another of these useful school text books, bound in paper, with introduction, notes, and classified index.]

SELECTIONS FROM GARGANTUA. MATEO FALCONE. Blackie's Little French Classics. 4d. each.

[With short introductions on Rabelais and Prosper Mérimée and notes.]

FRENCH CONVERSATIONAL SENTENCES. By G. E. Avery. Blackie. 6d.

[Useful for the beginner.]

A BRIEF SKETCH OF FRENCH HISTORY, 1789-1815. L. Guilhault. 1871-1872. By H. Hirsch. 6½×4½. 114-155 pp. Blackie. 1s. 6d. each.

[These books provide a mean between the voluminous history and the mere book.]

LA JEUNE SIBÉRIENNE. By Xavier de Maistre. Edited by W. G. Etheridge. (Modern Language Series.) 6½×4½. 128 pp. Blackie. 1s.

[With biographical note on the Savoyard soldier and author (1763-1852) and notes adjusted to the wants of lower forms.]

FICTION.

UNDER THE SWORD. By the Countess de Sumalla. 8×5½, 316 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

[A story of art life, mystery, and romance in England.]

A BID FOR EMPIRE. By Major A. Griffiths. 7½×5, 319 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

[A story of modern Egypt.]

LUKE DELMEGE. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan. 7½×5½, 380 pp. Longmans. 6s.

[The author of "My New Curate" here gives us another far more intensely study of the life of a Roman Catholic priest, in Ireland and in London.]

THE MISSION OF MARGARET. By Adeline Sergeant. 7½×5. 341 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[Short stories connected with Christmas.]

THE CALLING OF THE WEIR. By F. Langbridge. 8×5½. 301 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

["A story of life in an Irish village" ten or twelve years ago.]

LITERARY.

THE VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Sir M. E. Grant Duff. 9×5½. 250 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

[From Samuel Rogers to Mr. Laurence Binyon. Selected on no principle but the author's own pleasure, and divided into three groups according to periods, with an introductory note to each group. A

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' OFFICIAL [illegible] 1902. *The Licensing World and Licensed Trad*

ALMANACH HACHETTE FOR 1902. 7½×5, 43

BURKE'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KN Harrison. £2 2s.

HERBERT FRY'S ROYAL GUIDE TO THE FOR 1902. Edited by J. Lane. 7½×5, 391 p 1s. 6d.

DOD'S PEERAGE FOR 1902. 7×4½, 1,085 pp.

VANITY FAIR ALBUM. Vol. XXXIII. 13¾×1

[This delightful volume is really an his significant that literature is represented by t Tolstoi, and Rostand; and excellent caricatur they are.]

POETRY.

MIRTH AND MUSIC. By F. B. Doveton. 7 2s. 6d. n.

[Short poems, mostly reprinted from *Literature*.]

POLITICAL.

CROMWELL ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS. Togeth International Matters. By F. W. Pays. 9×5 Press. 2s. 6d. n.

[The title is that of the first of Six Essays national Politics and our military position, reference to the rivalry of Germany and Engla

REPRINTS AND NEW EDI

HISTORY OF LACE. By Mrs. Bury Palliser, and Alice Dryden. 10½×7, 536 pp. Sampson

[The third edition of this standard work, and rewritten, appeared in 1875. A sumptuou cover, with the original woodcuts and nearly tions.]

THE LADY POVERTY. A XIII. Century Alleg M. Carmichael. 6½×4½, 200 pp. Murray.

[A translation of the "Sacrum Commercin how St. Francis wooed and won my Lady unknown Franciscan in the thirteenth cent different editions, authorship, and date of the

TALES OF PAST TIMES TOLD. By M (Temple Classics for Young People.) 6×4, 19

[The well-known Fairy Tales of the seve man of letters.]

GOD IN SHAKESPEARE. By C. Downing. Greening. 6s.

[A new edition of Mr. Downing's elaborat spiritual ideals.]

BALLADS OF THE FLEET AND OTHER POEM Robb. New Ed. 7¾×5, 151 pp. Arnold. 3s.

[Reprinted from the first edition and fro with additions.]

THEOLOGY.

A CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ENQUIRY IN THE THIRD GOSPEL. By P. C. Sesse. 8 and Norgate. 7s. 6d.

[The writer's view is that the Canonical G attempt made in the second half of the second to unite warring sectaries; and that the Thir mainly from the Marcionite Gospel. The orig he has already discussed in another book.]

THE PROGRESS OF DOGMA. By J. Orr, Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

[Lectures delivered before an American embracing religious thought during the whole author is Professor of Apologetics and S the United Free Church College, Glasgow.]

THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION. Christ By the Rev. W. R. Nicoll. 7×4½. 227 pp. 3s. 6d.

[Based on articles published in the *British*

IDEALS OF MINISTRY. By A. W. Willia Blackwood. 3s. 6d.

[Advice on the conduct of services and

Literature

Published by The Times.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the *Literature* Portrait next week will be

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

An appreciation of Mr. Phillips' work will be contributed by Mr. Stephen Gwynn.

* * * *

Few painters have been so full of literary inspiration as Sir Noel Paton, who passed away last week. He derived from his parents the love of the traditional lore of Scotland which breathes through such beautiful work as his illustrations to Aytoun's "Lays." Apart from his easel work he did much illustration—of Shelley, Milton, Scott, &c., and he was a devoted student of the Arthurian legend. He was an eminent antiquarian, and he published in the sixties two volumes of poems, "Poems by a Painter," and "Spindrift."

* * * *

Owing to the Christmas holiday we went to press last week too early to refer to the work of Mr. Onslow Ford, whose sudden death robs the Royal Academy of a distinguished sculptor, London society of a true gentleman, gifted with a charm of unwilling to sacrifice any significant line of the
isolation that he gave to the figure was that of a
called upon to govern, not that of an intangibility.
by the impetuous originality of a Rodin, the imagin
of, for instance, Mr. Gilbert's "Broken Shrine," w
dignified interpretation of Victoria, of woman a
Queen; with, behind, a figure of "Maternity," a ba
by either breast, aptly inscribed "Let me but be
I'll bear your cares." At the National Liberal C
Onslow Ford's "Gladstone"; at the Tate Gallery h
respectively at Chatham and at Oxford his memorial
and Shelley; and Lord Roberts possesses an equestri
in silver of his gallant son, who died of wounds
Colenso.

* * *

On February 26 the whole of France is
evoke the memory of Victor Hugo. In the Place
Victor Hugo's house—offered to the city of Paris
Blémont, a gift of 300,000 francs—will be inaug
museum. A statue will be unveiled, and there will
of the *Burgraves* at the Comédie. A project is als
the organization at the Panthéon of a ceremony o
in which the poets of France and the represent
world of letters in foreign lands shall take part.

* * * *

The latest of Hugo's posthumous volumes, the "P
de ma Vie," will, with a final volume of poems, c
cap-stone of the pyramid of his works. There is in
a remarkable essay on "Taste." Hugo contrasts th
taste habitual to genius" with that "relative taste
a useful *rôle* in the rhetorics and prosodies." Th
taste," what is it? Hugo gives us some of those
instances which dispense with argument. We m
sample, and a curious one:—

> The pun when it is Æschylus's, the grimace
> Goya's, the hump when Æsop bears it, the
> Murillo crushes it, the flea when it pricks Volta
> bone of an ass when Samson uses it, hysteria when
> of Solomon" throws over it a mantle of purple . . .
> when it is that of Œdipus, an eye wrested from its
> it is Gloucester's, the barking woman when it is
> snow when it comes from the Eumenides, the bl
> Cid avenges it, spittle when Jesus receives it, b
> ness on the lips of Homer, savagery when it is
> who is responsible, slang when Villon speaks it, ra
> trails them, blows with a stick when Scapin
> carrion when the vulture and Salvator Rosa gnaw
> part of this supreme taste.

* * *

Mr. Thomas Dunbar Ingram, who died on Mond
known for his works on Irish history, especially his
the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland
wrote a history of "England and Rome," from the
1688. He passed most of his life in India, where
Professorship at the Presidency College, Calcutta.

* * *

give you not only the magazine "most perfectly adapted for real utility and interest," but also the complete works of George Eliot, or for 20 cents a week the same "one important magazine in the world" and twelve volumes of the "Little Masterpiece Library." The Cosmo for one year and President Roosevelt's works in fourteen volumes can be secured for $5, and new subscribers to the *Century* or the *Atlantic Monthly* have the November and December numbers free. The *Youth's Companion* for one year's subscription throws in all the weekly numbers for the balance of 1901 (the advertisement appeared in November) and a calendar for 1902. Another house offers more than 1,000 combinations by which two, three, or more of their magazines may be had for about 60 to 75 per cent. of the usual price. The particulars given in the advertisement are most bewildering and make a kind of algebraic problem. If the *Cosmopolitan*, *Success*, the *Designer*, and *Household* can be had for $4, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Success*, and *Leslie's Monthly* for $2, and the *Cosmopolitan*, *American Boy*, and *Black Cat* for $2, what is the intrinsic worth of a *Black Cat* or an *American Boy*? The prize system, too, is very popular. One hundred dollars in gold is at the disposal of the person who gives the best reason why every married man should read "What Happened to Wigglesworth," by W. O. Fuller. One thousand dollars is offered for the "right guess" as to the authorship of the twelve stories included in "A House Party"; twenty-seven well-known writers are asked each to contribute a story, and the person who most nearly guesses the authorship of the selected twelve is the prize-winner. "The Story of an American Countess" (Small, Maynard, and Co.) is illustrated by twelve artists, each of whom has made a drawing expressing his idea of the heroine. The opinion of the public is invited as to the best of these, and the person whose choice "comes nearest to the choice of the majority" will be the recipient of $500.

* * * *

Mr. F. G. Kitton sends us some notes as to our Dickens portraits. "Dickens," he says, "never cared for sitting to photographers, probably because he considered that the results were generally unsatisfactory. When he did sit, however, he not infrequently assumed a number of poses, as testified by particular sets of photographic portraits in my own collection, some of those certainly fail to do justice to the subject. The most successful were by such experts as the brothers John and Charles Watkins and H. H. Mason. The latter I knew personally, when he had given up photography and had adopted literature as a profession, his last work being a 'History of Norfolk,' the completion of which was prevented by death. On referring to my printed list of Dickens portraits, I find that both the full-length, standing portrait and that from which the photogravure was made, are reproductions from Mason's photographs, circa 1867. The publishers of the 'History of Norfolk' (1892) were Messrs. Werthheimer, Lea, and Co., and the name of Lea in this connection rather suggests the possibility that Mason may have handed over (or bequeathed) his negatives to the junior partner, from whom Mr. G. L. Lea, of Watford (who owned those of Dickens until recently) may have acquired them." With reference to the large photogravure portrait which we published for the first time, Mr. Kitton tells us that the head and hand only were lithographed many years ago by Messrs. Ebenezer and Co., the lithograph being now very scarce. An engraving somewhat similar to the standing portrait on page 618 of *Literature*—the head being turned a little towards the left shoulder—appeared in the *Favorite Magazine*, October, 1868. The portrait of Dickens in his garden at Gadshill is, Mr. Kitton says, not entirely new, having appeared, though slightly reduced, in Miss Mamie Dickens' "My Father as I Knew Him."

* * * *

The Diary of the Imperial Tour of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in 1901, written by Mr. Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Assistant Private Secretary to

a translation by the well-known painter and *litt* Horsfall, of a play by Mr. W. Somerset Maugh entitled *Marriages are Made in Heaven*.

Among the books already announced for the two volumes of essays and plays by Macte from Mr. George Allen, who will publish early book of dialogues by Maeterlinck's translator, M entitled "Women in Love: Eight Studies in Se Allen's list also includes two series of "Pen Ruskin," selected by Caroline H. Wurtzburg; a Belloc's "The Path to Rome: Notes of Trav announced last autumn. Several important work from Mr. Murray early this year, including the deacon Denison: Fifty Years at East Brent, 18 on his diaries and correspondence, and edite Miss Louisa Denison; Lord Ronald Gower's 1881-1900" giving reminiscences of many men and women met by the author in this abroad during the past twenty years; and t and Correspondence of Henry, 4th Earl of Car Affairs of British North America," edited Herbert. This month, too, Mr. Murray hopes anonymous novel entitled "High Treason"—a Jacobite days; and it is rather singular that novel at present announced by Mr. Murray Man: An Allegorical Romance") is also—for the all events—anonymous.

* * *

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

With a swirl around, and a whirl away!
(Hey! for the swirl of the
With a shriek and a sigh,
And a wail and a cry!
(Hey! for the wail of the

In the rigging, there's a drumming,
Can't you hear the ropes a-humming,
And the eerie bo'sun's whistle through th
Can't you hear the voices crying
Of the poor lost souls undying,
Who ever wander through the air in pain?

With a flurry around, and a scurry away!
(Hey! for the flurry of win
With a leap and a yell,
It sweeps o'er the fell!
(Hey! for the sweep of the

It clamours o'er the town,
And sweeps across the down;
On the bleak, wild moorland, dancing as it
Can't you hear the spirits calling,
And the ghostly echoes falling,
As the driving cloud-wisps send across the

With a chuckle close by, and a laugh afar
(Hey! for the laugh of the
With a whine of despair,
And a sigh through the air!
(Hey! for the whine of the

See the stately tree-tops bending,
And the broken boughs descending,
And every little rabbit grey with fright!
Can't you hear the forests wailing,
And the wind-fiend's garment trailing
Over tree, and bush, and gorse and grasse

With a frolic around, and a rollick away!
(Hey! for the frolic of win
With the laughing shriek
Of an elfin freak!
(Hey! for the freak of the

Can't you hear the muttered rumbling,
As the wind-sprites come a-tumbling,

Anthologies and their Makers.

Almost every man who writes has a vague notion at the back of his head that he has never yet seen a perfectly satisfactory collection of verse. Hence, partly, the perpetual flow of new anthologies. The year that has just closed has seen a good many. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Victorian Anthology" (Swan Sonnenschein) is only just out. The end of the year saw two little collections of light verse, Mr. T. A. Cook's "Anthology of Humorous Verse" (Virtue) and Mr. Anthony C. Deane's "A Little Book of Light Verse" (Methuen), and also a volume of "Patriotic Song" (Pearson), edited by Mr. Arthur Stanley. In the early part of the year Professor Arber continued his programme with a "Cowper Anthology" and a "Dunbar Anthology" (Frowde), and there have been others. None can be wholly satisfactory; we all have our separate and individual likes and dislikes, and no editor can please everybody. Even the best of them discover, here and there, strange lapses from sanity. Some of them include matter not germane to their subject; they omit altogether one or two poets who should certainly (in our opinion) have found a place; occasionally they mangle the verses that they quote or clap on to them some title of their own invention. The actual labour involved in a compilation of this kind need not be anything remarkable, and in old days, at any rate, it was often more remunerative than original work. Goldsmith received two hundred pounds for his "Selections of English Poetry." For this he did nothing but mark passages with a red pencil, but then, as he was wont to add, with great gravity, "A man shows his judgment in these selections, and a man may be twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment." The "Vicar of Wakefield," on the other hand, was disposed of by Dr. Johnson for sixty pounds, though Goldsmith, with the usual vanity of an author, told Boswell it had brought him four hundred. Judgment in those days, then, was worth considerably more than genius, and in all probability the same is the case still, from the point of view of pecuniary profit. There are few who do not fancy themselves possessed of a nice judgment in the matter of verse. Taste, that so subtle and elusive quality, is one that all claim, and it is a quality that can safely be assumed, for the position of the man of taste can never be shaken by argument; he has always, to fall back upon, the unanswerable retort of his individual preference. But every collection, honestly made thus as the result of individual affection, has its own value. It is an expression of the collector's personality almost as much as if the poems were his own: we may get from it (in addition to the enjoyment of the verses themselves) the same sort of pleasure that we find in looking over the library of a new acquaintance. But the making of anthologies is by no means always an honest mirror of the collector's mind. There are anthologies of all kinds, from the Reciter's Handbook to the Golden Treasury, and some represent merely the marking of passages (with pencils red or blue) by men who have spent twenty or more years without discovering that they have no judgment at all. Anthology-compiling has become a business, and there are some who do not hesitate to base their collections upon the collections of others, instead of going to the fountain head. The tendency is now, as in most other trades, towards specialization and the division of labour. We no longer take universal poetry for our province, but are content to mark off for ourselves some little corner of the garden, and gather there our posy of flowers. This is well enough in itself. We have no objection to the compilers who seek to make a representative selection of the best verse of any epoch, or in

Literature Portraits.—X

SIR THEODORE MARTIN

"I have always been a very busy man," said S
to me the other day, "and a very busy man I still

He was speaking more particularly about
connexion with the eminent firm of Parliament
Messrs. Martin and Leslie, of which he is the se
but he has always been a very busy man of letters
when his life comes to be written it will be a record
one remarkable respect, of what I fancy is an unl
ment—that is as regards its literary side. In
interest, chiefly and naturally, is centred upon the
of a man's career, no matter how many-sided it ma
as a general rule, men of letters are men of lette
simple, literature being a good deal like an exa
jealous mistress who brooks no rival. But to thi
have been some conspicuous exceptions. Now,
scope, and excellence of the literary product of S
Martin are in themselves striking, but they will app
extraordinary when the circumstances come to be
in which these "notes" or characteristics, so to s
literary work have been exhibited and developed.

With respect to mere amount, a full biblio
writings embraces upwards of twenty volumes, many o
siderable length. Not a few of the volumes have gon
and third or more editions—his translation of Goeth
for example—and his "Bon Gaultier Ballads" is j
enter on its sixteenth, exclusive of innumerable
America—and in several of these newer editions the
revisions of the original text, and the addition, oft
matter. Stated even in this bald, mechanical way,
literary work is seen to be fairly extensive. In
various books of his have a wide range, comp
essays and reviews critical and otherwise, plays,
almost invariably in metre, of Horace, Catullus, V
Rabelais (in prose), Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Ö
&c., and lives, such as the "Life of the Prince Co
a monumental work, the "Life of Lord Lyndhur
"Life of Aytoun." The "Life of the Prince Co
only an admirable biography but also a genuine co
the history of England. And the general exce
product, in other cases as well as this is quite as mar
of it as are its amount and its scope. To take
Martin's translation of "Faust" is recognized by
are competent to pronounce upon it as the best tra
English of Goethe's drama; to give another, the "
Ballads," of which new editions are being constantl
from time to time, have a secure though, of course,
place in our literature—and this is all the more re
many of the ballads belong to the class of partic
lived literary infants yclept parodies.

Thus, if Sir Theodore Martin had done no othe
world—if he had been a man of letters only—the b
to his credit could not fail to be considered a not
performance. But when we also take into
circumstances which have surrounded this performa
perceive, I think, how very notable it really is. T
of course, add to or subtract from the actual value

not kill—at any rate, it has not killed him. He is in his eighty-sixth year, having been born in 1816 at Edinburgh, at whose High School and University he was educated. There he practised as a solicitor—it was his father's profession—till 1845 when he removed to London. He has been hard at work at his profession ever since he was eighteen; he works hard still. Sixty-seven years of work! His first contribution to literature was published as long ago as 1838; a small volume of Memorial Poems, which I have before me, is dated 1901. The late Queen ascended the Throne in 1837, so that his literary life and experience range over practically the whole of the Age of Victoria. One by one the great writers whom he knew and with whom he associated have passed away—Bulwer Lytton, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray (the novelist and Sir Theodore lived a few doors from each other in Onslow-square), the Brownings, Friends, Kingsley, George Eliot. In the early forties, Professor Aytoun and Theodore Martin were writing in *Blackwood*, then, as now, easily chief of magazines in its own class. Other magazines for which Martin wrote not a little, as, for example, *Tait's* and *Fraser's*, fifty and sixty years ago, have disappeared. In the retrospect of his life he looks back on the rise and the eclipse of a hundred reputations, policies, plans, ideas. A long life truly! Should Sir Theodore ever write his reminiscences (to some extent he has done so in his biography of Aytoun, and, more especially, in his life of that gifted woman, his wife, the late Helen Faucit) what an interesting book it would be! A long life, and a full; it is with the latter aspect of it, however, that we have to deal.

In his address as Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews in 1891 he said:—"A crowded life of hard professional work has left me little leisure for

> The search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poetry."

For by far the greater part of his professional life Sir Theodore has been engaged many hours a day on his legal work—frequently, day after day, from 9 in the morning till 9 in the evening, with scarcely any time, or no time at all, for a meal in between. And the bulk of his literary work has been done between half-past 10 at night and 2 in the morning! When other men in his circumstances would have retired to rest, with the satisfying consciousness of having well deserved it, he turned to literature—one might almost say as a recreation; yet he took it up seriously, not in the spirit of the *dilettante* but in that of the worker. That is to say, that Sir Theodore's working day, professional and literary, has often, indeed generally, been one of fifteen to sixteen hours! But even this does not state the whole truth with respect to his insatiable industry. Never was there such a glutton for work. For another feature or secret of his literary activity and productiveness is the way in which he has economised (what most of us lose, hardly conscious how great is our loss) the odd, unconsidered quarter-hours and half-hours, the small change of time. He never lost a moment—indefatigability personified! (I will confess that to a man like myself, who finds six hours a day about enough, there is something comprehending as well as enviable in Sir Theodore's Gargantuan capacity for work.) Thus, with respect to his translation of Horace, which was in his mind, off and on, for twenty years before its publication, he would think over this and that metrical rendering of given passages as he went to and fro between his house and his office, and cast and recast them until the perfect mould had been attained. His translation of Catullus was achieved in a somewhat similar manner.

was an adept in his youthful days in Edinburg perhaps, I may be permitted to repeat a little per bearing on that part of his life. One day, a year grave and right reverend ecclesiastic came up to in the Athenaeum Club, and observed that he l gotten seeing and admiring Sir Theodore's disp with the foils at Johnson's Fencing Academy in E sixty years before, and how he was filled with a on beholding his skill. Sir Theodore did not speaker, who, however, presently introduced Archbishop of York! Dr. Maclagan is ten year Sir Theodore, so that he could only have been a b he referred to, but evidently the other's sword-pl deep impression upon him.

Of the mass of Sir Theodore Martin's literary proportion of what appears in published volumes is that is, it consists in translations into English of th of other writers. It may be that in the circumsta forth he found it easier to do work of this kind, in a way, it made less continuous demand on him work would have done. The object he aimed at in tions was, to quote his own words, to transmut for the benefit of those who could not read the ori the great masterpieces of foreign literature, son which might be termed sealed books. As early appeared his rendering of the old, monkish Lat the "Disputation between the Body and the Soul." years later Martin became acquainted with Prof and, as both men were disgusted with the tr current of Goethe, they set to work to prese versions. Previous to this, however, Martin h biography of Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromarty, *édition de luxe* of that eccentric knight's translati romance of Gargantua. This book, which involve close study of the Old French of the original, wa first "work," as the "Disputation" ran to no m pages of print. After this time Sir Theodore magazines, and took from Rabelais the name " as his *nom de guerre*. Martin met Aytoun in 184 introduction of Edward Forbes, the eminent nat fessor, at Edinburgh University. As they had a tastes and pursuits they soon became intimate; ship was productive, from a literary point of removal of Sir Theodore to London in 1846, unbroken till Aytoun's death.

The chief outstanding result of their frie "Bon Gaultier Ballads." In 1839 Sir Theodore *Tait's Magazine*, under the pen-name of "Bon Gau the absurdity of the taste then distinctly prev might be styled "thieves' literature." Harris Bulwer, and even Dickens, as in "Oliver Twist into literature a sort of glorification of crime, a Newgate was the *argot* of the day. Even in sta Edinburgh the bells of St. Giles's rang out the ai Newgate. Martin protested against all this manner; and about this time he contributed various articles, written in a light vein, over t "Bon Gaultier," in which a large proportion of the Ballads," by Aytoun and himself, appeared, many in what Sir Theodore, in his life of Aytoun, ca Beaumont-and-Fletcher partnership." "In these Sir Theodore, "we ran atilt with all the reckless

pleasant surprise to us when we found how rapidly they became popular not only in England but also in America." In these parodies Aytoun and Martin had before them the example set in the "Rejected Addresses" of James and Horace Smith, published in 1812.

In 1848 Martin contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine* a translation of Hertz's "King René's Daughter." It was published in book form in 1850, and acted by Mrs. Stirling in that year and afterwards by Helen Faucit, for whom it was translated. Then followed translations of Oehlenschläger's "Correggio" (1854) and "Aladdin" (1857), and also Schiller's "William Tell." In 1859 Messrs. Blackwood brought out a volume of Goethe's poems, some translated by Aytoun, some by Martin, and others by both conjointly; most of them had appeared in previous years in the pages of "Maga." In the following year Martin's "Horace" was published, and at once challenged comparison with any existing efforts in the same direction. In 1844 Martin had an article in *Tait's Magazine* on the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, with several extracts from the sonnets and canzonets done into English. The paper attracted much attention, and he was urged to give a translation of the book, which he did; it was issued in 1861. It was instantaneously successful, and several editions of it have since been called for. In 1861 also appeared his translation of Catullus, a second edition of which, largely rewritten, was published in 1875.

In 1863 Sir Theodore printed two volumes of essays from the *Quarterly Review* and other magazines, for "private circulation" only. Of original verse in late years he has written little. In his modesty he has always disclaimed the title poet. And perhaps it is more correct to say that he is possessed of a metrical gift, fluent, easy, happy, and melodious, than to style him poet. Yet ever and anon he strikes a deep, deep note, while his versification is always pleasing. The chief characteristics of his poetry are smoothness, grace, and rhythmic balance.

The translation of *Faust* came out in 1865. This truly admirable and adequate—which is saying much—translation has gone, as I have already said, into several editions, and is likely to become, at least in a restricted sense, a classic. As an example of his verse I quote the "Dedication" from *Faust*:—

Ye come, dim forms, as in youth's early day
  Ye blessed these eyes, which now so lonely grieve!
Still, still, to hold ye fast will I essay,
  Still let my heart to that delusion cleave!
Ye throng me round! Well! Lord it how ye may,
  As from the mists ye rise that round me weave,
Ye waft a magic air that shakes my breast
With youth's tumultuous yet divine unrest.

Visions ye bring with you of happy days,
  And many a dear, dear shade ascends to view;
Like some faint haunting chime of ancient lays,
  Come love, first love, and friendship back with you;
The heart runs back o'er life's bewildered maze,
  And pangs, long laid to sleep, awake anew,
And name the loved ones lost—before their day
Swept, whilst life yet was beautiful, away.

Alas! alas! These strains they cannot hear—
  The souls to whom my earliest lays I sang;
Gone is that loving band of friends so dear,
  The echoes hush'd, that once responsive rang;
My numbers fall upon the stranger's ear,
  Whose very praise is to my heart a pang;
And all who in my lays took guide of yore

Martin's memoir of his friend and one-time co-e
fessor Aytoun, was published by the Blackwoods in
biography, it is at once a fine picture of an interest
ality and a graceful tribute on the part of a co
worth of one whom death had struck out of the
Theodore, in the preface to the fifth volume of his "
Prince Consort," very truly remarks that "the w
impatient of the panegyric of the biographer." In hi
of Aytoun there is panegyric, but it is discriminatin
biographical work was one of vast importance, a
involved the continuous labour of many years. It was
the Prince Consort," the first volume of which was i
The second volume appeared in 1876, the third in 187
In 1879, and the fifth and last in 1880. It will be easily
that a work of this kind entailed a great strain upo
and while he was engaged on one part of it—that p
dealing with the period of the Crimean war—Sir Theod
broke down, and it had to be set aside for a time.
months of rest, however, he was able to resume it.
a very fine piece of work, able, just, well-balanced, an
It was exceedingly well received at the time of its p
and translations of it have been printed both in
Germany. After the death of the late Queen
rumour that Sir Theodore was to be entrusted
biography, but it was only a rumour. At his great a
well shrink from such a work, which could be nothing
a History of the Reign of Victoria. And, again,
customary for a life, such as this must be, of a n
official character, to be written till some years after t
its subject. While the "Life of the Prince Consort"
published, and also after its completion, Sir Theodore
enormous number of letters with reference to the work
distinguished people. Not a few of these letters a
importance. Sir Theodore has had them bound into t
volumes, and intends to bequeath them to the Libr
British Museum.

At the request of Lady Lyndhurst, Sir Theodore
published his "Life of Lord Lyndhurst." A fi
appeared in 1883, and a second in 1884. In 1896 he p
translation of the first six books of the "Æneid"; it
much praise from scholars and others as any of his clas
lations. Another work of his which met with a gr
recognition was his volume on "Horace," written
wood's Series of Ancient Classics.

In 1900 was published his "Life of Helena Fa
Martin." This book—a literary monument erect
memory of his wife—is evidently written with great
care. In it Sir Theodore keeps himself seclude
background, and leaves it to others to speak of La
both as artist and woman. The result is a fascinati
of a most fascinating personality.

ROBERT MA

Sir Theodore Martin gives some interesting de
literary beginnings in his life of Professor Aytoun, wi
collaborated, as Mr. Machray has related, in the "Bo
Ballads" and in the translation of Goethe's "
Ballads." Sir Theodore Martin had already privat
the little book of verse entitled "Disputation b
Body and the Soul," of which only fifty copies w
The copy at the British Museum has been supplem
several other poems by the same author, signed
"Martinus Scriblerus," and "I.G." The chronolog
Sir Theodore's books is as follows:—

Translations.

1878.—Rabelais' "Romance of Gargantua and Pantagruel." Translated by Sir T. Urquhart. With introduction and life of Rabelais by Sir Theodore Martin. (Stevenson, Edinburgh). (Only 100 copies printed.)

1878.—Henrik Hertz's "King René's Daughter." Translated by Sir Theodore Martin. Now published with "Madonna Pia and Other Dramas." (Blackwood.)

1884.—" Oehlenschläger's 'Correggio.'" Translated by Sir Theodore Martin, with notes.

1885.—" Oehlenschläger's 'Aladdin.'" Translated by Sir Theodore Martin.

1890.—" Goethe's Poems and Ballads." (With Prof. Aytoun.) (Blackwood.) Third edn.

1898.—" The Odes of Horace." Translated into English verse by Sir Theodore Martin. (Parker.) Now published in a new edition, with life and notes, in two volumes, under the title of "The Works of Horace." (Blackwood.)

1881.—" The Poems of Catullus." Translated into English verse. With life and notes. (Blackwood.) Second Edition, revised and corrected.

1861.—" The 'Vita Nuova' of Dante." Translated. With notes. By Sir Theodore Martin. Originally published by Parker, issued in a second edition in 1871 by Blackwood.

1865.—" Goethe's 'Faust.'" Translated into English verse. (Blackwood.) Part I., eleventh edition; Part II., second edition, revised.

1878.—" Wilhelm Tell." Translated by Sir Theodore Martin. Vol. I. of Schiller's Complete Works. Edited by C. J. Hempel.

1878.—" Heine's Poems and Ballads." Translated into English verse by Sir Theodore Martin. (Blackwood.) Third edition.

1880.—" The Song of the Bell, and other Translations from Schiller, Goethe, Uhland, and Others." By Sir Theodore Martin. (Blackwood.)

1888.—Schiller's Dramatic Works. "Wallenstein and Wilhelm Tell." Translated by S. T. Coleridge, J. Churchill, and Sir Theodore Martin. (Bohn's Library.)

1890.—Schiller's "Trompeter." Translated by Jessie Beck and Louise Lechner. With an introduction by Sir Theodore Martin. (Blackwood.)

1896.—The Aeneid of Virgil. Books I. to VI. Translated by Sir Theodore Martin. (Blackwood.)

Biography.

1867.—" Memoirs of William E. Aytoun, D.C.L." (Blackwood.) New edn.; also issued in cheap editions.

1875-1880.—" The Life of the Prince Consort." Prepared under the direction of Queen Victoria. 5 vols. (Smith, Elder.) Vol. I., seventh edn., Vol. II., fifth edn.; Vol. III., seventh edn.; Vol. IV., fifth edn.; Vol. V., fourth edn. The life is also issued in a people's edition.

1882.—" The Life of Lord Lyndhurst." (Murray.) 2nd edn., 1884.

1886.—" Sketch of the Life of Princess Alice."

1889.—" Helena Faucit (Lady Martin)." (Blackwood.) 2nd. edn.

Miscellaneous.

1881.—Inaugural address delivered by Sir Theodore Martin at his installation as Rector of the University of St. Andrews. (Blackwood.)

1890.—" Bacon or Shakespeare?" Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, with additions. (Blackwood.)

Ludwig Fulda, the German poet, novelist, and playwright, whose latest drama, *The Twin Sister*, is now being performed at the Duke of York's Theatre, in Mr. Louis N. Parker's translation, is forty years old. He achieved his first real theatrical success in 1889 with a comedy entitled *Die Wilde Jagd*. His greatest contribution to dramatic literature is undoubtedly *The Talisman* (1892), a poetical play, based on a story of Hans Andersen, and produced in this country by Mr. Tree in 1894.

BOOKS OF THE YE

POETRY.

Despite Mr. William Archer's cheerful
the country is full of blossoming singers, the ye
moderately rich in poetry. No new poet of any
has come forward, and, while the veterans
been silent or retrograde, it cannot be mainta
have made any startling addition to their establi

It would, we suppose, be generally agreed
important poetical publication of the year
Meredith's "A Reading of Life," a fine and
volume, relieved by greater lucidity than has
its author's later utterances. To reduce the the
the principal poem might be regarded as a pl
and balanced life, "obedient to Nature, not he
already familiar to the Meredithian philosophy.
full of brilliant phrasing and flashing, illuminat
has everywhere in the background an eager man
bending the harder circumstances of life in
stimulating uses. Side by side with this we
Thomas Hardy's "Poems of the Past and of the
Hardy is much less of an optimist than Mr. Me
he stands at the opposite pole. As he himself
shares with Sophocles the conviction that "not
best"; but, being born, man, he would ho
make the best of life, and especially to do what
his fellow-men. This spirit moves always unde
Mr. Hardy's poetry. He is not a lyrist, and his
ments, which are diverse and interesting, are
and harmonious than musical and soaring;
marked by great dignity of an austere and
Mr. Henley's "Hawthorn and Lavender" wa
flavour. Like Mr. Hardy, he is not without
depression—

> Dead things and dying! Now the long-l
> Listens, and pines. But never a note of
> Sounds—

but, again like Mr. Hardy, he finds his own con
Mr. Henley the secret of life appears to be
existence, the delight of "taking with a fro
thunder and the sunshine." His poetry, th
degenerates into rhetoric, and is too apt t
grotesque for the forcible, is nevertheless extre
and "Hawthorn and Lavender," if it did not q
indeed quite aim at catching, the careless raptu
of Verses," is at least full of vitality and force.

Mr. Austin Dobson's "Carmina Votiva"
printed, but no survey of the year's poetry wo
without some reference to the evidence it affor
its author might retire from the active services
is still as buoyant in spirit and as freshly graceful
in the early days of *St. Paul's Magazine*. "In
rondeau of this year's making, is among the n
touching in all Mr. Dobson's long gallery of dain

Mr. W. B. Yeats' mystic drama "The Shadow
reasonably be reckoned among this year's publ
characteristically full of imagination, symbolism
melancholy. The poem is alive with a sor
elusive beauty, but Mr. Yeats would perhaps be
consider the propriety of restricting his
mysticism, which threatens to render him unint
but the professed Celtic student. There were p
Shadowy Waters" which were very nearly inart
suggestion. Mr. John Davidson, on the other h
more and more realistic. His tragedy "Self's the
fine moments, and a particularly powerful co
some of its scenes, as in the first of his series o
the desire for actuality has led him into strange

grace" plays easily across the pages of Mr. R. C. Lehmann's "Anni Fugaces," a little book that will probably be long remembered for its manly memorial to a favourite dog, a poem which will often be reprinted in anthologies of poetry celebrating animal life. Sir Edwin Arnold's "Voyage of Ithobal" was conscientious, but dull. It contained, like all Sir Edwin's work, passages of description rich in colour, but the verse not infrequently degenerated into the prose of a rather imaginative catalogue. Mr. Sidney Lysaght and Mr. Aleister Crowley both invite mention for volumes full of lyrical volubility and some really musical strophes, but both alike suffer from lack of material and from youthful excesses of over-emphasis and hyperbole. In complete contrast is the gentle, intellectual talent of Mr. Arthur Munby, a veteran of the muses, whose "Poems Chiefly Lyric and Elegiac" were full of human sympathy and spiritual serenity. Mr. Munby also takes high rank among the few poets who have successfully essayed the elegiac metre in English. Three new-comers may be said to have shown promise above the average. Lady Margaret Sackville's "Poems," though not without self-consciousness and artificiality, are distinguished by careful and artistic workmanship, while "The Oxford Year" of Mr. James Williams and "By Old Grey Gardens" of Miss Nellie B. Badcock contained accomplished verse of a pleasant, unpretentious kind. There have been collected editions of Mr. W. B. Yeats' and Mr. Arthur Symons' work, and a complete reprint of Robert Buchanan's poems, while Mr. Robert Bridges has put forth the third volume of his uniform edition. On the whole, then, the year may be said to have been moderately but not strikingly fruitful. Perhaps the poets are husbanding their resources for a sudden efflorescence in the year of Coronation.

BIOGRAPHY.

The great biographical event of the year has been the issue of the supplementary volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography." Two of the contributions to that work of reference—Mr. Sidney Lee's life of Queen Victoria and Mr. Herbert Paul's life of Gladstone, since republished separately in an extended form—have attracted particular attention. The former is notable as the first attempt to write critically at a time when the inevitable tendency was to merge criticism in praise. The latter was a marvellous example of concise writing, though the conditions of space and the immense number of the facts requiring to be recorded condemned it to an inadequacy which was only partially removed in the larger publication in volume form. The other lives in the Dictionary must be disposed of with a warm collective commendation.

Of the volumes containing lives of celebrities lately deceased the most talked about has been Mr. Graham Balfour's life of Stevenson. It was written from an abundance of information, in an interesting manner, and in admirable taste. Nevertheless one critic fell upon it, declaring that it insulted a great man's memory by making him out to be better than he was; and for several days the air was darkened with the winged words of controversy. We said our own say about the matter at the time, and need not here return to it. Another exceedingly interesting literary biography was that of Mrs. Lynn Linton, put together by Mr. George Somes Layard. Mrs. Lynn Linton's love-story, as shown by the correspondence, was made public for the first time and furnished evidence in support of the thesis that fact is stranger than fiction. It was also made abundantly clear that the great enemy of the New Woman had herself been something of the sort in her youth before the nickname was invented. To the same category belong the "Life and Letters of John Richard Green," introduced and edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Green was a good letter-writer, though not to be ranked with the greatest, and his mental history is only less interesting than his history of the English people. There was a similar psychological interest in the autobiography of W. J. Stillman, who wrestled with the creeds and conventions of New England before becoming the representative of *The Times* at Rome. Some reminiscences by Professor Max Müller, who was not only a celebrity, but the cultivator of celebrities, claim mention in the same

narrator approached periods in which he had personally [illegible] positions of dignity and responsibility. We [illegible] thought of publishing the papers to the pre[illegible] smith, named after Sir Harry Smith's wife, and Al[illegible] named after his victories in the Punjab, in the early d[illegible] war with the Boers. Sir James Paget's autobiography [illegible] mented by a narrative written by his son, Mr. Stephen P[illegible] also published within the year; and so were lives of S[illegible] Graham, Hodson of Hodson's Horse, and Sir W. W. H[illegible] autobiography by Mr. William Broadhurst and an acco[illegible] sufferings on Devil's Island by the unhappy Captain Dr[illegible]

Of the set biographies of illustrious personag[illegible] distant part, the best was unquestionably Lord S[illegible] Fénelon. All the industry and accuracy of the ne[illegible] school of historians were here combined with a brilli[illegible] and a distinct turn for epigram. Another life of F[illegible] Mr. E. K. Sanders was good, but not so good. Mr. Osmu[illegible] Charles II. made a valuable contribution to historical l[illegible] Mr. Wilkins, in his "Caroline the Illustrious"—a[illegible] Caroline of Ansbach, consort of George II.—had bes[illegible] unpublished sources of information, though his tal[illegible] greater length than his material justified. Mr. Hilaire [illegible] study of Robespierre, though less ambitious, was a bo[illegible] siderable merit. One or two other biographies, which [illegible] character of studies of particular historical periods c[illegible] come perhaps more appropriately under the heading of

MODERN HISTORY.

It cannot be said that the year 1901 has been mark[illegible] publication of any historical work of the highest rank. [illegible] be remembered rather as the year in which the grea[illegible] historians of the later Victorian age passed away or c[illegible] write; and it does not seem at present that we are a[illegible] their places. Bishop Stubbs, probably the greatest hi[illegible] the nineteenth century, re-issued a volume of his lectu[illegible] a brief supplement and with some significant words on a[illegible] book of Professor Maitland's, before he died; and he [illegible] printed, too, a very remarkable estimate of Queen Victo[illegible] as no other historian could have written so well, an[illegible] which it is much to be hoped may be reprinted for pu[illegible] With these exceptions he had published no historical [illegible] many years. The same was true of Bishop Creighton, an[illegible] who only just missed the very highest rank. Dr. Willi[illegible] was an historian of the Church who died working; but [illegible] product of his vast learning is not yet before the world [illegible] the year, too, Dr. S. R. Gardiner and Lord Acton h[illegible] laid aside by serious illness, the former after comple[illegible] third volume of his "History of the Commonwe[illegible] Protectorate." Professor Maitland's work will [illegible] continue to bear the aspect of a legal even more [illegible] historical investigation. He has this year collected [illegible] jejune volume of essays on the study of history by me[illegible] his University.

Among the historical books of the year une[illegible] Dr. Gardiner's work stands first. It cannot, how[illegible] considered apart from its predecessors. It has the s[illegible] spicuous merits of clearness, accuracy, and patie[illegible] there are distinct exceptions to be taken, on purely h[illegible] not partisan grounds, to its assumed impartiality. It c[illegible] said that Cromwell's actions have been judged by t[illegible] standard as Charles I.'s; it cannot be said that not[illegible] been extenuated, though certainly nothing has been se[illegible] malice. Next in general interest we are inclined to [illegible] Andrew Lang's brilliant "Mystery of Mary Stuart." [illegible] contained errors has, we see, been admitted by the is[illegible] second edition, "revised." But it incontestably [illegible] times and the men to live; which is more than can be [illegible] many of our historians' work. If Mr. Lang's book is [illegible] attraction and of historical value, there are others whi[illegible] perhaps not unsuccessfully dispute its position of [illegible] A comparatively new writer, Mr. W. Alison Phil[illegible] made a very distinct success with a history of Europe [illegible] a book which, though it is undoubtedly indebted to s[illegible]

[illegible] history at every point, though not directly a story of [illegible] to the remarkable achievement of Mr. C. R. Beazley in the second volume of his "Dawn of Modern Geography," a most notable addition to the historical work of the year. Akin to it, at least in part of its interest, is the second volume of Sir W. W. Hunter's "History of British India," completed after his death by Mr. F. E. Roberts. It is a clear and painstaking survey, but hardly written with the power of the earlier work of the vigorous and prolific writer.

Among brilliant sketches we must place highest Mr. W. S. Lilly's fascinating selection of "Renaissance Types"; among other and interesting studies, useful to all who read history Professor Lodge's volume on "Mediæval Europe," Mr. Green's biography of "Pitt," Miss Strickland's of "Mary Tudor," and Mr. Hutton's of "Owen Glyndwr." A somewhat higher place than that may perhaps be assigned to Mr. F. Perry's brightly written biography of "Saint Louis." Much more ambitious, and on the whole achieving the goal of its ambition, is the first instalment of Mr. Stubbs's "Bolingbroke." Among new editions the first volume of "Social England," originally edited by Dr. H. D. Traill and revised by him with the able assistance of Mr. J. S. Mann, claims special notice as a valuable addition to our standard works.

THEOLOGY.

An unusually large number of theological works of more than average interest was published last year. In the department of Bible studies special mention must be made of "Encyclopædia Biblica," Vol. II., a massive work which, though it has met with much adverse criticism, is yet by far the most important publication of the kind, with the exception of Mr. Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible," that has appeared for many years. "The Historical New Testament," by the Rev. James Moffatt, is a careful and learned compilation already issued in a second edition. Messrs. T. and T. Clark have also published an English translation of Professor Deissmann's "Bibelstudien"—a work quite indispensable to students of Hellenistic Greek; and Dr. Eberhard Nestle's well-known "Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament" is a welcome addition to the "Theological Translation Library" of Messrs. Williams and Norgate.

Dogmatic theology has been enriched by two books which have deservedly been ranked as "epoch-making"—Dr. Moberly's "Atonement and Personality" and Canon Gore's "The Body of Christ." The first book has been warmly welcomed; it is rich in profound insight and stimulating thought. Its value as a theological treatise lies in its incidental analysis of personality, its rejection of the scholastic theories of redemption which have prevailed such sway over Protestant thought since the Reformation, and its inquiry into the connexion of the work of the Holy Spirit with that of the Redeemer. Canon Gore's book is a searching and admirably clear investigation of current teaching on the subject of the Eucharist, both Anglican and Roman. It has attracted much attention in England and America in consequence of its careful criticism of various theories implied in mediæval and in some forms of modern devotion. Perhaps its most valuable contribution to religious thought is its cautious discussion of the nature and limits of the authority to which the Anglican Church appeals. The Bampton lectures for 1901, "Regnum Dei," by the Principal of King's College, is an important work, only recently published.

Two or three commentaries of merit have appeared during the year—"The Earliest Gospel," an historical study and exposition of St. Mark, by Professor Allan Menzies; Dr. Bigg's scholarly commentary on the "Epistles of St. Peter and St. Jude"; and a scholarly exposition of "The Acts of the Apostles," by the Rev. R. B. Rackham.

Several lives of Christ call for a word of appreciation. The popularity of "Life of the Master," by Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), is proving to widely popular. Mr. Drummond's "The Man Christ Jesus" is a pleasing study; and "The Life and Work of the Redeemer," by national writers of various denominations, is a series of devotional essays that deserve [illegible]

Three remarkable books by Bishops of the [illegible] two of whom have passed away in the course o[illegible] to be mentioned. The Bishop of Salisbury (D[illegible] has published a recent charge to his clergy a[illegible] "The Ministry of Grace" (Longmans). Thi[illegible] scholarly book on ecclesiastical institutions [illegible] organization of the early Church, and [illegible] Of more general interest are the striking vol[illegible] by the late Bishop of Durham and by the late [illegible] the latter published by his widow. Dr. We[illegible] from Work" is in many respects the finest o[illegible] striking in its courageous discussion of practi[illegible] tenacious grasp of great principles, its profound[illegible] and its noble idealism. "The Church and Natio[illegible] of the late Bishop Creighton's addresses to [illegible] Its chief interest lies in its vigorous and phi[illegible] of the English Church, its keen historical insig[illegible] appeal to extremists on both sides to study [illegible] principles which are at stake in present-day d[illegible] of Church order and discipline. On the whol[illegible] to think that for practical purposes the last [illegible] mentioned are the most remarkable religious p[illegible] year, and are likely to be the most widely infl[illegible]

BELLES LETTRES.

In the department of *belles-lettres* one bo[illegible] our opinion, the most important, has been more [illegible] all the others put together. This is, of co[illegible] Collins' "Ephemera Critica." It was a savage [illegible] with the rapier but with the bludgeon, up[illegible] reputations appeared to the author to be [illegible] merits. The critical value of the book, though [illegible] impaired by the fact that Mr. Churton Collin[illegible] those extravagances and superlatives which he [illegible] It made however a great, though an ephemeral, [illegible] more significant contribution to the literatu[illegible] the first volume of Dr. Georg Brandes' "Main [illegible] teenth-Century Literature"—a discussion of [illegible] authors of the period of the French Revol[illegible] really profound studies of the work of M[illegible] Chateaubriand, Senancour, and some others o[illegible] Herbert Paul in "Men and Letters" gave us [illegible] written with distinction, showing sympathy [illegible] close knowledge of, the eighteenth century. [illegible] "Life in Poetry and Law in Taste" was a [illegible] production, though lacking in some of the q[illegible] books readable. Mr. William Archer studied [illegible] Younger Generation" in a laborious and me[illegible] assisted by woodcut portraits of some interest. [illegible] work, attributed to Mr. W. H. Mallock, entitl[illegible] Criticism" we had a plausible attempt to expl[illegible] of certain second-rate or third-rate writers. [illegible] essays, mainly on Italian subjects, by the late [illegible] contained some good work, together with some [illegible] so good, and some interesting personal reminis[illegible] Tolstoy. Mention should not be omitted of a "[illegible] Literature" by Professor H. A. Giles, and a "[illegible] Literature," as far as Dante by Mr. A. Gaspa[illegible] forgotten that an anonymous writer in the "Ho[illegible] endeavoured, with what success it would be p[illegible] to teach the world "How to Write a Novel."

The reprints have been very numerous, [illegible] good many readers still adhere to the good old [illegible] a new book comes out, read an old one. The f[illegible] has been the number of new editions of Di[illegible] One of the editions of the former has introducti[illegible] Gissing; one of the editions of the latter has int[illegible] Andrew Lang. There have also been two new [illegible] Eliot—two from the house of Blackwood, and o[illegible] Messrs. Constable's library edition of Smollett [illegible] part at least, to this year; and Messrs. Co[illegible] issued a new Boswell, edited by Mr. Augustine [illegible] Boswell is edited by Mr. Glover. Among the [illegible]

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons have added a reasonable selection of books on art to their already long list during the year. But the honour of having published the three chief books of the year on art or architecture should perhaps be shared by Mr. Heinemann with his "Sir Henry Raeburn," by Messrs. Longmans, with "Andrea Mantegna," and by Mr. B. T. Batsford with "Early Renaissance Architecture in England." Sir Walter Armstrong's monograph on Sir Henry Raeburn shows more original research than his work on Sir Joshua Reynolds, and, with the introduction by R. A. M. Stevenson and Mr. Caw's catalogue, forms a very complete account of the work of a painter who is just now very much the vogue. The selection of works for illustration is very representative, and the book is both sumptuous and readable—a somewhat rare conjunction of good qualities. It owes its peculiar quality to the really admirable study of Raeburn's work which was written by Stevenson; it is superior to his "Velasquez" of six years ago, and this is according it very high praise. The English edition of "Andrea Mantegna," by Paul Kristeller, from Messrs. Longmans, throws a new light upon the art of one who has too long been regarded rather as an erudite and rigid pedant than as a great humanist. The German scholar draws a very attractive picture of the great master of the Quattrocento and does much to convince us that, in spite of our prejudices, the deepest insight into the secrets of nature lies at the root of Mantegna's art. Mr. S. Arthur Strong is the editor of this edition.

The various volumes of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," which Messrs. Bell have been issuing during the year, are an advance upon the art biographies of twenty or thirty years ago, though they are somewhat unequal, at least, on the score of scholarship. "Giorgione" by Herbert Cook is an interesting study, and the author accepts neither Morelli nor Mr. Berenson without inquiry. It lacks, however, that freshness of outlook which we should expect from a study of the Venetian archives. Mr. W. H. James Weale's volume on "Hans Memline" is the most accurate biography of the artist which has as yet appeared; but it is not so well written as Mr. W. G. Waters' volume on "Piero della Francesca." Leader Scott has written pleasantly about "Filippo di Ser Brunellesco" for the same series, and she tells the full story of his life with animation; and to Evelyn March Phillipps has been intrusted the task of dealing with the interesting personality of a much less important artist in "Pintoricchio." The editor of the series, Dr. Geo. C. Williamson, has contributed a useful volume on the goldsmith painter, "Francesco Raibolini, called Francia," and he has done his work with enthusiasm. He has also instituted a new "Miniature Series of Painters" at the popular price of one shilling, and these may become useful primers. To the rest of the biographies must be added the "Sandro Botticelli," which has been published among the series of artists' lives, edited in Germany by Herr Knackfuss. The latest volume is by Ernst Steinmann and translated by Campbell Dodgson (Grevel). It is the best short life of the Florentine painter which has as yet appeared, and the chapter on the Sistine frescoes should be read by every student of Botticelli. A somewhat halting but appreciative life of "Giovanni Segantini," by L. Villari, has been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and Messrs. Bell are concluding their season with Mr. Edward C. Strutt's "Fra Filippo Lippi."

Amongst books on art other than biographies, Mr. Berenson's "Study and Criticism of Italian Art" (Bell) will be welcome; Ernest Fletcher's edition of the "Conversations of James Northcote, R.A., with James Ward" (Methuen) affords pleasant reading, and "A List of the Works Contributed to Public Exhibitions by J. M. W. Turner" (Bell) will be useful to the collector—with some corrections. Messrs. Vinton have published Sir Walter Gilbey's two volumes on "Animal Painters of England," which touches the fringe of a very interesting phase of British Art; and Mr. Cyril Davenport has written well and exhaustively on "Cameos" (Seeley). "The Painters of Florence" is the latest of Mrs. Ady's volumes (Murray) and it is an excellent example of useful if uninspired treatment. "The Engineer in Art" [illegible] of a Caricaturist" by Harry Furniss (Fisher Unwin), [illegible] amusing book, well calculated to stimulate after-dinner talk, a brighter book than Mr. Mortimer Menpes' "Impressions" of the early summer, but not so worthy of the artist. The two books which thoughtful architects will do well to remember are Mr. Gotch's "Early Renaissance Architecture" (Longmans) and Messrs. Harry Parker's and Raymond Unwin's "The Planning of a Home" (Longmans).

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

The year will not be memorable for its books of travel. Nothing has appeared to excite such wide and deep interest as Stanley's "Darkest Africa" or Nansen's "Farthest North." For such a work we shall probably have to wait until Dr. Sven Hedin returns and chronicles his discoveries in unknown Central Asia. However, if there have been no records of sensational exploration, there have been some records of good work. Messrs. Grogan and Sharp's account of their trip from the Cape to Cairo has, perhaps, the best claim to appear at the head of the list. Part of the country which the travellers traversed may be fairly described as "unknown to geographers," but they were not equipped to make a very [illegible] investigation of it. Mr. J. E. S. Moore's "Mountains of the Moon" deserved, we are inclined to think, more attention. It attracted from a public temporarily absorbed in the happenings in another part of Africa, and the [illegible] of Captain Wellby's "From Sirdar to Menelik," which threw light on certain unknown parts of Abyssinia. Two other books on Abyssinia came from the pens respectively of Mr. A. [illegible] Wilde and Mr. Herbert Vivian. The latter was entertaining but superficial; the former dull but full of information. The only other African book calling for remark is "The Sherbro and its Hinterland," by Mr. J. T. Alldridge, who had spent years in this part of the West Coast, and wrote as one with authority on the manners and customs of the savage tribes.

Of the accounts of travel in America, three call for [illegible]. Mrs. Tweedie's "Mexico as I Saw It" is an agreeable [illegible] of a journey. Mr. Fountain's "Great Deserts and Forests of North America" has the quality of charm, though he covered ground that had often been covered before. Sir W. Conway in his "Bolivian Andes" stood alone among American travellers in reporting that he had done things previous travellers had not done. He had climbed Illimani, had very nearly climbed Ancohuma; but his book was [illegible] more than a "climbing book." It also gave a very graphic and alluring account of Bolivian resources in the way of [illegible] rubber forests. Of the books about Asia the most important [illegible] that on "Armenia" by H. F. B. Lynch. This takes undisputed place among standard works of reference. The same ground is covered in Earl Percy's "High Asiatic Turkey." "Mount Omi and Beyond" [illegible] journey into the interior of China for the purpose of developing trade by that indefatigable pioneer of commerce, Mr. A. Little. "A Ribbon of Iron," by Annette B. Meakin, [illegible] story of a lady's trip on the great Siberian railroad. M. Stadling's "Through Siberia" was an account of the [illegible] Andrée. The writer exhibited descriptive talents of a high [illegible]. His picture of the vast Siberian forests was a fine [illegible] impressionism.

Europe also has its tale of books of travel of varying [illegible]. The best, beyond question, was Mr. George Gissing's "[illegible] Ionian Sea," describing with taste, sentiment, and [illegible] a tour through Magna Græcia. "Finland as It Is," by [illegible] de Windt, has no such literary merit, but will be of [illegible] value, in spite of some inaccuracies, to sportsmen and tourists. Mr. Charles Wood's "The Glories of Spain" [illegible] sort of book that Mr. Charles Wood is always writing—[illegible] but not important. The other books [illegible] mainly topographical. Most of the topographical series have been added to. Notably there have been histories of Worcestershire and Cumberland in the excellent series of Victoria History of the Counties of England. To the H[illegible]

and included in any review, are "Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks," by Francis Gribble; "In Tuscany," by M. Carmichael; "Naples Past and Present," by A. H. Norway; "A Book of Britany," by the Rev. S. Baring Gould; and "The Women of Thomas Hardy," by R. C. A. Windle.

FICTION.

Whatever may be the quality of the output of fiction for 1904, it is certain that it has not been deficient in quantity. Novels have been coming out in a ceaseless stream since the beginning of the year, and the customary freshets in the spring and autumn have been large enough to bewilder the conscientious reader who struggles to keep almost with the times. Oliver Wendell Holmes once declared that every man had one good novel in him somewhere, and few of that witty writer's epigrammatic phrases have found more favour in the literary world. The surprise is, now that everybody writes novels, that the majority of them are still so readable. One can only conclude that fiction, as an art, is now the common property of all who can string together a few phrases, just as Johnson complained that, in his day, style was equally diffused. It is the exception now to meet with a thoroughly dull story, as it was then to meet with a thoroughly ungracious or cool-headed writer. Even the worst modern novel has generally some merit—some touch of character or some ingenuity in construction. But, while the crop has been plentiful and of fair quality, it is not easy to pick out any works of commanding merit. There may lie hidden among this mass of ephemeral fiction one or two books that the future critic may acclaim as masterpieces. But these will probably not be among those that claim most attention now. Our most admired novelists have not added much to their reputation during the past year. "Kim," it is true, may have raised Mr. Kipling's reputation, but we doubt if no Indian an atmosphere can ever permit the book to become a classic to other than Anglo-Indians. Mr. Hall Caine, again, did no more in "The Eternal City" than amalgamate certain Socialistic theories with a considerable blare of trumpets. We may trust "Anthony Hope" to be bright and entertaining; he was, perhaps, more ingenious than usual, but something less sparkling, in "Tristram of Blent." Mr. Stanley Weyman rearranged an old tune, with variations, in "Count Hannibal." And so with the rest of our old and established fabulists, Mr. Crockett continues to write with unexampled energy. Mr. Max Pemberton treads hard upon his heels. Spain once more provides a setting for Mr. Seton Merriman, Italy for Mr. Marion Crawford. It is not among the favourites that we must look for lasting work. The "Sister Teresa" of Mr. George Moore may endure for a time; it is a sound and conscientious piece of character-drawing, though the character itself is indeterminate and the presentment not particularly lively.

Of choice writing there is plenty, and especially among our younger school of novelists. Mr. Maurice Hewlett, "John Oliver Hobbes," Dr. William Barry, Mr. Bernard Capes—these have all a marked and individual style of writing which marks them out from the common herd. But none of the four can be said to have accomplished anything out of their usual range during the last twelve months. "Zack" produced a good piece of work in "The White Cottage," and has established her claim to be regarded as the official chronicler of her slice of territory in the South-West. Neither Mr. Quiller-Couch nor Mr. Eden Phillpotts, whose respective parishes are more or less in the same territory, have done much this year to advance their reputations, though the latter has published a creditable volume in "The Good Red Earth." Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" is perhaps as good a book as we have had from his pen; Mr. Moore's "Chevenix" was a bright and dashing bit of historical romance; Mr. David Christie Murray's two novels showed a welcome return to something of his old power. "Bala the Impossible" was rather a disappointment to admirers of Miss Sarah Grand. While Mr. H. S. Hichens essayed, not very successfully, in "The Prophet of Berkeley-square" to enjoy the farcical spirit displayed in "The Londoners," Mr. E. F. Benson attempted in "The Luck of the Vails" frank melodrama. Space is restricted, we cannot do more than

points of resemblance to the work of Mr. H. G. gentleman is in a speculative vein. For acute ironical commentary it yields to few imaginary it fell a little short of its predecessor "Erewho

"An Englishwoman's Love Letters" started form of literary exercise which bade fair at one dangerous. "Rosa Amorosa," by George Eger the best of many imitations. In "A Modern unknown author of the "Love-Letter" cult embarked upon a novel which deserves noti attempt at character drawing. "The Visits of Elinor Glyn, is another book that had a gr outspoken and fresh, it offended many people, bu tous curious and immoderate enthusiasm. For s in part also to the success of "Elizabeth a Garden" (the name of Elizabeth on the bac almost sufficient to insure a considerable subs Benefactress," by the anonymous creator of t garden, deserves mention. "Sir Richard extremely powerful, but, as some people thoug story by Lucas Malet, was undoubtedly one of t year. In American fiction, the War of Indepe Civil War still absorb the energy of most Crisis" by Winston Churchill," Cardigan" by "D'ri and I" by Irving Bacheller, and "A Countersign" by B. K. Benson, are some of the books in this kind. Of more quiet fiction " Alice Brown, deserves a word of commendation, E. Wilkins has written a story of factory Portion of Labour." Mr. F. Norris has w Octopus," another of his powerful tales, and is responsible for a sound story in "The Cavali

In translation, we have only space to menti Gorki, a coarse and disagreeable but thorough who has produced a pessimistic philosophy b generalizing from his observations of Nijni Nov Bazin, whose description of provincial life in that agricultural depression is not confined to t Dmitri Merejkowski, whose book, "The Des has been given to us in an English dress by Mr. As for boys' books, we have dealt with them so is hardly necessary to do more than mention "The Young Barbarians," which, in spite o striving after the pathetic, has more character rivals.

It is impossible to avoid omitting many boo gladly name here. Mr. M. P. Shiel's colossal in a word of recognition, as does Mr. Clark R supply of marine adventure. "Bushwhack Clifford, was an excellent collection of sket Malay Peninsula. Max O'Rell has writte Highness, Woman," Mr. Egerton Castle "The A host of writers not even named here have quite worthy of attention. We have done ou with the mass and to pick out the best, conscious that many may have been omitte inclusion. "The Fiction of the Year!"—t terrifying in days when the autumn anno occupied nearly three pages in our Autum Supplement.

SCHOLARSHIP AND ANCIENT

The most important works dealing with anti lands are those on the Mycenæan question, brought into new prominence by Mr. A. J. Eva Crete. At their head must be placed Professo "Early Age of Greece," the first volume of the known evidence on the Mycenæan age, origin. A considerable controversy has arise continue, on the theory which is at the foundat namely, that the builders of Mycenæ were the position has not been seriously assailed, eith in a work we shall mention, or by Mr. Hal Civilization of Greece." The last book, alth

"Odyssey," a large part of which consists of excursus scanning the whole field of the Homeric question. Mr. G. B. Grundy's "Great Persian War" is a contribution to historical criticism, remarkable for its originality and independence, and valuable for the author's unique acquaintance with the geography of Greece. Mr. Laurie Magnus has done good service in translating Professor Gompertz's "Greek Thinkers," the first volume of which has been published. The book combines in a striking degree grace and wit with philosophic insight. Mr. Greenidge's "Roman Public Life" is a book of high value, and is the only book in English dealing philosophically with the political origins of Rome. The interest of times prehistoric has not blinded scholars to the interest of the Roman decadence; although nothing has been done of such weight as Professor Dill's book, Mr. Crawford has made a sympathetic study of Symmachus, and Mr. Glover has given us sketches of typical men in his "Life and Letters in the Fourth Century." In the archæology of bricks and stones we welcome once more the unwearying Professor Lanciani, whose "New Tales of Old Rome" brings recent discoveries before the public in the old vivid way. A capital handbook of "Christian Art and Archæology" by Mr. W. Lowrie meets a long-felt want.

In scholarship there is not much to show, but it is nearly all good. Professor Goodwin's "Demosthenes on the Crown," Mr. R. A. Neil's "Knights of Aristophanes," and in a less degree Mr. Monro's "Odyssey, XIII.-XXIV.," are primary editions. Messrs. Tyrrell and Purser have completed their commentary on Cicero's "Letters"; Professor Ellis has brought "Aetna" up to date. Besides this we have several new texts in the Oxford "Bibliotheca Classica," which will, we hope, supersede the ugly German editions in this country; and Mr. Peterson has given collations from a ninth century MS. of Cicero in "Anecdota Oxoniensia," Classical Series, No. IX. It is a thousand pities that scholars now waste their time on school editions, which often do more harm than good. Comparative philology is stagnant; but Mr. Meade's "Latin Pronouns *Hic, Iste, Ipse*" deserves mention as a patient study in Latin syntax. Professor Rhys Roberts follows up his excellent "Longinus" by an equally good edition and a still better version of "The Three Literary Letters of Dionysius of Halicarnassus." Palæography is represented in the "Amherst Papyri," a magnificent pair of volumes edited with the usual thoroughness by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt.

Several Oriental books of worth have been published during the year. Amongst them is the late Professor Wright's "Catalogue of the Syriac MSS. in the Cambridge University Library." To the late Mr. P. E. Pusey and to Mr. G. H. Gwilliam we owe the Peshitto Gospels with notes and Latin translation under the title of "Tetraevangelium Sanctum Simplex Syrorum Versio." Mr. E. G. Browne is to the front again with his "Dawlatsháh's Memoirs of the Poets" (Persian Historical Texts), Mrs. Gibson with "Apocrypha Arabica." An excellent book on "Baghdad during the Abassid Caliphate" is that of Mr. G. Le Strange. Amongst translations we may mention the "Chronicles of Kashmir," Mr. McCrindle's last volume of "Ancient India as described in Classical Literature," and the Cambridge "Jātaka Book"; the fourth volume of this, translated by Mr. W. H. D. Rouse, is out, and the last two, by Mr. Francis and Professor Cowell, are well advanced.

PHILOSOPHY.

In philosophy the record of the year has been one of that quiet but steady progress which has been the rule for some time past. In many points the range of our knowledge has been sensibly increased. The general tendency of the year's work may be briefly summarized by saying that on the one hand it shows a continued advance in the task of assimilating the idealism of Germany, and on the other hand a growing disposition to revolt against that idealism so far as it stands in opposition to the dictates of commonsense.

The book of the year which has attracted most attention is Mr. A. E. Taylor's ethical study entitled "The Problem of Conduct." Not that Mr. Taylor gives us any positive results; he leads us to the depressing conclusion that the "problem" is

shows that they lead to somewhat orthodox results. Th
ling is close and careful; but even the philosophic st
complain that he has to move in a somewhat rare
physical atmosphere. A similar complaint might be ma
second series of Professor Royce's Gifford Lectures on th
and the Individual," though the series deals with such
matters as nature, man, and the moral order. There
question of the vigour and lucidity with which Profe
states his most interesting theory. But many will doubt
a purely metaphysical foundation is substantial enough f
structure of positive doctrine which he builds upon
fessor Royce and Mr. F. H. Bradley are trenchantly
though for opposite reasons, by Mr. Alfred Holder in his
little book "The Adversaries of the Sceptic." Mr
professes himself a sceptic, but the main value of his wo
its refutation of that hyper-scepticism of Mr. Bradl
Mr. A. E. Taylor has been at pains to develop to h
consequences. Unfortunately, Mr. Holder's book is th
such a form as to leave it little chance of the recognit
its power deserves. In striking contrast, so far as sty
cerned, is Mr. G. L. Dickinson's dialogue on the "Me
Good." Apart from its philosophic value, which is cons
the work commends itself as a masterly example of
form of literary composition. No such philosophic dial
been seen in England since Berkeley. Another highly
work is Professor G. H. Howison's "Limits of Evol
series of essays in which he sets forth persuasively a d
personal idealism. The volume is marked by good
scholarship; but Professor Howison challenges criti
making logic rather than morality the corner-stone of
life. Those who are interested in logic will find a gre
valuable matter in Mr. Alfred Sidgwick's "Use of
Reasoning." It appeals mainly to professional inter
an attack upon the formalism which has hitherto been th
the study. Among the works of erudition the first plac
to Professor J. M. Baldwin's great undertaking "The D
of Philosophy and Psychology," of which only the fir
has appeared so far. It is a useful and spirited enterp
deserves every support from those who desire the adv
of philosophy. Mr. H. H. Joachim's "Study of the
Spinoza" is a careful and scholarly exposition which
Its place as an indispensable companion to Spinoza's e
Dr. A. Caldecott's "Philosophy of Religion in Eng
America" ably summarizes the outcome of recent th
that direction. Mr. T. Whittaker's "Neo-Platonists"
written study of an interesting but neglected period o
thought and is a guide which may be thoroughly reli
Dr. J. B. Baillie's "Origin and Significance of Hegel's
supplies a practical introduction to Hegel's system whi
enough, is not to be found elsewhere. There are seve
books about Hegel, but nothing to give much
beginner. Dr. Baillie's work is not perfect, but, so far
it is helpful.

SCIENCE.

An exhaustive review of the scientific publicat
year would be so swollen with elementary text-books
ephemeral or doubtful value as to be scarce worth the
But, if we discard these, activity in the biological sci
been very marked. The third volume of Huxley's
Memoirs may be awarded the pride of place in this de
from its historic interest, and to plunge *in medias re*
the continuation of the "Treatise on Zoology," edited by
kester; Otto Schmeil's "Text-book of Vertebrate Zoo
III.; Shipley and McBride's "Zoology"; vol. II. of the
Text-book of Zoology," by Adam Sedgwick; the s
"Birds," by A. H. Evans, in the "Cambridge
History"; the "Zoological Results of an Expedition
Britain and New Guinea," parts 5 and 6; the "Scientific
of the Norwegian North Polar Expedition," by F.
vol. II.; a "Text-book of Palæontology for Z
Students," by T. Groom; a new edition of Harting's
Birds"; Seebohm's "Birds of Siberia"; the "Nat

Brooke; "Pflanzenphysiologie," vol. II., by W. Pfeffer; "Allgemeine Physiologie," by Max Verworn (third edition); "Einleitung in die Theoretischen Biologie," by T. Beccke; "Monographieen Afrikanischer Pflanzenfamilien und Gattungen," by A. Engler, part 6; "Methods in Plant Histology," by C. J. Chamberlain; Hugo de Vries' "Die Mutationstheorie" vol. I., part 3; and Suess' "Das Antlitz der Erde," vol. III., part 1.

In the department of physics the publication of vol. II. of Rayleigh's "Scientific Papers," vol. II. of Osborne Reynolds' "Papers on Mechanical and Scientific Subjects," and Hopkinson's "Scientific Papers" deserves mention, as also do the "Treatise on Physics," by Professor Andrew Gray; the "Text-book of Physics," by Professors J. H. Poynting and J. J. Thomson; vol. iii. of a new edition of "Deschanel's Natural Philosophy," by Professor J. D. Everett; Glazebrook's "Electricity and Magnetism"; Preston's "Theory of Light"; Poincaré's "Electricité et Optique," and Band I. of "Thermometrische Arbeiten," a most important contribution to the study of the mercurial thermometer, besides technical books of all kinds, such as Wordingham's "Central Electrical Stations," Worby-Beaumont's "Motors and Motor Vehicles," and so on.

In chemistry, apart from Cross and Bevan's "Researches on Cellulose, 1895-1900," and new editions of Green's "Soluble Ferments and Fermentation," Tilden's "Introduction to Chemical Philosophy," and other well-known books, the chief publications have been Moissan's "Le Fluor et ses Composés," and Berthelot's "Les Carbures d'Hydrogène," tomes I., II., and III. Such volumes as Allen's "Commercial Organic Analysis," Turner's "Metallurgy of Iron," Blair's "Chemical Analysis of Iron," and C. Le Neve Foster's "Text-book of Ore and Metal-mining" must not be omitted from the list, nor should Ostwald's "Die Wissenschaftlichen Grundlagen der Analytischen Chemie" (third edition) be dissociated from the German edition of Roscoe and Schorlemmer's "Treatise on Chemistry."

Of special interest to mathematicians are Hamilton's "Elements of Quaternions," vol. II., edited by Professor C. J. Joly; "Le Opere di Galileo Galilei, vol. X.; Brioschi's "Opere Matematiche," tomo I.; and "Les Œuvres Complètes de Christiaan Huyghens"; while astronomers will welcome Sir R. S. Ball's "Spherical Astronomy," Isaac Roberts' "Photographs of Stars," and a reprint of Tycho Brahe's "Opus primum de nova stella."

War Books of the Year.

The output of books on different aspects of the Transvaal War has been continuous, though not so large as last year. From a literary point of view the best is unquestionably "Linesman's" "Words by an Eye-Witness," and the second best Mr. Mortimer Menpes' "War Impressions." Important books from other points of view have been "The Work of the Ninth Division," by General Colville, and "The Civil War Hospital," by the Professional Staff. Books on the work of our colonial auxiliaries are "Australia at the Front," by F. Wilkinson, and "The Canadian Contingent," by M. S. Evans. The story of the war as seen from the Boer side is told in Mr. H. J. Batts' "Pretoria from Within," and the "War Notes" of the Unfortunate Villebois Marcuil, General Mackinnon wrote "The Journal of the C.I.V."; there have been books giving the point of view of the private of irregulars by the Hon. S. Peel and Mr. J. Fitzgibbon; and a word of recognition is also due to Mr. J. Stuart's "Pictures of War," Mr. Julian Ralph's "War's Brighter Side," and an anonymous book of great merit entitled "A Schoolboy's Letters to his Wife."

SCOTLAND IN 1901.

In any survey of the year's literature, it is but right that Scotland should have some separate attention. True, the

In looking at what remains of the Sco
produced during the year, we find only three w
to us to have a chance of being read and co
years. We refer to Sir Henry Craik's "Cent
History," Mr. Henry G. Graham's "Social Lif
the Eighteenth Century," and Professor Ki
Monboddo and His Contemporaries." The la
take it first, is not an entirely satisfactory w
Knight can do some things well, but he is a phil
rather than an artist; and Lord Monboddo, b
distinctively a personality, has not been realized
as he might have been. The same criticism mu
the author's treatment of Monboddo's contempor
hands are little more than the dry bones of th
biographer. Still, the volume must always hav
fullest attainable record of the career of a distl
man who anticipated Darwin by proclaiming ma
the monkey, and who otherwise lives in litera
connexion with Burns, Johnson, and Scott.

Sir Henry Craik's "Century of Scottish Hist
in a measure for some of the defects of Professor
Professor Knight had a splendid opportunity
brilliant period in the literary history of Edin
not avail himself of the opportunity, though h
Monboddo's personality "would have furnished
which to group the Scots men of letters who
latter half of the eighteenth century." He plead
the men—Hume, Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Bur
—had been dealt with by other writers. Sir He
have offered the same excuse. Fortunately h
hence we have in his work a full and adequat
period in Scotland's literary history which mu
peculiar glory of her capital. Nor in other resp
less to be commended, although its views upon so
points are, of course, open to question. With t
of Scottish life it deals fully, and on the whole
the general Scottish history of the period it fur
summary as may be found in any work of its
Henry G. Graham's "Social Life of Scotland in
Century" a great deal has been said on the nort
Border, and the value of the book is amply atte
that it has gone into a third edition. The
approaches his subject in a spirit and manner sou
from that of Sir Henry Craik. Mr. Graham is n
his bias is, therefore, on the side of the Ki
scholar—a scholar, too, with a speciality; an
the Scotland of Allan Ramsay's and Burns'
hardly be superseded. In any case, it must
standard work.

In fiction, Scotland has done but poorly
It could hardly be otherwise, for we have h
novelists who reside permanently in their nat
only one of them can be said to be distinctive
Crockett has long ago been given over to th
of letters; and if he still fell to be dealt with
impossible to credit him with any remarka
during the year. The feeling in Scotland, as e
Mr. Crockett fails to do himself justice by th
put, that haste and over-productiveness, which
so rightly condemned in his recent Edinburg
Walter Scott. It is to be hoped that Mr. Nel
dissipate his talents by a similar machine-lik
year has seen the issue of two stories from M
both of them meritorious. We cannot say t
"Dosia Castle" as a great work, but it cert
success. "The Shoes of Fortune," which we
has attracted less attention so far, perhaps bec
the story is laid so far from that Argyle over w
has cast such a glamour of romance in some of hi

Scottish publishers, particularly in Edinbu
are steadily extending their fields of enter
notes with pleasure the growing number of
to the reading public at large which are bel
side of the Tweed. Messrs. Nelson's Century

BOOK AUCTIONS OF 1901.

In Dibdin's day the "bibliomaniac malady" was confined within narrow limits; now, on the other hand, a far wider section of the public demands authentic information as to what happens in the auction rooms. We may attempt, briefly, to recall one or two of the chief incidents of the year. No library of the first importance has come under the hammer; but those of Sir Augustus Fraser, Sir Henry Hope Edwardes, Signor Pirovano, and Mr. Frederick S. Ellis, all deceased, have with warrant evoked great interest. Taking the ten highest totals for 1900 and 1901 respectively, we should find that, whereas in 1900 an aggregate of 10,587 lots produced £51,484, or an average of under £4 18s. per lot, the corresponding figures for 1901 would be 12,441 lots, which yielded £85,008, or more than £6 15s. per lot. Far the highest average for a single library was for that of Mr. Ellis, the 133 lots comprising which brought £5,600, or about £42 each; while the fine Hope Edwardes assemblage, 670 lots, fetching £11,033 occupies a second place with an average of over £16. Were the year's catalogues to be analysed with such a purpose in view, it would be possible to compile a table of some 66 items coming more or less strictly under the head of printed books—excluding sets, and works with illustrations not forming part of the text—each of which brought at least £100. Of these 19 came from the Hope Edwardes library, more than a dozen from the Pirovano, five from the Ellis. The highest price realized for a single printed book during the year was on July 16, when an example of the First Folio edition of Shakespeare, 12¾in. by 8¼in., fetched the record sum of £1,720—in 1623 it was published at £1. When, in 1818, 116 guineas was paid for the Grenville example no one supposed its value was destined to increase, but in 1864 the copy now owned by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts made 682 guineas, while in 1899 an excellent copy brought £1,700. Next comes "The Ryall Book" of Caxton, valued at £1,550 instead of at about £60, as in 1829. For details of the £1,475 "Pilgrim's Progress" readers may be referred to *Literature*, May 18; for a note on the £620 copy of Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" to our issue of March 9; while of the Kelmscott Chaucer on vellum (£510), Byron's "Poems on Various Occasions" (£129), Caxton's "Polychronicon" (£349), Scott's "Waverley," &c. (£118)—wherein, however, defects were afterwards discovered, if we mistake not—more or less detailed mention is made in *Literature*, November 30, December 7, and December 14. Higher prices than ever before have been paid at auction for certain works, it would be hazardous to say by how many writers—by Keats, Byron, and possibly Shelley; by Charles Lamb and Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth and Thackeray, Browning, and many more. It is easy to attribute to its source the cause of these increased money values. Undeniably it is the issue of American competition, a subject dealt with three weeks ago in these columns.

In the domain of illustrated works, again, prices for rare and fine things have ruled high. The late Mr. Ellis is said to have paid no more than about £100 for Edward Calvert's copy of Blake's songs "Of Innocence" and "Of Experience," which in November fetched £700, as against £146 for the perhaps finer Beckford example two decades since. At £665 the series of engravings after Watteau have doubled from what was regarded as an excessive price in Paris a few years ago; at £395 the set was sold, it is said, for the first time at auction.

A detailed account of the dispersal of the Barrois-Ashburnham MSS., many with beautiful paintings and illuminations by old-time artists, appeared in *Literature*, June 15-22. This sale, with its total of £33,217 for 628 lots, excels in interest all others in its kind held during 1901. On May 12, however, £1,200 was paid for an incomplete Sec. XV. MS. of the Wycliffe Bible, written on 269ff. of vellum; compare this with £1,750, the value placed on the Bramhall example, with 404ff., in the Ashburnham "Appendix."

From the literary standpoint, as distinct from that of the collector, one of the most important lots sold was a small 4to., valued at 100 guineas, containing bibliographical and other MS. Orders, Papers, &c., by or relating to Nelson; nine autograph letters from Samuel Johnson to Mr., Sir Robert, Chambers, 1762-83, all said to be unp Dr. Hill's "Life" (£144 15s.)—these belonged Macdonald, a daughter of Sir Robert Chambers havi Colonel Macdonald, the son of Flora; and, not to two long letters from Tennyson to Colqubo (50 guineas). Extraordinarily high sums have be several bindings from Mr. Cobden Sanderson's own h than £387 for three originally charged by him at and early mementoes of writers whose names afterwa familiar are discoverable in half-a-dozen school exer Brontë sisters (£15), in a music book written by th when she was at Miss Franklin's Academy, Cov (£15), and in a school atlas on one of whose Tennyson had inscribed the names of a score o pupils (£8 15s.).

THE "LOWER BRANCHES."

A "Personal View"

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

A happy chance brought me, the other da unimpeachable source, some information concerning ments and methods of work of the successful writers o and serial stories of the sort that readers of presumably regard with contempt—stories that pu have nothing to do with, and of the existence o educated public is only aware because it has advertised on the hoardings or exposed for sale on the the stationers' shops. I knew, of course, that somebo paid to write them; but I had always assumed that was a beggarly one, followed only by poor hacks who nothing better to do. What I heard opened my e hasten to communicate it. If my revelations spoil th encouraging competition I shall feel no qualms b malicious joy.

In the old days, of course, the trade was a very l indeed. When I was a boy living in the country I k who supplemented her income by writing novelettes to get £5 for a novelette of 30,000 words, and she ns about four a year. A little later I made the acq another lady who used to write 30,000 word novelett apiece, and who generally managed to sell about hal the twelve-month. Politeness having compelled me t of the latter lady's work, I formed the opinion, remuneration was inadequate, but that she was very any remuneration at all. What I now perceive is b born before her proper time. If she were writing would be flourishing, though she might not be fa stuff that she wrote for her poor pittance was just th of stuff that is written by the authors, not one of the fame, whose prosperity was lately brought under my

The first case is that of the author of a dark story and crime which I saw advertised by gaudy posters a home at night. That author is always writing da mystery and crime. They have no literary qual merely run serially through a popular weekly pape are no more heard of. But the proprietor of the pape spends as much as £10,000 in advertising them, and t reward is £20 a week.

The second case is that of a lady whose "feuill

Tuesday, and Wednesday respectively, he writes in shorthand instalments of 3,000 words each of stories for three different papers. On Thursday and Friday he transcribes what he has written, and then he goes out of town for the week-end. Asked how he managed to do this, he replied that he had two plots on which he rung the changes, getting new incidents from time to time by reading the reports of the inquests in the *News of the World*. In this way he makes about £800 a year out of fiction, though I believe he has never had a book published in his life.

If these three cases were the only ones discoverable, it would hardly be worth while to comment on them. Inquiry, however, has satisfied me that they are typical of a great number of other cases of which I do not know the details. Consequently they do invite comment as evidence of the low level of literary taste prevailing among the great masses of our countrymen and—more particularly, I expect—our countrywomen. It is no use, of course, working oneself up into a passion of indignation against the people who write the "truck," as it is technically termed. Most of them, no doubt, are quite incapable of writing anything better, and seriously regard their pecuniary gains as proof of high literary gifts. Nor is it worth while to be angry with the editors who print the rubbish. They certainly know that it is rubbish; but they are, in most cases, only the salaried servants of impersonal public companies, and have to earn dividends for hungry shareholders. Moreover, they can argue, plausibly enough, that as there is money in the business it is sure to be carried on by someone, and that the money may as well be divided among their shareholders as among other people's shareholders. The tragedy is that there should be money in such a business for anybody.

It may be urged, of course, that though the stories referred to are rapid, unintelligent, and mechanical, there is nothing in them for the moralist to take exception to, and therefore they do no harm. On this plea I join issue, maintaining that the harm done by books of openly "vicious tendency" is less than the harm done by books which are only "bad" in the sense of being "fatuous." In the first place, the vicious books are few, whereas the fatuous books are many. In the second place, the poison of the latter is the more insidious because their poisonous nature is not proclaimed upon the housetops. It is true that no one after reading one of them feels compelled to rush out and commit a crime. But it is also true that, owing to their wide popularity, the greater portion of the time which the great majority of people in this country spend in reading is spent under the influence of tenth-rate minds. Mean ideals, false views of life, and the stultifying of the intelligence are the inevitable results. Reading, which should be the medicine, whether tonic or sedative, of the mind, becomes as stupefying a habit as drunkenness itself; and a novelette-sodden woman is hardly a less depressing spectacle than a gin-sodden man. Decidedly the matter is one for the moralist no less than for the literary critic.

The literary critic by himself, indeed, can do but little. I am aware that in this article I am preaching to the converted. What I have written is not likely to be read by the public which destroys the books which I denounce. If it does by accident come into the hands of a few members of that public it will make no impression upon them. They will accuse me, and convict me to my closeness, of dryness, dulness, stupidity, and what not. My only possible means of getting at them is to send them a missionary whose opinions they are accustomed to respect. What missionary? A great number of the novelette readers are regular church or chapel goers, and the obvious missionaries in such a case are the clergy of all denominations. They have application of their knowledge. They are afraid o by rebuking the imbecility of the pious. They ac workers and Sunday-school teachers scores and ev young women of poor intellectual capacity who more empty-minded as the years roll on because that they read. Cannot they reverse this policy

One cannot expect them, perhaps, to treat th stunt their intellectual growth by reading rubbis treat notorious evil livers. That would be too change, though I think a case might be made ou I can picture a clergyman speaking like this, not pulpit, but in his ordinary intercourse with his pa

What do you read? Novelettes? The half-penny papers? The novels of——and——? That accounts for your stupidity. You are com of the man in the parable who hid his talent in t are destroying your brains no less surely than You are making yourselves as unfit as the d decent society. Separately these books that y harmless. Taken collectively, they do more harm so-called "wicked" book that ever was writt you fatuous, and I refuse to have fatuous pe teaching in Sunday-schools or doing any other work. If you were born stupid, you cannot help yourselves stupid by reading inept sto immoral behaviour. It is bad for you, children, if you have any, and bad for every on contact with you. Go and think this over qui

So might the clergy speak. The admonit with much more effect from them than from the for they have infinitely more influence over the p it. If they would exert their influence they mig a blow at the pernicious nonsense which is circulated. Can they be induced to do so?

THE DRAMA.

"BLUE BEARD" AT DRURY LANE. HALL."

A beardless Blue Beard, though a contradic nevertheless to be seen this Christmastide at Dr Herbert Campbell declines to hide his a compromises by wearing blue whiskers and a blu does he care to enter into the spirit of the pa Blue Beard who is obviously not uxorious. because six of his wives are ugly, being in fact who sing glees—even when decapitated. Noth Fatima's fatal curiosity; Fatima is merely a lady," who apparently has neglected to study acting. Nobody, indeed, attempts "acting" in not even Mr. Fred Emney, who was so droll la Mr. Dan Leno, whose antics are tamer than jokes are still in the period of gestation. It n Mr. Leno looks very funny indeed; the mere si promise of infinite mirth; no doubt before the p is over the promise will have been amply fulfil gets into difficulties with a harp, plays Ping-pa pan, burlesques Hamlet and Sherlock Holmes; thinks, to be rich entertainment in such mon have patience. A fond father introduced a sto Johnson with the remark that he would be fo taining in time. "Sir," replied the Doctor, "I Boxing Night the one really humorous thing in th

neat repartee or two, would do them no harm, and would comfort their elders, now doomed to mental vacuity for four hours and a-half. The pantomime is "written and invented" by Messrs. J. Hickory Wood and Arthur Collins. It is probably safe to assume that Mr. Collins is responsible for the invention, leaving the writing to Mr. Hickory Wood, who does not seem to have spent much brain-work upon his task. Why not try the experiment of entrusting the libretto to a real writer—to Mr. Anstey or Mr. Harry Pain, Mr. Owen Seaman or Mr. Adrian Ross?

For sheer spectacle, however, the pantomime beats every one of its predecessors. They were gorgeous, stupendous, expensive; so is this, but it is also tasteful. Quite the finest scene is "The Triumph of the Magic Fan," which blends colours as harmoniously as a Persian carpet. Dancing ladies represent Spanish fans, grey and black, Louis Quinze fans of *rose Dubarry*, and Watteau fans tinted like the bloom on an Orleans plum. Round these cluster children in the rich robes, orange, lemon, and pale blue, of the Far East. It is said that we English do not, like the Latin races, revel in the sheer sensual delight of colour; but Drury Lane is convincing disproof of that—though it is true the costumes are designed by Signor Comelli, who is presumably an Italian. For quieter tastes, the pensive mood, there is "The Land of Ferns," a delicious scene, "with verdure clad," cool with shallow rivers, by whose falls melodious birds might, but do not, sing madrigals; the only birds are some real (and obviously disconcerted) swans. The "Slave Market" and the "Hall of Pleasure" are minor delights, chiefly remarkable as exhibiting every species of female beauty comprised in the *genus* known as "opulent." Drury Lane brings us annual comfort in that respect; it is evident that the physique of the Englishwoman is not deteriorating. What is also most pleasantly in evidence is the pure natural joy of the stage children. They revel in their dances, their pretty costumes, their merry antics. I read (in innumerable "interviews") that the management keeps a school for their especial benefit. And, when one thinks of the numerous homes that are enabled to tide over the winter solely through the existence of Drury Lane Pantomime, one recognizes the duty of accepting the institution cheerfully and gratefully. That, however—I return to my grievance—is no reason why the libretto should not be written by some one who can write. And I do think it is high time for the management to recognize that one can have too much of a good thing. I left the theatre on Boxing night on the stroke of twelve (for newspapers must go to press at fixed hours), and the third great spectacle, "The Fairies' Gift to Fatima" (a spiral staircase of electric light, I am told), was yet to come. Was there any harlequinade? If so, I wonder when the audience got away.

For holiday afternoons at the St. James', Mr. Alexander has revived *Liberty Hall*, an early piece of Mr. R. C. Carton's, pervaded by a seasonable flavour of Dickens and furnished with one character—a benevolent old simpleton of a second-hand bookseller—by no means unworthy of the great Master of the Sentimentalists himself. This old fellow, who keeps a bust of "the late Mr. Charles Dickens" on his mantelshelf, and uses bookselling metaphors about life which might have been put into his mouth by that novelist, was originally played by the late Mr. Edward Righton, and is now played, with less humour but more pathos, by a notable recruit to the St. James' company, Mr. Lennox Pawle. Mr. Alexander is pleasant as a disguised Baronet acting the part of Fairy Godmother to two pretty orphans (Miss Margaret Halstan and Miss Lilian Braithwaite), and Miss Le Thiere quite superfluously unpleasant as a slatternly maid-of-all-work. The domestic details of the play

ALEXANDER SMITH REDIVIVU

There are some signs of a revival of interest in Smith, and the appearance a little while ago of a sele his poems in Mr. Walter Scott's Canterbury Poets ma have aroused in the breasts of some readers the que was Alexander Smith?

During the fifty years that have passed sin hailed with enthusiasm as "a finer poet than Keats qualities in which Keats was finest," we have arrive conclusions and forgotten the name even of the a "Life Drama." At the most, until quite recen dimly remembered by a few as the literary sensat years ago, with some recollection of a speedy ert charges brought against his honesty as a writer. Smith echoed Tennyson, copied the ardours of Ke violence for passion, licence for imagination, vagu for the moral imagination that comprehends the world. Why, then, revive his memory? Why recall for the pleasing of a bygone taste, now that our a other satisfaction?

To be plain, the chief reason for distinguishing Smith among other incomplete poets, after his day is p the excuse that must be offered for his faults—hi inexperience. His early verse, with all its vagaries, flourish set on youth," and has the inspiration of a t spirit. So far as he looked at life directly, and i imitated fashion, he faced the old perplexities with towards a brave solution, saw events and circum the emotion that arises from fresh vision, and found and hope in everything that had not conformed to Confronted from childhood with the harsh facts of great city, earning his bread in the din and bustle of warehouse, he was held by a passion for the beautiful perplexity. His early work is marred by the disloc thought from the things he knew intimately. He fancy towards a region where facts have suffered ch been spiritualized and made brilliant by art. The C in his few hours of freedom dreamed "to set the age but found his own experience too meagre to be com material for his art, save under the trappings of crud Managing his daily work, living sparely that he migh and money for his books, making friends by his mind he found a refuge for his thoughts in the woes and passions of heroes such as Walter in the "Life Dr intention he utters his thoughts of love and life, of de and virtue, not as he found them serviceable in the o of every day, but as he deemed they would be realize free of actuality. All of actual observation worthy preted in verse he finds in the moon and stars, or sensational aspects of sky and sea. Of human relat seriously considers but one, and his lovers are all p engaged with the variety and tumult of their own s The characters of the "Life Drama" are phanta and remote as the glades and tapestried rooms flicker through the swift phases of their emotions. the frequent beauty of language that redeems the most of its passages, there is a second value in the poem writer passes from artificial gestures to speak the s truths found in the normal life he knew by experienc

Alexander Smith had the instinct of beauty and came near to giving it individual expression. had he lived to achieve greater restraint in ma simplicity, more largeness of comprehension, it is that his later work would have fulfilled the pro youth. The "Life Drama," published when the twenty-two, is ardent and unworldly. In spite theatricality and incoherence, it is sincere. The "Ci of five years later have the same quality, but it is to the beginnings of acquiescence. The poet's attitude accordance with the then existing state of things, a his power of expression gains thereby in clearness, th

Alexander Smith is more cheerful and less enthusiastic, rather wiser and less intuitive, more careful in observation and less rapturous in his perceptions—in short, more sensible and less sensitive.

"Edwin of Deira," published in 1861—last and most carefully laboured of his poems—has still less of the vital fire. The verse is gentle and melodious, the characters credible, the lyrics, as in all Smith's work, sweet and plaintive. But the glamour of the unknown has for him faded from the world, he has accepted a temperate measure of existence, and plies his craft steadily and with a sober regard for the needs of humanity. As a prose writer, his early death at the age of 37 left fair promise unfulfilled. As a poet, he had made his music and told his tale.

A FIFTEENTH CENTURY BOOK OF SPORT.

The Englishman of the Middle Ages loved, as his descendants love now, all pastimes that bring the touch of the wind upon the cheek and call for endurance and the display of bodily strength and skill.

> Maistowe I am, therefore I me delyght
> To hunt and hawke, to nourish up and feede
> The greyhounde to the course, the hawke to th' flight,
> And to bestryde a good and lusty steede,

says the gallant in the verses of Sir Thomas More, verses that are none the less western in spirit, though the language is that of a bygone world. If war was the serious occupation, hawking and the chase formed the pleasure, and Heraldry—for his pride in his house and lineage was great—the one science of the gentleman of the fifteenth century. Though incredibly ignorant in many matters, he was well instructed in the technicalities of the pastimes and pastimes of his class. A "gentleman," he was taught, was to know from a "churl" by his acquaintance with the "kindly terms" that belong to the chase, and it was to help him to this and kindred knowledge of practical utility that an obscure printer compiled in 1486 a volume, which, as the thick-coming later editions plainly show us, was one of the most popular books of the age. The "Boke of S. Albans," so-called from the place where it first saw the light in type, is a collection of treatises on Hunting, Hawking, and Heraldry. In its original form the volume is extremely rare and almost priceless, indeed in 1862 an imperfect copy sold for 600 guineas. The authorship of the book has long been attributed—at first with certainty, but latterly with hesitation—to Juliana Berners, Prioress of Sopwell Nunnery, in the county of Herts.

There is little of the man about Dame Juliana, save, perhaps, some slight traces of the schoolmistress. This forerunner of Mrs. Trimmer and Maria Edgeworth compiled—whether as part author or as mere scribe we cannot tell—a rhymed treatise on "Hunting," evidently intended as a child's lesson book, after which small performance she vanishes into the unknown. Her work, indeed, was saved from oblivion by her printer, who did not preserve his own, being merely known to Wynkyn de Worde as "our moreover schoolmaster of S. Albans." While Caxton was delighting his patrons at the "red pale" at Westminster with the marvels of the new discovery, this obscure schoolmaster was doing his best with a discarded fount from the Westminster press to print off such books as he thought suited to the general public. Eight works by all have been traced to this provincial typographer; six are in Latin, for the schoolmaster must have had a scholarly clientele, and two, including the "Boke," in English.

The question, "Who wrote 'The Boke of St. Albans?'" would be as difficult to answer as the question "Who printed it?" Mr. Blades, its latest editor, would have us believe that Dame Juliana is little more than "the shadow of a great name." She seems within an ace of being relegated to the limbo of the demigods and heroes, the record of whose doings, so real to us in our childish days, we are sometimes told may have originated in the sun-myth. The only circumstance that points to the fact

ing to a lady named Juliana Barnes or Bernes. is summed up by Mr. Blades in the following probably lived at the beginning of the fifteenth c possibly compiled from existing MSS. some rhyme Yet this meagre and hypothetical statement is the foundation of the life history of one of th authoresses.

There are, however, two early traditions whi have freely incorporated into subsequent accou posed authoress. The first is that she was of the Berners, of Roding-Berners, in Essex, and the s held the position of Prioress of Sopwell Nunnery of Herts. Undoubtedly the Berners family were in the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries; and a mark the place where Sopwell once stood, a qu from St. Albans Abbey, hard by the pleasant H but concerning "Mistress Barnes"—as her mod likes to call her—the authentic Berners pedigre nor does the list of the Sopwell Prioresses re This latter fact would be quite convincing if w that the list was perfect, but it is a far cry from in which Letitia Wyttenham succeeded to the Pri and 1480 in which the aged Joan Chappell was se there is still a loophole for us, and we may imag successor of Letitia and predecessor of Joan.

Like a good many specimens of early pri "Boke of S. Albans" is shown by internal ev compilation from various MSS. This fact silen claim to sole and original authorship. Even t Hunting, the part which the printer attributes shows nothing of the unity of plan characteristic a single author. The two distinct parts of whic betray a separate origin, and the compiler has n weld them together; for, while the opening and tions are in the form of a "Dame's" monologue, is frequently addressed, the middle part, obvious is a discourse between a "Master of the Hunt" Theboke of Heraldry falls likewise into two parts, th is spoken of as having been "translatyt," a wor that a French manuscript has been drawn upon f To add to the general miscellaneousness of the bo following a common practice of the time, filled which the comparative shortness of the book c blank, with various disconnected matter, such a of the bishoprics and provinces of England, and t this miscellany is a certain list, headed "th beestys and fowlys," which certainly proves tha could never have been responsible for the wh and that if the clergy had hitherto been the p they must have looked sourly on the new prod For under this innocent-looking title there pressions which are by no means connected wi fowls," and which correct stylists would only us to express their contempt of the Church, and of

Nobody's feelings would be hurt by learn proper to say "a Herde of Hertis," but "a Pri "Coey (coey) of partrichis," but a "kyndyll c But how could Dame Juliana, in her position as well, endure that any one should talk of "a su fluity) of Nunnys"? Can one have too much c Or, as a dependent on the great Abbey of S. A write of "A bhomynable sight of monkis" (m obedient daughter of the Church, of "an vn neris" (untruth of sumpners)? As a woman, bear to hear her sex traduced by the express Women," or the open sneer conveyed in the paciens of Wyves (impatience of wives)," or th the words "a Multipleng of husbondis"? Th a squib, and is copied bodily from some MSS. devout nun would have turned in horror.

But the public, who always hold the pernicio book exists more for the convenience and deli than the writer's profit and renown, troubled with questions of authorship. They read it w

ably as the latest monographs on farriery, fly-fishing, cricket, or the history of the county pack do in the gun-room of his Victorian successor. Nowadays, having served to instruct the many, it merely delights the few; and the bibliophile, whose ancestors possibly never bore arms, and who never owned hawk or hunter, pores over the woodcuts that delighted gentlemen when Harry the Eighth was King.

MARY DORMER HARRIS.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, BART., M.P., P.C. By Mrs. HENRY FAWCETT. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)

Mrs. Fawcett's "Life of Sir William Molesworth" is nothing if not timely. Molesworth's reputation as a practical statesman must stand or fall upon what he did and helped to do for the colonies; while at no period of our history have the colonies loomed so largely upon the political horizon as at present. It is true that this predecessor of Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office never in his most hopeful moments anticipated the extraordinary success which has sprung from his policy. Yet to Molesworth and Edward Gibbon Wakefield—two advanced Radicals, which seems to-day paradoxical enough—must be given the credit of having inspired the Imperialistic movement and united the colonies all the more closely to the mother country by the very act of setting them free. Mrs. Fawcett may be said to have fairly proved her case that, so far from being a "Little Englander," as he is occasionally painted, Sir William Molesworth was an Imperialist and an Empire-builder. Once, indeed, he apparently departed from his usual views; and capital has been made out of the fact that he advised the practical evacuation of our South African colonies. But, as will be shown presently, this was due to no sudden doubts of what he had hitherto preached as the mission of the British; but simply to his honest disbelief in the possibility of developing the country north of Cape Town sufficiently to make it profitable.

In describing the various influences which operated upon Molesworth's character in early life, Mrs. Fawcett hardly attaches enough significance to two—viz., his singularly mixed ancestry, and the distressing ailment which tinged his boyhood with unhappiness, and made him peevish and suspicious of insult. As for his ancestry, it was hybrid indeed. On the paternal side he sprang, at once, from an old Cornish stock, the Molesworths of Pencarrow, and from a French family, Ourry by name, originally gentlemen of the robe at Blois, then petty seigneurs, and finally Huguenot refugees in the British service. His mother was partly of Lowland Scots, partly of Highland descent, and said to have been of kin to David Hume. There was little of what is called Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins; and indeed the west-country squires among whom he lived looked upon him as almost a foreigner. The ailment alluded to was scrofula, which disfigured him sadly in childhood. Mrs. Fawcett does not tell us that this disease cost him his father's affection; but we learn from his own statement that such was the unhappy truth. At the private school to which he was sent (he was too sickly for Eton) the boys made mock of his disease with boyish thoughtlessness; and the bullying which he underwent, coming after his father's dislike, filled him with bitter feelings, and "set him against all authority." With his succession to the family

omniscience, and appears to have been a great deal of
but some of his letters written to his mother and sist
wall, and quoted by Mrs. Fawcett from the sister's p
considerable humour, as well as shrewd insight into
Mrs. Grote has drawn his portrait at this period;—"
countenance, expressive blue eyes, florid complexion
brown hair; a slim and neatly made figure about fi
inches in height, with small, well-shaped hands and f

Molesworth sat in the first Reformed Parliam
Cornwall, but his advanced principles and youthfu
the gave out that he preferred to be disliked) r
odious to the Cornish gentry. In reply to an invitatio
constituency, that of Leeds, he made a daringly indep
characteristic declaration. The Leeds Whig com
asked if he would support Lord Melbourne. "With
he wrote,

> To my support of the present Administration,
> to inform you that undoubtedly I should support th
> if I approved of them. If, however, they do n
> ballot and other measures open questions, my fir
> that their tenure of office will be short. .
> supporting them, you mean that I will suppo
> opposition to the Tories—undoubtedly I will. If
> that I must abstain from expressing my opinions i
> motions, or by amendments, through fear of indirec
> ing the present Administration—then I must
> will not give that species of support.

Apparently Leeds was pleased with his honesty,
returned contrary to his own expectation.

Mrs. Fawcett places Molesworth's adoption
colonial reform policy in 1833; but he did not m
parliamentary speech on the colonies until June 29,
philosophic Radicalism was all but defunct, and W
convinced him of the crying need for abolishing tr
and giving our dependencies their freedom within co
Cobden was willing to give the colonies absolute in
if they asked it; the old Whigs opposed the giving
in any form; Molesworth and his adherents took
course, and spoke in season and out of season for col
ments subject to Imperial rule. Our author, on
endorses the view taken by her subject of Lord Durha
after the Canadian rising, although she says that, in
the banishment of the rebels, "Molesworth was fr
of wishing well to the enemies of his country." M
is, above all, a fervent believer in the theory of auto
she holds with Molesworth can alone make our co
and contented. But Sir William was first led to advo
autonomy for the more selfish reason that it would
British taxpayer. "His argument was that as long
the colonies in a state of tutelage, they naturally sem
to us; give them self-government, he urged, and
understand that they are to be individually responsi
own internal wars."

Only once does Mrs. Fawcett differ serious
William, and this is upon his proposition that further
in South Africa should cease, and that only the Cap
and a coaling station should be retained there. Sh
however, to offer an explanation of what she calls the
mistake of his extraordinarily far-seeing and enlighte
policy." "He had made it the work of his life," sh
"to promote the development of the colonial Emp
Britain in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, on

showing his capabilities in the position which, after long coveting, he eventually obtained—that of Secretary for the Colonies. He succeeded Lord John Russell at the Colonial Office on July 2, 1855, and died on October 22 in the same year at the early age of forty-four. His marriage, which had occurred in 1844, was said to have greatly softened the asperity of his temper, and drawn him from the seclusion into which he had plunged during the completion of his edition of "Hobbes' Works"—a publication in sixteen volumes, which occupied him six years, and cost, according to Mrs. Fawcett, many thousands of pounds.

The "Life of Molesworth" is satisfactorily indexed, and the portraits mostly from family paintings at Pencarrow and from mezzotints and sketches owned by Sir William's sister, Mrs. Fordi are well chosen. The book contains some errors in the matter of dates, and there is one woful Latin mistake, for which the printer is perhaps to blame.

THOMAS KYD.

The Works of Thomas Kyd. Edited from the Original Texts, with Introduction, Notes, and Facsimiles, by F. S. Boas, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford. (Clarendon Press. 15s. n.)

We take this work as a sign that the country is awaking from its long neglect of the Elizabethan drama. As far as Shakespeare is concerned, indeed, we have no cause to find fault: he has been studied here as thoroughly and as intelligently as could be wished, and we have not needed that foreign scholars should show us the way. But to the average man, Shakespeare is all the English drama. Dodsley's "Old Plays" is only a selection, and not a critical edition even of those selected. Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Peele, Massinger and Ford, and a few others have been reprinted, it is true, in the last generation, but not with the scholarly discrimination which is used for Æschylus or Sophocles; nor again are the volumes we refer to convenient or pleasant to look at. A few years ago, Mr. Bullen added to his claims on our gratitude by editing several dramatists in a worthy form; but although his literary taste leaves nothing to be desired, even he has not done for the text what should be done. But if, as we hope, the Clarendon Press has in hand a series planned on the scale of the present volume, we shall soon be in a position to enter into our great dramatic heritage with full enjoyment and understanding.

For Mr. Boas' work is from every point of view excellent. In research, he has added new material and cast new light on the old; in criticism, he follows a scientific method, and fully presents the evidence which he uses; in taste, he is a safe and discriminating guide. We have here in the result the first complete edition of Kyd's works, including all that can be safely identified as his, and for illustration some which have passed current for his; while appendices and notes contain not only illustrations and sources, but the earliest German adaptation of *Hieronimo*. Mr. Boas has also wiped away a reproach against England, that it has left too much to foreigners the recognition of Kyd's importance as a figure in dramatic history.

And that importance is by no means small. Mr. Boas in his introduction gives good reason for believing that he was "the first playwright to put the story of Hamlet upon the stage," and that his influence may be traced in the first quarto of the Shakespearian play. He does not effect this by winking at difficulties; on the contrary, he raises and discusses one difficulty which has hardly been noticed, Nash's hint that Kyd knew not though glorified, in that delightful pair, Ancien verbose swashbuckler Bardolph.

The text of *Hieronimo* may now be read for Kyd wrote it, the latest additions which appear i distinguished here by smaller type. Mr. Boas additions highly, as they deserve; but shows t another hand, and inconsistent with the rest of reputation has, of course, suffered whilst the imagined that Kyd wrote it as it stands. A stil is done to Kyd's memory by the proof that *Hieronimo* is not by him. As regards *Soliman* can fully agree with Mr. Boas in ascribing it is nothing in it he might not have written, and only point to a greater maturity of style, mostly insight into character. Throughout the bo readings are given in footnotes, and some conj very few of these are admitted into the text. A tion of his own is adopted in *Sp. Tr.* 3, 12, will exempt (him) the place." We are glad to s admits the principle of attraction in criticis strange how a neglect of this, so fully grante languages, has obscured our knowledge of E carefully examined the notes, and find no omissi explanation. There is a puzzling misprint *Sp* 463), where the second *S. Luigis* should be *S. L*

We have no space to discuss the "Intr deserves; and can but say that it contains muc Mr. Boas has discovered some new information and prints (with facsimile) two interesting doc to Sir T. Puckering written after he had been p and containing an unkind reference to Ma "atheistic" treatise which he asserts th Marlowe. Kyd's works are discussed in ful historically, and his dramatic power and inf Mr. Boas thinks that Kyd was not a thinker, or stylist; but a "born dramatist for devising impressive situations and flambo for exploiting to the full the technical resource porary stage." If he wrote *Soliman*, neither denied him. A renewed study of his works con sion that no ordinary man could have conc strength of Hieronimo; and his Soliman is a of the effect of unchecked power and unbri nature not ungenerous. In his women he d some of the minor characters are happily c sistent. Kyd, in a word, deserves attention has made it possible for students of the drama enjoy him.

THE FOURTH CENTURY

Life and Letters in the Fourth Century. M.A. (Cambridge University Press.

Three years ago we reviewed Professor Dill the fourth century, which, we are glad to se second edition; and we notice Mr. Crawford's " It is satisfactory to see that another scho attention to the same period. If Mr. Glov rank with Professor Dill's (and an examination Symmachus in each book is enough to sho probably appeal more effectively to the gen Glover is quite scholarly as far as he goes;

Barrack Room Ballads. The last was, no doubt, caught in America, where Kipling seems to be inevitable in every book. Mr. Glover's translations are often forcible and telling; we have noted, however, one serious mistake, when he translated *tripudiare* "to waltz" (33).

The persons whose careers are here sketched are Ammianus Marcellinus, Julian, Quintus Smyrnæus, Ausonius, Symmachus, Macrobius, Augustine (from the "Confessions" only), Claudian, Prudentius, Sulpicius Severus, Palladas, and Synesius; and there are chapters on women pilgrims and Greek and Early Christian novels. The sketches are quite interesting, particularly where Mr. Glover's sympathy is strong. We think that the best essays are those on Claudian and Synesius, but if St. Augustine took in the complete life, we should give the palm to that. Synesius, of course, cannot be fairly compared with Mr. Crawford's elaborate work, but we get from the shorter essay a quite clear and consistent portrait of the man, and in some respects a better one; the figure is more human. In all cases Mr. Glover is keen to spy out the good points in a man, generous in his appreciations, and glad to find him sincere; if he preaches a little we forgive him, because he is so obviously in earnest. Julian is a much more credible person than he is usually made out. We do not quite understand why only women pilgrims are spoken of; and we think that more might have been made of the novels; indeed, we wish it had been done, for the criticism of "Daphnis and Chloe" is really good. After viewing the picture-gallery we cannot but be struck by the fact that the great men of the age were almost all provincial. "Ammianus and Macrobius were Greek, Augustine a Latin of Africa, Prudentius a Spaniard, Sulpicius a Gaul, Claudian some kind of Egyptian." One recalls the galaxy of great Spaniards in Nero's time. It is really creditable that Mr. Glover has seen all this and yet spared us the "Celtic theory."

Synesius the Hellene.

Synesius, apart from his connexion with Hypatia, is a sufficiently interesting personage to deserve a monograph; and in some respects Mr. W. S. Crawford in SYNESIUS THE HELLENE (Rivingtons, 12s. n.) has done his subject justice. In all that relates to the works of Synesius himself he has gone to the fountain-head, formed his own impressions, and justified his statements by exact references; in this part of his work the only improvement we would suggest would be to print the text of the more important quotations. He has by this means succeeded in producing a very real portrait, and Synesius stands out before us the public-spirited local grandee, always ready at need, whether to undertake a wearisome mission to the capital, to fight the savage marauder, or to help a friend. His literary work is fairly estimated, and his theological position is treated with a sympathetic touch, although we think it would be far from Mr. Crawford's own. The historical framework is not put together so skilfully, because Mr. Crawford has been content to take facts at second-hand from Gibbon, the Dictionaries, or Miss Gardner. The last writer, indeed, has been very useful to him; and it is, perhaps, surprising that with a book so good as hers in existence Mr. Crawford should have made another. As to the literary value of the book there is a freshness and *naïveté* in Mr. Crawford which pleases, but he is not an accomplished craftsman. There is no affectation, for which in these days we may well be thankful; on the other hand, there is no style to speak of. He is sometimes flippant (there is a cockney allusion on p. 153). In his chapter on Synesius as a man of science he [illegible]

STELLA.*

(By PROFESSOR STANLEY LANE-POOLE.)

Does any one read Swift now? If one were to ju[illegible] personal acquaintance the answer would be unhesita[illegible] not even ten righteous men—that is, leaving out the critics, who, of course, are not righteous men. Yet [illegible] be a Swift-reading public somewhere, or else why [illegible] Bell brought out a new edition—remarkably well [illegible] of his works in seven or eight volumes, and [illegible] Messrs. Methuen gone to the expense of producing t[illegible] to Stella" in a new and very acceptable form? [illegible] creases of the great middle class there are evidently [illegible] are not content with the popular pabulum of Yellow [illegible] Cardinals, Gentlemen of Carinthia, and Janes of the [illegible] and similar food for babes. They ask for strong [illegible] the big minds of the past—there are none now—can [illegible] them, and it is a very good thing for the publishers [illegible] is still some demand for non-copyright matter: th[illegible] heartily sick of the royalty system as applied to [illegible] poorer novels.

Even if the appetite for a classical writer like S[illegible] severer style should pall, and such "wom[illegible] pamphlets"—to use Johnson's phrase—as "The Co[illegible] Allies" cease to delight a generation that knows no[illegible] Peace of Utrecht was about, there is a perennial c[illegible] the "Journal to Stella," which masters even those to w[illegible] and St. John and my Lord Keeper Harcourt are [illegible] political figures, and who care little even about [illegible] Nick Rowe. There is something absolutely unique [illegible] wonderful Journal, in which the most masculine intel[illegible] age set down day by day the incidents of three [illegible] years; which received every hope, fear, or fancy in [illegible] as it rose to him; "which was written for one pers[illegible] pleasure, and has had indestructible attractiveness fo[illegible] since; which has no parallel in literature for t[illegible] importance of the men and the events that move along [illegible] the homely vividness of the language that describes [illegible] of which the loves, the hates, the joys and griefs, th[illegible] tions and disappointments, the great and little in clo[illegible] bourhood, the alternating tenderness and bitterness, [illegible] all, the sense and nonsense in marvellous mixture an[illegible] remain a perfect microcosm of human life." The suprem[illegible] of the Journal is its self-revelation; in it we see Sw[illegible] laid bare, and discover that the open cynic had a [illegible] secret vein of tenderness which he blushed to disclose.

But the Journal is a picture of the times as well as [illegible] of the writer, and as such it needs the commentator. [illegible] hitherto has been fully annotated—perhaps because [illegible] that constant reference to footnotes dispels the charm [illegible] tainly does. Nevertheless one must know who the m[illegible] are who pass across the stage, and though the prog[illegible] tracts the attention, it is indispensable. None more [illegible] than Mr. George Aitken could be desired as a comm[illegible] the Journal. He knows the age of Swift intimately [illegible] names escape his quick identification. Naturally, the [illegible] "Dictionary of National Biography" has proved a [illegible] him; it saves individual research and reduces t[illegible] historical annotation almost to a mechanism of clockw[illegible] Mr. Aitken could almost have done without it, had be[illegible] to it, so thorough is his knowledge of the times of

but it is as comfortable and complete a little volume as one could wish for.

Of course there is an Introduction. Every one must have his say about Stella, and poor Vanessa is sure to be dragged in. It is the penalty of greatness that a man cannot even make love in private, and so discussions which about ordinary unimportant people would be an insufferable impertinence appear to become biographical necessities when it is a question of the indiscretions of great men. Not that there was any indiscretion about Swift; the difficulty was that he was so exasperatingly discreet. He never saw Stella but in the presence of a duenna, and he wrote to her in the dual number! If he had openly married Stella and then run off with Vanessa a vast deal of lootless controversy would have been saved. But here are half-a-dozen excellent critics—such as Mr. John Forster, Sir Henry Craik, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Churton Collins, and so on—who cannot agree whether the mysterious marriage with Hester Johnson ever took place, or "if not, why not"; whether Swift was really in love with Miss Vanhomrigh—there is, of course, no doubt whatever that she, poor soul, was desperately in love with him—whether the last ride to Marlay and the "awful look" are mere romance or indirect homicide; in short, whether half that has been reported about Swift's relations with these two women is in any degree authentic. The more one looks into the evidence the more amazed one becomes at the credulity that accepts second or third-hand gossip as gospel. Take the question of the marriage with Stella in 1716. No one, of course, could disprove a private marriage without witnesses in the deanery garden of St. Patrick's; it were a negative of the most impossible kind; but considering the consistent manner in which these two otherwise truthful people acted ever afterwards as if they were not married, remembering that Stella signed several legal documents afterwards as "spinster," and that Swift, writing her "character" in the deepest agony of sorrow on the night of her death, and writing only for his own eye, speaks of her as "the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with," and not as wife, the *onus probandi* undoubtedly rests with those who maintain that this formal marriage, by which neither party gained any conceivable benefit or satisfaction, really took place. The only person who could have betrayed the secret was Bishop Ashe, who is said to have performed the ceremony. Bishop Ashe died in the year following the alleged marriage, and is it likely that he would have revealed such a carefully concealed secret so soon and in the lifetime of both the persons interested? Dean Swift was not a pleasant man to fall foul of, and one can well believe that Dr. Ashe would sooner have bitten his tongue off than babbled about the particularly private concerns of so formidable a colleague. Nobody, at all events, seems to have heard the tale during the Dean's life. At last it came out that Dr. Ashe had related it to Bishop Berkeley, whose relict communicated it to Monck Berkeley, who published it in 1789. But the future Bishop Berkeley was abroad in 1716, and remained abroad till after Ashe's death. Is it imaginable that this respectable prelate would have committed such an explosive piece of news to a letter—a letter, too, traversing the continent of Europe? And, if so, why did it not leak out until Berkeley's relict, in a fit of expansion, set the gossip going? Orrery mentions the story in 1752, and probably had it from the same unique and exceedingly suspicious source, though he does not say so; and Tom Sheridan the younger accepts the story in

make your choice; because I never saw th
conversation I entirely valued but hers; thi
I ever gave way to.

There is nothing to make one think he gave
twelve years later. There was no reason w
have openly married Stella if he wished,
marriage could have been of no possible use to
it at all consonant with the Dean's view o
ecclesiastical character to do such a thing in a
The tale naturally arose out of the well-k
between the two; though no one seems to have
or at least diffused it, in their lifetime. So
rolls on, little-tattlers will whisper that a man
with a woman without wanting to marry her.
crowd of witnesses there are to the contrary!

In his very straightforward introduction
sound on the marriage question, and, oddly eno
as one of the disbelievers in it. As far as I
only book in which I have dealt with the
Letters and Journals of Jonathan Swift," publi
ago—I merely quoted, with some caution, S
statements in favour of the marriage. The
Paget, the well-known magistrate, less known
"Puzzles and Paradoxes," set me upon a fres
the subject by referring me to his searching pa
and since then I have been a total sceptic as
the ride to Marlay, and the other legends sk
Mrs. Wood's "Esther Vanhomrigh." But I
Mr. Aitken discovered my conversion, unles
the writer of unsigned reviews. By the way,
"some foundation in fact" for the Marlay inci
like to know where? And he also attribut
additional ten lines of "Cadenus and Van
revision of the poem in 1719. If so, how is it t
not appear in the earlier editions of 1726?
believe that Swift would have wished to sup
would like much more to know that he never w
Vanessa story is much simpler than the Stella
less creditable to Swift. Still he owes someth
tality to both those attachments. How few
"Tale of a Tub" nowadays, or even "Gulliv
many are vaguely familiar with the names of S
and are convinced, still more vaguely, that S
badly to both. The mystery and obscurity of t
affairs, different in kind, as I believe, but carri
say cooled off—at the same time, in the same n
at perilous risk, have given Swift's Journal a
other works could not achieve. It is an instan
of the human over the literary, the heart ove
twofold romance of his life has outweighed all
of his brain.

Swift's Tracts.

In producing the fifth volume (Historic
Tracts—English) of his admirable edition
Works of Jonathan Swift (Bell, 3s.
Standard Library, Mr. Temple Scott has s
than his wonted ability. Hitherto no English e
more at the hands of his editors than the
Patrick's. Only one's affection for Sir Walt
one from saying the whole truth about his

Mr. Temple Scott will find the task practically insuperable when he deals with the Irish portion—but a great deal can be done, and the present editor has undoubtedly worked hard at the difficult problem. His judgment is sound, his industry remarkable, and the result is as full a collection of Swift's authentic historical and political writings, from the "Character of Wharton," 1711, to the "Memorial to the Queen" of 1714, as can probably be attained. There are still some papers referred to in the "Journal to Stella" which remain unidentified, and we confess we doubt the wisdom of including the "Learned Comment on Dr. Hare's Excellent Sermon," of which Swift himself says that he only gave "hints" to his understrapper, Mrs. Manley. But any judgment on the question of how far one should include the results of such collaboration among Swift's works must depend chiefly upon internal evidence—for Swift might have disclaimed full authorship for politic reasons—and a critical verdict based upon style is not easily arrived at in the case of a writer so free from mannerism. As a rule we accept Mr. Temple Scott's decisions as sound and critical. It is needless to add that he has collated the text of each pamphlet with the first and later editions, whenever procurable, and that his notes are full and scholarly. The reproduction in facsimile of the original title-pages will interest collectors and is besides quite the right thing to give in all such editions. A good photogravure after Jervas' picture in the National Portrait Gallery is prefixed. Swift's political tracts may seem out of date to modern readers who are not familiar with the foreign policy of the age of Marlborough; but they are not only admirable specimens of virile English, they are also marked by that sound common sense and matter-of-fact sanity which were among Swift's leading characteristics as a political writer. Biassed as they are and must be, as briefs for a fighting cause, such powerful tracts as "The Conduct of the Allies" and "The Public Spirit of the Whigs" live for ever as models of political pamphleteering. In their time they were mighty weapons in the war of party, and even to-day they ring with the clash of steel.

LEOPARDI'S POEMS.

Mr. Morrison's translations of THE POEMS OF LEOPARDI (Gay and Bird, 3s. 6d.) are with a single exception in the original metres; the exception is unfortunately "The Infinite," which is in rhyming lines, as though Leopardi's blank verse were not good enough. There may be gain in the reverse process, there cannot be any in trammelling a version with rhyme when it is absent in the Italian. "I have retained," writes the translator, "Leopardi's form and metre, employing the same regular, and sometimes intricate, sequence of rhyme wherever he does." But Mr. Morrison's renderings will not be judged ultimately by their faithfulness in technique. It is quite possible to run a translation into the mould of the original, without at the same time preserving its illusion and vision. For instance, "Il Primo Amore" is in terza rima, and Mr. Morrison, true to his self-imposed task, repeats the treble rhymes in English—his lines are not endecasyllabic, by the way, as they should be, but decasyllabic and destroys the illusion and banalizes the thought. Leopardi's lines begin:—

> Tornami a mente il dì che la battaglia
> D'amor sentii la prima volta, e dissi:
> Oimè, se quest' è amor, com' ei travaglia;
> Chè gli occhi al suol tuttora intenti e fissi,

How admirable Mr. Morrison is when he is not fettered the following lines from Sappho's Last Song will show

> Through us joy, unaccustomed yet, doth thrill,
> When from the South the dust-laden winds
> Swift roll along the liquid air, and sweep
> Across the swaying fields, and when the ear
> Of Jove deep thundering o'er our head doth cle
> Its heavy path along the lowering sky.
> We love to float amid the rain-charged clouds
> Across the crags and valleys deep, and hear
> The panic-struck stampede of horses, the sound
> Of swollen river fell,
> And trench'rous, or the waves' resistless swell.

Specimens equal to this may be found in almost every they conclusively prove that Leopardi is best tra rhythmic prose. Even into blank verse there slips harsh line, which would certainly have been avoide lated prose. Although "Noi l' insueto allor gaudio r accurately translated by the first line of the above sel the harshness of "unaccustomed yet" is not to mel iambic beat, nor do we think that had the translate his cadences as he went such a nervous check would suggested itself.

When the matter of the poems is carefully examined that no poet of equal repute has less variety in idea within a narrower circle of sympathies; the secret of seems to lie in his satisfying that side of our nature solace in calm nescience. Were men always optimist active, there would be no nest of a Leopardi, but escape at times a sense of failure, a world-wearin poignant irritation at movement (girando senza posa) assured place in our affections. He is neither a phil a moralist; he is purely and perfectly the poet of Bankrupt at twenty of all physical vitality, without of men, treated by his father and mother as an alien, for his pleasure on the intervals from pain, repellent he yet finds room for his genius to work in, and is un perhaps with the single exception of Hardy—in visu loneliness and peace of Nature:—

> No ruffle on the water's breast, no chirp
> Of gay grasshopper, and no flutter mid
> The trees of wings, or buzz of butterfly;
> No voice or motion far or near I hear
> Or see. Profoundest peace reigns o'er these sh
> Where I, ne'er stirring, as oblivious
> Of self and all things, sit; methinks e'en now
> My limbs are froze in death, nor feeling more
> Nor breath of life in them; their primal peace
> Confounded with the silence of the scene.

How inerrantly the last line (lor quiète antica Co' loco si confonda) describes the borderland between sl waking! The terror and beauty of silence and the loneliness have never received more intensely Imag pression. The mood with which these lines infect us a the poet; it is reflected in every poem. Take "Genista," which more than pages of analysis helps u his marvellous perfection in his own domain:—

> Oft on these lonely slopes,
> In mourning vesture clad
> By the stark sea, which seems to undulate,
> I sit by night, and o'er the sombre down
> Out on the stars I gaze
> That in the clear, blue firmament bright blaz
> Which far the mirroring sea
> Reflects; and see a whole world scintillate
> Around of sparks, resplendent space's crown,

To the reader unfamiliar with the Canti no poem more completely reveals the poet's temperament or lets out the secret of his strength and limitations than the exquisite "Il Tramonta Della Luna." As the moon sinks, hills and valleys, hedges and houses, assume vague shapes and become weird and splendid in the dusk. Presently thick darkness shuts out the sight of everything, and night is left solitary. Thus youth disappears and the springs of hope dry up. Life is left desolate and miserable.

The wildered traveller,
As in its darkness he doth vainly peer,
Looks for some end or goal along the road
Which stretches far and lone;
And feels this life's abode
To him, as he to it, is stranger grown.

Were man to keep to the end the delusions of his youth the eternal gods would envy him, and so they invented old age, "of all woes the crown," in which should die all desire and joy:—

Soon from out the east ye'll hail
Returning light new pierce
The darksome heavens and the dawn fresh break!

And the poem concludes with the commonplace of poets that our life when once it has sunk will never rise again, recalling the oft-quoted lines of Catullus:—

Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis, quum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

(Suns can rise and set; once our brief light has fled, through the unending night we must sleep.)

FICTION.

"The man of mixed blood," we read in THE WESTERNERS, by Stewart Edward White (Archibald Constable, 6s.), "is not like other men. . . . No man lives who can predict what may or may not suffice to set into motion the machinery of his passions. . . . But once started the results may be tremendous." This much being postulated it would be absurd to cavil at the refinement of iniquity displayed by the half-breed Lafond in his revenge for a casual affront. The picture of Western life is vivid and powerful, sometimes painfully so. The author succeeds by his perfectly natural presentation of people whom he knows and by his freedom from affectation; he reduces everything to the lowest possible terms, and produces a series of pictures which stand out on one's mental retina with unusual clearness.

IN THE BLOOD, by William S. Walker (Long, 6s.), is frankly a novel with a purpose, which is, perhaps, an excuse for its literary defects. Page after page of the book sets a cultured reader's teeth on edge. But if we forgive these literary crimes—we cannot forget them—it is because we sympathize with the purpose. It is an appeal to the new Federal Government of Australasia to grapple seriously with the larrikin. The appeal is couched in the form of a picture of slum life in Sydney in the year of grace 1900, and it is a terrible and damning indictment. There is no hysteria in Mr. Walker's work; he is a close observer, and his account rings true, given in the plainest Anglo-Saxon with nothing extenuated, naught set down in malice. If, therefore, "In the Blood" is not good as a novel this does not detract from the sincerity of our wish that it may have its

is about to give birth to a child, and believing her child to be dead, marries a whom she keeps in ignorance of her past. C adopted by the steadfast adorer, the Dobb course, too, the bold bad gallant who love comes back to make pie of everybody's happi the fact that the words "of course" spring lips, the story interests. The meeting betw her son, and between him and his father, plication are all well contrived.

HUMBRT SHERBROOKE, PRIEST (Simpkin, Tarika, is a painstaking but by no means luminou young Ritualist, whose religious zeal must hampered by his curious code of morals. The face makes him forget his vow of celibacy self respect, of honour, and even of the lit with which nature had endowed him. And artists of distinction are proud to count the a fashionable painter, is an R.A. at 31, whos bined the refinement and delicacy of finish of strength and profundity of Rembrandt." T less successful, had at any rate "surpassed Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and a dozen others," assured him that even Raphael had not painte Small wonder that the poor heroine foun between their claims! The book is as a whe disappointing.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The governors of the People's Palace Lib to hand over the whole of their books, amounti volumes, to the new public library for Stepne accumulated since 1887, and form a substant extensions in the direction of up-to-date work otherwise would have been necessary to provi may now be expended upon modern technical

In two metropolitan boroughs the public recently come up for discussion. The results Hackney a largely attended town's meeting, the Mayor, almost unanimously urged the adopt the Acts, but the representatives of before them an offer of the books from the fre maintained by subscriptions), conditionally put in force, rejected the proposal after scan

At the Salford Public Libraries all new b and examined by borrowers for a week before circulation. The volumes are exhibited f daily, but must not, of course, be removed fr that the discussion over open access is agai idea may be commended to the notice both opponents of that system. To hold exhibition be a capital way of familiarizing the public w indicator would not be obviated, and the lon of strayed and stolen works would be greatly

Mr. Basil H. Soulsby, of the British M been appointed honorary secretary of the Lib the room of Mr. Frank Pacy, one of the Westminster, who has felt himself obliged to In future a paid assistant secretary is to r

a model library building stocked with books chosen by the librarians of America. An interesting article is contributed by Miss M. S. R. James upon "Libraries in the Bahama Islands."

The library of Nassau was formerly a prison, and the old traditions in the form of salutary punishment still remain. Miscreants who turn down a leaf are fined four shillings, while threepence a day is charged for overdue books.

Correspondence.

ENGLISH FICTION IN GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have read with sympathetic interest Herr Lutz's letter to you, published in your last issue, and, unless any one more competent than myself should address you on the subject, I should like to be allowed to point out, with submission as the lawyers say, why I think Herr Lutz is perhaps wrong in attributing solely to a deficiency of literary culture among his countrymen the failure, from a commercial point of view, of the German translations of the English works of fiction specified in his letter.

If his view is correct, it would seem to follow that the success of those same works in English is proof of the cultivated literary taste of their very numerous English and American readers. Unfortunately, that is not so.

It would require something more than ordinary boldness to assert that the commercial success, in England or America, of a modern book is the measure of its artistic value; rather may it be taken as a rule, subject to every rule's proneness to exceptions, that the literary merit of a modern work in English is in inverse ratio to its popularity with the general reader. And this must continue to be the case until education, in its best and widest sense, shall have instilled into the populace, somewhen in the distant future, a love of beauty and the faculty of critical appreciation.

It is, of course, perfectly true that a work of pure literature may be fortunate enough to score a popular success, but it is not true that because a book runs into several very large editions it is therefore good literature. As I have already said, the presumption is entirely the other way, and experience confirms it, unless it be more correct to say that experience gave birth to the presumption.

If then, as I have tried to prove, Herr Lutz is as much too complimentary to us as he may be too severe on his countrymen, the cause of the results at which he expresses disappointment must be sought elsewhere, and I venture to think it is to be found just where he says it cannot possibly be, viz.—in his choice of books for translation.

If he chose them because of their enormous sale in England and America, arguing therefrom that all of them must be good literature, the chances were in favour of his arriving at a wrong conclusion. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that they deserve to rank high as literature, it does not follow as a consequence that they will prove attractive in translations.

Works that are full of local colour, descriptions of scenery, dialect, native humour, and other limitations of universal human interest, have an elusive quality which escapes in translation, and what remains fails to appeal to foreigners who, familiar with the masterpieces of Tolstoy and Balzac, Hugo and Dumas, Flaubert and de Maupassant, Zola and Bourget, are not eager to know anything about "Thrums"; do not care very much that his case against his countrymen will not be comp he can quote equally poor results from translation Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," Hardy's the D'Urbervilles" (excised of descriptive passages) the Obscure," George Moore's "Esther Waters," Eliot's "Silas Marner," Lucas Malet's "Wages Marion Crawford's "Saracinesca," George Egerton' notes." If he gives his countrymen another and bett but with no better results, then they will deserve inde hard things he says of them, wherein they will, how themselves not one whit behind the public of any othe except France.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

D. N. SA

74, Grosvenor-road, Highbury, N., 30th Dec., 190

GOSPEL RIOTS AT ATHENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Hogarth and I are at issue on a q fact and a question of forecast. Mr. Hogarth maint the pedantic style has taken so deep root in Gree cannot now be done away. As to the first point, I a newspapers are widely read, and that the people can u the general drift of them. This may be true, and it be true that there are many words and phrases whic not understand. Greeks are extraordinarily quick in the sense of an imperfect expression. The sentence qu the complimentary address is much simpler th newspapers; εὔχεται at once gives the key to the construction, and no doubt the Demarch read out τ δοκιμασθεῖσαν Πατρίδα μαι with such an air that his audie have taken him if he had said τὴν ἀβρακαδάβρα πατρίδ must also be borne in mind that to understand the style is a matter of pride; the more ignorant the h less likely he is to show that he does not underst Cretan villagers applauded, no doubt, but, unlike the a not smile. As regards the second point, no one k power of a tradition until it is assailed. Mr. Hogart right; if so, it is a sad thing for the Greeks. But, anyh are some who mean to try whether it is too late to me

Mr. Hogarth says that none of us write as we spe and it is the divorce of writing and speech which has g ruin English style. In the great age men did writ spoke; Shakespeare, North, Florio, Browne, Milton wrote as they spoke, in a style dignified and mel solemn matters, light and racy for trifles. The e century did us great damage, and even now very fe (such as John Bright) have shaken off that false tradit I venture to assert that in no age of English history never in the history of the world, has any one written as the Greek pedants do; and for proof I translate part of the sentence which I quoted in my first le stituting unnatural English for unnatural Greek, and, I can, reproducing the effect of the dead inflexions.

The question of the from the Lunatic Asylum Dr. K. O., from þem* simply typographicale ques tenderly brotherlichre, ist begonnen to assume sinc day's revelations the moods (conditions) of an scandales, of hwilc, &c.

I hope your readers appreciate the effrontery of cal a jargon "pure." It is simply impossible.

Yours faithfully,

Books to look out for at once.

"The House of Percy." By Gerald Brenan. Freemantle. 42s. net.
"Christ, our Life." By Professor Moberly. Murray.
"The Automobile." Translated from Gerard Lavergne's Manual. Revised and edited by Paul Hasluck. Cassell. 10s. 6d. net. Illustrated.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[*Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.*]

ARCHITECTURE.

THE PANTHEON AT ROME: WHO BUILT IT? By J. THOMAS. 7½×5, 24 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

[To prove that the rotunda of the Pantheon was built, not by Agrippa in the Augustan age, but more than two centuries later.]

CLASSICAL.

THE CHOEPHORI OF ÆSCHYLUS. By T. G. TUCKER. 9×5¾, 318 pp. Cam. Univ. Press. 12s. 6d.

[Full introduction on the Greek Dramas of Orestes and on the text of the Choephori; text translation, commentary and recension of the Scholia. By the Professor of Classical Philology at Melbourne University.]

EDUCATIONAL.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING AT GLASGOW, 1901. Discussion on the Teaching of Mathematics. Ed. by J. PERRY. 7¾×5¼, 101 pp. Macmillan. 2s. n.

FIRST GREEK READER. By E. C. MARCHANT. 7½×5, 72 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d.

[Similar to "Scale Primer." Vocabulary, and a few "hints." Illustrations.]

VIRGIL: ÆNEID BOOK V. CICERO: DE AMICITIA. (Bell's Illus. Classics.) Ed. by J. T. PHILLIPSON and H. J. L. J. MASSÉ. 6×4, 168+104 pp. Bell. 2s. each.

[Vocabulary, notes, introduction, and pictures.]

ELEMENTARY INORGANIC CHEMISTRY. By J. WALKER. 7½×5, 263 pp. Bell. 2s. 6d.

[Expounds principles in detail with illustrations, but without instructions for practical work which the teacher can supply. The author is Professor of Chemistry at University College, Dundee.]

FICTION.

THE GARDEN OF A COMMUTER'S WIFE. Recorded by THE GARDENER. 7¾×5¼, 254 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.

[A gardening book of the chatty, autobiographical, mildly humorous kind by an American lady whose husband lives in the country and works in town, or "commutes."]

POETRY.

STORY AND SONG. By the authoress of "Two Loves in One Life." 8½×6¾, 51 pp. Cornish.

POLITICAL.

NATIONAL POLICY. A speech delivered at Chesterfield, December 16, 1901, by LORD ROSEBERY. 9×6½, 39 pp. A. L. Humphreys. 1s.

[In a prefatory note, Lord Rosebery, after apologizing for publishing what is "not a speech, but a skeleton," says, as to the policy of the speech, "that policy appears to have received a large meed of general approval. But political opinion, to be effective, must be organised; political energy must work and entrench. I want some of this spade work on behalf of this policy, or else the wave of popular enthusiasm will be lost in space." Red paper bound.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE CHISWICK SHAKESPEARE. KING HENRY VI. Part I.: MEASURE FOR MEASURE. 6×4, 123+126 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d. n. each.

[Introduction and notes by John Dennis; illustrations by Byam Shaw.]

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. 4×2¾, 63 pp. Curtis Guildford. Brimley Johnson. 2s. n.

[A new booklet in white and gold printed at the Astolat Press, Guildford.]

SOCIOLOGY.

INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION. By CARL BUCHER. Trans. from the Third German Ed. by S. M. WICKETT. 8½×5¼, 393 pp. Bell. 12s. n.

[The Leipzig Professor's book has had a wide influence in Germany since its publication in 1893. Mr. Wickett is a Lecturer at Toronto University.]

THEOLOGY.

A MINISTER OF GOD. Selections from the Sermons and Addresses of JOHN HAMILTON THOM. Ed. by V. D. DAVIS. 7½×5, 222 pp. P. Green. 2s. n.

[Mr. Davis supplies a biography of this well-known leader of Christian Unitarianism, the minister of Renshaw-street Chapel, Liverpool, and friend of James Martineau. The selection is made largely for the use of those preparing for the ministry.]

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF HUMAN LIFE. By J. W. HARPER, D.D. 7½×5¼, 231 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing Hou

PROBLEM No. 290. by W. A. SHINKMAN, U.S.A.

BLACK. 11 pieces.

WHITE. 10 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBL
REV J. JES
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play a

PROBLEM No. 292, by A. Troitzky.—Whit Q Kt sq; Q at Q sq; B at Q B 2; pawns at Q (5 pieces)—K at Q 4; Q at Q B 2; B at K Kt 3, K B 4. White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 293, by A. Troitzky.—Whit K B 2; R at Q Kt 2; Kt at Q B sq; pawns Black (4 pieces)—K at Q sq; R at K Kt 5; K at K 3. White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 294, by A. Troitzky.—Whit K Kt 2; B at K B sq; Kt at Q B 5; pawn Black (4 pieces)—K at K R 4; Q at K R pawn at K Kt 2. White to play and draw.

Note.—We cannot always guarantee that these End-games a above will be new to most of our readers, and they should be, as of point.

NOTES AND NEWS.—M. Janowski and Mr due to give consultation games and exhibition week. The Hastings club has new quarte hall. It has long been a leader.—Lasker Paris, and play lasted 6½ hours, or till 2 30 a. by three players, and two drew. Lasker, knows, has some mathematical appointment Manchester. He will not go to Monte Carl entries at Monte Carlo, or rather the names every known master. W. E. Napier, a young of whom little is known here, is coming to Eu there. If so, we expect him to score well. may take place in February if it can be Americans will only arrange it when Pillsbu will be at Monte Carlo in February we suppo the games—Marshall's and Pillsbury's—may the board.—Mr. Blackburne recently visited return played at Liverpool C.C.—Mr. A. J. Editor, *Cape Times*) won the champions Town C.C. recently.—A new club has been s burg.—A match by telegraph between the England and Australia, is a project of Mr. M.P., but these matters are not easy to bring

GAME No. CXVIII.—Played in Sweden:—

WHITE. J. Möller.	BLACK. S. Abertsen.	WHITE. J. Möller.
1. P–K 4	P–K 4	23. P–R 3
2. Kt–K B 3	Kt–Q B 3	24. Kt–Q 4
3. B–B 4	Kt–B 3	25. P–R 4
4. P–Q 3	B–B 4	26. P×Q
5. P–B 3	P–Q 3	27. Kt×B
6. Castles	Kt–K 2	28. P–K B 4
7. P–Q 4	B–Kt 3	29. B×R ch
8. P×P	Kt×P	30. P–K Kt 3
9. Q–B 4 ch	K–B sq	31. Kt–Kt sq

Literature

No. 221. SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1902.

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NOTES OF THE DAY.

We reprint on page 23 Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Islanders," which appeared in *The Times* of January 4.

* * * *

It is most satisfactory to learn that the Incorporated Society of Authors has taken steps to form a committee for the purpose of urging the claims of British candidates for the Nobel literary prize. The names of the gentlemen asked to serve on the committee—Mr. Bryce, Mr. Lecky, Dr. Garnett, Mr. Thomas

If the value of literature is to be measured by its [illegible] and obvious influence upon the policy of men of action, [illegible] late M. Jean de Bloch must be reckoned a great lit[illegible] The calling of the Peace Conference at the Hague w[illegible] due to the impression made upon the Tsar by Bloch's g[illegible] upon the horrors of war, and the new factors introduced [illegible] perfection of weapons of destruction, and the complic[illegible] mercial conditions of our times. The actual value of [illegible] clusions is more debatable; and the experts doubt [illegible] they are supported or confounded by our own recent ex[illegible] in South Africa. Perhaps M. de Bloch's views on the [illegible] effect of shell-fire and the impossibility of storming [illegible] ments are less valuable than his estimate of the co[illegible] war in direct outlay, and indirectly through the disl[illegible] industry. This was a matter which his early training a[illegible] particularly qualified him to discuss.

* * * *

Although Prebendary Tucker's connexion with th[illegible] for the Propagation of the Gospel extended from 1865 [illegible] July the only book which he published through the [illegible] though his secretarial work involved an immense a[illegible] literary work—was "The Spiritual Expansion of the [illegible] Two Centuries of Work Done for the Church and N[illegible] shilling book which was written for the bicentenary co[illegible] when it reached its thirteenth thousand. "Under His [illegible] his missionary book published by the Society for [illegible] Christian Knowledge, has also gone through several [illegible] Mr. Tucker's other works include the volume on "Th[illegible] Church in Other Lands," written for Messrs. Longm[illegible] of "Epochs of Church History," edited by the la[illegible] Creighton; and the lives of Bishop Feild and Bish[illegible] Selwyn—both published by Messrs. Wells Gardner.

* * * *

Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish Dr. Conan Doy[illegible] to the misrepresentations circulated on the [illegible] regarding the conduct of our troops at the fro[illegible] "pamphlet" runs to about 60,000 words, and is bei[illegible] lated into five European languages—no new experienc[illegible] Conan Doyle, whose works have made him one of the b[illegible] English authors abroad. It is said that sufficient [illegible] has been collected to meet every charge which has bee[illegible] against our soldiers, and Dr. Doyle's idea is to send a [illegible] work to every deputy and newspaper editor of conse[illegible] the Continent.

* * * *

Mr. Max Judge writes:—"Having read with th[illegible] admiration Mr. Fred. G. Bowles' translation of 'La [illegible] Voiles,' it may be of interest to note that in Joaqui[illegible] 'Songs of the Sierras' there is a line which expres[illegible] idea as,

With jibs close-clasped, like hands in fervent pr[illegible]

novels in his forthcoming "Descriptive Guide to the Best English Fiction," to be published by Messrs. Sonnenschein, but Mr. Nield's list is, we believe, the first serious attempt to do the thing exhaustively. He includes notable novels which, while not strictly historical, in some way represent bygone periods. Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish the book.

* * * *

Mr. Grant Richards, now established in his new home in Leicester-square, will lead another little procession of anthologies on Wednesday next with "The University Song Book" a collection of the best-known songs of the various Universities with musical setting. Many other sources have been drawn upon, as well as the Universities, to make the collection complete. Mr. Murray is bringing out a somewhat similar volume, entitled "A Book of British Song," edited by Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, Principal of the Hampstead Conservatoire. Here, again, the favourite songs of the home and school are brought together, and in this case the collection will appear in two forms, one with pianoforte score and words, and the other—a small edition—with words and airs only. Mr. Grant Richards will also publish "The Book of Humorous Verse," which Mr. T. W. H. Crosland has in hand.

* * * *

LOVE'S GREETING.

I.

(From the Land.)

O crimson light, upon the foreland far,
Coming and going
In revolutions steady; lonely star,
Allegiance owing
To Man the mighty Maker, Lord of land and sea;
With radiance flashing over wave and scar,
One moment showing
The black buoy tossing at the harbour bar,
Now seaward throwing
The beckoning rays that call my Wanderer home to me;
Flash him a rosy welcome o'er the deep,
Thy glory flinging
Low at my Conqueror's feet; and richly steep
The white sails bringing
My star, before whose beams all stars of night must bend.
Beside him kingly wealth I hold but cheap
As sparks upspringing.
Tell him my love for him will never sleep,
But closer clinging
Will wake, and watch, and serve him, humble, to the end.

II.

(From the Sea.)

O crimson light upon the foreland set,
The dark ways cleaving
With lanes of light and welcome, stay and let
Thy beam deceiving
One moment longer light the balcony I know.
A moment since it seem'd my eyes had met,
O'er waters heaving,
Soft eyes, and hands that round me fling a net
Of wondrous weaving,
Where may I captive stay till Death's tides round me flow!
O crimson star, no beams of thine compare
With her eyes blending
The glories of the kingly Day and fair
Queen Night descending
With slow majestic step adown the curving sphere.
Proclaim my swift home-coming, and declare
My love unending,
My worship, and the service that will dare
All things, contending
For her sweet sake with pain and shame and death and fear.

LEONARD ALSTON.

Mr. King's book was the tenth of the dozen Am
young American authors which Messrs. Harper
beginning of last year. Only a few of these ha
here. The most important work which Mess
in hand for early publication is Mr. W. D. How
of Fiction," in two handsome volumes, illustr
well-known American artists. The work is n
W. D. Howells' "Literary Friends and Acq
will be ready very shortly.

An Object Lesson in Criticism.

Among orthodox Shakespearian scholars th
improbably been held that far too much attentl
devoted to the "madhouse
Baconians. With this opinion
least agree. By the extensive s
Baconian theory which has been
columns of *The Times* a signal
rendered to the study of English literature,
has, for once, moved a public, generally qui
regard to such matters, to real interest n
purely literary topic. It is a common mistak
problems of authorship are of minor import
play's the thing"; and that so long as we c
properly appreciate Shakespeare's poetry and
care much whence they proceeded. Questions
a matter of fact, often lie at the very basis of
of greater moment to the race has ever been
questions of authorship involved in the "Hig
the Scriptures, and no one on either side wi
deny that the disputants have often displayed
to hasty assumption, to false logic, and to me
conspicuous in the Shakespeare-Bacon c
occasional object lesson in the sifting of evid
beliefs is an immensely beneficial tonic for
"likes to be deceived." But that is not the o
are glad to see our friends the Baconians tr
spirit. The "madhouse chatter" attitude is
but a dangerous one for true believers to
netly parallel to the state of mind revealed
shocked and horrified at the suggestions of the
Hard words have not only never furthered t
but have frequently obstructed it. The Ba
unnaturally felt that if their opponents could
than call them crazy and imbecile it was be
ments were unanswerable. Hence it comes th
spread since its birth in the middle of the la
rapidity very little realized in literary circles.
two hundred pro-Baconian works have appeare
not far short of a hundred in England. The
underlying mass of Baconianism among the mi
superficially cultured reading public on be
Atlantic. Dr. Georg Brandes ascribes t
"feminine criticism, on the one hand, with it
nerve, and Americanism, on the other hand,
spiritual delicacy." Unquestionably the new d
mostly among those who are quite unconscious
possess the cautious judgment and the subtle ins
to sound literary criticism. But so large a
vinest doubters will never be converted by a
are not sure that the "Baconian bacillus" i
by the modern method of inoculation. The
summarily dismissed; there are unquestionabl
surmounted. A temporary hesitation, a sligh
lymph, may be the surest way of warding off t
Gallup's cipher, we venture to think, exis
serious factor in the problem for those who
recent discussion of it—though we have some sy
respondent in the *Daily News* who, accepting t
it the strongest argument for Shakespearian aut
lem turns partly on the internal evidence, int
enough, supplied by the plays, and the ext
contemporaries. The closer one studies eith
whelmingly probable does the Shakespearian

Literature Portraits.—XXXVI.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Three years ago it was something like an article of faith that the poetic drama was dead beyond hope of recovery. Nowadays there is a very different complexion on the matter. M. Rostand is in a fair way to be a millionaire, and Mr. Phillips has two plays down for appearance in the next month at the two leading theatres in London. His *Herod*, though it had not a pecuniary success at all comparable to that of *Cyrano*, brought him applications in profusion from notable actors, both English and American, and received only the other day a tribute of which any author might well be proud. M. Baumeister, the well-known Dutch actor, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his *début* by a special performance, and for that occasion the piece he chose was a translation of *Herod*. Add to this the enthusiastic recognition accorded to Mr. Phillips' poetry as poetry by the majority of known critics, together with the significant fact that his three volumes—the poems and the two published plays—have reached a very large sale, and it will be apparent that here is that extremely rare creature, a real poet who is also popular.

One is always more interested in a butterfly when one has been familiar with the chrysalis, and I knew Mr. Phillips in the chrysalis stage a remarkably short time ago. We were in a sense contemporaries, though he had the advantage of me by several years; for when I came to London and took to literature as a business, he was just launching his first little volume, "Christ in Hades," and his friends were my friends also—and very helpful friends they were. My impression is that we met first at the *Spectator* office; at all events, I remember very distinctly my perplexity when one of the editors gently upbraided me with shortcomings that never were mine, until we discovered that he was taking me for another new contributor who had the same Christian name.

"Christ in Hades," though it drew from Mr. William Watson a generous eulogy, did not greatly impress the world. Probably a good many people were first convinced—it was my own case—that Mr. Phillips had to be very seriously counted with, by "The Woman with the Dead Soul," which was published in the *Spectator* in about July, 1897. In the December of that year came the "Poems," the sale of which received a great impetus from the award to them of a £100 prize by the *Academy*.

Mr. Phillips had thus achieved reputation. The poem in the volume which gained him most admirers was certainly "Marpessa," an idyll which showed pretty strongly the influence of Tennyson, though not so strongly as to hide Mr. Phillips' own individuality. The two which were, at least to my thinking, most characteristic, and therefore most interesting, were "The Woman with the Dead Soul" and "The Wife"—the latter of which contained, perhaps, the best but also probably the worst things in the book. It is, however, noticeable as being the only one which gave some hint of a possible dramatist. But if any one thought of that at the time, I certainly did not. Mr. George Alexander was more intelligent. A couple of months

Benson, in which he played many parts, his predil
for the Ghost in *Hamlet*—a *rôle* in which he [illegible]
honour of a special recall. And though, so far as [illegible]
his chief distinctions while with the company were
prowess in the cricket field and by an unholy taste
joking, there is not the least question but that he
rience which has proved of inestimable value to him

Paolo and Francesca was written in the course
for a variety of reasons Mr. Alexander did not [illegible]
produce it at once. During that year Mr. Philli
some sporadic pieces, one of which, "Endymion,"
type to "Marpessa," and was to my mind even a m
and interesting piece of work. But it had bad luck.
printed it in the *Nineteenth Century*—an honou
accorded to poetry—and it appeared at the
September—in the week in which we learnt th
Colonel Henry, the murder of the Empress of
battle of Omdurman, and the presence of the
Fashoda. Naturally enough, it passed unnoticed.
excitement drew from Mr. Phillips two exceedingl
of occasional verse, but since then his shorter
have been few. "A Poet's Prayer," which
the rather inaccessible *Anglo-Saxon Review*, ran
with his best work in this class; not so th
Saeculare," with which Mr. Knowles inaugurated th
Century and After. This poem, however, showed
in the interesting light of an experimenter
innovation, employing an unrhymed couplet that
rhythmic effect solely on the distribution of stress,
—but a rhythm helped out by a free use of allite
metre, which had somewhat the effect of Horace's
lochian ("Diffugere nives"), had been previously ex
Phillips, and, in my judgment, with much finer resu
contributed to the *Spectator*. But it is a little besi
to dwell upon these shorter compositions. Almost
modern English poets, Mr. Phillips has done h
justice on the large canvas than the small; and it is
evident that in devoting himself to dramatic poetry
merely cast in the form of dialogue and grouped i
scenes, but carefully designed to make its appropria
theatre—he has followed the true bent of his genius
increasingly evident to me; but from the night I
and Francesca read I had no doubt that its autho
dramatist; yet that was the last conviction I had
carry away with me. I have not forgotten, and I d
any of the four or five rather critically-minded peop
the play for the first time when I did will forget, t
delighted surprise that the reading produced—till the
poetry obliterated surprise. Mr. Phillips is singula
a reader, and, like all poets, he reads his own verse
any other, so that the element of personal magne
be allowed for; but the opinion which I formed
not gone back on—that it was the most important
that had been made to English literature since Ten
his masterpieces. Other men had done things as goo
but in a smaller, less exacting, and, as I must think, l
kind. Poetry has been so long divorced from the s
country that we have lost all sense of the value
poetry. There is always Shakespeare, no doubt; b
the voice of his own time, and the voice of Elizabeth
not affect us as, for example, Hugo affected France ha
ago. Shakespeare's greatness obscures the true issue
will always been on saying, "If you have Shakespeare

supposed reluctance of actors to touch poetical drama was proved to be non-existent directly a man appeared who showed himself able to write drama that was poetry and was adapted for stage production.

As soon as *Paolo and Francesca* was published, offers to produce it in America and elsewhere came in; but Mr. Alexander, naturally enough, held to his rights. And since his engagements did not permit him to make the experiment at once, another man led the way. The final act of *Herod* was written in the early part of 1899, and was submitted with a rough scenario to Mr. Tree, who accepted it, and threw himself with enthusiasm into the task of bringing out the play. Perhaps the decision to make it consist of three acts rather than of four was unfortunate; but in any case the exigencies of the medium must be allowed for. To compress that mass of action with its variety of characters into the compass even of four acts, so that the pith and essence of it should be conveyed to a miscellaneous audience through ear and eye, was a task immeasurably transcending in difficulty the problems which most modern poets have set before themselves. The only one among his contemporaries who has any claim, in my judgment, to rank with Mr. Phillips as poet is Mr. Yeats, and many of us may prefer *The Shadowy Waters* to *Herod* as a piece of literature. But *Herod* will act, *The Shadowy Waters* will not; and, in order to be actable, a poet must discard deliberately the very qualities which make the charm of Mr. Yeats' work. About *Ulysses* it is too early to say anything, but a very little thought will show the initial difficulty, the tremendous structural problem, which had to be faced in order to shape out of the story anything that could be presented under the conditions of the stage. Yet I do not think that the reflection will occur to playgoers: so easy does the thing seem once it has been done for us, so simply is the great story told.

But with all his acceptance of the positive Mr. Phillips is as fundamentally a mystic as Mr. Yeats. He never wrote anything more characteristic of his habitual bent of mind than those lines in *Herod*—

> I tell you we are fooled by the eye, the ear—
> Those organs muffle us from that real world
> That lies about us, we are duped by brightness.
> The ear, the eye, doth make us deaf and blind;
> Else should we be aware of all our dead
> Who pass above us, through us, and beneath us.

Another strong element in his temperament which has not as yet made itself fully felt in his writings—though to some extent it appears in *Ulysses*—is a curious, rather grim humour, verging on the broad, that accounts for his disposition to rank Dickens above all other writers of the last century. For his personal appearance, those interested in it can supplement the perfectly just impression conveyed in Elliot and Fry's fine photograph by a glance at Mr. Max Beerbohm's wickedest but admirable caricature.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

According to present arrangements both *Paolo and Francesca* and Mr. Stephen Phillips' new play, *Ulysses*, will be seen on the stage next month. Mr. Beerbohm Tree will introduce *Ulysses* on February 1 at Her Majesty's Theatre—the scene of "Herod's" dramatic triumph towards the end of 1900—and Mr. George Alexander will give his long anticipated representation of *Paolo and Francesca* at the St. James's Theatre later in the month. The new drama, *Ulysses*, is in blank verse and three

now obtainable in that form only in the lon
"Garland." The title-poem and the lyri
in the volume of "Poems" published by
in 1898. Lane.

1897. "Poems," including "Christ in Hades
with the Dead Soul," "The Wife," and "
Lane. Eleventh edition. ("Marpessa" wa
Lane's "Flowers of Parnassus" Series in
by Philip Connard; now in its tenth editio

1899. "Paolo and Francesca." (Written
Alexander.) John Lane. Twentieth thous

1900. "Herod." (Written for Mr. Beerb
produced at Her Majesty's Theatre on
John Lane. Twenty-first thousand.

MINT AND ANISE AND CU

A "Personal View"

By W. P. JAMES.

Careful observers of the columns of corre
newspapers have observed that no topic—not ev
attractive topics of marriage unions or religi
taps a more unfailing source of letters than so
grammatical usage and error. Amidst the abun
multitude of small inaccuracies that pervade w
language, now one, now another particular
is suddenly made the butt of all the purists;
critic and the minor literary person, who like I
not critical, make the attack on it the staple
The fact seems to show that the spirit of the s
abroad in the land. A generation back it was
able" that was the favourite butt for attack.
on each others' heels in pointing out the
larity of its formation. Dislodged from th
sidered position by Fitz Edward Hall's defe
and his citation of such kindred examples as lang
dispensable, conversible, at which no dead se
fell back on the objection that the word was a
for trustworthy. But quite useless synonyms a
usage of language synonyms rarely remain quite
mous. Anybody with a nice sense for the us
feel that there is room for a word to express th
ing whereby "reliable" differs from "trustworth
style, I find by the dictionary, no less eminen
and Newman in the past and Mr. Leslie Steph
have found a use for the word; while smaller
use a word tabooed, have been driven to depend o

Not many years ago again a good deal of cri
was expended on the popular usage of the word
an intensive adverb, as in "He was literally s
and so forth. Well, of course, this is just one
makeshifts of unoriginal emphasis which can
defended. At the same time the criticism usual
usage was quite beside the mark. In origin
simply an abbreviation for "literally expressed,"
letter, and not in metaphor or in exaggeration.
the expression is neither admirable nor forcible
or illogical as its common critics lightly assume

A rather different class of the same kind of

and never will be peopled by scholars, words, sometimes to a deplorable degree, sometimes only to a degree necessary for the convenience of general communication, become conversational counters, from which in the handling of multitudes and generations the image and superscription once fresh minted by genius have become worn or defaced. Convenience compels us, for example, to apply the terms of "bachelors" and "spinsters" without too nice a sense of their original signification. French made a glossary of such words; words now mere logical counters which once were metaphors, similes, even poems in brief. The word "tribulation," which of course means "threshing," was one of his most striking examples. So in "aversion," the original sense of motion has become lost in the metaphorical sense of a mental disposition. And when a word comes to denote a mental disposition, it falls into line with words of that class and governs (as the old grammarians used to say) the dative. We are now, of course, particular to write "sympathy with," but the authorized translators of the Gospel, who knew something about style, wrote "compassion on," not compassion with.

The pet aversions, most prominent in popular criticism to-day, are, perhaps, *from* the "split infinitive," and the use of "and which." The last good writer convicted of using "and which" was I notice "Lucas Malet" in "Sir Richard Calmady." So far as the accusation is one of essential impropriety (I am speaking, of course, of "and which" not of "Sir Richard Calmady"), its usage in French is a complete answer. For "et qui" is admitted by good usage precisely in the cases where "and which" is condemned. Now no purist will pretend that, in whatever other respects it may be inferior, French is inferior to English in logical accuracy or grammatical correctness. (I ought, I suppose, to write "inferior than.") I do not recommend young writers to write "and which." They will certainly hear of something to their disadvantage from reviewers if they do. But it is not to be denied, I think, that the usage is not essentially illegitimated, and just occasionally expresses the writer's meaning more correctly, than what by custom is considered the more correct usage.

As for that terrible "split infinitive," real writers must feel about it as real composers, Schumann said, felt about consecutive fifths—that they were just things to catch the attention of superficial critics and to keep them out of serious mischief. That the split infinitive is incorrect is undeniable; but it is equally undeniable that this incorrect usage apparently meets a felt want in the minds of many quite cultivated writers and speakers. Mr. Arthur Balfour, for example, who is nothing if not cultured, once opened an election address with a split infinitive. The instinct to which the split infinitive appeals is the instinct to get the qualifying expression as close as possible to the expression qualified, in order to avoid the possibility of ambiguity. In a letter received this morning I read—"I am asked to seriously consider conscientious objections, urged &c." This (if my correspondent will pardon me) rather clumsy example may at least serve to show that the adverb placed before or after so as not to split the infinitive would involve a possible ambiguity. I do not mean to say that the ambiguity could not in most cases be avoided in another and a better way. But my point is that if the choice ever does arise inevitably between ambiguity on the one hand and a split infinitive on the other, and I think it may and does, the wise writer will choose the split infinitive, rage the critics never so furiously. For language and literature after all exist to convey and to enforce meaning. And so long as language and literature are living processes, the natural grammatical construction is always what we used at

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERA

Some little time ago correspondents of *The Ti* the Royal Society of Literature because it was n represent English letters in the International A Academies, and denounced it on the ground that it w to do so. Neither the derision nor the denunciati unmerited. The Royal Society of Literature has one failures. Many excellent people, otherwise well in never heard of it. It has become somewhat like one of and corner" institutions at which Matthew Arn and of which his favourite example was a certa College of Health in the New Road." But, after al Charter. It is the Royal Society of Literature. necessary for the right men to do the right thing time in order to enable it to take its place worthil Royal Society, the Royal Geographical Society, Associations. Instead of deciding it, it would be m to look at its history and see what can be made of it.

The origin of the Society cannot be better descr the words of its official historiographer, Mr. Edward V C.B.:—

> In October, 1820, in "accidental conve "person" who can be identified as Thomas B Bishop of St. Davids, afterwards of Salisbury, another the advantages which might be expect institution of a Society of Literature somewhat the French Academy of Belles Lettres. The su communicated to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and by George the Fourth, who had but recently ascended
>
> On the 2nd November the Bishop received H command to attend at Carlton House to discuss and was directed to draw up a plan in elaboration outline which he had previously submitted. . .
>
> His Majesty became the Patron of the prop and assigned out of his Privy Purse the annual guineas to be applied in pensions of 100 guinea Royal Associates, and (as at first proposed) in a 100 guineas for a prize dissertation.

This munificence, it appears, was partly due to tion. What the King meant to give was £1,000 annual subscription of £100 only; but the Bisho His Majesty's intention of subscribing the larger su and the Press praised him for it so warmly, that he situation and subscribed it. That, however, is a d interest than importance. The Society was quic The three Royal Dukes of York, Clarence, and Ca came Fellows, each contributing a composition of Among its Vice-Presidents and on its council we known names as those of Bishop Bloomfield, Lord Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord G Thomas Acland, and Francis Chantrey. The Pe elected, the most famous of them being Coleridge, Sharon Turner; and the Charter of Incorporation defining the object of the Society to be

> The advancement of literature by the publicatio remains of ancient literature, and of such works great intrinsic value, but not of that popular cha usually claims the attention of publishers; by th of discoveries in literature; by endeavouring standard as far as is practicable and to preserve t the English language; by the critical improvem lexicography; by the reading at public meetings o papers on history, philosophy, poetry, philology, and the publication of such of those papers approved of; by the assignment of honorary rewa of great literary merit, and to important di literature; and by establishing a correspondence men in foreign countries for the purpose of lite and information.

There is little fault to be found with any of the

being more economically minded than George IV. and less interested in literature, declined, when he came to the throne, to continue his brother's grants out of the Privy Purse, with the result that the ten pensioners all lost their pensions, and all that the Society could do for them was to admit them to the privileges of membership without payment. The King subsequently intimated that he would give the Society £100 a year; but even this source of revenue was lost in consequence of some economies in the administration of the Privy Purse, effected a few years ago. And this, of course, was morally discouraging as well as materially inconvenient. The community at large could not be expected to have a high opinion of a society which Royalty snubbed.

Another difficulty has been that the Society has never had the sort of constitution which would have made membership, or at least Fellowship, a distinction to be sought by the best men and sighed for in vain by the inferior men. It was launched by men who did not know their business, or understand what should be the difference between a Royal Society of Literature and a club of gentlemen more or less interested in letters. Consequently the Society first struggled and then languished. A certain number of eminent men have been connected with it. In Mr. Brabrook's History one comes upon the names, among others, of Southey, Hogg, Hallam, Hookham Frere, Austen Henry Layard, George Crabbe, Lingard, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and, among foreign honorary members, of Bunsen, Guizot, Thiers, Ranke, Boeckh, W. H. Prescott. Moreover, at an early period of its history, the Society did its best to anticipate the late Mr. Smith's project for a Dictionary of National Biography. It collected £580 15s. for the purpose, and actually got as far as publishing a couple of volumes—one in 1839, and the other in 1840. It is a great pity that a Society which meant so well, and began to do so well, should have declined instead of increasing in repute, and should have come to bear so close a resemblance to an Essay Society at which elderly gentlemen read each other unimportant papers that are never heard of again.

It must not be supposed, however, that the members of the Society are unaware that the Society has missed a great opportunity, or are opposed to the idea of reform. The address delivered to the Society by Mr. Brabrook on April 24th last, which is before us, proves the contrary. The intention of George IV., Mr. Brabrook points out, was that the Royal Society of Literature "should be to the literature of the United Kingdom that which the *Académie des Inscriptions et des Belles-Lettres* is to the literature of France"; and he deplores the signal failure of the Society to achieve that ideal, brought into such unpleasant relief by the action, or rather the inaction, of the International Association of Academies. He asks "whether the opportunity of a new departure under our new Royal patron should not be taken," and in what this new departure, if taken, should consist.

Mr. Brabrook proceeds to make several suggestions; but one of his suggestions eclipses all the others in importance. It is to the effect that plenty of new members of the right sort should be induced to *join*. "When I observe," he writes, "at the Authors' Club and other places of resort how many brilliant young men are rising to adorn that great profession, I cannot but regret that many of them are not included in our list of Fellows. I would seek to attract them."

Precisely; Mr. Brabrook hits the nail on the head fairly and straightly. We ourselves will go one step further and say that the defects of the Royal Society of Literature are not the fault of the members, but of those men of letters who might be members but are not; and that the reasonable course for men of letters is not to sneer at the Society because it is unworthy of its name, but to *join* it and make it worthy of its name. The Society, we have every reason to know, so far from interposing obstacles, would gladly elect all properly qualified candidates; and the membership of the Society is at present so small that, if the leaders of literature in all its branches sought and obtained election, they would be in a majority, and would be in a position to control the machinery.

And the machinery ought to be controlled, not by a clique but by the men who are most eminent in the various branches

bearings, could perfectly well make applica and in due course, for a new Charter better a day requirements. A humble petition to t panied by proper evidence that the managemen in the hands of men zealous for the interests o and competent to represent it, might conceiva restoration of its original endowments. If it w able—though on this result there would no do diverse opinions—the Royal Society of Litera reconstructed on lines that would make it the of the French Academy of Letters. It can, at lifted out of the disrepute into which it has and transformed from a hole-and-corner institu which men of letters could be proud of. But be accomplished on condition that men of lett joining it obtain control of it.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MANU

Portions of the original autograph man "Ivanhoe" came under the hammer at Soth They consisted of fifty-one quarto sheets, and be and fourth volumes of the work as issued in 18 property of Constable, the publisher, to whom them with twelve other volumes of his origi the spring of 1823. Another portion of the the hands of Cadell. He had purchased it fr whose husband, the well-known comedian, Sco the idea of having the story dramatized. Som year 1835 this portion was seen and described to *Chambers's Journal*, and the other, which has be regarded as, in all essentials, like unto it. struck by "the neatness and uniformity and the absence of blotting and interlinea "as much manuscript as would fill five printe single correction, or even the appearance of a The songs introduced seemed also "to hav with the same easy grace as the connecting has become of this portion of the manuscript i although, as it was bought by Mr. Hope Cadell's effects in 1867, it is probably at Abb

When Constable failed, the question of th thirteen volumes of manuscripts which Scott him came up for consideration. Lord Newton belonged to the bankrupt estate, and they we by Evans in 1831, the total sum realized fo being £317. Here is the list of prices:—

(1) "The Monastery," £18	(8) "Ivanhoe,
(2) "Guy Mannering," £27 10s.	(9) "The Pira
(3) "Old Mortality," £33	(10) "Fortunes
(4) "Antiquary," £42	(11) "Kenilw
(5) "Rob Roy," £50	(12) "Bride o
(6) "Peveril of the Peak," £42	£14 14s.
(7) "The Abbot," £14	(13) "Waverle

As prices go now these sums are absurdly first six of the manuscripts were in a comple were more or less imperfect, and some port the case of "Ivanhoe," had been dictated.

Of course the prices soon rose. Both " and "Guy Mannering," had been bought for ardent bibliomaniac who wrote "From Mountains," and both were resold by him in 1 £45 3s., the second for £63. Other manus value in like proportion, though one or two o out of competition by finding a permanent ho case with "Waverley." The manuscript apparently unique in so far as a considerable p on sheets of folio size, whereas the rest of S are in quarto. In 1831 the manuscript wa Wilks, M.P., as the above list shows, for £18. Mr. Hall, who, in 1850, presented it to the Ad

treasures have gone. Curiously enough, it is the first published editions of "Guy Mannering" and of "Waverley" the rarest of all the premier editions of Scott that seem most likely to run each other close as to auction prices. "Waverley," of course, comes first, the record price so far being £150; while £70 was paid for "Guy Mannering" at Sotheby's some little time back. Not so many years ago it used to be a common remark among bibliophiles that first editions of Scott's novels were seldom made the subject of competition, and were consequently of no particular value. The fashion, however, seems to be changing—a fact which should give pause to those who declare that Scott is losing ground.

The highest prices so far realized for the manuscripts sold in 1831 have been those of "Rob Roy" and "The Monastery," both of which realized £660 when they last changed hands. The first was bought in 1847 by Cadell. He subsequently presented it to Lockhart, and it passed into the hands of Mr. William Law some six years ago. "Old Mortality" was sold at Sotheby's in 1897. "The Pirate" was bought in 1831 for Cadell, and it is now in the possession of one of his descendants. The manuscript has a note on the fly-leaf in Cadell's handwriting, which says that he had received from Scott himself, in April, 1831, the part missing from the manuscript as held by Constable. But eight pages are still wanting to render the manuscript complete. "The Abbot" was another of the manuscripts held by Cadell; it was sold to Mr. John Murray in 1868 for £50—£36 more than it brought in 1831. "Kenilworth" was one of the incomplete manuscripts of 1831. It was bought for Mr. Wilks for £17, and, strangely enough, brought only £16 when his collection was sold in 1847. The manuscript was bought for the British Museum in 1855. The late Dr. David Laing, the Scottish antiquary, had a portion of the original, and bequeathed it along with a fragment of "The Legend of Montrose," to Edinburgh University.

A second collection of Scott's manuscripts was privately purchased by Cadell from David Constable, a son of the publisher, in 1833. This collection consisted of manuscripts of the poems only, the list including "Marmion," "Lord of the Isles," "Rokeby," "Don Roderick," and "Field of Waterloo." The manuscript of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had not been preserved, "such things," to quote from a note of Constable's, "not having been thought important till the publication of 'Marmion.'" For the five poems Cadell paid the ridiculously low sum of £60; and at the same time he gave £105 for five quarto volumes of Scott's Letters, written between 1796 and 1832. Cadell, it will be remembered, was Constable's successor as Scott's publisher, and he thus acquired several other manuscripts of the novelist for which he apparently paid nothing. The list of these was given by a writer in *Chambers's Journal* some three years ago. The most notable was, perhaps, "The Lady of the Lake," which, when sold at Sotheby's in June, 1897, produced the extraordinary sum of £1,290. Cadell died in 1849, at which time his Scott manuscripts appear to have been housed in his mansion at Ratho, near Edinburgh. It is said that the entire collection was offered privately for £2,000; but it produced a good deal more than that when it was sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods in 1867 and 1868. The following are the prices and purchasers of the first lot, sold in the former year:—

"Marmion"...	191gs.	Mr. Harvey.
"Lady of the Lake" ...	261gs.	Mr. F. Richardson.
"Vision of Don Roderick"	37gs.	Mr. F. Richardson.
"Rokeby"	130gs.	Mr. Hope Scott.
"Lord of the Isles" ...	101gs.	Mr. Hope Scott.
Introductory Essay on Popular Poetry ...	51gs.	Mr. F. Richardson.
"Auchindrane"	27gs.	Messrs. Nixon and Rhodes.
"Anne of Geierstein" ...	121gs.	Mr. Hope Scott.
"Waverley and Ivanhoe"	130gs.	Mr. Hope Scott.
"Tales of a Grandfather"	145gs.	Mr. F. Richardson.
"Castle Dangerous" ...	32gs.	Mr. F. Richardson.
"Count Robert of Paris"	23gs.	Mr. Massey.

This made a total of 1,255 guineas. In the next lot, sold in

"AMURRICANISMS" FOR THE GER

For an and not immediately apparent, there has
hand a little German-English English-German dic
for a florin or so, and prepared by a Mr. Frank Will
the way of almost all dictionaries, it contains a
intended yet distinct diversion. Its source is t
abundant recognition of the trouble in store for t
speaking races when they cross the Atlantic. They
selves amongst English-speaking people; but th
English these speak differing so curiously from the E
have been diligently learning beforehand that they
Whether in New York, Boston, Washington, or
West," everywhere they encounter patches of talk
all their book-lessons to the winds. They will hear
of sherry-vallies, frough, vendue, lass; of a cow-lass
a polliwog, a boss, a scalawag. What are they, the
were not in the "Englisch per Dampf" which the
emigrant studied so hopefully; not in "Englische K
zu Dreien"; not in "Der perfekte Engländer."

The friendly Dictionary-maker solves each diffi
order. Frough, they are told, is spongy, crumbling;
is an auction; sherry-vallies are leathern over-bress
is a huge serpent; a boss is a strong man; a cow
right of pasture; a polliwog is a tadpole; a school
a scalawag is a vulgar fellow. Germans, also, m
the States that they themselves must absquatulate,
must tuck on, must shut their clam-shells, must bl
teeter-tawter, give so-and-so the mitten, give
give him a su-marquee, they giving it full-chisel
be told that they have seen the elephant, have
the wrong tree, are catawamptiously chawed up.
explained by the pitiful lexicographer. Some of
pretations may be familiar; but we may remark t
a man the mitten is to reject him; to give him
scold; a su-marquee is a corruption of the Fr
marqué"; and to give either of these full-chisel
immediately. To see the elephant (a phrase wh
alternative in to shoot one's grandmother) is to be
bark up the wrong tree is to miss what one tried fo
chawing up of a person catawamptiously is anot
expressing the meaning given for the German verb "
namely, as the author says in an overflow of expl
dish him, swamp him, knock him into a cocked hat.

The German buyers of the Dictionary need
doubt as to the kind of information here supplie
second page, at the foot of the "Abkürzungen" (Ab
we are told "Amerikanismen sind mit schräg
gedruckt"—Americanisms are written in slant
That is so. Freely sown in the columns of upright t
the "oblique letters," otherwise italics. Guided b
traveller need not be in despair if asked to tak
apple-butter, Albany-beef, burgoo, hockey; or, i
draught of switchel, sling, black-strap, calibogus, h
pupelo. Does he not learn that "succotash" is a d
and maize, apple-butter is cider-sauce, Albany-beef
burgoo is a preparation of oatmeal, hockey is a pu
of the drinks he is told that switchel is water and
sling has rum added to the switchel; that black-stra
sugared; pupelo, apple-brandy; calibogus, rum
mobee, a drink consumed by the West Indian negro
glass of brandy, pure. This, of course, does not
foods and drinks honoured with italics. There is n
on to exhaustion, yet a few more may be called. T
instance, noodle-soup—that is vermicelli. There is c
is pork and fish, with onions. Cork-juice is anoth
for brandy. Flap-jack is a pancake—an interest
from the English of the Primitive Fathers. Shakesp
word, and Taylor, the Water-Poet, wrote of it largel
Should unintelligible epithets of abuse be u
showered upon a German, he will no doubt take plea
fully consulting his Dictionary as to their meanin

Perhaps our Teutonic friend will be filled with wonder at being invited to a cantleoy. It is only a kind of dance, and he may find callithumpians—unskilled noise like marrow-bones and cleavers—to dance to. If in his surprise he uses the exclamation Gaumy! he is directed to pronounce it "gŏm'ui." Should he be turned out from the cantleoy (or from anywhere), then "It's a gone goose with him," *i.e.*, he can never go there any more. Should he, on the other hand, wish to stay a long while, he is to call the long while a greatle; but he may be hurried off, *malgré lui*, because a fellow-countryman may assure him, in his own tongue "Nun ist der Tanz aus," stated to mean, The jig is up. But the period will inevitably come when he and all the rest of the company must make themselves scarce (in "oblique lettering"), otherwise scarce, and go away—or absquatulate. The kindly aim of the Dictionary-maker is to teach the Germans how to turn their own language into these curious Transatlantic phrases. Thus, their word "Landstreicher," besides the gloss sufficient for ordinary requirements, of a vagabond or vagrant, gets the "Amurricanism," in its proper italics, of a shack. So "Lärm," after the gloss of bustle, noise, gets tomse, hellabaloo.

But this useful little work is no common Dictionary of Slang, it has a legitimate end. There is "coster" talk heard in these British Isles as well as in the United States; and there are other varieties of distorted and repellent English—it is enough to call one variety Kipl-English—to be heard in these British Isles. But it has no recognition by dictionary-users; and to consider it necessary to teach it to foreigners landing on these shores, and about to mix with cultivated people, would be absurd. Why, therefore, is it less absurd to make a lesson of it for foreigners settling in the United States, where, just as certainly, it would not be heard amongst the refined and highly-trained? Perhaps it is because the very way of the birth of a language may here be traced, or rather that the evolution out of an old language of an almost unrecognizable new language is seen in its actual period of gestation. Chaucer once wrote of a blissful marriage—

> O flesh they ben, and o flesh, as I gesse,
> Hath but on herte in wele and in distresse.

Now, to evoke response from most Englishmen, this must be translated—

> One flesh they be, and one flesh, as I guess,
> Has but one heart, in welfare and distress.

The lines are identical, yet each is disguised to the other. Philologists know how recurrent tides of new speech sweep over extinct speech—know how they cannot keep the language-wheel from its perpetual turning. Perhaps these "Amurricanisms" are slowly advancing with an overwhelming gradual flood. Give them two centuries, and one shudders to think of the result. But we have only dealt here with stray words out of stray volumes. Scrumptious, blusteration, dunderhead, slick, mizzle, shanook, hunt, wamble-cropped, loafer, diggings, chore. Are these Americanisms; are they to be the common property of the States and of ourselves? The language-caldron is on the fire; as ingredient after ingredient is added, each, now or later, appears heterogeneous. Pick sweet-smelling herbs, then, for distribution. Fling in berries ruddier than the cherry, and do not give passage to offal.

JENNETT HUMPHREYS.

THE DRAMA.

"THE TWIN SISTER"—"FROCKS AND FRILLS."

A young wife, neglected by her husband, hits upon a plan of regaining his love. She has a twin-sister, the image of herself in form, but of a temperament more sprightly and coquettish. Pretending to depart on a journey, she returns to the household in the disguise of her sister and deliberately lays siege to the

turned from the German of Herr Fulda into bl
Louis N. Parker for the Duke of York's Thea
cannot be a modern story; its incidents are n
matter-of-fact twentieth century. And, ev
possible, they would not be represented, be
moral. But these objections are diminished in
action is removed to the fifteenth century a
wear Masaccio costumes designed by Mr. By
talk is in blank verse, even though it is the r
occasionally slangy blank verse of Mr. Louis
in an atmosphere of sheer fantasy the a
Macaulay, as against Leigh Hunt and Charles
admit as an excuse for the Restoration dr
moral writ does not run and disguises are eve
a tinge of hair-dye suffices to prevent husband
their own wives. In brief, *The Twin Sister*
Boccaccio or a "Facetious Night" of Strapar
Tale" of Bandello transported to the stage.

But the worst of this atmosphere is t
transferred in its purity from printed page to
the actors in the story are left to the reader
can let them go without close scrutiny i
belief. Seen on the stage as flesh-and-blood p
sarily give rise to misgiving in the spectator.
way, brought the same objection against perf
summer Night's Dream:—"The imagination
qualify the actual impressions of the senses.
to the eye is not to be got rid of by explanati
are not incredible, but fairies six feet hig
The boards of a theatre and the regions of
same thing.") The impossibilities of the act
pass, though I suspect there are many worthy
who wonder how this man whom they see be
person of Mr. H. B. Irving, can be such a foo
his own wife. But it is more difficult to avoid
Lorenzo's rich fifteenth-century robes do
fact that he is a very poor creature, nor Giu
beauty the fact that her stratagem, her desi
love by the very act which proves it not wo
say the least of it, unwomanly. Hence a c
sympathy in the spectator for Giuditta and a
for Lorenzo. Further, there is the disquieting
whole trick is a futility; it is laboriously gain
chimney when the door is wide open. For
Giuditta calls herself Renata that she rekind
love; it is because she takes more pains to
did she not try this simple expedient in her
moral is that cynical one which some modern
have openly inculcated and which they call *l*
mariage. These misgivings arise because Herr
a fantastic theme too seriously. If the play
—as Shakespeare, for instance, assuredly wou
—wholly on the comic plane, as some *Comedy*
Padnan Night's Dream, the spectator would
to take it in a purely Pickwickian sense.
has gone for passion, strong and hot; and w
in at the O.P. entrance fantasy flies out
And so, oddly enough, it happens that Mr.
makes his greatest success in a scene wh
to have been there—a scene of fierce pass
a headlong force and absolute sincerity
pected in him. Miss Lily Brayton is swe
Giuditta-Renata.

On March 20, 1858, MM. Eugène Scribe an
produced *Les Doigts de Fée* at the Théâtre
plays were just then becoming a French f
impulsion of Dumas *fils*—it was the year o
(Gymnase, January 16)—and in this play Scri
that "Todgers's could do it when it liked," a
the inventor of Scribism, of theatrical plot for
tackle a thesis with the best of them. It was
thèse philosophique et sociale, la réhabilita

demonstrating a thesis; but the noteworthy fact is that the task was attempted. The joke is that the play has been adapted by Mr. Sydney Grundy for the Haymarket, under the title of *Frocks and Frills*, in a day when Scribe's thesis has long ceased to need demonstration, inasmuch as a Bond-street bonnetshop is now a recognized career for the most aristocratic of dames. Of course Mr. Grundy has had the sense to get rid of the pompous moralizing, though he cannot get rid of the belated, unreal air in the objections of his noble Athelstan family to acknowledging a cousin who keeps a milliner's shop. Scribe's artificial story is left intact, and gives very little opportunity for the players; such chances as there are, however, are used to full advantage by Miss Grace Lane (from the Kendal company) as the heroine, by Mr. Allan Aynesworth as a sentimental duke, by Mr. Cyril Maude as a family friend with a stutter, and by Misses Ellis Jeffreys and Lottie Venne as two fashionable ladies, rival customers of the *couturière*. The fact is, *Frocks and Frills* very loyally bears out its title; the chief attraction is neither the play nor the players but the array of gowns provided by famous West-end tradespeople, to whom strict credit is (on this occasion very properly) given in the programme. The "trying-on" scene at a Mayfair show-room in the third act is sure to send all the ladies into ecstasies; nor will their men-folk miss the opportunity of witnessing on the stage what they are not permitted to see off it. One has the pleasing sense of profaning the mysteries of the *Bona Dea* without indiscretion.

A. B. WALKLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CORONATION RECORDS.

English Coronation Records. By Leopold G. Wickham Legg, B.A. (Constable. 31s. 6d. n.)

Special occasions produce special books. Such works are frequently characterized by slovenly haste and careless compilation; but in this book faults of this description are conspicuous by their absence. Higher praise can hardly be given to everything pertaining to this handsome volume than to say that it is worthy of the great historical ceremonies that it chronicles. This is no mere *olla podrida* of Coronation anecdotes and legends, but a carefully edited and annotated collection of records bearing on English Coronations from pre-Conquest times to those of Queen Victoria.

Moreover, Mr. Legg has prefixed to these records an evenly-balanced and clearly-expressed introduction of some hundred pages. It is difficult to conceive that anything yet remains to be told with respect to the hallowing of our Kings that is worth the telling. From the days of Egbert's Pontifical down to the order for the crowning of Victoria the Coronation Service has, in all essential points, remained the same. The Prince is anointed and then invested as King with the ornaments and insignia of regal rank; whilst he, on his part, binds himself by solemn promises as to the nature of his rule. Round these three integral points of the Coronation certain fixed rites have become crystallized, and it is not a little remarkable to note to what a small degree these rites, or the expression of them in words, have changed during upwards of ten centuries, notwithstanding frequent interruptions in dynastic succession. From 1307 to 1685, in spite of civil wars and religious upheavals, the service remained precisely the same. With James II. came a serious change; in consequence of that Monarch being under the Roman obedience the Holy Communion, which had hitherto

office, but *personæ mixtæ*, as Lindwood has it, part character of clerks as well as laymen. In a celebra Grosseteste to Henry III., the Bishop points out the in the unction of a King a sacramental conveyance fold gifts of the Holy Spirit. The commentary sha English Coronation ceremony explains the striki that exists between the setting apart of a Bishop an which is well brought out in detail by Mr. Legg.

The evolution of the Coronation Oath is a mu interest. From the eighth century to the crowning (inclusive) the King made a solemn promise to precepts—to preserve true peace at all times toward of God and all Christian people, to forbid rapa iniquities to all degrees, and to observe equity and judgments. Our subsequent Kings, from Edwar wards, have taken the oath in a different form, for in Regalis" of the fourteenth century it becomes a tions which the Archbishop puts to the King—a form ever since retained. The first of the four questions bishop was whether the King was willing to keep customs of England, and especially the laws of Henry VIII., with an inborn distaste for the restra of the Coronation Oath, endeavoured to effect a change, and had a new draft prepared with a variety tions. Even this, in its vagueness, did not satisfy Prince, and with his own hand he made various co in the direction of nullifying any binding obli original of this corrected draft is among the Cotton British Museum, and a facsimile of it forms one of t interesting illustrations of this volume. Henry V however, at that time get his way, and the old form his Coronation. It is somewhat ominous to find tha tion in the direction of Henry VIII.'s wishes di into the oath taken by Charles II. The policy of Church matters necessitated a change in the Monar tions, and the opportunity was taken of introdu levelled against absolute government, the Sove required to govern according to the statutes of Par the Coronation of Queen Anne it was ordered that should take the long oath against transubstantiat for office-holders in the previous reign. This declar which there has been so much recent contentio whatever of the Coronation Service proper, and has been read by the Sovereign in the House of Lords.

Valuable and interesting as the great histori Service is, we quite agree with Mr. Legg that it d to any great excellence from a literary point of v the editor of these records writes with much s them:—

> The prayers are long, rambling composition a wealth of Old Testament illustrations that have disgraced one of Scott's Covenanters, inter truculent allusions to heretics. And the dread and injustice on the part of the King is very seems as if the writer of the prayers was not sati oath was efficacious in preventing either of these and that he was determined by means of the prayer to the King the excellency of peace and justice, same time invoking the aid of Heaven to keep these virtues.

from the "Liber Regalis," which lays down that the King shall be served clothed in a long tunic and over it a regal pall, and supposes they must be the very vestments in which he was crowned. But the words he cites convey no such meaning; they simply supply burial in distinctively Royal robes, such as were found round the remains of Edward I. when his tomb was so shamelessly desecrated by the Society of Antiquaries in 1786. The various documents so generously supplied in this volume establish the fact that the actual Coronation robes of the Confessor were used at the time of the crowning by a long line of his successors.

The frontispiece to the book is a coloured facsimile of a fourteenth-century illumination of a Coronation from a Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, manuscript. Cumulative argument places it beyond doubt that this is a picture of the crowning of Edward II., and it would have been better thus to letter it. The comparative dinginess of the regal pall over the King's shoulders, as compared with the scarlet copes and clearly defined embroidery of the vestments of the other figures is thus explained. The reversed pall of the Confessor was even then dulled by age: in the time of the Commonwealth, when the old regalia were destroyed, it had become "liver-coloured."

The introduction deals not only with the actual order of the Coronation, but with all the officers and various quaint services. In short, there is no subject bearing directly or indirectly on English Coronations upon which authoritative statements are lacking. The volume is a model of historic completeness. Mr. St. John Hope contributes a useful and learned note on the Cap of Maintenance, or Cap of Estate, as used not only by Kings and Queens, but by peers and peeresses at the time of a Coronation. His plea that the ladies' coronets should be made to encircle the head, according to old use, and thus grace the wearer, instead of being of diminutive size attached to a red velvet bag, and perched up on a bunch of hair on the summit of the crown, is not only historically correct but its comeliness can be established by reference to old pictures and still older effigies. Nevertheless, the Hanoverian innovation in Coronation headgear will probably prevail next June.

The typography and illustrations of this fine volume are worthy of all praise, but the old English lettering on the back of the cover is a mistake; it is almost illegible, and if clear printing is wanted anywhere, it is on the back of a book as it stands in the shelves, so that it may be readily distinguished from its fellows.

LITERATURE IN THE REFORMATION ERA.

The Earlier Renaissance. (Periods of European Literature.) By George Saintsbury. (Blackwood. 5s. n.)

The literary period with which this volume deals (1500-1560) was not rich in original work, but was mainly one of preparation for great achievement in the future. Professor Saintsbury regards it as the school-time of the vernacular languages and literatures; and he thus sums up the gains of the age in the various departments of *belles lettres*:—

> It laid the keel of almost every kind of modern literature (including the essay in fact if not in name) except the regular prose novel, and made the advent of that practically certain. It very nearly finished the stage of apprenticeship

further illustration of this. Its title, by t
admission, is in regard to Italy "a trunk and conf
Yet he considers that the period is "undoubtedly
Renaissance in general European literature."
thinking that the passage from Matthew Arnol
be accepted as the motto of the series, is of i
this contention. If Europe can be regarded
and spiritual purposes as one great confede
joint action and working to a common result,'
titles allotted to the several periods should at le
to all the principal countries within each perio
Impossible, it might be plausibly urged that
employed should be such as to describe the mor
than the more backward members of the c
consequently that the period under notice w
styled "the Later" than "The Earlier Renaiss
any rate pre-eminently the era of the Refo
cannot see why that title should not be at le
the purely chronological titles which have bee
of the other periods.

In his preface Professor Saintsbury think
some of his former critics that the series
intended to supply text-books for educational
rather," he says, "an attempt to do, with the e
material" now available, "what Hallam did wi
smaller resources at his disposal." A comparis
with Hallam's chapters upon the same peri
Professor Saintsbury has approached his task i
different from his predecessor. Hallam never
milieu in which the writers of a period had to w
period especially, without introducing m
biographical detail, he has constantly in view t
movement, which was the dominant note
conformity with this principle his central
who occupies four times as much space as Ar
writer. Professor Saintsbury dismisses Eras
while he devotes thirty to Ariosto and n
Rabelais. This disproportionate treatment m
be due to a prejudice against original writi
Hallam did not share. In one place Professo
calls Latin writing "a kind of Helotry," thou
does it fuller justice. But in reality the di
partly from his preference for the critical ov
method, partly from the fact that he finds mor
he calls "the literature of power" than in that
Whole fields of research, which Hallam at
those of science, theology, mental and mora
jurisprudence—are left untouched by Professor
If his work gains thereby in intensity and in
it suffers a corresponding loss in breadth
completeness. We think that a literary histo
all, be a history of *Letters* rather than a critical
specimens, and that even in handling a period
notice, which was not conspicuous for origin
should be found for many names which have re

Of course, the problem of space would hav
the sacrifice of much critical disquisition; an
critic so accomplished as Professor Saints
involve some loss. His criticism is always sti
result of first-hand study; but like other c
limitations. He is thoroughly at home in disc
prose fiction, yet his treatment of the graver k

and English literature was the "Italianation," as the Elizabethans termed it, of both countries through the gradual assimilation of Renaissance culture; and the twin-poets Wyatt and Surrey were close followers of Italian models. Professor Saintsbury's generous appreciation of the work done by the compilers of the English Liturgy is one of the best passages in the book, although in his selection of parts for special praise he includes at least one collect which is the work of Laud. In English prose the period is one of steady and continuous improvement; and if the Professor hardly does justice to honest Latimer, he gives an adequate account of Ascham and the educational reformers. He closes with a chapter on the revival of criticism in Italy, which anticipates the next instalment of his larger work. With much that he says about the earliest Renaissance criticism we are unable to agree; but he is doubtless right in insisting on the far-reaching influence of the Italian critics of the sixteenth century upon later times.

We cannot part with Professor Saintsbury without entering a mild protest against some of those sallies of wit with which he is apt to regale his readers. His jocosity is not in this book quite so insistent and ubiquitous as it is in the "History of Criticism," but it has the same disagreeably undignified effect. He speaks with some scorn of the "rather infantine punning" in which John Heywood indulges; but even the most childish effort of the latter could hardly be worse than "Secundus is left without another second," or his remark, in contrasting Ariosto with his erotic brother-poets, that though "his Venus may have too much of Pandemos, she has nothing of Pandemonism." Even if the volume be not an educational textbook, there is no reason why the unlearned should be taught that such a word as "Quadrilogue" is possible, or that the term "Utraquist" means a writer who employs both Latin and the vernacular. In deploring the absence from his period of the highest kind of charm, he explains that the northern countries were "too full of a Jack-Horner-like sense of their own good-boyishness and thorough desert of all possible plums to develop this supreme quality." It would be well if so great a judge of literary expression could keep in mind a warning of his own, that a good plain style, when it descends to this kind of thing, comes perilously near to a bad plain style.

FRENCH FURNITURE AND DECORATION.

French Furniture and Decoration in the Eighteenth Century. By Lady Dilke. (George Bell and Sons. 30s. n.)

As Lady Dilke proceeds with her task, now within sight of its completion, two things happen. She becomes, by reason of each change of subject, a little less popular, and, with each fresh volume, she becomes a little more excellent. The first of her three books—there are to be four altogether—dealt with the French Eighteenth Century Painters. It dealt, therefore, in great measure, with known names; and it expressed commonsense opinion. The second, dealing with Sculptors and with Architects, could count only on a diminished public—at all events, on a diminished public that was really cognisant of the matter in hand. Here Lady Dilke became more original, as well as more instructive. With the fourth volume, which is to be on Draughtsmen and Engravers, she will find again, in those who read her, something more of familiarity with her theme. But, meanwhile, writing of French Furniture and Decoration (notwithstanding the existence of Hertford-house Jones Collection)—comes in Lady Dilke, more than o and sagacious, more than ever an acceptable m theme.

Even a brief review should make it quite plain perhaps the best service it can render—that covers her ample, almost bafflingly extensi astonishingly well. She is so saturated with kno subject that upon any given artificer she can be t being slight. Her volume is an instance not only of e science, but of encyclopædic compression. Full of argument about facts, and of the clear expressi opinion—with which we are by no means always in it is yet now and then a little too difficult to progress with her page, so burdened is it with foot it is difficult to disregard. The only thing is to that at the first reading one will discard them alto only later take them up—to have so many a fresh trai suggested by them. As to the text, differences of o may well be as to conclusions Lady Dilke arrives at; be hard to point out what feature of a style she ha notice, or what important practitioner of an applic tive art she has forgotten to name. She discusses th almost as exhaustively as Paris; with equal patience in the balance the men of the Regency, the men of th days of Louis Quinze, the men of the days of Louis th One great worker in iron whose work is to be see and practically at Nancy alone, she does full justice Jean Lamour, whose wonderful gilt *grilles* connect th buildings of the Place Stanilas which were the work o pupil, the great architect, Héré. Lady Dilke appre scarcely sufficiently, we think—but the point is now Je We are reminded that though Lamour's iron gates and la railings are still abundantly gilded, the effect at pre —owing to the uniform tint of the gold—is not qui was when the work was first beheld, in the days of " Stanislas." Tasteful, of course, but by no means o in our opinion, are the little balconies Lady Dilke in Jean Lamour's own house, behind that church of S which was once the Cathedral.

To turn to one other matter discussed in a book wh page offers opportunities for comment—since it treat as well as Chantilly, Potsdam as well as the Hotel and deals with clocks as well as with cabinets, with as well as with the Gobelins—we may say that Lady I excellent brief chapter on Vernis-Martin, the taste one member of the Martin family perfected. No lar remains; but there are painted *plaques*—small, admir —and *étuis* shining still with the rich green ver most, and that is most justly, prized. The collector with the best small examples of the enamels of Batt selves the work of good French artists—these Ve *étuis* accord well.

HERALDRY.

Some Feudal Coats of Arms. By Joseph Foster, Oxon. (James Parker and Co. 63s. n.)

Mr. Foster has done most useful work in the p industrious compiler of the many volumes of th *Oxonienses*. He has also obtained well-merited credit volumes of his "British Peerage and Baronetage

convenient or well-judged plan for drawing attention to the projected volumes to bind up twenty-six pages, paged consecutively with the rest of the work, of specimen sheets of the forthcoming books.

The amount of illustrations in this great book is almost bewildering. There are upwards of 2,000 zinco etchings from the Bayeux tapestry, Greek vases, seals, tiles, effigies, brasses, and heraldic rolls, as well as some chart pedigrees. They vary a good deal in quality; the reproductions of shields from the rolls and other sources are of true value, but we doubt either the use or attraction of including a good many copies of debased effigy drawings. The illustrations of heraldic seals, which Mr. Foster has brought together from old seventeenth-century drawings, recall no shadow of the original seals, and are useless either for the antiquary or the artist.

The preface opens with a spirited attack on "Armorial Families," the well-known volume, first issued in 1895, which has given rise to so much heraldic controversy. Though coming rather late in the day, Mr. Foster's share in the affray proves him to be a vigorous assailant. The blows at the weak places in his opponent's armour are planted with rare skill, and he delivers several deadly thrusts at the author of that work, which so unduly exalted the power and status and learning of the College of Arms. Mr. Foster states that it was the issue of the book in question which led him to begin the long-cherished design of producing an Armorial which should give the authority for each coat. That Mr. Foster is able to produce an elaborate work of this character without going near any of the official heralds is in itself a strong proof of the correctness of the charge that he makes against former heralds of "having sold practically all their ancient manuscripts or copies of them." It has long been known to working genealogists and heraldic students that the Harleian MSS. of the British Museum are just as valuable as the visitations stored in Queen Victoria-street, and in some cases more so, but it has been left to Mr. Foster to assert this boldly, and to prove it by what he has already published. His plan, in this volume and its successors, is to give a trustworthy account of the arms of those families who have borne them since feudal times, long anterior to any Heralds' College, by ancient grant or other right heraldic—and, finally, by an established user of three generations, giving them, as in Ireland, a prescriptive ownership so long as it does not conflict with any established rights.

This volume on feudal coats of arms is primarily a collection, from the heraldic rolls, of the names and personal insignia displayed on their banners or vestments of the combatants at Falkirk, 1298, at Carlaverock, 1300, at Boroughbridge, 1322, at Calais, 1345-48, at Rouen, 1418, and at the tournaments of Dunstable in 1308 and 1334. With these have been incorporated names and blazons from some later heraldic rolls, concluding with the Arundel or Military Roll, which was emblazoned time, Henry VI. Excellent as all this is up to a certain point, and valuable as it is to have the true references so laboriously collected to thousands of early insignia, it is nevertheless a great pity that Mr. Foster should not have adopted a more thorough system. That which he has produced is by no means exhaustive, and the whole subject has not been planned in the spirit of a student of the archæology of heraldry. Irrespective of a certain lack of digestion about the material here so lavishly and confusedly produced, it is plain that certain authorities have been ignored. It is a pity that Mr. Foster's justifiable indignation with "Armorial Families," which has been distinctly repudiated by one of the most capable heralds of the College of Arms, has

volume. There is no trace in these page consulted, or at all events used, the great possession of the Society of Antiquaries, whic consent of students, regarded as by far th important of its class.

Mr. Foster, both in his preface and introd some rather unworthy sneers at those who blazon to the simplicity and common se language, and spells the English word " as his own contribution to the archæolog Though so vigorous against the modern her tions, he is thoroughly in accord, contra students of early rolls, with the modern a blazon.

There are three great shields given wh achievement of the 15th Duke of Norfolk engraved. The first of these 209 coats of t that of Howard, with the augmentation gra the battle of Flodden to the first Duke *et h* Foster, by giving this coat with the augmen Mr. J. H. Round's recent assertion (wh unassailable) that this honourable addition t being granted to heirs and not in tail male, by the present Duke, and that Lords Mow alone entitled to it.

An interesting pedigree of Sir Christoph granted by Garter King of Arms in 159 possession of the Earl of Winchilsea, is giv heraldic achievement. Is Mr. Foster aw printed letters that throw some little sus nexion of the Lord Chancellor with the senio of the Hattons? Sir Christopher ought no Holdenby Hall, but of Holdenby House.

It is much to be wished that higher prais this *olla podrida* of early English heraldry; faults and omissions it has a distinct valu both heraldry and genealogy.

In his FLORENTINE HERALDRY: A SUPPLEM BOOKS (Dean, 10s. 6d.), Mr. Howel Wills gives arms borne by the leading families in Florence together with a glossary of terms and an intr how Italian differs from English heraldry. As heraldry the book is both learned and compl know why Mr. Wills tells us nothing about major and minor guilds. These shields are in the Church of Or San Michele, and possi do not here need supplementing; yet a littl an expert as to the origin of these shields a adoption would, if obtainable, have been of g useful appendix the author gives a descrip "cerchi" or residential circuits within the roughly to grades in the nobility. It seem should not have been illustrated by a map far as the residences are known, to whic important families belonged.

ABOUT THE WOR

In the new issue of that series of books awkwardly entitled "Stanford's Compendium

men have made scientific expeditions into Latin America whereby facts have been brought to light which profoundly modify "the views hitherto prevailing on such questions as the tectonic constitution, both of Central and South America, the West Indian orographic systems, the distribution of plants and animals over the whole area, the cradle and primitive migrations of Caribs and Arawaks" not to mention the ethnical relations of Toltecs, Aztecs, and Mayas, and other similarly important matters. Mr. Keane has dealt thoroughly with all these subjects, and has not neglected to summarize recent political or economic changes. Among the thirteen excellent maps we have special praise for the valuable "Ethnological and Philological Map of South America," but some of the illustrations are poor or indistinct.

The wide range of Mr. Keane's scholarship is seen to great advantage in his treatment of the physical and biological relations of South America. He points out the remarkable absence of islands which can be properly regarded as geographical dependencies of South America. On the fauna it is interesting to note that

> From the region that has enriched civilization with so many valuable economic plants, the Old World has obtained not a single useful animal. The aborigines themselves had domesticated the llama (which, like its Asiatic congener, was endowed with a somewhat morbid temperament, rendering it useless for the rough work of cultured peoples in other lands), and the alpaca, guinea-pig, and alco, all, however, confined to the limits of the Peruvian Empire. There are many indigenous forms, some, like the tapir, peccari, jaguar, spectacled bear, puma, cayman, rhea ("ostrich"), and several of the lower anthropoid apes, allied to the corresponding genera or orders in the Eastern Hemisphere, and often presenting much interest to naturalists. But all these and the many other native species —sloth, vampire, ant-eater, agouti, tree-porcupine, viscacha, anaconda, toucan, humming-bird, and others—are of little or no economic use.

The section which deals with Venezuela is perhaps that which will most attract English readers. The account of the frontier question is concise and accurate, and we like the "local colour" of the descriptive passages.

The account of Peru is crammed with practical and picturesque details. Witness the pregnant passage—

> Despite the relatively moderate mean temperature all the low-lying coast-lands are exposed to the ravages of yellow fever. Here also the creoles, or whites of pure Spanish stock, appear to be scarcely yet acclimatized. There is little if any natural increase, owing to the excessive mortality of the children, who are subject to convulsions and to the so-called "seven-days' sickness," which attacks new-born infants and is always fatal. Ague, dysentery, and liver affections also prevail in the seaboard, and typhus and typhoid fever in the montaña, while the uplands suffer especially from the somewhat mysterious *soroche*. This strange disorder, which is due to the rarefaction of the atmosphere at great elevations, assumes different forms in different places, but is never fatal.

The Bolivian section of Mr. Keane's book draws special attention to the grand and varied aspects of Illimani, the mountain which Sir Martin Conway succeeded in perfectly ascending in 1898. In the account of Chile we are glad to be reminded of the fact that large numbers of the inhabitants of Valparaiso, of Spanish descent, have learned to speak English with fluency and correctness; the rapid spread of what may be called commercial English in South America is probable as well as desirable. The description of Santiago is admirable, and should draw the eyes of English travellers to this city of quaint Spanish houses, set in a magnificent semi-circle of Alpine scenery. Chile should be dear to the heart of English education-

supposed to be absent, is now believed to be ... southern sandstone rocks, but apparently at ... the surface.

Although this book is not so much intend... investors as for travellers, the former may rea... lines many useful warnings, by which they will do ...

Of the "Historical Geography of the Brit... written by Mr. Lucas of the Colonial Office, ... France (Clarendon Press, 6s.) is an excellent vol... with an exhaustive index, and four useful maps... latter is a bold map of the waterways of New Engla... and Central Canada, which is sure to be grea... students of early "Americana." Mr. Lucas... "European discoverers in North America to ... Sixteenth Century" is almost wholly admirable, ... the finishing touches of an ethnological kind whi... been given by a Keane or a Wallace. The love... conspicuous throughout all the chapters of Mr. L... We like his view of "the great successes to b... France" in the way of colonization, and congratul... weighty series of paragraphs comparing the metho... of English and French colonization in North Ame... Mr. Lucas is inclined to overrate the amount of wisd... the French. He points out most clearly that Champ... settled at Quebec when he played third to th... Algonquins by joining them in an attack upon the ... also well to show plainly that the one object of the... trade, and that they profited more by paying a low ... things than they would have done by open land-gr... Lucas is not afraid, in days when it is the fashion ... the Jesuits, to assert that the members of the Or... Canada were essentially "the champions of excl... the enemies of freedom." Again, he is right when... the Huguenots were the best of the French trade... to be capable, enterprising, and resolute pioneers ... colonization.

Apart from the large numbers of persons who... literary standing compels them to acquire this bo... volume will among general readers tend to incre... of intelligent Imperialists.

A Guide to Italy (10s. n.) is the first v... series of Guides to be published by Messrs. Mac... aim of the book is certainly ambitious. It is obvio... to describe Italy at all adequately within the co... 350 pages, especially as nearly 100 pages are de... alone. The Eternal City is, however, so well ... will quarrel with this lack of proportion. At ... for a guide which professes to deal with ... Italy it is strange to find that Sicily is altog... Within its limits, it is a good and reliable work... Perhaps none is so well adapted for the ordinary ... and especially for the American determined upon ... whole of Italy in a month, as it gives a sufficiency ... about the great tourist centres—Rome, Florenc... A comparison with the standard guides of Baedeke... is perhaps inevitable. It certainly avoids the mas... meticulous detail and the over-conscientious ... places which ninety-nine out of a hundred travelle... Baedeker, however, though certainly designed too... lines of a gazetteer, yet gives an adequate amou... information on all the great cities frequented ...

Accuracy is, no doubt, the one pre-eminent virtue of a guide-book, and in this respect Macmillan's new enterprise can hold its own with its older rivals. Indeed, we have only come across two serious errors. An odd one occurs in the description of India, when it is stated that at the earthquake at Casamicciola (population 3,200) in 1883 6,000 persons lost their lives! The writer probably means were rendered homeless. Then in the Rome section the fable that the Vatican has 10,000 rooms is perpetuated. The letterpress is, we believe, in the main original—though the editors expressly disarm any criticism under this head by avowing that a certain similarity in phraseology to that of the standard guides is to some extent inevitable, but the general arrangement is distinctly reminiscent of Appleton's.

The liberal supply of excellent maps is one of the best features of the book. Indeed, even travellers who know their Italy might feel inclined to buy the book for the maps alone. There are no less than forty maps and plans, all designed specially for the guide. They are clearly engraved, not crowded with unnecessary names, and embody the most recent cartographical information. Indeed, the closest inspection has only revealed one error of any moment—that in which the course of the railway, which for the last fifteen years or so has been in progress from Cuneo to the coast, is marked as if it were to be continued by tunnels through the mountains to the east of the Roya Valley—the natural highway, but not available owing to a portion being on French soil. This route has been abandoned by the Government. But it is only fair to mention that the same error is to be found in the Twentieth Century Atlas (though this is to be corrected in the next edition). Besides the very insertion of this line (if premature) testifies to the praiseworthy ambition of the editors to be as up to date as possible in the maps.

The Foundation of British East Africa, by Dr. J. W. Gregory (Horace Marshall, 6s. n.), is a convenient compendium of the available information concerning this new British possession. It begins with physical geography, and proceeds to a history of East African exploration, bringing out the interesting fact that the first half of the nineteenth century is the period when European ignorance of the geography of Central Africa reached its climax, and that the earlier travellers whose reports were dismissed as fabulous had acquired a very considerable knowledge of the Dark Continent. The discoveries of such travellers as Krapf, Rebmann, Burton, Speke, Grant, and Sir Samuel Baker are related at sufficient length. There follows a full account of the religious wars which raged at the time when General, then Captain, Lugard administered the dependency; and there is a chapter which guardedly predicts the future. Dr. Gregory implores the missionaries and other adherents of the Anti-Slavery Society not to be in too great a hurry to abolish the "peculiar institution." He recommends the establishment of a special service open to competition as in the Indian Civil Service, and he maintains that the assistance of Arab chiefs should be sought in the commercial development of the country. Subject to these conditions he believes that East Africa will flourish. The book is well written, and has some good photographs and a really excellent map.

Mr. Francis Palmer, the author of Russian Life in Town and Country (Newnes, 3s. 6d. n.), has visited some parts of Russia and has acquired a great deal of information not always accurate. From internal evidence we are led to believe that

can make sufficient noise to waken the dead. I
Russia the watchman goes at stated intervals to
stout piece of iron is suspended, this he hits wit
hammer, thereby considerately suggesting to t
wisdom of waiting "until these tyrannies have
the whistling watchman is rare, it is the robbers v

We are puzzled to account for Mr. Palmer's cur
—here is one which is quite incomprehensible. H
the great Russia behind the veil, however, the av
Russian is most unreasonably ashamed. For him t
interesting or picturesque in the old-world life s
there. It is, in his eyes, merely a humiliating
Russia, as a whole, is still far behind other Eur
in social progress." Mr. Palmer does not appear
there is no country in the world where people are
their peasantry and their national customs than
the ladies of the Court, whose regulation dress is
tion of the costume of the peasant, to the red-shirted
everybody worships the "people." It is not eve
go to Russia to learn this, Russian literature teem
of the peasantry and their customs. There is no m
topic of conversation among all classes of Russ
Russia behind the veil of which Mr. Palmer repr
being ashamed. Russians have their faults, but s
not one of them, and to be ashamed of one's count
most contemptible form of snobbishness.

Mr. Palmer introduces us to a doctor who "hold
at Court, and is highly decorated, one of the last
has received giving him the *Tchin*, or rank of a g
right to wear a uniform, although he is in no way
the army." If this doctor had a position at
probably in the Civil Service, and every bran
Service has its uniform. The rank of general is h
as well as soldiers in Russia, because in the
military and civilian titles are tabulated, and the
has its equivalent in the Civil Service. A general is
his children can be educated in the Corps des
various Ladies' Institutes which are under the p
Empress. The decoration which carries with it a
rank is known only to Mr. Palmer. In spe
government and the *Zemstvo* he tells us that t
of these councils is "extremely small," but that
theless serve a useful purpose in counterac
degree, the routine and red-tapism of the
executive." In other words, Mr. Palmer, lackin
gingerly walks round the functions of the *Zemstvo*
excusable than his statement that the Russian na
Iouldiéy. There is no such word as this in Russia
Judea, but a Jew in Russian is either called Jid,
first is of course identical with our Jew, the Ger
the French Juif, while Yevrey means Hebrew.
talks about a chateau, forgetting that the Russian
is not a chateau, although, of course, the German
shores of the Baltic have castles. He tells us th
recently been a tendency to discard the curious
style of the national Russian furniture in favour o
that produced by modern dealers in Austria and
reverse is the case. The old style of Russian woo
embroidery, &c., has been largely applied to modern
some very interesting and quaint designs have be
in consequence.

Mr. Palmer, in fact, is far from accurate, and
his style is not sufficiently entertaining to compe

ceased to be their mother tongue. The chapter on literature makes no mention of Vondel, generally esteemed the greatest of all the Dutch poets. The chapter on the position of women tells us nothing of the practice of marriage by proxy, whereby girls in Holland are enabled to land in Java or Sumatra or Borneo or Celebes as the duly-wedded wives of officers or merchants living in the Indies. The section on the Dutch Indies is, indeed, the most inadequate in the book. The abuses of the famous "culture system," introduced by Van den Bosch, are not brought into such clear relief as they should be. No one would gather from Mr. Hough's pages (what is nevertheless the fact) that this was a system of shamelessly exploiting the natives—many of whom emigrated and even committed suicide in order to escape the tyranny of their Dutch oppressors. The truth may be found in M. Charles Grad's article on colonization in "La Grande Encyclopédie." Moreover, only a portion of the truth is told concerning the relations of the Dutch emigrants with the native women, and the position of their half-caste children. The fact that well-to-do half-caste girls are continually sent to Europe to be educated at the same schools as the children of pure Dutch race, and are sought in marriage by officers in the Dutch army, is a feature of contemporary Dutch civilization which clashes strangely with English, and particularly with Anglo-Indian, ideas of the fitness of things, and ought, therefore, to have been emphasized. This said, however, we have done with fault-finding and can proceed to praise. The book is lightly and brightly written, and Mr. Hough has obviously a first-hand knowledge of his subject. Tourists who visit Holland should certainly make themselves acquainted with what he has to say about the country and the people.

PERSIAN POETS.

BIOGRAPHIES OF PERSIAN POETS IN THE TARIKH-I-GUZIDA. Translated by E. G. BROWNE. (Luzac. 2s.)

PERSIAN HISTORICAL TEXTS. Vol. I. The Tadhkiratu-sh-Shu'ara of Dawlatshah. Edited in Persian, with Prefaces and Indices, by E. G. BROWNE. (Luzac. 12s. n.)

Professor Browne of Cambridge has rendered a useful service in publishing Dawlatshah's "Memoirs of the Poets" and in translating Hamdu-llah's biographies from the *Tarikh-i-Guzida*. The latter work originally appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. To appreciate Persian character and realize something of the life and surroundings of the poets one ought always to have the same scholar's delightful "Year among the Persians" at one's side; it is a priceless commentary. Hamdu-llah, the Mustawfi or Auditor, wrote his history in 1330, and the chief merit of his "Biographies" is that they include extracts from poems, partly in dialectal Persian, which would otherwise be lost. So unfamiliar are some of these dialects, and so perverted and mutilated are the extracts by the pardonable ignorance of a succession of copyists, that even Mr. Browne is compelled to abandon the attempt to translate them. The extracts are the best part of Hamdu-llah's "Biographies," for the biographical *data* are exceedingly scanty. Ibn-Khatib of Ganja was the hero of a not very creditable love affair, but his triumphant retort to his defiant mistress, unfortunately, does not bear translating—though no Oriental would consider it coarse. Most of the poets, however, are merely described as living in "so and so's" reign and having written some "fine verses," of which the author then cites an example. Sometimes these examples cast a lurid light upon the poet's character. Jamalu-d-din Kashi writes—

I am a drunkard, a libertine, a spendthrift, and this character

poems," of which one quatrain is quoted, but [illegible] FitzGerald. Firdawsi has five lines of biography [illegible] extract. The list ends with [illegible] poets, [illegible] (the lady whose Ibn-Khatib [illegible]) had a [illegible] butcher-boy, of all people in the world, and [illegible] feelings as follows:—

Every knife that he withdraws from the victim's [illegible] and takes in his sugar-sweet lips and teeth,
Were he to place it once again on the throat of [illegible] would renew its life for desire of the lips.

Some of the extracts, however, contain fine lines [illegible] Persian there is always a grace that eludes transl[illegible] latshah wrote a hundred and fifty years after the M[illegible] his "Memoirs of the Poets" has already been lith[illegible] Bombay, as well as extensively quoted by Sir [illegible] Ouseley. A really good edition, however, was wan[illegible] Mr. Browne has supplied as the first volume of w[illegible] to be a most valuable series of Persian Texts to [illegible] Messrs. Luzac. As the earliest systematic biogra[illegible] Persian poets Dawlatshah has his importance, though [illegible] early nor very accurate or critical; for he preserves [illegible] that have now vanished, and besides his discursive [illegible] the "anthology of poetical fragments" which [illegible] he throws in a good deal of incidental history a[illegible] anecdotes. Mr. Browne recommends the work [illegible] valuable and pleasant edition to the Persian studen[illegible] and we must agree with him that it forms an agre[illegible] duction to Persian poetic literature. Such portion[illegible] read are written in a good style, and the illustrati[illegible] are generally well chosen. Mr. Browne has, of [illegible] duced a scholarly text, based chiefly upon three [illegible] manuscripts, together with a fine codex belonging [illegible] E. Denison Ross, and collated in certain parts with [illegible] MSS. in the British Museum, India Office, Bodle[illegible] Society, and Bibliothèque Nationale. The manuscri[illegible] latshah's work are very numerous and it would [illegible] waste of labour to collate all that could be consul[illegible] indexes, of persons, places, and books, form an in[illegible] complement to this serviceable publication. W[illegible] projected series of Persian Texts will receive adequa[illegible] Editions of Persian authors are much neglected, and w[illegible] devote their time and learning to the "somewhat so[illegible] and mechanical work" (as Mr. Browne laments) [illegible] and collating such texts, the least that scholars a[illegible] can do is to give the results an encouraging welcome.

CLASSICAL.

THE AMHERST PAPYRI: Being an Account of the G[illegible] in the Collection of the Right Hon. Lord [illegible] Hackney. By B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt. II. FRAGMENTS AND DOCUMENTS OF THE PTOLEM[illegible] AND BYZANTINE PERIODS, with an Appendix [illegible] Additional Theological Fragments. (Frowde, an[illegible] £2 12s. 6d. n.)

The study of papyri is fast becoming a science i[illegible] we may congratulate ourselves that this country ha[illegible] lead in discovery, publication, and interpretation. [illegible] one knows more about the subject than the edi[illegible] present volume, whose earlier publications are too [illegible] to need mention here. Their work has been done [illegible] with all the care, accuracy, and success which we [illegible] them. Whether in transcription, illustration, or tr[illegible] careful examination has revealed no serious fault, al[illegible] of course, does not imply that they have solved ev[illegible] suggested. The relation of the Maccabean [illegible]

of Heraclas or the charming ode of Sappho from Oxyrhynchus. There is a tragic fragment, parts of fifteen lines, which may be by Æschylus, a bit of the *Scyros* of Euripides, with didascalia; a scrap of comedy, which contains a phrase quoted from Aristophanes and from Plato; and an epic fragment, of which no line is complete. There are the usual fragments of Homeric vulgate, a piece from the second Philippic, two columns of Isocrates' *Demonicus*, two columns of Babrius. In these there is little of interest, excepting the last, which proves that "some at least of the epimythia of the fables" are ancient. There is more interest in a portion of a commentary on Herodotus, otherwise unknown, by Aristarchus, which records a new reading, ἄμμνα for ἄωνα in Herod. I., 215, and quotes a new fragment of the *Palamedes* of Sophocles: οὐ χαλκὸν, οὐ σίδηρον ἀνήνυτα χρεών. There are also twenty columns of *Scholia Minora* on Homer, *Od.* xv., which are for the most part a glossary on the rarer words; these will be of some use in criticizing the text. Here a new explanation of ἥρωας as ἀγαθὸν is given (xv., 9). The writer apparently had not lines 113-119 in his text. There are, besides, part of a Homeric Lexicon, Scholia on Callimachus, and some grammatical fragments.

Amongst the Ptolemaic papyri is part of a roll of royal decrees, which resembles the well-known Revenue Papyrus; most of the pieces are official reports, receipts, records of loans, orders for payment, bankers' dockets, petitions, and the like. We get a good many side-lights on the times. Egyptians quarrel with Greeks and burn title-deeds; landowners move their boundaries forward by secret, are induced by "forcible persuasion" to confess, and are fined; law-court procedure is illustrated (as particularly in No. xxviii.), and the conditions of loans.

From the Roman period come imperial rescripts, decisions of prefects, records of judicial proceedings, petitions, leases, sales, and other official documents. The longest document is a copy of official correspondence relating to a piece of land (first century after Christ). A Report of Sitologi confirms Wilcken's account of the ἀλογοσταί, as given in his monumental "Ostraka." In the registration of inheritance, returns of flocks and cattle, census returns, and so forth, we see an elaborate political and social organization; it is curious to note another case proving that οἱ ἀπὸ γυμνασίου, those descended from a gymnasiarch, were exempt from poll-tax. The caravan-trade appears in great activity; there were more exports than imports, and the evidence of the tax-receipts is thus confirmed. The ἐξηγητής, otherwise known as a revenue official, appears as public trustee of orphans. New light is thrown on the government oil monopoly, which in the second century seems to have been no monopoly at all. The means of identifying persons are critical. Whole groups are recognized by their scars. Satabous, aged sixty-five, having a scar on his left eyebrow, and his son, having a scar in the middle of his forehead, acknowledge a receipt to eight men, who have scars on the left cheek little finger of the left hand, left shin, left knee, nose, or forehead; the two witnesses are also decorated with scars. The scars reappear in the next receipt, fifty years later. Another odd relic is a ticket for a voyage on a canal. There are also accounts and letters, the last showing some touches of human nature. The Byzantine section has the usual official documents; amongst the rest may be mentioned a case of assault and battery on a poor widow woman and some interesting letters. One letter concerns the property of a hospital. The Theological Fragments include part of the "Shepherd of Hermas," which is important as containing one piece from the missing Greek original. There are also a few lines from Exodus, Deuteronomy, and Proverbs.

As regards the palæographical value of the collection, it does not contain quite so beautiful as the best of the Petrie Papyri, there is a great variety of facsimiles ranging from the third century B.C. to the seventh after Christ. (Why do the editors use the curious phrase "7th century A.D."?) There is an early fragment of vellum; and No. cxlv. is "one of the very few fragments of a Byzantine hand to which an approximate date can be assigned with certainty," this being of the fourth or [illegible]

Homer during the period. There is, indeed, [illegible] ment of Homerica which has been untouched, [illegible] perhaps of the literary side. As those w[illegible] refused to recognize the consummate art of th[illegible] parts of the "Iliad," so the new school of ling[illegible] years ago held the field seemed blind to all [illegible] thematic and athematic forms. Nor have the [illegible] free from the usual prepossession of the s[illegible] amount of new knowledge which must be brou[illegible] is enormous; and we are much impressed wit[illegible] which Mr. Monro has done it. We shall [illegible] criticism; but, on the whole, the appendices t[illegible] the most satisfactory summing-up of the Ho[illegible] have yet seen.

First as to the notes. They are few, [illegible] good; scholar's notes, in fact, not the tiro[illegible] grammar and etymology Mr. Monro is speci[illegible] to be expected. Amongst others we may [illegible] on ἀνασσάτιρα, xvi., 366; but ὀλοκόμωρος (xiv., 2[illegible] nected with Celtic, and Mr. Monro need no[illegible] altogether. The notes on the text are r[illegible] weight given to literary considerations, espec[illegible] a specialist in language. On the principle of [illegible] ness, for instance, he condemns the last book [illegible] then reinforces his view with an array of lin[illegible] which quite settle the matter. In the appendi[illegible] the literary structure prove that the Telemach[illegible] original poem. New and often convincing i[illegible] suggested of many passages. It was liter[illegible] suggested to Mr. Monro that λυκάβας might [illegible] year (xiv., 161); and why should it not? W[illegible] many other cases of happy annotation. We d[illegible] satisfied with xviii., 100, where γέλῳ ἐκθανον [illegible] mean "burst out with laughing"; surely, [illegible] common phrases as "to die of laughing [illegible] ordinary interpretation is enough. On xv[illegible] seems to have been missed, ἄλλοθι πάτρης being [illegible] where from (*i.e.*, than) his country"; away [illegible] phrase, not by ἄλλοθι. When what is called S[illegible] more fully studied such difficulties as this w[illegible] The few analogies which are quoted from mod[illegible] so interesting that it is a pity they were not [illegible]

The appendices are as follows:—Compositio[illegible] Relation of "Odyssey" to "Iliad," Homer an[illegible] History of the Homeric Poems, Time and [illegible] the Homeric House. They are written, [illegible] good judgment, clearness, and fairness; [illegible] test them, no important point has bee[illegible] although some are perhaps not fully trea[illegible] also shows a most open mind; he does [illegible] folklorist, and from the volumes of the Fo[illegible] gathered not a few things of worth; he has g[illegible] the Homeric house from the old Icelandic pa[illegible] appendices are admirable; all essential facts [illegible] those who may disagree with this or that p[illegible] learn much from them. We welcome especial[illegible] Mr. Monro's hand in literary criticism; he s[illegible] things. One point is here brought out for t[illegible] full importance—the number of places wh[illegible] parodies or half misunderstands the "Iliad." [illegible] to the fifth, we cannot feel that Mr. Mon[illegible] justice to his subject. We should have likes[illegible] tion of the question of memory *versus* writi[illegible] European origin of Homer, and whether "Ilia[illegible] should be ascribed to the same place; of the s[illegible] conditions which preceded the Homeric Age, [illegible] here and there in the poem things which [illegible] Ulysses' use of the bow, the superseding of [illegible] later family and offers suggestions as to [illegible] not attempt to fit them into a larger scheme, [illegible] example, the bow of Heracles and Ulysses w[illegible] longbow. Nor is the author quite fair [illegible]

A new edition of the *Ætna*, such as that now given us in ÆTNA, a Critical Recension of the Text, with Prolegomena, Translation, Commentary, Excursus, and Index of the Words, by Professor Robinson Ellis (Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. n.), was certainly wanted. Since Munro published his, there have been two important studies of *Ætna* made, by Kruczkiewicz and Alzinger, and the edition, with translation and commentary, of Sudhaus; and Mr. Ellis himself has been for years examining and weighing the MS. evidence, part of which he has published. He has come to the conclusion, which he supports by ample evidence, that too much weight has been given to the inferior MSS., and that the editor must to a great extent neglect these. He bases his text on the Cambridge MS. *C* and the Stabulensian fragment *S*, reinforced by three collections of extracts, in rare instances calling in one of the fifteenth-century MSS., in which the true reading appears amidst numbers of preposterous corruptions. He also gives all the so-called Gyraldinian variants in one list, and the *Excerpta Pithoeana* in another, besides the *apparatus criticus* at the foot of each page. Thus the MS. evidence is for the first time fully and clearly set forth for scholars. By the use of italic, it is made easy to see what part of the text is beyond question; and all doubtful problems are fully discussed in the notes.

And yet there is something to seek. Mr. Ellis has a wonderful knowledge of facts, but his literary taste is not beyond dispute—a point which has its importance in dealing with conjectures, or deciding between doubtful variants. It is hardly conceivable that any one endowed with a keen literary sense should think that *Ætna* could belong to the Augustan age. Mr. Ellis carefully sets out the imitations or echoes of Virgil, and notes the evidences in language of later authorship; yet he can think it "not improbable" that the piece was written "not long after the death of Virgil." But the rhythm bears unmistakable marks of a style more like Lucan than Virgil, and *que* carries on the negative quite in Lucan's obscure manner—not to speak of such expressions as *mens carminis haec est, cessata per sidera* (the editor's own conjecture), the rhetorical *nec tu terra satis*, and others. The translation is a great help, and is well done. There are places, however, where Mr. Ellis seems to be incorrect—*melius sua tempora nosse* is rendered "to have a happier knowledge of his time"; *sacrare* (226) "to deify" instead of "consecrate"; "effects should teem as they do" (456) is hardly intelligible; and surely *mille* vera (189) is an extraordinary phrase for "a thousand truths." We have noted other points for criticism, but these will suffice to show the limitations of the work. As a whole, it is a useful and able performance, which well sums up the present state of criticism on the poem, and takes it a step further.

It is strange to find an editor apologizing for having spent twelve years over his work, which should rather be a cause for rejoicing. Mr. E. S. Thompson at least is to be congratulated on his long labour over THE MENO OF PLATO (Macmillan, 5s.), for it is far the best edition of the "Meno" yet published. The "Meno" is peculiarly well fitted for the student's first piece of Plato; as J. S. Mill says, in this dialogue "more that is characteristic of Plato is brought together in a smaller space than in any other." But the schoolboy will have to go elsewhere than to Mr. Thompson; he has no milk for babes, but addresses himself to those who have passed the first stage and desire to begin the systematic study of Plato's philosophy. We do not imply that he neglects the linguistic problems which come up. On the contrary, his notes on conditional clauses (72 B.), ἀλλ' ἤ (75 B.), ὅπως μή (77 A.), ποῖος (71 B., 80 D.), μή οὐ (89 D., 90 E.), ἆρ ἄρα (91 B.), εἰκεῖν πράγματος (96 A.), the Middle Voice (93 D.), and many other points are full of sound discrimination, and his views supported by large numbers of new examples. It is but rarely that he fails to appreciate a linguistic point; as on 70 C. he does not realize that the verbal noun can imply either a passive or an active sense according to the context. He misses a chance, however, to show by a wider range of examples that the speaker's feeling is expressed in vocatives like ὦ Δημόκριτε language (as ἄγε and ἴθι, ἀλλὰ γάρ, ἐ with philosophy, as the important discussion of the Pri might have been found for one more if Mr. Th realized how unjust a picture Plato gives of Georgi cus; he may hint his respect for them as Mr. Th but the figures are really caricatures. The introdu so well put together as the rest of the book. Much is put into the text which should have been put into the impression which it makes is indistinct. But th whole is a valuable contribution to the study of Plat here what is more important than opinions—the mean opinions for ourselves.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Essays.

The secret of Mr. Augustine Birrell's charm as would seem to lie in an airy spirit of irrespon heartedness. He has no great merits of style, manner is always easy, and pleasantly conversational great depth of feeling; he seldom surprises the sudden and illuminating flashes of wit, or by delic fancy, or by a revelation of unsuspected tenderness seldom makes the mistake of taking himself too serio the midst of the gravest subjects some of the subj volume are very grave indeed—he will suddenly int quaintly humorous turn of phrase that serves to brig page. Take a sentence from the opening essay, tha Wesley," selected from the first page we open at the eighteenth century our two Universities, fa their faults, were always open to the poor scholar wh to subscribe, not to boat clubs or cricket clubs, Thirty-nine Articles." This little jest at the exp modern tendency to athleticism in our Universities l Mr. Birrell's manner of securing his reader's good wi manner of a practised orator, who fires off his little rhetorical witticisms to put his audience in a g before he comes to serious business. These M (Stock, 5s.) are all readable, but they are not so g Birrell's previous volumes. In fact, the majority of t essays at all, but simply papers, lectures, or addres private or public meetings, and reprinted apparently attempt to bring them into line with the essays prep it would have been worth while to revise the form, address on "Walter Bagehot," delivered at Leight March 5, 1901. The matter was most suitable for an Birrell's discursive and gossiping style; as it reader is perpetually being caught up by the little tropes, proper no doubt to the occasion but sadly o in book-form. We refuse to believe, for example Birrell, had he been writing instead of speaking, wo down the banal sentence on page 138, speaking o description of Lord Jeffery and his friends, "people! I hope there are a great many of them London County Council." The address on "Robert is also out of place here; it was passable as a spoke but it was not worth reprinting in a book of essays. I book is something of a disappointment. It contains readable matter, but it will not advance Mr. Birrell' as a light and graceful essayist.

Mr. Edmond Holmes, himself a poet of a consider gives us in WALT WHITMAN (Lane, 3s. 6d. n.) a ca of the author of "Leaves of Grass," together with of his poems designed to infect the reader who Whitman with a desire of remedying the o Holmes has no new and startling theories to propo (which is more to the point) a faculty of sane and criticism which is as uncommon as praiseworthy. He means an idolatrous admirer of Whitman, and he has and not too obvious points to make about the Gospel

prose is as rapidly or so easily made." We can recommend Mr. Holmes as a safe and competent guide to any one who wishes, this late in the day, to begin an acquaintance with the poet of the Democracy and his works.

Another volume proving that the art of essay-writing is not altogether extinct is by the author of "Exploded Ideas," and is called ESSAYS IN PARADOX (Longmans, 5s.). Of its kind it is good work, but it is unlikely that it will be widely read. Some of the qualities that go to make a good essayist are here, but not all. The author has sensibility, he is seldom diffuse, and he handles happy memories of childhood with a very pleasant touch. Unfortunately, however, he is also a careless writer, and essay-writing is just the one form of literature in which carelessness of diction is the unpardonable offence. The opening paragraph of the essay called "Non-Intervention" is an excellent example of clumsy and ungrammatical writing. But the essays have a certain value, and display more than common depth and subtlety of feeling.

Anthologies.

A collection of PATRIOTIC SONGS, such as that which has been made by Mr. Arthur Stanley, and published by Messrs. Pearson (3s.), is no new thing in the history of English letters. To go no further back, there is the "Lyra Heroica" of Mr. Henley, not yet more than two years of age, covering much the same ground and introducing many of the same poems as Mr. Stanley's anthology. Here, too, we have the "Agincourt" of Michael Drayton, the "School Fencibles" of William Cory, and Sir Francis Doyle's "The Private of the Buffs." But since Mr. Henley published his volume there have been several patriotic singers. Perhaps, indeed, they were not a little stimulated by the resurrection of so many spirited poems. We have had Mr. Henry Newbolt's "Admirals All," from which some quotation was unavoidable in a book of this kind; and Dr. Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action," which necessarily furnishes a contribution, and that excellent poem of Thomas Hardy's (included in his volume of poems published the other day), "The Dynasty of the Battery." On the whole, Mr. Stanley may be said to have carried out his scheme satisfactorily. The intention of his book was, apparently, to foster the "Imperial" spirit, and, to that end to make a representative collection of the patriotic poetry of the British Empire. England, Wales, Scotland (with a large infusion of Jacobite songs), Ireland (with a considerable amount of Nationalist verse), Canada, India, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand—each of these is provided with a separate section. If, after reading this sumptuous volume from cover to cover, we are not "patriots" of some sort or another, it is obviously our own fault. Dr. Weldon contributes a short introduction. Two little collections of lighter verse we have already alluded to—an anthology of HUMOROUS VERSE (Virtue), edited by Mr. T. A. Cook, and A LITTLE BOOK OF LIGHT VERSE (Methuen), for which Mr. Anthony C. Deane is responsible. Of the two editors Mr. Cook takes his business the more seriously. His "Foreword" is a thorough exposition of the subject with which he deals, while Mr. Deane's introductory remarks are (as is natural) in considerably lighter vein. Mr. Cook's anthology has the wider range of the two; it includes Geoffrey Chaucer and A. D. Godley, James V. of Scotland and Barry Pain. There is food here for lovers of all kinds of humour. It is rather curious to notice what poems attain to the double honour of pleasing both editors. John Milton's lines on Hobson the Carrier come in both anthologies as does Thackeray's "Ballad of Bouillabaisse." We prefer Mr. Deane's selection from the verses of J. K. Stephen to that in "Humorous Verse"; it contains "The Last Ride Together" and that excellent sonnet in imitation of Wordsworth, while Mr. Cook gives us only the lines in imitation of Myers and the poor verses "To R. K." On the other hand, Mr. Cook has the better of the selection from Mr. Owen Seaman. W. M. Praed figures largely, with justice, in both volumes; three Calverleys only figure in each—the "Ode to Tobacco" among them. Mr. A. D. Godley is justly conspicuous, and Thomas Hood and Matthew Prior. Messrs. Lang, Lehmann, Dobson, and Anstey appear in both, and, as was inevitable, Canning's "Friend of Humanity and the Knife-

book, are not merely behind the times, but co
part of the ground taken up in the new ventu
although aided by 400 scholars and experts, a
notice many names of European reputation, has
him a task so vast and complex that it will tax
utmost to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion.
motto to deem nothing strange which bears i
Jewish life and thought, from the earliest daw
the present hour, he divides his subject into th
—"History, Biography, and Sociology," "
"Theology and Philosophy," which are further
specific headings. The editor is an ard
enthusiast. "The book," he tells us, "is the
Israel; it is the national property of the tribe
scholars preside over its literary form and the
and clerk are destined to become the financial
vast undertaking, which is not only a great
glorious past of Israel, but shall be also a mig
its future." As for the rest of the world, the
to become the "spiritual centre of the world
trust that the promoter's expectations will be
extent; for it must be confessed that Christen
deal to learn from Judaism and that most of us
ignorance of its literature and history. The n
supplies the required information with a fulness
before. An ideal encyclopædia, to our thinkin
four features; it should present the facts
scientific accuracy; it should be thoroughly
presentments; it should aim at scientific objecti
individual opinions, and it should give the know
be conveyed in as concise and popular a form
have examined several of the articles in the
Dr. Singer's work and found them excellent. S
ones, on comparatively unknown authors an
condite subjects, are especially admirable. W
plete mastery of the subject in hand, and brim
there is no obtrusive display of learning, wh
is singularly free from bias, and tone and sty
modern and lucid. The book contains some
illustrations in elucidation of the text.

The sources of Jewish moral philosophy a
the Talmud. The latter, that vast storehouse
history, is an enormous *potpourri* of the s
thousand of the leading men of Israel, who,
countries at different stages of civilization, and
dissimilar social conditions, had nothing in
their membership of the same religion. To co
out of a medley so strange and heterogeneous
but impossible task. In THE ETHICS OF JU
3s. 6d.), Dr. M. Lazarus claims to have disco
by means of which to extricate himself fr
mazes and to emerge safely from the labyrinth
spirits less fortunate or less bold have been hope
The underlying formula of unity is, according
the moral is divine, therefore you shall be moral
divine is moral, you shall become like unto Go
man was created and whose copy and image it
strive to become." That many of the Jewish
the connexion between morality and religio
admitted. "Who does not know the Thora,"
ignorant of morality, and where there is no mo
does not exist." Other similar utterances
quoted, but it would be just as easy to adduce
opposite direction inculcating a mild form
utilitarian morality. In the concluding sectio
the author discusses the attitude of Judaism
and foreign communities. He argues that "
particularistic in order to formulate and hold
ideal." The school of Hillel, and even that of
traditional and most conservative of men, en
stranger. Unfortunately, theory and practice
and the Jewish teachers failed signally to impre
with their principles. It may be said th

forced upon us as we read Mr. Robert M. Sillard's considerable volumes, BARRY SULLIVAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES (Fisher Unwin, 21s. n.). The lines which run :—

> Where are the passions they essayed,
> And where the tears they made to flow?
> Where the wild humours they portrayed
> For laughing worlds to see and know?
> Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe?
> Sir Peter's whims and Timon's gall?
> And Millamant and Romeo?—
> Into the night go one and all—

seem particularly applicable to such men as Sullivan, at once so famous in his day, so little known in ours. But to Mr. Sillard, at least, he is very real. The actor's art is so utterly extinguished when his admirers pass away that he must rely on the biography as his sole monument. His history and his art can alone survive in the written tradition of his method. From this point of view Mr. Sillard has done his work well. Within the four corners of his volumes is stored a complete account of Barry Sullivan's art and life. It is not always interesting, nor, from the literary point of view, of high value, but it is full, true, and just. The work is a compilation that must have cost the author an immense amount of labour. It will remain a mine wherein others may dig with a certitude of finding many illustrative stories of the second half of the last century, many "documents" of the old bad days of the life theatrical, which are now rapidly disappearing. But the student will have to dig, for, although Mr. Sillard gives us a very full contents bill of each chapter, he does not supply that invaluable aid to research, the compendious index.

Barry Sullivan came upon the world at a time when the way was rough, but when it was far easier to enthral an audience than at the present time. He took the stage with a highly robustious air; from the early days in Ireland, when a leading actor foretold his success, until his last appearance the key-note of his art was boldness. He was always certain of himself and the gods, and the groundlings will never tire of applauding such a one. He was an earnest, conscientious worker at his own conception of art; great at new (and futile) Shakespearian readings; unwearied in the study of fresh parts; a hard worker at rehearsals. The *rôles* that Mr. Sillard mentions when added together number no less than 301. For fifty years he laboured—fifty years in which he may be said to have made his tremendous voice heard in every corner of the world, and to have garnered fame and money wherever his professional duties called him. Although Mr. Sillard finds the actor a sympathetic character we cannot say that we do. His humour usually took the form of rather obvious vituperative repartee. For instance, one night in Dublin, when he was playing *Richard III.* and, in his great part of Gloster, comes rushing on the stage, shouting "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" a boy in the gallery called out "Will an ass do you, Barry?" To this Sullivan replied "Yes, come down." But Mr. Sillard informs us that Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Tree, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Warner, Mr. Toole, and others have borne testimony to Sullivan's good nature and uniform courtesy.

Dutch Painters.

The series of volumes on DUTCH PAINTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Sampson Low, 42s.), edited by Max Rooses, is now brought to a conclusion by the publication of the Fourth. It does not deal on the whole with men as famous as those treated of in more than one of its predecessors. Mauve, Jacob Maris, and the great Bosboom—to speak of no others—have helped to give material to the earlier volumes. For the present one, Mathieu Maris seems the only very famous man who is available; but we by no means resent the inclusion in the volume of men like August Allebé, George Poggenbeek, Théophile de Bock, and Willy Martens. Allebé by this time is, in a sense, a leader. He has had an influence. He has made disciples. Poggenbeek and De Bock are painters not without individuality, and, yet more certainly, not without skill. Willy Martens, by no

and not very long afterwards that his work was e
gible. Since then he has passed on to r
and even to obscurities which have left only the p
already prepossessed connoisseur quite ready to r
Between the lines the critic who writes ab
this volume it is M. O. Maris—admirer and
much. He is a poetic writer, or rather a poetic
he understands Mathieu Maris. We wish we could
much confidence that we invariably understand him.
Intricate, difficult, and, we should suppose, has
abominably translated. There is something in his e
theless; so is there in that on Martens by the yo
man. But the defect of the volume as a whole—and
its predecessors—is the extraordinary incompete
literary, as distinguished from the artistic, ex
writers are, speaking generally, tasteful people of ga
hardly a remote idea of literary form. Bad thoug
lation often is, it is evident that the original ite
not infrequently be at fault. We call out, not for the
beauty of the amateur, but for the terse appreciation
fessional writer. What value these would have give
now too full of the amiable incubrations of the well-

Science

Sir Michael Foster is to be congratulated on
scholarly essays that go to form LECTURES ON THE
PHYSIOLOGY (Cambridge University Press, 9s.) and
on a series of lectures delivered at San Francisco in
of last year; he writes of the pioneers of physiologi
with much sympathy, and places clearly before the
peculiar difficulties with which they each had to con
limitations of contemporary human knowledge that
in. Beginning with Vesalius, the first anatomist of
Galen, the researches and influence of such master
Malpighi, van Helmont, and Sylvius in the various
physiology are described in detail, and illustrated b
from their works. In his account of the English—or
rather say the Oxford?—School of the seventeenth
Michael devotes several interesting pages to the
Quinque" of John Mayow, that variable star of e
physiological history, whose work has been twice f
twice disinterred by antiquarian zeal. Ample ju
to his important advances in physiological theo
Michael has not brought out very clearly the fact t
experimental chemical work does entitle him to be co
original discoverer of oxygen gas, named by Priestley
sticated air," and by Lavoisier "oxygine." A
history of physiology has yet to be written; but the pr
will materially lighten the labours of the author of
when he comes to deal with the period 1550-1775.

In THE COMMONWEALTH OF CELLS, by H. G.
B.A., Oxon. (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox, 2s. 6d. n.)
has made a bold attempt to explain the latest scient
about the workings of the human body in language
to the unscientific mind, and he meets with a fair
success. The book consists of five essays, which d
various chemical, physiological, and nervous processes
life depends that are known or supposed to take p
animal economy. Mr. Spurrell is an avowed materi
medical training forbids him to pursue the study of
when it passes out of "the material plane." He
easy conversational style, and has illustrated the va
he wishes to emphasize with simple pen-and-ink dra
facts are thoroughly up-to-date, particularly those d
histology and the properties of muscle and nerve
perhaps, we may be permitted to recognize the Oxf
student—but the book would probably gain in
completeness were some of the abstruser "mu
diagrams omitted and replaced by more commonplace

Law and Medicine.

To the majority of hospital students, the stud
jurisprudence appeals but slightly. This unfortun

well-worn paths, but is undoubtedly clear in exposition. The last three chapters are devoted to insanity. The first, treating the subject "as a form of disease," is illustrated by eighteen excellent plates. We venture to think Dr. Poore should have briefly discussed the line of treatment to be adopted in different cases by the practitioner who is often called upon to take charge pending removal to an asylum. The next chapter deals with the legal relations of the insane and the statutes on lunacy—the Act of 1886 in particular. Copies of the numerous documents that the law requires to be filled up are given, accompanied by useful advice as to the part the medical man must take in the proceedings. The plea of insanity in the Law Courts, with special reference to criminal cases, testamentary capacity, and divorce, are discussed in the last chapter. Dr. Poore naturally has a few words to say on affective insanity, a "disease" defined "as the fact that a man is affected abnormally by normal conditions"—a charitable theory that cannot stand against the practical considerations of civilization, in spite of Shakespeare's psychological dictum. The several appendices contain many important facts arranged concisely, thereby facilitating ready reference. The student will find this volume amply sufficient for examination purposes and easy to assimilate, while the specialist will regard it as no mean companion to Taylor's classical work.

How to Train.

Physical culture is a subject that seems to grow in importance year by year; with kindergartens for the young, gymnasiums and Sandow exercises for those that are older, and increasing interest in out-of-door sports for their own sake, we are to improve the physique and morals of the individual and increase the power of the nation. Mr. E. H. Miles is an enthusiast of sport, and has, with Dr. F. A. Schmidt's assistance, compiled THE TRAINING OF THE BODY (Swan Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.) to show how and why one should train, not for games only, but for the common purposes of daily life as well. Using Dr. Schmidt's scientific work on physical culture as a basis, Mr. Miles has taken numerous excerpts and diagrams from it, and amplifies the *data* of the German doctor by an extensive general commentary of his own. The result cannot be called wholly satisfactory; this is especially the case in the physiological sections of the volume, which might with advantage have been submitted for revision to some one even moderately acquainted with the subject. The special advice on training for each of the different forms of athletic exercises, whether carried on in open air or under cover, are from the pen of Mr. Miles alone, and though somewhat laden with generalities they form the more valuable part of the book; but the remarks and advice given on the subject of rowing, if given on the strength of the author's own observations from the banks of the Cam, would go far to explain the alleged decay of Cambridge rowing. The author is also an ardent vegetarian, and at the end of the book puts in a strong though temperately-written plea for purely vegetarian diet and training.

Self-Made Men.

SUMMITS OF STATUS, by James Burnley (Grant Richards, 6s.), relates in a scrappy, anecdotal manner the careers of an immense number of men who have made their fortunes in various fields of activity. It is due to Mr. Burnley to say that he is no blind worshipper of wealth, and regards a certain number of rich men as having really failed in life. At the same time, he does not properly examine the doubtful methods by which some of his heroes gained the financial triumphs with which he dazzles the eyes of his readers. Such details require the particular attention of the moralist in an age which tends more and more to worship wealth without asking questions as to its origin; and a strong line of demarcation ought always to be drawn between the rich men who, like the inventors and the engineers, have acquired riches by means beneficial to the community, and those who have only juggled with stocks and shares to the damage of people less clever than themselves. His failure to draw this distinction—or at any rate to draw it with proper emphasis—

we are to have a study of philosophy seen thro
temperament. There is no more suggestive me
ing the problems of life, as may be seen in "A
or in Paul Elmer More's "The Great Refu
Beautiful" fails, however, to convey any sens
while the creed which is introduced with such
but a feeble echo of familiar truths and trui
floats with exasperating vagueness between
reflections and practical precepts, which are
obvious. Gently optimistic platitudes cannot
philosophy by repeated use of the word "Co
than the discords of life can be explained by t
God the Beautiful and Creator of Beauty expre
the harmonies of nature. Nor can the esse
poetry be adequately rendered by the rapturo
the poet "fans the flame on the altar of devot
on high the starry banner of love." This well
book will probably find its welcome among th
Miss Whiting's "World Beautiful" with some
enthusiasm.

Theology.

ANSELM AND HIS WORK, by the Rev. A. C. W
AND DOMINIC AND THE MENDICANT ORDERS, by
(T. and T. Clark, 3s. each), are volumes for
series of the World's Epoch Makers, edited
Sineaton. The "Life of Anselm" will natura
mostly to English readers. A keen metaphys
theologian, the father of scholasticism, an
of realism, a devout son of the Church w
intellect to its authority, the distinguishe
Canterbury is perhaps the greatest name
annals of the English Church. It is true, as M
in his interesting little book, which, though s
be commended on account of its historical a
sobriety of tone, that Anselm in appealing to
strengthened greatly the Pope's spiritual
England. But it should be remembered that,
adherent of the Gregorian absolutism, he con
assert his episcopal claims against the Bisho
as the Episcopate at home. On the other ha
which he wrung from the English King, who w
by political considerations, religious fears, a
of his wife and sister, was of service both to
Church. It may have been formulated as
Chartres, but the credit of the execution belo
Anselm. It secured for the Church its spiri
at the same time guarding the rights of th
paving the way for political freedom. Dr.
story of the Franciscan and Dominican orders
in which he does full justice to the religious
inspired the movement, and describes with co
power the poetic atmosphere amidst which it
which it lived and moved during its halcyo
Indeed, a charm about St. Francis, his life and
of character, and unsparing devotion to his fel
even the sternest of Puritans can deny. Th
Dominican order was cast in a sterner mould
the maintenance of theological doctrine in it
was the paramount consideration. The theolog
Dominicans and Franciscans, which lasted f
forms one of the saddest chapters in the Ch
went hand in hand with their internal fallin
high ideals taught and practised by their foun

A SCIENTIFIC PHILOSOPHY THE HARMONIZ
THEOLOGY (Swan Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.)
work, which is not, we fear, likely to be
to students either of metaphysics or theol
the writer is obscure, and he evidently has n
of his subject. One feature of the work is a
in the order of chapters. Thus a note prefix
informs us that it "should be read immediatel
It should have stood as Chapter IV., but
time as the work was going through the

A COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLES OF ST. PETER AND ST. JUDE, by the Rev. C. Bigg, D.D. (T. and T. Clark, 10s. 6d.), will be warmly welcomed as the first work published by Dr. Bigg since his promotion to the chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. The book is, however, the fruit of the comparative leisure enjoyed in a country vicarage, and, though Dr. Bigg pleads the disabilities of a resident in the country, the book gains in originality and force more than it loses through want of complete literary apparatus. The section on "St. Peter and St. Paul, in the New Testament" owes much of its striking suggestiveness to the imaginative power of Dr. Bigg's mind. The study of St. Peter's character, and of the distinctive points in which he differs from St. Paul, is one of the best sections in a commentary of unusual merit. As might be expected, Dr. Bigg believes that the real amanuensis of the Epistle was a disciple of St. Peter, possibly Silvanus, and that while the Apostle dictated in Aramaic, "Silvanus expressed the substance in his own Greek." He argues effectively against the comparatively late date (*circa* 80 A.D.) to which Professor Ramsay assigns the Epistle. The "Babylon" from which it was written Dr. Bigg identifies with Rome, in accordance with the view universally prevalent before the sixteenth century. In the introduction to the Second Epistle the questions of date and authenticity are discussed thoroughly and impartially. Dr. Bigg is inclined to agree with Zahn in ascribing the Epistle to St. Peter himself, and he suggests that it was "directed to Corinth not long after the date of the Pauline epistles." The notes are sober, learned, and scholarly. It would indeed be presumptuous to criticize in detail work of such calibre as Dr. Bigg produces at his best. As a study of the Greek text, his commentary stands in the front rank of the series to which it belongs. But the most characteristic part of the book is the preface and the introductory matter, in which Dr. Bigg's genius as a historian finds ample scope.

In a volume entitled INTER AMICOS: letters between James Martineau and William Knight, 1869-72 (Murray, 5s.) Prof. Knight has published a fragment of his correspondence with the illustrious Unitarian. The main topic of the earlier letters is the divinity of Christ, Prof. Knight, of course, maintaining the more orthodox view. Later in the volume there are letters from Prof. Knight on a doctrinal conflict in which he had become involved within his own communion. The religious views which Dr. Martineau expresses in friendly controversy with his correspondent do not materially differ from the authoritative printed statements of his doctrine. But the volume gives one more proof of his sympathetic readiness to answer those who applied to him for counsel. His letters are written with all the familiar grace of style. Style, indeed, was not an effort with Martineau. Everything he wrote fell naturally into beautiful form. At the close of the volume there is the text of the famous address presented to Martineau on his eighty-third birthday, with the full list of signatures.

THE CONFIRMATION AND COMMUNION OF INFANTS AND YOUNG CHILDREN, by the Rev. H. Holloway (Skeffington, 5s.), is introduced to the reader by some vigorous remarks of Lord Halifax, who insists in the preface that "the best way to teach the Sacramental doctrine of the Church" is to admit little children to communion, and that the fixing of an arbitrary age-limit for confirmation is nothing less than an abuse of episcopal power. The tone of the book as a whole is moderate. Mr. Holloway does not plead for the immediate restoration of a custom which the Western Church has practically abandoned for three centuries; but he argues that there is nothing in Scripture or in the Prayer-book against it, and he has no difficulty in showing that the practice is Catholic and primitive. There is some one-sidedness in the argument, and a tendency to insist on the objective aspect of the Sacraments to the exclusion of certain moral considerations. Mr. Holloway is probably right in contending that the question of the age for presenting candidates for confirmation should be left to the discretion of the parochial clergy.

THE ATONEMENT AND INTERCESSION OF CHRIST, by the late Principal D. C. Davies, M.A., edited by D. E. Jenkins (T. and

In the TEMPLE BIBLE, of which four volumes (I[illegible] each), have appeared, the Bible is presented as a [illegible] literary value. The volumes are little books in fl[illegible] covers, very well printed on the continuous method, [illegible] notes, maps, and appendices giving synchronisms [illegible] History, Biblical references in English literature, &c. [illegible] is edited by Professor Sayce, who expounds his [illegible] views as to the tendency of archæology to confirm [illegible] "Exodus" by Dr. A. H. S. Kennedy, "Leviticus" [illegible] J. A. Paterson; and the fourth volume, containing [illegible] of St. Matthew and St. Mark, by the Dean of Ely. [illegible] Introductions are admirably adapted to the special [illegible] the edition.

THE LETTERS OF ST. PAUL TO SEVEN CHURCHES [illegible] FRIENDS, by Arthur S. Way (Macmillan, 3s.), is an [illegible] put before English readers St. Paul's letters [illegible] language. There is no doubt that our Authorized Ve[illegible] majestic and stately style, leaving out of consideration [illegible] tions and obscure renderings, is frequently misunderst[illegible] common people. The author of the book before us [illegible] to place the thoughts of the great Apostle before [illegible] in a connected form and in plain English. We do not a[illegible] of his interpretations, but he has shed light on seve[illegible] passages and he has made an interesting contr[illegible] Biblical literature.

Mr. E. A. Abbott's object in THE CORRECTIONS [illegible] ADOPTED BY MATTHEW AND LUKE (A. and C. Black) [illegible] that Matthew and Luke borrowed from a tradition co[illegible] Mark and to show the corrections made by the form[illegible] latter. The priority of Mark is now all but universally [illegible] It is still a moot question whence Mark derived his [illegible] Petrine traditions and several versions of the Ara[illegible] furnished, probably, the foundation of the Proto-M[illegible] suppose that the Gospel in its present form belong[illegible] period. It is very likely that Matthew used Mark [illegible] other documents, in the compilation of his Gospel, and [illegible] had recourse to the two presumed Gospels and to [illegible] of Logia. There are numerous instances of [illegible] justifiable or otherwise, made by the later Evangel[illegible] Abbott, however, seems frequently to suggest alterat[illegible] none were intended, and at times to unduly exa[illegible] import of various readings. His assumption that th[illegible] could neither read nor write, because they are de[illegible] "ignorant and illiterate men," is a perfectly gratuit[illegible]

The Rev. F. S. Millard's HAND-BOOK TO TH[illegible] ACCORDING TO ST. MARK (Rivington, 2s. 6d.) is inten[illegible] use of Sunday-school teachers and Biblical students. [illegible] strictly on orthodox lines and looks upon the Gospel [illegible] of an eyewitness. The foot-notes given at the e[illegible] chapter are partly explanatory and partly practical. [illegible] book will, no doubt, prove of use.

Sir James Simpson contributes to the Famous S[illegible] a LIFE OF HENRY DRUMMOND (Oliphant, Anderson, a[illegible] 1s. 6d. n). It might be questioned whether th[illegible] divine was worthy to be placed in the series. His [illegible] for the reconciliation of science and religion in his "N[illegible] in the Spiritual World" rested to some extent on the [illegible] of false analogy, and scientific men riddled them with [illegible] to which his biographers does but scanty justi[illegible] Drummond was nevertheless an amiable and successful [illegible] and his work in this line deserved to be recorded. [illegible] Simpson has recorded it sympathetically, and has been [illegible] some interesting material not included in the biogra[illegible] by Professor G. A. Smith.

FICTION.

"The Usurper."

The central idea of Mr. W. J. Locke's novel The [illegible] (Lane, 6s.) is a good one, and it forms the backbo[illegible]

Mr. Locke has made him sufficiently real, though perhaps Cudby, his secretary, is the more lifelike of the two. In a novel of this kind it is understood that the real claimant (or a specious imitation) should turn up some time to mar the full tide of success, and the man Burke is used by the author with considerable effect in this unpleasing role. Woven in with the main threads of the plot is a pretty love story of a certain youthful poet and the niece of an Italian restaurant-keeper. We confess that Mr. Locke's poet makes some rather strong demands upon our credulity: he is so singularly attractive to the ladies, so remarkable a compound of the healthy athletic young Englishman and the writer of erotic verse. But the book is a good one. As modern novels go it is as good as any but the very best—well contrived, well written, with a good deal of solid thought at the back of it. Mr. Locke is decidedly one of the most promising of our younger novelists.

Western Canada.

The qualities that "Ralph Connor" displayed in "Black Rock" are visible also in THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY (Hodder, 6s.). But this is something more of the customary novel than was that earlier book, and in our opinion it loses in consequence. There are excellent passages in it. Whenever the author has to describe Western Canada, its men, and its customs he is as vivid as ever. We could wish for nothing better of its kind than the earlier chapters, with the two Macdonalds, the minister and his wife, and the life-like pictures of Canadian shanty life. The Glengarry men, one and all, are admirable. It is in the later portions of the book that the author goes astray for awhile, and comes on one or two occasions perilously near melodrama. The love story of young Ranald Macdonald is not well done, and some of the aristocratic characters (young De Lacy, for example) are merely ridiculous. To some extent Colonel Thorp makes amends, but the author, generally speaking, seems to lose his grip of the situation when he comes to depicting town life. With all its defects—and we admit ourselves to be disappointed in the book—there is something genuine and earnest in "Ralph Connor's" work that gives it a certain value.

The Kailyard.

It is clear from LOVE IN ITS TENDERNESS, by J. R. Aitken (Alex. Gardner, 6s.), that we have not done with the kailyard yet. Albline the Southron has by this time conquered some of his repugnance to the dialect that flourishes the saving side of Tweed, and assuming that this initial obstacle is safely surmounted Mr. Aitken's idylls are calculated to afford a great deal of pleasure. They bear witness to imagination, as they certainly betray an apt turn for a graphic and fanciful description. More than all, the characters are drawn with firm lines, and in every case the author has exerted his sympathetic imagination with the happiest results. One becomes deeply interested in the simple lives of the Enochdu folk, in the minister whose conception of the all-embracing love of God is too broad a thing for the rigid Calvinists, in the triumph of his well-lived and well-preached evangel. If we were to make any selection for special praise, our choice would fall upon "A Mathematician's Love Story," and "Through Great Tribulation," both of which in their several ways are excellently conceived and convincingly written. Tenderly sentimental without being maudlin, Mr. Aitken's stories deserve the warmest welcome.

A Determined Spinster.

There are some unusual characters—and several not unusual—in SELISHA AND PLOTON, Mrs. Henry Dudeney's latest novel (Heinemann, 6s.). Shalisha, which is the rather remarkable name given to the chief figure in the book, is certainly not cast in the common mould of heroines. She is tall, and vigorous, and masculine—and she earns her living as a head gardener, going about her work at Bramble Tye in the rational costume that we may see on the lady gardeners at Kew. With her contrasts well enough the silly, fragile Dresden china figure of her mother, with her constant attacks of nerves and her invincible love for the romantic. The book contains much that is interesting—a good deal of smart dialogue and some subtle touches of feminine psychology. Mrs. Dudeney paints realistically the drab, dreary

supposed that he can only write one sort of bo
IN THE WIND (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.) Mr.
left the lands of the chrysanthemum and the
his scene in Mayfair. The experiment is in
Dawe has produced some really good work
must confess to a little disappointment with
rapier is not the weapon with which Mr. Daw
but there are many superficially clever say
Lord Caplington's courtship is clever comedy
type, and there is some good work-a-day phil
cularly healthy sort sprinkled over the pages.
Dawe is concernest we think his London w
drawn than his brides of Japan. In the
nature, which is the only thing worth dealing
the West he seems not to see it, or at any rat
it. Although we thus suggest that the book
we are none the less glad to bear witness to i
well written and amusing.

Tolstoy.

Some of Tolstoy's short stories, translated
Hain, and already published serially, are repr
entitled TALES FROM TOLSTOI (Jarrold, 6s.
prefaced by a biography which the publishers
first published in English," but the descri
Eugene Schuyler's life of Tolstoy is in Englis
life of Tolstoy has been translated into Engli
self merely remarks that his biography "cont
uncommunicated details." Some of these are
diction with Tolstoy's own statements. M
Tolstoy's life in St. Petersburg after the
that Tolstoy "never could believe in the reg
of mere culture." Tolstoy's own words, in re
period, are:—

> Our vocation was to instruct people
> instruction there was no need of inquiring;
> in theory that artists and poets instructe
> considered myself a remarkable artist and
> very naturally accepted this theory. . .
> the importance of poetry and the developmen
> and I was one of its Priests. Being a
> advantageous and very agreeable, and I
> this belief without doubting its truth.

Some of the other details are more pictu
instance:

> We are told that, on his return to Y
> steward coming to him in the morning
> frequently find his master hanging in flanne
> on a trapeze, in which position he wou
> modes of sowing and threshing, the ste
> his young master round and round the
> somersaults without interrupting the conve

The case of Old Father William (Lewis
is the closest historical parallel that occ
appreciation of the detail is enhanced by rea
with Mr. Sergyeenko's remark that Count
any situation is ridiculous." As regards th
detail so appropriately introduces, there is n
seeing that they have appeared already,
become famous," except that the author's ma
glad to have them collected into a volume.

A Virginian.

Presumably it was "The Virginians"
inspired Mr. Marriott Watson with the
HOUSE DIVIDED (Harpers, 6s.). Unfortunate
has had no very happy result. The opening
enough, but by the time we reach the mid
tirest of Mr. Mallory and all his relations, "
lady" Tabard, the perpetual intrigue and ga
ing to duels, and, above all, the perpetual af
manner which is Mr. Marriott Watson's ba
which his characters employ in their dialogue

THE ISLANDERS.

(Reprinted from THE TIMES *of January 4, 1902.)*

"Early in January, 2,000 . . . are to be enlisted and mobilized. . . . The men are to be sent to Aldershot in batches of 500 for eight weeks' training."

". . . So the Cape Government asked the Colonel to come home and secure suitable men for his regiment."

". . . Any form of compulsory service being impossible among a free people."

". . . 1,728 head of game falling to four guns. Thanks to careful and scientific attention, the—moors were never in better condition."—Daily Press.

". . . My fifteen months out here have made me fairly keen on compulsory service for all England. It is simply awful that after two years you send us out men who have to be taught to shoot and ride. It's like expecting a Board school boy to play in a county eleven."—Private Letter.

Fenced by your careful fathers, ringed by your leaden seas,
Long did ye wake in quiet, and long lie down at ease;
Till ye said of Strife:—"What is it?" Of the Sword:—"It is
far from our ken";
Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and a toy of your
armed men.
Ye stopped your ears to the warning—ye would neither look
nor heed—
Ye set your leisure before their toil, and your lusts above
their need.
Because of your witless learning and your beasts of warren and
chase
Ye grudged your sons for their service and your fields for their
camping-place.
Ye forced them glean in the highways the straw for the bricks
they brought;
Ye forced them follow in byeways the craft that ye never
taught.
Ye hindered and hampered and crippled: ye thrust out of
sight and away
Those that would serve you for honour and those that served
you for pay.
Then were the Judgments loosened; then was your shame
revealed,
At the hands of a little people, few but apt in the field.
Yet ye were saved by a remnant (and your land's long-suffering
Star),
When your strong men cheered in their millions while your
striplings went to the war.
Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled, unmeet—
Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them raw from
the street.
And what did ye look they should compass? War-craft learned
in a breath?
Knowledge unto occasion at the first far view of Death?
So! And ye train your horses and the dogs ye feed and prize.
How are the beasts more worthy than the souls you sacrifice?
But ye said:—"Their valour shall show them"; but ye said:—
"The end is close";
And ye sent them comfits and pictures to help them harry
your foes.
And ye vaunted your fathomless power and ye flaunted your
iron pride
Ere—ye fawned on the Younger Nations for the men who could

Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle set—
Life so long untroubled that ye who inherit forget
It was not made with the mountains; it is not one with
Men, not Gods, devised it. Men, not Gods, must keep

Men, not children, servants, or kinsfolk called from
But each man born in the island broke to the matter
Soberly and by custom taken and trained for the same
Each man born in the island entered at youth to the
As it were almost cricket, not to be mastered in haste
But after trial and labour, by temperance, living cha
As it were almost cricket—as it were even your play
Weighed and pondered and worshipped and practised
So ye shall bide sure-guarded when the restless lights
In the womb of the blotting war-cloud and the pal
quake.
So, at the haggard trumpets, instant your soul shal
Forthright, full-harnessed, accepting—alert from th
sleep.
So at the threat ye shall summon—so at the need ye
Men, not children or servants, tempered and taught t
Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or despise,
Humble because of knowledge; mighty by sacrifice.

But ye say:—"It will mar our comfort." Ye say
minish our trade."
Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn
is laid?
For the low red glare to southward when the rai
towns burn?
(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time
Will ye pitch some white pavilion; and lustily eve
With nets and hoops and mallets, with racquets and
rods?
Will the rabbit war with your foemen—the red-deer
for hire?
The kept cock-pheasant keep you? He is master
shire.
Arid, aloof, incurious, unthinking, unthanking, gelt—
Will ye loose your schools to flout them till the
columns melt?
Will ye pray them or preach them or print them or
back from your shore?
Will your workmen issue a mandate to bid them strik
Will ye rise and dethrone your rulers? (Because y
both,
Pride by insolence chastened? Indolence purged by
No doubt but ye are the people; who shall make you
Also your gods are many; no doubt but your gods
Idols of greasy altars built for the spirit's ease;
Proud little brazen Baals and talking fetishes;
Teraphs of sept and party and wise wood-pavement G
These shall come down to the battle and snatch you
the rails?
From the gusty flickering gun-roll with viewless salve
And the pittest hail of the bullets that tell not w
were sent.
When ye are ringed as with iron, when ye are scourg
whips,

Books to look out for at once.

"In the Land of the Blue Gown." By Mrs. Archibald Little. Fisher Unwin. 21s. n.
[See under notes.]
"Happy and Lucky Land." A view of England as seen through German eyes. Fisher Unwin. 1s.
"The University Song Book." Grant Richards.
[With musical setting. See under notes.]
"Gravenhilles." By Thomas Cobb. Grant Richards. 6s.
"Houses of Ignorance." By Frederic Carrel. John Long. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

With notes where required to guide the reader as to their contents.

[*Notes on a book under this heading do not preclude a subsequent review.*]

ARCHÆOLOGY.

A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF EGYPTIAN ARCHÆOLOGY. By MARY BROADRICK and ANNA ANDERSON MORTON. 7×5, 198 pp. Methuen. 3s.6d.
[A small and handy reference book for students and travellers, with eighty illustrations and a bibliography.]

BIOGRAPHY.

SCOTTISH MEN OF LETTERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By H. G. GRAHAM. 9½×5½. 441 pp. Black.
[An extensive work, giving accounts, biographical rather than critical, of thirty-three writers, from Adam Ramsay to Dugald Stewart, including Burns, with admirable portraits.]

GABRIELE ROSSETTI. By W. M. ROSSETTI. 8½×5½, 199 pp. Sands. 7s. 6d. n.
[A verse translation of the autobiography in Italian verse, written by the father of Dante Gabriel and Christina, with prose additions and appendices illustrating Gabriele's life from his correspondence, and including six specimens of his verse.]

LAMARCK. The Founder of Evolution. His Life and Work. By A. S. PACKARD. 8½×5½, 451 pp. Longmans. 9s. n.
[A book by an American Professor, called forth by the tendency to rehabilitate Lamarckism. Translations from Lamarck, illustrations, and bibliography.]

STAGE SILHOUETTES. By S. DARK. 7½×5½, 160 pp. Treherne. 1s.
[Short impressions of the personal characteristics of some actors, dramatists, and critics, with photographs.]

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN. By J. A. RIIS. 8½×6, 443 pp. The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d. n.
[Mr. Riis is a Dane who narrates (in a very American spirit) his life as American journalist and social reformer. There is a chapter on President Roosevelt ("For two years we were brothers in Mulberry Street").]

EDUCATIONAL.

A COLLEGE TEXT-BOOK OF CHEMISTRY. By IRA REMSEN, President of the Johns Hopkins University. 8½×5½, 659 pp. Macmillan, 6s. 6d. n.

ALL ABOUT CHRISTMAS. By MARGARET W. RUDD. 7½×4½, 39 pp. Stockwell. 6d. n.
[Brief notes for children on Christmas customs. Paper bound.]

FICTION.

THE YELLOW FIEND. By MRS. ALEXANDER. 7½×5½, 332 pp. Unwin. 6s.
[The "Yellow Fiend" is Gold; the heroine the granddaughter of a miser. The book gives the story of her love; her devotion to art, and her trials—and ends happily.]

"GOD WILLS IT!" By W. S. DAVIS. 7½×5½, 352 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.
[A story of the First Crusade. Illustrated.]

WHERE HONOUR LEADS. By MARIAN FRANCIS. 7½×5, 339 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
[Upper class social life under George II., at York and elsewhere; and "the 45."]

THE BILLAGUICRED FOREST. By ELIA W. PEATTIE. (The Dollar Library.) 7½×5, 340 pp. Heinemann. 4s.
[The autobiography of an American girl before and after her marriage to a drug-drinking husband in the middle of a forest.]

FOLKLORE.

TRACES OF THE ELDER FAITHS OF IRELAND. By W. G. WOOD-MARTIN. Two vols. 9×6, 405+[illegible] pp. Longmans. 20s. n.
[An elaborate work in two volumes on the folklore and pagan customs in Ireland before the introduction of Christianity, with illustrations.]

HISTORY.

ROMAN AFRICA. By ALEXANDER GRAHAM. 9½×6½, 325 pp. Longmans. 16s. n.
[This exhaustive work, tracing the history from 201 B.C. to

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS YEAR-BOOK. 7½×5, 306 pp.
THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S YEAR BOOK, 1902. JARRS. Black. 2s. 6d. n.
THE ADVERTISER'S A B C for 1902. 10½×7, 1,08[illegible]
CATALOGUE OF THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH [illegible] CULATION AT MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRAR[illegible] Mudie's. 1s. 6d.
[Contains among other useful features th[illegible] classified under authors, titles, *and subjects*.]

POETRY.

A SCORE OF SONNETS. By F. W. G. CAMPB[illegible] (Brown paper bound.) Dublin: Hodges. 6d.
HAROLD THE SAXON, AND OTHER VERSE[illegible] 6½×5½, 47 pp. Elkin Mathews. 1s. n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITI[illegible]

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. Three vols. Thin[illegible] Newnes. 10s. 6d. n.
[Well printed on fine paper, in dark blue lin[illegible] bindings, with imaginative portraits of Shakespear[illegible] E. J. Sullivan.]

TENNYSON'S IN MEMORIAM. (Caxton Serie[illegible] Newnes. 3s. n.
[Similar to the Shakespeare. Illustrated by [illegible]

THE WORKS OF GEORGE ELIOT. POEMS, ESSA[illegible] 8½×5½, 457+463 pp. Blackwood. 10s. 6d. n. eac[illegible]

CASTLE DANGEROUS, AND THE SURGEO[illegible] COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS. By SIR WA[illegible] Century Library.) 6×4. Nelson. 2s. n. each.

PENDENNIS. By W. M. THACKERAY. Authorized [illegible] Dent. 9s. n.
[Small octavo, very pleasantly bound in g[illegible] graphical note by the Editor, Walter Jerrold, and [illegible] line by C. E. Brock.]

HYMNS AND OTHER STRAY VERSES. By [illegible] 96 pp. Wells Gardner. 2s.

MAUPRAT. By GEORGE SAND. Translated by S. [illegible] of French Romance.) 9×6. 426 pp. Heinemann [illegible]
[The third in this handsome series; with [illegible] "John Oliver Hobbes," a biographical note by [illegible] and an illustrated appendix on the portraits of Ge[illegible] Uzanne.]

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By CHARLES DICKENS [illegible] 6½×4. 485 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

A REPORT ON CANADA. By the EARL OF DURH[illegible] 9×5½. 216 pp. Methuen. 7s. 6d. n.
[Exact reprint of the famous Durham Rep[illegible] appendices—with introductory note.]

SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY. By the late I. T[illegible] by J. G. LEATHEM. 7½×5, 275 pp. Macmillan.
[Mr. Todhunter's book was published in 185[illegible] thoroughly revised and rewritten much of it.]

THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOM[illegible] By H. SIDGWICK. 9×5½, 592 pp. Macmillan.
[Mr. J. N. Keynes, the Editor, has incorp[illegible] notes left by Professor Sidgwick, and parts of a[illegible] Professor for the Dictionary of Political Econom[illegible]

THEOLOGY.

FATHERS IN THE FAITH. By MARY C. DAWS[illegible] FORD. 7×4½, 96 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d.
[Lives told in simple language of eleven Fath[illegible] Columba, the selection being made by the Scotch [illegible] to the requirements of Sunday school teachers in [illegible]

ON THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY OF TH[illegible] QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN. By CONSTA[illegible] 8×5½, 117 pp. Watts. 1s.
[Traces the unrestricted growth of Rations[illegible] the best features of the reign. Paper bound.]

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY. [illegible] 7½×5½, 429 pp. Watts. 6s. n.
[This is issued by the Rationalist Press [illegible] Robertson, who is a well-known writer on politic[illegible] from the proposition that "It is not even cert[illegible] Jesuism took shape round the memory of an actu[illegible]

LIFE EVERLASTING. By J. FISKE. 7½×4½, 87 p[illegible]
[An address delivered by the late Mr. Fiske a[illegible] at Cambridge (Mass.), Dec. 19, 1900. An evolu[illegible] favour of immortality.]

THE EXPOSITOR. Vol. IV. (Sixth Series.) H[illegible] 7s. 6d.

THE DIVINE IDEA OF PREACHING. By G. [illegible]

Literature

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

SOME ILLUSTRATORS OF "A CHRISTMAS CAROL."

"I SUPPOSE that among artists and people of any artistic appreciation," says Mr. Pennell in his trenchant way, "it is generally admitted by this time that the greatest bulk of the works of 'Phiz,' Cruikshank, Doyle, and even many of Leech's designs are simply rubbish, and that the reputation of these men was made by critics whose names and works are absolutely forgotten, or else by Thackeray, Dickens, and Tom Taylor, whose books they illustrated, and

THE MAGICIAN DICKENS INVOKING THE SPIRIT OF FATHER CHRISTMAS.

[By permission of Messrs. A. Maurice and Co.]

who had absolutely no intelligent knowledge of art, their one

any new Illustrator with this remarkable little ghost-
have endeavoured in this ghostly little book." Dick
1843, "to raise the Ghost of an Idea, which shall
readers out of humour with themselves, with each
the season, or with me.' But we doubt whether Le
than a ghost of an idea of the inner meaning of this
Idea, and his work does not properly share with
author the favour with which the little story has
received.

The etching for the "Christmas Carol" wh
known is "The Fezziwigs' Ball"—an incident
material to the progress of the story, and not even
affects the action of a remarkably dramatic narrative
Ghost, again, who (if we may be permitted to a phrase
attention of the reader at the outset and is the close o
the plot, might have commended himself to the most
careful attention of the Illustrator, but is, as Leech p
by no means convincing. We recognize in the present
dread visitor more burlesque than Dickens intended
that is either impressive or awe-inspiring. Leech
phantom of Scrooge's seven-years-dead partner, M
much-reduced major-general, not at all sure of his
his return to his old haunts or of the expediency of
tion, and as one who relies more upon the effect
secured by his unexpected reappearance than upon t
his case or the lesson that his partner is likely
from his strange reappearance. He stands as
ready to relinquish his cause should the
effect of his awful appearance fail—as it
did fail—to strike horror into the soul of the
soulless Scrooge. An attempt to be humorous
circumstances is, moreover, made by Leech, for he
the flame of the one candle upon the cold
of a face, with an expression of concern
spectator of the dire visitation might have
expected to wear. This is surely
elementary kind, and we should be more mistaken if
that Dickens intended the elements of comedy
enter into the scheme of "A Christmas Carol." It
those who wrote to him concerning it—Lord Jeffrey
and a host of unrecorded correspondents—were
in the author's intention. There is no possibility of
attitude of the reading public towards the
years ago; for there poured in upon its author daily, J
has recorded, all through that Christmas time
from complete strangers to him, not literary at all,
simplest domestic kind, of which the general
him, amid many confidences about their
"Carol" had come to be read about there, and
upon a little shelf by itself, and was to do them
good—just as if it was a new-fashioned Christmas
there is Thackeray's whole-hearted testimony to
of the story—the moral of it, it was with a Pagan
Who can listen to

this little publication, fostered more kindly feelings, and prompted more positive acts of beneficence, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals since Christmas, 1842."

Putting aside the impression that a careful re-reading of the "Carol" must make upon us, it is difficult to imagine that there was the slightest intention upon the part of the author to introduce any element of burlesque into it. Leech, however, did not in his illustrations rise above himself, certainly not in the same way as one at least of the more recent illustrators of the "Carol" has done. The frontispiece, for example, is a very dainty etching, but Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig are marionettes, and the fiddler who went up to the lofty desk and "tuned like fifty stomach-aches" is the fiddler of low comedy. It would seem that, in the very selection of this incident for the first illustration, Leech showed himself hardly the man for the work. There was too much domestic respectability about his wind, too much fourright good humour in his nature, to make him an ideal [illegible] of a story with a very far-reaching moral,

MARLEY'S GHOST. Drawn by F. Barnard.
(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

grasp the inwardness of the "Carol" may be foun
Leech was just then at but the commencement of hi
(1840-64), and was endeavouring to qualify for
the somewhat recently established (1841) *Punch*
very much better as he became more experience
able; but at no time did his intellectuality rise u
humorous, almost conventional respectability, a
Dickens demands much more than this. He
refined upon Cruickshank, who, in his turn,
upon Gillray and Rowlandson, but he never app
truly into the Dickens manner as Hablot K
comparison is somewhat hard, for it is undenia
instances the conception of "Phiz" was superi
description which was, frequently, all that "Phiz
Dickens. The difficulty which would beset a man
is illustrated by the difference betw
representation of Sam Weller as a
humourist, and the alert, ready-f
ostler which the genius of the later
upon the brain of the reader.
Leech never possessed, and the
conception of character which mad
of "Phiz" only second to the g
continued with the artist almost
when he did his last work in
Two Cities."

In justice to Leech it is only
his work must not be judged fro
that are so plentiful. His tech
studied in the original edition, or
edition in which the four illustra
etched for the "Carol" are p
original plates, as in the 1869 ed
and Hall), and not from the imper
reproductions of these very del
which disfigure so many edition
illustrations in the first brown
foolscap octavo issue of the "C
etched by Leech on steel, and the
plates coloured by hand; and the
drawn on the wood by the ar
engraved by W. J. Linton—for w
engraver received something unde
poor remuneration for an artist
was not well equipped for this
had, as Dickens himself recognize
admirable quality. Leech was
among English humorous dra
recognized that it was not necess
to be funny. Into his most an
he endeavoured to introduce agre
sketched with considerable grace
hitherto had relied for their
eccentricity, deformity, contortion
Personal ugliness did not ap
a necessary adjunct to humour,
represented the other day,"
"certain delicate creatures w
countenances encased in sever
that amazing garment, the ladies paletot.
fair creatures would have been made as ugl
as possible, and then the point would have

its career by being illustrated by an artist who, apparently, never had so much as a skeleton in his cupboard! It is, of course, difficult to set the designs and illustrations in

MARLEY'S GHOST. Drawn by F. S. COBURN.
[By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

Dickens' works free from early associations, free from the glamour of Dickens' romance, and then exact a frank, unprejudiced opinion; but if it were possible the opinion would, we feel sure, not be altogether in the favour of those whose reputation has been handed down, protected by the shadow of the great writer. Inasmuch as appreciation is governed by experience the second-best remains acceptable until the best is known, and the child of five accepts without protest the scratches on his plate as real pirates, savages, cats, and railway engines, until he knows better.

The projectors of the Household Edition of Charles Dickens' complete works (Chapman and Hall) set themselves the very difficult task of re-embodying characters already stereotyped, and that it did not wholly fail is very much to the credit of those artists who illustrated it.

Not the least remarkable among them was Fred Barnard, an artist whose melancholy death is fresh in our memory. We turn to his illustrations of the "Carol" with anticipation. He sets his mark upon the very first page. Here are Scrooge and Bob Cratchit, the one old, keen, hawklike, and aggressive, the other ill-clad, suppressed, and simple almost to the verge of nonentity, and both in an atmosphere which offers no apology for being as miserable and uninviting as it can well be. It is, without question, the picture which Dickens himself described, and shows the advance that the English school of illustration had made during the memorable epoch of "the sixties." Marley's Ghost, is not, perhaps, much better imagined than usual, but the Scrooge is considerable more [illegible] and far less comfortable

Mr. Bedford contributes to the small 1900 reprint of [illegible] (Chapman and Hall), and the equally [illegible] of the appearance of Marley's Ghost by W. Cubitt [illegible] figures as the frontispiece to Mr. Dent's very dainty [illegible] 1899. Neither of these illustrators has attempted the spirit of the story, and their illustrations would [illegible] Mrs. Molesworth quite as well as Charles Dickens.

There remain two artists of established reputation, Simpson Coburn and Charles Green, R.I., who have subjects for treatment in this short story that [illegible] predecessors. It is interesting to note how the [illegible] seems to run, in some instances, upon curiously [illegible] In fact the drawing of "A lonely boy was reading [illegible] fire," by Charles Green, published in "Pearson's Annual" in 1892, is barely distinguishable from a [illegible] the same underline by Mr. Coburn in 1900. We [illegible] Green's drawings a standard of technique which others have attempted, but the realization of [illegible] meaning is not always so felicitous. Bob Cratchit's "tank" is a fairly bulky, apparently not ill-fed [illegible] rest of the Cratchit family buxom and well favoured. "Tiny Tim" has a chubby face. Scrooge, however, [illegible] four inches of his height between the time when he [illegible] children on the head" and went to dine with his [illegible] this inconsistency must be accounted for grace in [illegible] He fails to convey the pathos of the story less [illegible] has seized upon the pictorial qualities of its setting [illegible] end of it." Then the real Scrooge seems to have [illegible] himself to the mind's eye of the artist, and he drew [illegible] which is neither too good nor too bad for the part [illegible] meant he should play, and which satisfies us.

The pictorial quality is, possibly, best of all [illegible] Coburn (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1902). More than

SCROOGE AND TOM CRATCHIT.
[illegible]
(By [illegible] of [illegible] Hall.)

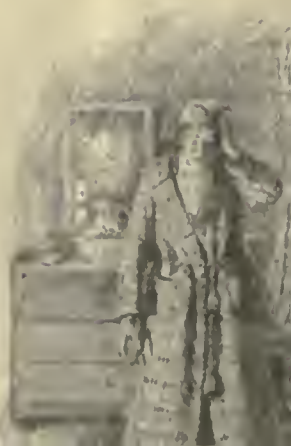
We give on another page an
Mr. Gordon Browne, the son of
Mr. Tom Gallon's "The Man who
a story founded on Dickens' "Chr
and we may note here another
Gallon, who seems to be a conse
the master. There is a rich fe
in his book RICKERBY'S FOLLY
This is the good old full-blood
and no mistake; a murderous villa
his name, and is it not an excel
villain?—playing at his old game
rightful heir and stepping into hi
making love to his sweetheart. On
he kills the wrong person, and
we have the pleasing satisfaction
the real heir and tracking the ruff
Things are lively enough in this
and the characters play the mos
pranks. The heroine is abducted
we forget how many times; she is
fro like a shuttlecock, and it is
poor girl loses her reason. Peop
coming across each other at dea
gaged in burying corpses or other
and catching each other by the th
hissed between their teeth. M
trust, will dramatize his book.
fancy, his mission to bring Dick
Certainly he sets out with that
chapter is an excellent copy o
manner. Here is the opening par

London, on a wild and gust
spring. A night on which shut
down, and men and women bu
corners, and flung against e
hurled boisterously into unexpe
A wild night, with heavy clouds
across the moon, and a bitter
whipping and cutting into
passers-by. A whirling, shriek
to make peaceful folk shiver
and bless God that they had
them.

[illegible] Dickens with care, and has more than the usual literary [illegible]. His [illegible] of the light-hearted vagrant who [illegible] at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a [illegible] is worthy of the best tradition of [illegible], the picture of Scrooge in "the tank" [illegible] the figure of the skinflint with his dip a very [illegible], the fiddler a very real type, and no one of the illustrations other than will delight the most exacting art [illegible].

[illegible] Mr. [illegible] will lose himself entirely in his subject, [illegible] of modern Dickens illustrators. [illegible] work of "Kyd" (S. Clayton Clark), [illegible] example of which, reproduced from one of a very [illegible] of Dickens drawings by this [illegible] we are enabled to present by the [illegible] Messrs. A. Maurice and Co., we have [illegible] of the illustrations for "A

Mr. Gallon cannot keep it up to this level, but he does his best. To make amends for any falling-off in style he has gone far beyond his model in the melodramatic element—and that was no light task. We confess "Rickerby's Folly" amused us considerably, [illegible]



THE ROMANCE OF CHRISTMAS.

ROMANTICISM is the name given to the first strange utterance of the haunted man. One must say something of this first strange utterance before passing to the shadows and the dull, red fire of that Christmas eve on which a certain haunted man cast away the memory of what he heard in music, in the wind, in the dead stillness of the night.

It may be that all the great sages, the great world-poets, Æschylus, Job, Isaiah, Dante, Shakespeare, have been haunted men; for they, too, tell us what they heard in music, in the

[From "Stories from La Morte D'Arthur" in the "Temple Classics for Young People" Series (Dent.) See p. 11.]

wind, in the dead stillness of the night, in the revolving years; and they, too, seem often strangely and bitterly eager to cast away their memories and their delusions. But their real message has been told so often, albeit to deaf ears, that at last we begin to understand, or at least to mimic the movement of our masters' lips, and to pause upon its meaning; for we are all poets nowadays, and there is only one meaning in all poetry. True, we often mistake that meaning and misname it. When it is almost pure poetry we are apt to call it merely fine music. We do not think how different in effect and intention how far less great

To that degree, also, we are haunted men. We [illegible] Alexander of Macedon and the steel [illegible] shouts at Issus and Arbela flitting from [illegible] into another; we that have seen Napoleon with [illegible] retreats and Austerlitz [illegible] making night hideous with tumult; we that see, [illegible] thousand million apparitions, woven from [illegible] are made of, walking the earth openly at noontide, [illegible] all haunted men!

Some, perhaps, are haunted by the sound of [illegible] bell, tolling, a great way off, in the spiritual forests [illegible] all pilgrim souls; others there are that struggle in [illegible] places of despair with the clutching white fingers [illegible] ancestry, the ghosts of sins that are visited upon [illegible] unto the third and fourth generation. Others, again, [illegible] by the homeless cry of the sea, the cry that is [illegible] upon the wintry mountains uttering the old Prometheus [illegible] man. Night and day that cry goes up to heaven so [illegible] universal sea breaks itself against the iron shores [illegible] *Eli, lama Sabachthani*!

Others there are who are only haunted at certain seasons, or at the performance of certain rites; but [illegible] or another probably every one in Christendom is [illegible] Christmastide. And, since we are all poets, it is [illegible] crude and conventional Christmas ghost that haunts the dream of the Romanticist.

> Between the moonlight and the fire
> In winter twilights long ago,
> What ghosts we raised for your desire
> To make your merry blood run slow!
> How old, how grave, how wise we grow,
> No Christmas ghost can make us chill,
> Save those that troop in mournful row,
> The ghosts we all can raise at will.
>
> The beasts can talk in barn and byre
> On Christmas Eve, old legends know.
> As year by year the years retire
> We men fall silent then I trow,
> Such sights hath memory to show,
> Such voices from the silence thrill,
> Such shapes return with Christmas snow,
> The ghosts we all can raise at will.

So also wrote Charles Dickens in the "Haunted Man," that exquisite little poem in prose. Dickens was the first English novelist who could paint a haunted man, the first to add the dream, the consecration, the light that never was on sea or land; the first who had the romantic conception of childhood; the first who had the romantic conception of Christmas; and being first in so many things he is naturally the butt of most of his pupils. How large a part the romantic conception of Christmas occupies in his writings is not commonly realized. Certainly he is the only writer in the language who has adequately dealt with it.

The romantic conception of Christmas is closely connected with the romantic conception of childhood, and this last is not at all one of particular gravity, wisdom, or age, as Mr. Lang's poem on Christmas ghosts would seem to suggest. In the eighteenth century the child was a thing to be educated; in the nineteenth, much to the disgust of many well-meaning but rather unintelligent men, the child was deemed worthy of almost equal reverence with stars and flowers and birds, concerning which there had been a Renaissance of Wonder. A book of the transition period was Charles Lamb's "Mrs. Leicester's School" with his account of the little girl who was looked upon merely as a thing to be educated, and avoided by her grim old aunt. The child-nature, the nature of the primitive man, is wonderfully portrayed by the true poetic instinct of the author, an instinct, in such a case, far less likely to lead astray than an empirical knowledge of the facts. The child is very lonely, rummages for comfort in the great library, finds a book that mentions one of her favourite heroes. Ishmael reads it and discovers it to be a book on the Mahomedan religion. She is greatly impressed by the solemn wording of it and especially by an account of the punishment after death of all who were not Mahomedans. Then the proselyte begins to endow in her, and she, like many another, is thrown into a fever. Her aunt sleeps with the child, and in the night, the dead unhappy night, the little one turns to the grim old lady and implores—implores her to become a Mahomedan.

The pathos of the story is the care for others, the sympathy displayed by the lonely child as contrasted with the selfishness of the merely rational human being. It is the glory of sympathy, a part of our essential nature, and not the mere reason, which is only a polished tool, almos primitive man; it is, I say, the sacred light of sympathy, even though it entails menta in the works of Charles Dickens hallows the haunted man, making him a Man of Sorrows, b child. The first novelist and poet in France to with Christmas and Childhood displays the sam life. R. L. Stevenson selects the passage wh up her little stocking and Jean Valjean fills it thing in Shakespeare, and well he might. But is the gospel of Dickens and the gospel of V gospel of every great poet since the French gospel that warns us not to fill the chambers so much lumber of what we call knowledge ab have no time or inclination to live. It is a greater gospel—"*Except ye become as one of* may think and think, and yet be a villain; instrument not a part of our essential nature.

It is in the light of this indubitable fact th upon the romantic conception of Christmas. beard must cry with strange reminiscence evangel—

> Behold the simple sum of things,
> Where, in one splendour spun
> The stars go round the Mulberry
> The Burning Bush, the Sun.
>
> Hoary and bent I dance one hour
> What though I die at morn?
> There is a shout among the stars
> To-night a Child is born.

Even the singer of Empire must cry to th Romance:—

> Thy face is far from this our war,
> Our call and counter cry;
> I shall not find thee quick and kin
> Or know thee till I die.
> Enough for me in dreams to see
> And touch thy garment's hem,
> Thy feet have trod so near to God
> I may not follow them.

Who holds by thee hath heaven in fee
To gild his dross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
A child until he die.
Devil and brute thou dost transmute
To higher, lordlier show,
Who art in sooth that utter truth
The careless angels know.

For, in very truth, it is only our essential nature that can come into communion with the highest; it is not the reasoner, but the human child that has ever attained to the kingdom of Heaven. At Christmastide so many years have rolled away with crumbling creeds and dogmas that it is only the human child that may still see the light that never was on sea or land, only the human child for whom the music of the carols may, in Mr. Davidson's words, roll away the burden of the year:

And with the charm, the homely rune,
Our thoughts like childhood's thoughts are given,
When all our pulses beat in tune
With all the stars of Heaven.

Hush! hark! the waits far up the street!
A distant, ghostly charm unfolds,
Of magic music wild and sweet,
Anomes and clarigolds.

It was this gift of the human child that called forth those beautiful verses by Swinburne:—

Baby, baby wise,
Love's divine surmise
Lights your constant eyes,

Day and night and day
One mute word would they,
As the soul saith, say.

For the modern poet, whatever his view of finite faiths may be, has looked into the fundamental paradox and has understood that everything is true, everything exists, and the earth is only a little dust beneath our feet. The crude spiritualism of the ancient season of Christmas is dead; yet agnostic and scoffer, Pre-Raphaelite and Impressionist, aesthete and mystic, are all alike taking up and fulfilling the prophecy of Matthew Arnold concerning poetry, and the whole of the West is looking towards the light that never was on sea or land.

Christ was born upon this wise,
It fell on such a night,
Neither with sounds of psalteries,
Nor with fire for light.
Mary, that is God's spouse,
Bring us to thy Son's house.

The star came out upon the east,
With a great sound and sweet;
Kings gave gold to make him feast,
And myrrh for him to eat.
Mary, of thy sweet mood,
Bring us to thy Son's good.

Ah! we are all of us haunted men at Christmas; when the fire burns dull and red and the shadows come out to dance upon the walls and ceilings. Some time ago Mr. Kipling wrote a tale about India and the Indian Christmas, the conclusion of which was condemned by several critics as mawkish and unworthy of its author. Perhaps at this season we may be inclined to think it worthy rather of a great poet. Can we not feel that scene—the smoke of the cigars, the hot fragrance of that dusky night, the foolish chatter of the flirting men and women? And then, as human children, can we not hear and appreciate that hush, when suddenly a sound of Christmas carols floated in from the darkness; and then again the burst of chatter:—

"Oh, I hope they are going to give us another! Isn't it pretty, coming out of the dark in that way? Look—look down. There's Mrs. Gregory wiping her eyes!"

"It's like home, rather," said Scott. "I remember—"

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS B

[From "Fancy Far Land," Mrs. Myra Ha[illegible] stories for young people noticed in our Supplement of [illegible] (Chatham and Hugh.)

THE WORLD-RE-GOODS, by E. Nesbit (Fisher [illegible] comes very near being the best Christmas boo[illegible] When we read Mrs. Blond's delightful child-[illegible] magazine they appeared in, we hoped she would r[illegible] With their happy title and charming illustrations, [illegible] delightful present for any child; though its [illegible] probably see a fuller beauty in them. Mrs. Bl[illegible] feeling and strong sympathy with children are [illegible] needed for a writer of child-books, and what [illegible]

THE WORLD'S DELIGHT, by Mary Shrine (John [illegible] a beautiful book about children, perhaps, rather [illegible] Betty and Peggy, with their quaint ways and [illegible] things, are living, pathetic, delicious children, [illegible] weep over them. The nursery (full of little Philis[illegible] babily sniff and call them "silly." But they [illegible] they are exquisite.

THE CHILDREN'S CAMPAIGN, by the author [illegible] Peacemaker," &c. (S. P. C. K., Is. 6d.), is an exc[illegible] of how two wild little girls had a strong prejudice [illegible] "grown-ups" who seemed to them objection[illegible] adventures before the prejudice was finally co[illegible] interest any properly-minded person not yet in her [illegible]

There is a distinction of style about PRIVATE [illegible] NEW RECRUIT, by Mable C. Birchenough (Dent, 3s. [illegible] should secure it plenty of readers of all ages. It [illegible] and natural tale of a child's life, and there is more [illegible] the author's Bobs and Lancelot than we often [illegible] grown-up personages of the novelist. The two y[illegible] of whom Bobs, by the way, is a little girl, meet th[illegible] general of that name on more than one occasion. Th[illegible]

the old family retainer wore knee-breeches and "that unlovely fungus, the advanced woman, had never been dreamed of, or appeared to spoil the ideal of gentle maidenhood."

Topsy's Four Homes, by Isabel Wortley (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.), will delight hundreds of children; for Topsy is a dog, her adventures are told by herself, and she is a *raconteuse*; and the illustrations are from photographs—proof positive that there is "no deception."

Cosey Corner (Chambers, 3s. 6d.) is another by Mrs. Meade, prettily bound and illustrated. It tells of how four children experimented in farm-life. It is a bright and wholesome story.

The Little Colonel's House-Party, by Annie Fellows-Johnston (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.), is delightful, though English children may be a trifle bothered now and then by the spelling of the Little Colonel's conversation. In the latter part of the book she (for it is a girl, and a very charming one) talks like other people. The author made a success with a book called "The Little Colonel," which has encouraged her in writing a sequel. The result justifies her completely.

"SITTING IN THE SHADE OF AN OLD STONE-WALL."
[From "Strange Adventures in Dicky Bird Land" (Cassell).]

Four Little Folk, by E.L.S. (Elliot Stock), begins with some rather pathetic little people, immured in a town-house "where the sun only reached the front windows of the top storey, and where the windows never stayed clean, and the paint always looked shabby." They end in a paradise of cats, kittens, rabbits, hens, and a pony, after some brightly described intermediate doings.

Three Twins, by Eliezer Davenport-Adams (Blackie, 2s. 6d.),

and Pats, the Sawdust Elephant, and other ol
land of One Fine Day. How entertaining these q
can be the readers of "The Patty Pats" will
will delight in the funny adventures and i
Ernold A. Mason.

For the very young also is Mrs. Moleswor
stories with the not very engaging title "My P
Little Brother "Too" (Chambers, 3s. 6d.).
the author's well-known manner; they are mu
clear and charming pictures of Mr. Lewis Baum
Picture Book (Blackie, 1s. 6d.) contains storie
a dozen of gay pictures for little boys and girls
book.

There is always a demand for little pl
people the want is filled in an excellent fashion
Book of Plays and Operettas (Warne, 2s. 6d
duces the most popular of this class of work f
Something like a score of pieces is collected
music, many with charming illustrations. *St.*
the children one more good turn in present
pleasing a volume. (See p. 14.)

His Honour Judge Parry appears to be an
judge of that which will delight children. He
us the proper treatment and cure of "Katawa
who have known his "Book of Krab" and
"Butter-Scotia" will understand that, when he
Book of Rhymes (Sherratt and Hughes, Mane
a mine of gay conceits and amusing verses.
supplies many drawings for the rhymes. These s
admired by Judge Parry, but we do not agree

Faithful Friends (Blackie, 2s.) is a *m*
drawings and good stories for little children :—

Faithful friends and playmates kin
In these pages you will find,
Friends that you have met before,
And are glad to see once more
You will say before it ends,
'Tis a bookful of old friends!

London is always beloved of children; th
its mysteries and drain its drama and its
Charlotte Thorpe has, in the Children's
hall Press, 10s. 6d.), produced a book whi
help the rising generation to understand its
will show those at a distance what they may
they come to London town. Miss Thorpe is
cicerone as she is well-informed. If there is an
unexplained Mr. William Luker, Jr., comes t
hundreds of excellent drawings. "The Chi
is, indeed, a pleasant city. (See page 15.)

ANIMALS.

Although not a fairy-book in the ordina
Kearton's Strange Adventures in Dicky-Bir
3s.6d.) is full of fascination and originality. He
told by mother birds to amuse their chicks," bu
ready audience, too, among those of the y
feathered. Many stirring adventures went
of these tales, and the birds enact thei
without knowing how keenly they were ol
delightful book for all who love wild nature
Kearton's photographs will alone astonish
interested in the habits and life of birds. Ma
once well composed studies and satisfactory il
stories.

The World of Animal Life (Blackie, 5s
Fred Smith, the author of "The Boyhood
justly claims to be strictly scientific in all
written in simple and effective language. It
to the animal kingdom; comprehensive but n

GRAMMAR.

From the alphabet to GRAMMAR LAND (Spottiswoode, Eton, 2s. 6d. n.) is no far cry. Here Miss Ida I. Oxer tries to help mothers to teach children under nine the difficult business of English grammar in an easy and amusing way. The drawings are not good, but they are laughable, and Miss Oxer's book will very likely effect its laudable purpose.

FAIRIES.

Following to some extent the plan of the series which Mr. Lang edits is the admirable collection QUEEN MAB'S FAIRY REALM (Newnes, Ld., 6s.). Here are well-chosen stories from the German and Spanish, with many original ones by skilful writers, all of which might well be inspired by the Fairy Queen herself. Added to these entraneing narratives are dozens of excellent drawings by such clever artists as Mr. Garth-Jones, who is particularly happy when illustrating tales with a touch of German folk-lore in them; Mr. H. Cole; Mr. Rackham; Mr. Savage, and Mr. Millar. "Queen Mab's Realm" should have many visitors.

One never need be tired of welcoming new editions of the prodigiously interesting work of Hans Andersen, and certainly the present issue of FAIRY TALES (Wells Gardner, 6s.) is one of the most engaging we have seen. Mr. Edward Clodd, who knows all about myths and dreams, primitive man and savage philosophy, writes a very instructive introduction, and Mr. Gordon Browne gives us more than one hundred beautiful drawings. Here, indeed, this artist is seen at his best; the wit, the pathos, the wisdom and kindliness of Hans Andersen find in him a truly sympathetic interpreter.

CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATED BO

"I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other oc the course of the day besides my dinner. . . . Why have we books, those spiritual repasts!"

(From "The Essays of Elia" Methuen)

ELIA.

The new edition of the Essays of ELIA, issued Methuen (10s. 6d.), is one that all lovers of Charle be glad to possess. It is excellently appointed in it has an introductory note on Lamb by Mr. E. V. whom we could not desire a better guide; and th drawings, by Mr. A. Garth Jones, are quite out of in the way of illustration. To the ordinary artis essays would probably not seem a favourable fie exercise of his talent, but Mr. Garth Jones has caught the spirit of the author, the frolicsh h occasionally, the tenderness. Mr. Lucas, by the wa none of that time-honoured epithet, the " Twenty and more years, he says, before the " were begun Lamb wrote a vigorous protest to Coleri already dubbed him the "gentle-hearted Charles." cult to see why the adjective has survived with such At the best (as Lamb himself complained) it is "and almost always means poor-spirited." " Under Mr. Lucas' own suggestion if we must needs have epithet by which to classify him. This is in every admirable edition, and the illustrations (some of whic duce), with their original and never-failing hu delightful. They are in no sense imitative, but her there is a distinct suggestion of Mr. E. J. Sullivan's " Sartor Resartus."

TO THE MOON.

From the earth to the moon is no new idea, but at least original in his method of getting there. M. J when he handled the subject, devoted one volume to arrangements, to the casting of the "Columbiad

OXFORD IN THE VACATION.

"Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please."

[From "The Escape of Ella" (Messrs. Methuen).]

equally real. This, as we have pointed out before, is Mr. Wells' great merit—that in the wildest flights of his imagination he never loses sight of the humanity of his men and women. It is this, with the many little natural touches that he introduces so deftly, that brings home to us the most astounding adventures he prepares for his *dramatis personæ*. "The First Men in the Moon" is slighter and more sketchy than "The War of the Worlds" or "When the Sleeper Wakes," but it is no less ingenious in the way it is worked out, and in the air of plausibility with which it is surrounded. It is well worth reading, and the illustrations (see an example opposite) are a real addition to the reader's enjoyment.

FANCY FREE (Methuen, 6s.), by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, is one of those hard-working attempts to be funny in some twenty different pieces of prose and rhyme with which certain authors hail the season. Although many of the sketches, such as "The Nine Musketeers" and "Greensmith's Charade," are of the mildest form of humour, a few—"The Diary of a Gentleman," telling the history of a Persian kitten, "Johnson's Boswell," in which the doctor's manner is fairly well reproduced, and "Quite out of the Classics"—are extremely amusing. In verse such as "The Zoological" and "The Mate of the 'Bunch o' Keys'" Mr. Phillpotts appears as an entirely pedestrian poet; in "The Bills," as a belated parodist of Edgar Allan Poe's least interesting work. Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Stone, and Mr. Cecil Aldin each add an excellent drawing. That from the "Archdeacon and the Dignitaries" we reproduce. (See p. 11.)

To the "Lover's Library" is now added the LOVE POEMS OF BURNS (Lane, 1s. 6d. and 2s.), under the editorship of Mr. Frederic Chapman, whose previous volumes have been greatly appreciated by all lovers of graceful literature.

To all who know the pleasant and reposeful town and grand château, Mrs. Boyd's book, A VERSAILLES CHRISTMAS-TIDE (Chatto, 6s.), will prove very agree historically and personally. The serie Versailles, as it is and as it was, is w picturesque, and observant style. With again the busy people of the market, th the great gardens, and the once gay fig the palace and shone in the Galerie des S. Boyd, whose work is familiar to *Pun* fifty-three illustrations, many of whi (See p. 11.) "A Versailles Christmas-tide little domestic history of "the Boy," whi be of wide interest, is one of the brighte Christmas books the season has produced

The singular taste and judgment o Tuck's Christmas output show no fal from the very attractive specimens the There are, of course, some of the old-f picture-books—many people prefer the o JACK THE GIANT KILLER, CINDERELL BRITISH ISLES, PA CATS, MA CATS, AN

[From "The First Men in the Moon."]

by Louis Wain, and so on. In book for telling and artistic style of illustration are FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL, the EMI and HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES, SUNNY TALES, too, has one or two b pictures. Of a religious cast are THE JESUS, written by the Rev. H. R. Hav his death, OUR LORD'S MIRACLES, and

A VETERAN OF THE CHATEAU

[From "A Versailles Christmas" (Chatto and Windus). See p. 10.]

The most recent presentation of Thomas Moore's once widely read "Oriental Romance" LALLA ROOKH (F. Warne), recalls successfully the sentimentalism and florid pageantry that pervaded the literary atmosphere in the first quarter of the 19th century. Some score of American artists have here given of their best to embellish again "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," "Paradise and the Peri," "The Fire-Worshippers," and "The Light of the Harem." They have given new life to the *beaux yeux* of Zelica, and add a touch of grace and passion to the loves of Selim and his Nourmahal. So handsome a volume should do something to compensate the shade of Moore for the rather harsh treatment he has received from our generation. He has suffered by comparison with the great men who followed him. But he was a master, if only a little master, of his *genre*, and in that light is worthy of a good re-issue like this.

Number XII. of the series which is called by its editor, Mr. Money-Coutts, "Flowers of Parnassus" contains William Blake's famous SONGS OF INNOCENCE (Lane, 1s. 6d.). The poet's introductory lines are well known, but will bear repeating:

> Piping down the valleys wild,
> Piping songs of pleasant glee,
> On a cloud I saw a child,
> And he laughing said to me:
> "Pipe a song about a lamb!"
> So I piped with merry cheer.
> "Piper, pipe that song again;"

Whether every child will delight [illegible] in 1789, when the verses were first written and [illegible] plates, coloured by hand, that [illegible] believed they wrote for the entertainment of children [illegible] the nursery may think, this issue of "Songs of Innocence" [illegible] be welcome to the admirers of the master of fairy [illegible]

"There is no more fascinating chapter of History [illegible] Miss Tappan in her preface to OTO BARBARA IN PERSIA [illegible] 1s. 6d. n.t.," than that of old English ballads," and [illegible] will grant so much, he may find Miss Tappan's book [illegible] delight. She tells again, and with [illegible] spirit, [illegible] stories of "a simple people, loving the [illegible] endurance in the woman and valour in the man, [illegible] in the servant, and generosity in the lord."

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's spirited poem [illegible] THE MERMAID forms No. XI. of the "Flowers of [illegible] (Lane, 1s. 6d.). Mr. Herbert Cole has contributed [illegible] page illustrations to this dainty little volume. The [illegible] then are rather violent in action; that which [illegible] (p. 14) is of a more quiet, and perhaps a more pleasing [illegible]

Miss Beatrice Clay's selection of STORIES FROM [illegible] D'AURIEN is one of the "Temple Classics for Young [illegible] (Dent, 1s. 6d.), and has a dozen pretty illustrations [illegible] Hughes. The stories are simply and pleasantly [illegible] general get-up of the book, as with all of this series [illegible] lent. We reproduce one of the illustrations, which [illegible] good idea of the artistic method (p. 51.

BOYS' BOOKS.

WAR.

First, of course, the Boer War. Mr. Henty, who [illegible] interesting article recently in our columns on [illegible] Young, handled last year the Natal campaign "With [illegible] Natal"; this year he deals with Methuen's march, [illegible] Kimberley and Mafeking, and the advance of Lord [illegible] WITH ROBERTS TO PRETORIA (Blackie, 6s.). Parents [illegible] their boys to get a clear idea of the operations on [illegible] ley-Mafeking line can hardly do better than buy [illegible] book, which is remarkably full and clear in its [illegible] chief actions *en route*, and gives an excellent idea of [illegible] traversed. Yorke Harberton serves with Methuen [illegible] Carew, and comes across most of the chief men. [illegible] BULLER (Nelson, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. Herbert Hayens, [illegible] with a fine coloured portrait of the general, [illegible] pleasantly the adventures of the usual young English [illegible] up on the Natal border, who becomes one of a [illegible]

called "Barker's Own," gets into and out of Ladysmith with despatches, and bears a hand in most of the fighting from Colenso to Lydenburg. An exciting tale, written throughout in short, staccato sentences. Very much the same ground is covered by Mr. Harcourt Burrage in CARRINEER AND SCOUT (Blackie, 2s. 6d.), which narrates the adventures of Hugh Dunstan, Cyril Johnstone, and other young fellows on the Natal side from Elandslaagte onwards. Needless to say, there is plenty of spirited fighting in all three of these books, and the youthful heroes come out very strong indeed.

Mr. G. Manville Fenn's work needs no recommendation to the schoolboy, with whom he is already a prime favourite. THE KOPJE GARRISON (Chambers, 5s.) is a tale of the Boer war, and opens in spirited fashion with a chapter relating how two young men in khaki started on a fishing expedition in South Africa and caught more than they bargained for. The brisk little fight

[From "Two Girls on a Ranch" (Blackie). See p. 15.]

that ensued is a good sample of the rest. The book is well got up and illustrated.

Mr. Henty does not confine himself to the Boer War. Few writers can present historical information in a small compass with more interesting detail than he can. For his other two books this year he has gone to India and Afghanistan. AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET (Blackie, 6s.) is a tale of the Mahratta

avenging campaign. We note, by the way, tha illustration is inadvertently repeated, opposite pa

UNDER THE SIRDAR'S FLAG (Partridge, 2 W. Johnston, carries young Tom Craven enlistment and the Atbara and Omdurman. service and wins the V.C. in orthodox sty his adjutant. It is a stirring tale with plent marred by an unfortunate habit of using fine lan enlisting hero is Phil Western, in Captain Br GALLANT GRENADIER (Blackie, 5s.), but it is a C time, who disappoints his friends by taking lives to be captured by the Russians at the Alm in the Balaclava charge. Ultimately he wins his discovers that he is of "no obscure parentage of this kind are singularly frequent in these w writer has another spirited tale of the Box DRAGON OF PEKIN (Blackie, 5s.), which contain ing at the British Legation and elsewhere an illustrations by Mr. William Rainey. Captain better than most of his competitors.

Mr. Willis Boyd Allen has written a stor American War in CLEARED FOR ACTION (John S contains vivid descriptions of most of the naval struggle. Dewey's Manila battle and Hobson' *Merrimac* both come in, as well as plenty o land both in Cuba and the Philippines. Much o is taken from official and other accounts; for the chapter entitled "Hobson's Choice" is in t own words. IN SHIPS OF STEEL (Shaw, 5s.) i veteran Dr. Gordon Stables, and is written free-and-easy manner, adorned with numberless and Latin. It is very modern, as its name in young Tom Bowling Gorgon Gordon McGreg hero's somewhat remarkable name) from the marriage as a lieutenant. It is a bright and yarn, containing plenty of information about his

THE KING'S BLUE BOYS (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.) days when it was perilous for a young man to exce height. Young Geoffrey Latimer, grandson John, was a veritable son of Anak, and Miss consequently ships him off, as Wilhelm Brann in his Majesty Frederick William I.'s Grenad modern English, the unfortunate young gentl haied" in the most approved fashion. The bo and the author has got up her local colour wit plenty of excitement, especially during the comes right in the end.

COURAGE AND CONFLICT (Chambers, 5s.) is t another of these collections of stories for boys, w coming popular. It is a sumptuous volume, with above the average, and the list of authors (cont of Messrs. F. T. Bullen, Manville Fenn, Hent sufficient guarantee that the collection is wor Bullen's contribution, "A Partial Blockade," Haytian Rebellion, which we recognize as a "The Log of a Sea-Waif."

DAUNTLESS: a Story of a Lost and Forgotte Martin (Pearson, 6s.), is a fine fat money's wort valour and picturesqueness in general—readab small print and its 365 pages.

REDSKINS.

Mr. Walkey's book WITH REDSKINS ON (Cassell, 3s. 6d.) is the real stuff for boys, and n start to finish it is one breathless round of tomahawk. Blyth Cary is the chief figure, a the New England Rangers, and he goes, at Wolf the period is that of the struggle which culmin to raise the Five Nations for England, car tomahawk as a sign. His adventures begin e struggle in his bed room on the night he acc

THE ROAD TO FRONTENAC (Murray, 6s.) leads directly to the happy hunting-grounds of Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper, French Canadians and Red Indians. The atmosphere of the seventeenth century and all the other well-known properties are handled by Mr. Samuel Merwin with the utmost skill. He interests us at once in the desperate adventures of his characters. There is a touch of the heroic spirit in the picture of the leader in many a daring undertaking, Captain Menard.

NORMAN'S NUGGET, by J. MacDonald Oxley, B.A. (Partridge, 2s.), cannot be said to possess any graces of style, but it is full of incident—bears, Indians, gold-mining, claim-jumping by unprincipled villains, and so forth.

VARIOUS ADVENTURES.

Young Gerald Carleton has some rare adventures in THE GREAT KHAN'S TREASURE, by Charles Squire (Blackie, 3s. 6d.), which is a story of exploration in Chinese Tartary. The Mongol Karra is the young traveller's faithful henchman, and he speaks pidgin-English with immense volubility. These two, with O'Reilly the Irishman, have many strange and startling encounters with men and beasts, and one especially brisk five minutes towards the end. It is quite an amusing yarn and should do well. IN QUEST OF THE GIANT SLOTH (Blackie, 3s. 6d.) is by that prolific writer Dr. Gordon Stables, who tells in his own peculiar staccato fashion of the desert lands of Patagonia, of Bolivia, and of the lost treasure of the Incas. The Giant Sloth, to judge by the illustrations, must be a prodigiously fine animal, at least twenty feet in height. There is plenty of miscellaneous information in this volume about South America in general.

For several years now the Illustrations for Boys' Books have shown improvement, the old, bad, wooden "wood blocks" have passed into the limbo of forgotten failures, and "process" reproductions, which have taken their place, show in one or two books this year, as we think, a great advance, especially in the true presentment of values. We note this, for instance, in Mr. Barrow-North's "school yarn of merriment and mystery," JERRY DODDS, MILLIONAIRE (Chambers, 3s. 6d.), in which Mr. Harold Copping's six pictures are excellently given, while the story itself is a good example of what a boys' book should be. BEARS AND DACOITS, by Mr. G. A. Henty, and CUTSONS OF THE FROZEN NORTH, by Dr. Gordon Stables (Blackie, 1s. each), are two small books with interesting illustrations which will delight many small but romantic readers.

"Fortunately, I am a strong swimmer" says young Stephen Thirlwall on p. 66 of O'CALLAGHAN THE SLAVE-TRADER (Digby Long, 3s. 6d.). But Mr. Dudley Lampen gets so bemused by the remarkable adventures of his hero that on p. 168 he makes him say the exact opposite. "Unhappily, I am no swimmer. (It is a thing I have always regretted)." Well, it is a rousing story in spite of this remarkable lapse of memory, and has some pretty villains in it, and much high-flown language.

IN THE DICTATOR'S GRIP (Blackie, 3s. 6d.) is by Mr. John Samson, and the Dictator in question is none other than our old friend Dr. Francia, of Paraguay, famous as the subject of one of Carlyle's essays. Mr. Samson keeps close to history in his tale, but contrives to send young Stephen Herrick through plenty of exciting adventures none the less. The book should be useful to any parents who wish their sons to gain some information on that period of South American history. CAPTAIN ISHMAEL (Hutchinson, 6s.) calls itself "A Saga of the South Seas" and deals with an imaginary corsair of the days of Nelson who knocks the fleets of those times to pieces with modern rifles and modern shells. He rescues a certain Dr. Ravelin, a French inventor, from the Inquisition, and the doctor repays him by teaching workmen to construct these weapons, and by fortifying Hawk's Nest so as to render it impregnable. Mr. George Griffith is a capable writer, and possesses a powerful imagination. His book is something more than a book for boys, but no doubt it will be duly appreciated by them, as well as by their elders.

THREE SAILOR BOYS (Nelson, 1s. 6d.) is a modern version of Robinson Crusoe by Commander Lovett Cameron, in which three young [illegible] out to report upon a [illegible] in Newfoundland, [illegible] on his way out [illegible] the most remarkable [illegible] us to a mysterious [illegible] called the Man Wolf.

Assott R. Hope has for long been a [illegible] amongst boys, and many a schoolboy will linger [illegible] volume, AN ATOLL OF ADVENTURE (A. and C. Black), [illegible] contains a dozen of adventure narratives, [illegible] remarkable, but most of which are readable enough [illegible] them seem to us a little thin and hardly worthy of [illegible] narration as they receive. This is exclusively true [illegible] and Dry," "Up a Tree," and "Stuck in the M[illegible] might regale a dormitory after nine, well enough, [illegible] possess body enough to warrant inclusion in a [illegible] stories. On the other hand, "The Ontario Boys" and [illegible] Crusoe" contain a good deal of what a schoolboy [illegible] "bosh" and are salted with a humour acceptable, if a l[illegible]

In another [illegible] to each member of the party had [illegible] the [illegible]

[From 'Jerry Dodds, Millionaire' (Chambers).]

The writer might have made, we think, better play with one or two others, but it would be ungracious to be hy[illegible] over a book which we confess to have enjoyed and doubtless be fully appreciated by its appropriate patr[illegible]

IN ICE-BOUND (Partridge, 2s. 6d.) Mr. Edw[illegible]

(From "St. Nicholas Plays and Operettes" (Warne). See p. 12.)

If the reader still be young of heart and retains a pretty taste in the adventurers of the Spanish main, we can strongly recommend him to read JOHN TOPP, PIRATE (Methuen 6s.), by Mr. Wetherby Chesney, for that gentleman redresses the figures that engrossed the days of our youth with considerable skill, and retells the desperate quests, the passionate strivings, the horrors of the Inquisition, the lust for gold, and the other happenings of the world of adventure with skill and sincerity, and an almost pathetic disregard for the fact that it has all been done, although in a slightly different way, some ten thousand times before. But it must be merry to follow the history of John Topp when the heart is young.

Miss Bessie Marchant, whose "Three Girls on a Ranch" we notice on p. 15, tries, in the case of TOMMY'S TREK (Blackie, 9d.), to provide a story easily understanded of the unaided young, and her Transvaal story fulfils this intention. It is a pleasant tale with agreeable drawings by Mr. Walker and Mr. Brock.

HISTORY.

Mr. Alfred Armitage's story of the stirring times of Richard III., RED ROSE AND WHITE (Macqueen, 6s.), should not find its sale altogether restricted to the young. It is a stirring tale with plenty of fighting, and young Ralph Mortimer takes a full share in any that comes his way. Mr. Armitage has contrived many spirited scenes, and the illustrator has done some of them full justice. The story is well told in a not too archaic fashion.

A prim little heroine appears in DEB CLAVEL (R.T.S., 3s. 6d.), which has already run through the pages of the *Sunday at Home*. Her troubles are mostly of a religious nature, for Miss Palgrave's story is of the early days of James II., when the struggle between Puritan and Catholic was made fiercer by the failure of Monmouth's rebellion. An account of the trial and martyrdom of Elizabeth Gaunt has been cleverly worked into the plot, and the book gives a vivid and faithful picture of those troublous times.

The same sturdy Protestantism characterizes THE KEY TO THE RIDDLE (Nisbet, 5s.), by Margaret S. Conrie. Milton's sonnet has kept the persecution of the Vaudois fresh in the memory of Englishmen, and this story of the valleys of Piedmont, cleverly worked out and illustrated with more than average excellence, deserves success. The vein of romance which runs through it makes it specially

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IN THE DAYS OF PA
1s. 6d.) is a simple boyis
girls by H. Elrington with
and sport, narrow escape
and all the many things
exciting and well-writte
The same sort of thing
and always with success.

THE FIFTY-TW

Mr. Alfred H. Miles
when he started the "
Series (Hutchinson, 5s.).
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and contain a great amo
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COURAGE AND ENDEAVOU
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BRITAIN has one or two rather good tales.
Mrs. L. T. Meade, and Mr. C. G. D. Rob
stirring stories of adventure, and the cov
enough to tempt any schoolboy. Girls are
TWO STORIES OF COURAGE AND ENDEAVOU
contains some of the most remarkable sto
our lot to read.

TALES OF SCHOOL L

Mr. S. R. Crockett has written boys' b
to some purpose, so that it is natural enoug
in arms, "Ian Maclaren," adventuring in t
able field. YOUNG BARBARIANS (Hodder,
We read it with great interest, and "Speng
is a good specimen of the young barbarian a
while Muirtown Seminary is a true enc

Scottish school of a quarter of a century ago. It is pleasant reading for adults as well as for boys—only Dr. Watson will always be trying to make his readers weep. He has a wonderful scent for the pathetic; and the case-hardened reviewer cannot but think he plays on that stop something too frequently. When it comes to that touching scene of "Bulldog" (the mathematical master) being brought back from the gates of death by a thoughtful scholar offering himself for a caning we confess that the author seemed to be going rather far. It is an amusing book, though, and far better written than the majority of school stories.

ACTON'S FAG (Newnes, 3s. 6d.) is by Mr. Frederick Swanson, and calls itself a "public school story." We cannot beate St. Amory's, but they do great things in the athletic line, winning the Racquets at Queen's Club and taking the boxing championship at Aldershot, beating the Eton choice in the final. It is smartly told, and a good way above the average school story. The captain of St. Amory's is the narrator. We suppose Raffles, the customary sporting tout who gets young fags into trouble, is a necessary factor in stories of school life, but we have never met him in flesh and blood. Another "public school story" is THE CHRONICLES OF DUNSFORD (S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.). Mr. John Cartwright is the author, and he follows very much in the ordinary lines. There is an amusing trial by jury, conducted with an immense amount of pomp and ceremony. FOR THE OLD SCHOOL (Blackie, 2s.) is by a lady, Miss Florence Coombe, who displays a most remarkable acquaintance with strange forms of slang. It details the loyal efforts of the pupils at Mr. Henschel's school at Amberley to keep up their end against a rival establishment. Mr. W. E. Cule has written a story called THE CAPTAIN'S FAGS (Sunday School Union, 1s. 6d.). It is about a good little boy who gets into trouble through not owning up to breaking a window, and, needless to say, gets deeper into the mire day by day afterwards. It will make improving reading for small boys.

There is a healthy bracing air about A LOST INTERNATIONAL AND OTHER STORIES of a big boy's school by Mr. S. L. McIntosh (Brimley Johnson). Most of them tell of breathless Rugby football matches leading up to the most exciting finishes. A little long-haired boy who wears gloves turns out in the end to be a splendid half back, and so forth. The author knows the technique of the game well, and he finds an admirable "full back" to support him in his Illustrator, Mr. Jack B. Yeats.

DICK VAUGHAN'S FIRST TERM (Wells Gardner, 2s. 6d.) is by Mr. R. W. K. Edwards, whose name we recollect as author of another and more ambitious work. It is thoroughly good stuff, and the author clearly knows school life pretty thoroughly, which is by no means always the case with writers of school stories. He has humour in plenty, and can draw character, and has a refreshing sense of style. We hope Mr. Edwards may continue his history and give us Dick Vaughan's second and succeeding terms at an early opportunity. A collection of school stories is brought together by Mr. Andrew Home in a neat volume with numerous illustrations which he calls OUT OF BOUNDS (Chambers, 3s. 6d.). They are told in a pleasantly breezy manner, and some of them are very amusing. Mr. Home makes his boys more natural than do most writers in this field.

THE YOUNG ENGLAND LIBRARY.

Mr. George A. B. Dewar has undertaken to edit a series to be called "The Young England Library" (Allen, 6s.), which promises well for the entertainment and, more subtly, the instruction of boys. The library begins with the Rev. G. M. A. Hewett's book THE OPEN-AIR BOY, which deals with fishing, bird-nesting, butterfly-hunting, caterpillar rearing, ferreting, and sport in the fields and woods generally. It is full of out-of-the-way information and quaint knowledge, and well illustrated. The volume will teach something of the ethics of sport—but by insidious rather than the usual means. In the second volume of the library, SEA FIGHTS AND ADVENTURES, Mr. John Knox Laughton gives some wonderful accounts of old adventures. As Stevenson once sang:—

> Sailor tales to sailor times,
> Storm and adventure, heat and cold.
> Schooners, islands and maroons

BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

THE YOUNGEST GIRL IN THE SCHOOL, by Evel (Macmillan, 6s.), gives a vivid picture of a girls' scho quaint little crowd of affectionate (often hysterically aff and excitable small women. The little heroine ha advantage of a purely masculine education, and it has gi distinctive touch which first alienates the others and a wins their hearts. It is well-written and quite wholes gift to a schoolgirl of, say, ten or twelve years old.

GOLDENHEARTED, by M. Bramston (S. P. C. K., 1s a simple, straightforward little tale to tell, with a mor refreshingly direct. It is a young girl's novel rathe book for a child.

LIKE CURES LIKE, by Catherine Mallandaine (S. 3s. 6d.), will appeal to "big" girls. It is about a who was woo over to amiability by a niece who refu intimidated. There is a mild love-story running th This author's books are always pleasantly written and together.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND GARDEN.

[From "The Children's London" (Chatto and Windus, Price 6s.).]

HOW THE DREAMS CAME TRUE, by the author of "Swallows Come Again" (R. T. S., 2s.), is a charming ta spirited young girls. "I don't mean to do anything marry," says one of them. But she does.

TWO BUSYNODDIS, by Mrs. Arnold (Fisher Unwin, delightful book to look at. We do not altogether co the tone of it. Old-fashioned reverence for one's un parents may have gone out. But does one wish to l schoolroom admiration the young

by the gifted pencil from Mr. Webster's brush (see p. 12). It is a book that all "[illegible]" girls will appreciate.

ANTHONY CHARLES'S TENANT, by Agnes Giberne (R. T. S., 2s. 6d.), is a good story, with an exciting episode of a falling house in it, and has very sympathetically drawn characters—a kindly, elderly gentleman and a very sweet young girl whom he befriends.

TEDDY'S TEA-MEW, by Evelyn Everett-Green (R. T. S., 2s.), is one of Miss Green's interesting tales. Its subtitle is "A Story of Stormy Days," for it is concerned with Nottingham riots and their troubles.

THE STORIES OF GIRL HEROINES, by Evelyn Everett-Green (Hodder, 3s.), is a fine, handsome, blue-and-gold volume of inspiring contents. No girl will read it without yearning for an opportunity to be heroic. The heroines are of one spirit but many nations. It will make an admirable Christmas present.

[From "Pilgrim Gabriel the Nice Runaway." (Dent). See p. 7.]

BONNIE HARRIETS, by W. Edward Chadwick (S. P. C. K., 3s. 6d.), is a thick, handsome book, meant for girls who have left the schoolroom. The heroine is a striking girl of a rather uncommon type. Mr. Chadwick's style is cultivated and interesting.

HEAVENLY MINSTRELS, by Amy Le Feuvre (R. T. S., 2s. 6d.), tells of two girls who were brought up in rigid seclusion by a maiden grandfather and thrown into the midst of a gay world when they grew. A wholesome and readable story.

marries quite comfortably. A blameless [illegible] the level of the very enthusiastic Press [illegible] Esler's work, which appear at the end of [illegible]

A diffident middle-aged doctor is ha[illegible] in MARGARETA BETHARINGTON (Fisher Un[illegible]) makes the most of him and the one [illegible] Margaret's visit to the Continent as gov[illegible] unusually good descriptions of German [illegible] This is certainly a book that will be read [illegible] girls.

A LITTLE IRISH GIRL, by T. M. Call[illegible] is the prettily-written story of a very enga[illegible] who are suddenly left a little property in [illegible] enough to furnish them with all manne[illegible] seals to smugglers. A fascinating tale.

TWO OF A TRADE, by the Author of "[illegible] concerns two young dressmakers who a[illegible] very different type from the other, and fa[illegible] results are the natural ones, convincingly [illegible]

TIP-CAT, by the Author of "Laddie[illegible] believe to be a new edition. It is quite w[illegible] adventures of Letty and Sybil are charmin[illegible]

DEAR, by the Author of "Tip-Cat" ([illegible] story. It is a graceful, rather sad, little [illegible] sentimental in parts.

INTO STORMY WATERS, by Mrs. Henry [illegible] School Union, 1s. 6d.), tells of a high-spirit[illegible] to live in a very uncongenial household, so a[illegible] prospects of education. Marjorie is di-ti[illegible] story is well told.

A HANDFUL OF REBELS (Jarrold, 3s[illegible] Jacksons, a name that we are inclined to re[illegible] of a lady. It tells how the Pemberton f[illegible] cousins are gradually reduced from the wil[illegible] of something like discipline by the [illegible] governess, Miss Friend. It should make [illegible] for girls.

A VERY NAUGHTY GIRL, by L. T. Mea[illegible] a handsome and readable book, a litt[illegible] setting, but depending for most of its inte[illegible] of the very original little heroine of the [illegible] vulgarity and contumacy and is softened [illegible] indulgent old uncle whom her wildness has [illegible] read it breathlessly. Mrs. Meade seems to [illegible] how schoolgirls really talk. "We have ask[illegible] to come to the castle to-night for the purpo[illegible] should you wish to be in a higher form tha[illegible] warrant?" inquires another. GIRLS OF T[illegible] same author (Chambers, 6s.), will interest [illegible] It is a lively book both inside and out.

A NEST OF GIRLS, by E. Westyn Tind[illegible] for rather older maidens and deals with an [illegible] a young teacher, whom at first the pupils t[illegible] selves. It is good reading, even for a[illegible] very handsome book for a present.

Railing as it does from the Religious T[illegible] ABOUT PEGGY (Illustrated, 3s. 6d.) is the [illegible] the young person. Peggy is of all you[illegible] delightful—vivacious, bold, timid, and te[illegible] could not but take a real interest in [illegible] congratulate her on choosing the right ma[illegible] being delayed with considerable finesse. T[illegible] Rob, Arthur Saville, Rosalind, Esthe[illegible] in whom love triumphed over Latin prose[illegible] Esther's embarrassed lover, are all drawn [illegible] little exception we must make; there seem[illegible] Rosalind should have been burdened wi[illegible] eccentricity of speech; she would have b[illegible] without it. Over all the narrative hovers [illegible] wit, and a neat but not bitter turn of sa[illegible] trations not much praise can be accorded.